ALCOHOL AND THE AMERICAN NEGRO

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

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It seems pretty well established that the excessive use of alcoholic liquors is one of the lesser faults of the American Negro. The Census figures are not accurate on account of the lack of complete and accurate registration of deaths in the United States. But such figures as we have seem to show that in 1890 deaths from alcoholism among colored people in the United States were 6.9 per 100,000 living and 10 years later 5 per 100,000. These figures are mostly for Negroes, although they contain a few Indians, Japanese and Chinese. The corresponding figures for the white population were 8.1 and 7.2. The deaths from alcoholism in adult life in 1900 were reported as follows: whites, from the ages of 15 to 44, 8.2; colored, 3.7. Whites 45 and over, 15.6; colored, 10.4.

In 1925, there is still difficulty in getting at accurate figures. The total deaths from alcoholism for the whole population is given at 3.6 per 100,000, and for the registration area. And the Negro rate would seem to be about the same or perhaps less. In the registration states in 1925 only 321 Negroes died from alcoholism, acute or chronic.

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This does not mean that the use of alcohol is not a problem among American Negroes. It simply means that it is less a problem among them than it is among most other elements of the population, dispite the large percentage of ignorance and poverty which must persist in a race less than two generations removed from slavery.

The African ancestors of American Negroes used alcohol moderately. The Kaffir beer of South Africa is made from Kaffir corn sprouting in water. It is then dried and ground up and mixed with water in huge calabashes. Sometimes ferments are added. The result is a thin rather nauseous gruel which serves both for food and drink. The percentage of alcohol is very low and the beer is drunk in prodigious quantities. On the other hand, Europe has, since the 15th Century, poured large quantities of strong liquor of the worst quality into Africa with deplorable results.

32-1-5

In the West Indies there was some drinking of rum, made from molasses and other liquors among the slaves. A great Jamaica estate of perhaps a thousand acres and 355 slaves distributed at Christmas time 1796, 922 gallons of rum to the slaves. But there is no testimony that drunkenness on these plantations was very common.

In the United States the liquor was difficult for slaves to get hold of and continuous effort was made to keep it from them. In the slave codes the furnishing of liquor to slaves was carefully restricted. On the other hand, at Christmas time an annual debauch was usually permitted. Each slave cabin was furnished or permitted to procure liquor in some way and a general celebration ensued. Liquor was also used to stimulate over-work—drivers or head workers being given a quart of rum weekly and others.

It was generally assumed that drunkenness would be an especial failing of the emancipated Negroes. The first careful study made of

the subject was that of the celebrated Committee of Fifty under the late Henry W. Farnam of Yale University in 1899. John Koren's report brought out the following facts: in a typical community, Lowndes County, Alabama, which had in 1890, 28,000 black people and 4,000 whites. There were no saloons, but liquor was attainable at small country stores, and usually the whites get their liquor through the agency of the blacks. The liquor was procured in the neighboring County of Montgomery and was not usually drunk on the store premises but taken out in jugs or peddled about in flasks. In the homes of the Negroes, liquor was not drunk often, except at Christmas time, when drunking was universal. Usually every cabin bought its half gallon of whiskey for One Dollar and held open house.

During the rest of the year there is some general loafing and drinking on Saturday when the Negroes went to town. There was, however, "little or no habitual drunkenness among the Negroes of Lowndes County". Reports from other rural black districts in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas confirmed this general picture of conditions. "Suming up well-tested facts about the relations of country Negroes, the most striking is the comparative absence of habitual inebriety".

Conditions were bad, however, in certain areas where large numbers of Negroes were employed: as for instance, in the phosphate fields of Florida, the iron mines of Alabama, the coal pits of West Virginia. Often in these places there were wild orgies, with accompanying fights; but even among these Negroes "steady hard drinking is exceptional". In the studies, with all the economic difficulties, drunkenness is not so much a besetting sin among Negroes as among whites.

In the statistics covering cities, most of them in the North, it was shown that drinking as a direct and indirect cause of poverty, was more prevalent among the whites than among the Negroes, almost in the proportion of two to one. In the same way, a study of white

and colored paupers showed that about 17% of the Negroes were in almshouses on account of drinking and 33% of the whites. In this case, however, the difficulty of securing admittance to almshouses, on the part of Negroes, makes the comparison only partially valid. In the case of destitute children, again only a very small number of the destitute colored children seem to owe their condition to the intemperance of their parents and guardians. In crime, intemperance seems to play a slightly larger role among Negro criminals than among white criminals.

32-1-2

A study of drinking by Negroes in Philadelphia made 1896-99 shows the following facts:

Philadelphia, in 1897, had 40,000 colored people in a total ppulation of over amillion and a half, and was fairly illustrative of drinking conditions in the North. The mass of the colored people were servants, laborers, porters, etc., with an aristocracy of caterers, professional men, and small merchants. A large immigration from the South since 1880 had increased crime and poverty. In the seventh ward, where the Negroes then centered, there were fifty-two saloons. Only two were kept by colored men, although the Negroes have free access to all. The habits of Negroes in this city in regard to intoxicants was undergoing a marked change. Formerly the slaves had license to get drunk at Christmas, and to steal a dram at other times. Drunkenness was confined to Christmas time, and was then widespread. After emancipation, these habits persisted, and drinking was confined to holidays and public social gatherings. At private amusements, bottles were often brought and emptied sub rosa, seldom openly.

The Negro church, with its sweeping condemnation of amusements, made excesses at public gatherings its especial point of attack, and undoubtedly did much to discourage drinking among Negroes of the better class. Nevertheless, much drinking prevailed: bottles were carried to

church and on excursions; and in the dance halls, which the church entirely surrendered to the devil, there continued to be more or less open drinking, but very seldom open sale.

Then a reaction has set in; drinking among the masses of Negroes changed from a public to a private custom; from a habit of the excursion, dance, and picnic to a habit of home life; from excessive periodic indulgence to a sparing regular partaking; from a use of strong distilled liquors to a use of beer. This change was distinctly noticeable in Philadelphia in 1896. The custom of beer drinking was increasing, but the amount of drunkenness did not increase, and was perhaps actually decreasing. Excessive use and secret indulgence in liquor was giving place to beer as a table drink or evening beverage, used without concealment of any kind. At the same time, among the better classes and the upper class of working people, all use of liquor in public and in the homes was frowned upon, and was only used by older members of the family in secret. A secondary result of this change in drinking habits, which was a result of the Philadelphia saloon system, was the increase of drinking in clubs and "speakeasies". This represented the transition stage between home indulgence and saloon drinking. It was peculiarly dangerous, as its ease and the company was apt to lead to fixed habits and regular indulgence. Moreover, in Philadelphia it was almost always accompanied by gambling, and the conversation ran to women and crime.

An attempt was made in the winter of 1897 to count the frequenters of certain saloons in the seventh ward of Philadelphia (the centre of Negro settlement) during the hours from eight to ten on a Saturday night. "It was impracticable to make this count in all of the saloons simultaneously, or to cover all of the fifty-two liquor-shops, but eight or ten were watched each night until data from twenty-six saloons in the part of the ward chiefly inhabited by colored people were obtained.

The results form a rough measurement of the drinking habits of the ward. In the two hours the following count was made for twenty-six saloons: persons entering the saloons, 3,170. Negroes, 1,586: male, 1,373, female, 213. Whites, 1,584: male, 1,445, female, 139. The observers stationed near these saloons saw in all seventy-nine drunken persons, of whom a small majority were white."

A circular letter from 96 white Southerners give the following answers in 1897:

37-1-9

Questions	Yes	No	Not Answered
1. Are habitual drunkards proportionately as numerous among the Negroes as among the whites?	13	83	
2. Is drunkenness a common vice among Negro women?	10	86	
3. Do the Negroes commonly use liquor to excess in their homes or at social gatherings?	19	77	
4. Do they habitually buy liquor on credit?	5	91	
5. Do you regard the liquor habit as a chief cause of their shiftlessness and consequent improverished condition?	2	94	
6. Or as an important cause?	21	75	
7. Do you regard the liquor habit as a chief cause of disorderly and immoral conduct among them?	5	91	
8. Or as an important cause?	42	54	
9. Is it your experience that the liquor habit seriously imparis the efficiency of the Negro as an employee?	14	82	
10. Is intemperance, in your judgment, increasing among the Negroes?	23	70	3
11. Do you observe that any special efforts are being made to promote sobriety among the Negroes, for instance, by organizing abstinence societies, providing coffee houses or other substitutes for the saloon, etc.?	6	90	

This is a fair statement of habits as to alcohol among Negroes a quarter of a century ago. Since that time, we have had two far-reaching events: the war and the Prohibition Amendment.

Previous to the World War the admission of colored troops to hospitals on account of alcoholism was practically always considerably less than that for white troops in 1904, for instance, 36.43 whites per 1,000 were admitted to the hospital for alcoholism and 12.18 colored. During the World War the Surgeon General's Report for 1917 says of enlisted men serving in the United States. "On the other hand, the rate for alcoholism for the whites was more than four times as high as the corrdsponding rate for the colored troops, being 1.10 for the whites as compared with 0.25 for the colored. In 1917 the rate for alcoholism for the whites was 2.45 and 1.06 for the colored".

In admissions to the army 1917-19, the ratio of alcoholism per 1,000 was: for white troops 0.88; for colored 0.27; for discharges the figures are: 0.10 for whites and 0.02 for colored.

One of the arguments for the Prohibition Amendment which received wide currency South and North, was that the Amendment was needed to stop drinking among Negroes. In view of the facts, this was, of course, a ridiculous assertion. Negroes were not nearly as prone to drunkenness as the whites, and in the case of the infringement of the liquor laws where Negroes were arrested, it was usually because they were the agents of white drinkers. The reason for the publication of these statements, was the old one of seeking to help the cause of temperance by appealing to race prejudice.

The effect of the 18th Amendment on the drinking of alcoholic liquors among American Negroes can only be stated in a very general way, as there are apparently few statistical data. The Negro church and most Negro leaders strongly advocated prohibition and the abolition of the saloon. The first result, both in city and country, was to greatly

diminish the amount of drinking. Liquor was procured with difficulty in the country and in the city the saloon disappeared. Later, bootlegging became widespread in the cities and illicit saloons under the names of cafes sprang up. Especially was there an increase of habitual drinking in homes and in various places of public assembly. There does not seem to be much domestic manufacture, but Negro agents of white bootleggers have greatly increased. Just how the present volume of drinking compares with pre-prohibition times, it is difficult to say. Probably, however, there is less drinking. On the other hand, the drinking that is done is more dangerous because of the quality of liquor consumed.

33-1-11

(India and Africa) in The Golden Book of Tagore, Ramananda Chatterjee, ed. Calcutta: The Golden Committee, 1931, p. 74.

Suit to: Jagore Golden Book

The great branches of the human family which have their chief dwelling place in Africa and India have much of common history in the past and common interest in the present. In the past, they probably originated at or near the same place, and there is still large identity of blood. It has always been fashionable in modern days to emphasize the kinship between India and Europe. One can easily see why many Indians have clung to this distinction, and there is, of course, much truth in the thesis. The blood of Asia and Europe has intermingled and so, too, has the blood of Europe and Africa in ancient and modern times.

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But the thing that India and Africa must learn today is that their interests have more in common than the interests of either have with the ideals of modern Europe. Granted that Europe is powerful and still dominant, yet she is today doomed. She has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. On the other hand, the dark millions of India and Africa and their descendants and kinsmen throughout the world, have upon their shoulders the vast responsibility of re-making this world nearer to the ideals of true civilization and high culture.

Two things they forgot in the past and this forgetting gave Europe its chance. These things were:

The mastery of the technique of earning a living by subjugating the physical forces of the world. And the other thing was the faith in democracy; that is, the fact that out of the masses of people can be developed just as much power and genius, ability and culture as has in the past been shown by the aristocracy, by the favored few. Africa and Asia did not know or did not realize these facts in the past and their contributions to civilization were marred by poverty and slavery, on

the one hand; and tyranny on the other. Europe has given us the technique of industry. At terrible cost, to be sure, but nevertheless the machine stands and is a marvellous tool but a horrible master. Europe and America have given us the beginnings of democracy, although with strange inconsistency they have tried to hem democracy in with a color bar.

Here, then, is our chance for the future—our mighty opportunity. We borrow, as we have a right to borrow, and as Europe in other ages has borrowed from us,—the things that in modern days she has taught us. But we use these things for greater ends. Both Africans and Indians must seek to be rid of the spiritual and physical death of poverty. They must educate and develop the masses of their people. They must welcome genius and ability wherever it occurs,—among the lowest and most unlikely, as well as among those who have regarded themselves as the highest. It will be a revelation to see how widespread human ability is when it has a chance. And then, with the hel and strength which decent income gives, and with the rise of the intelligent mass, the dark millions of Africa and India can go forward to set new standards of freedom, equality and brotherhood for a world which is in desperate need of these spiritual things.

It seems to me that to no one has had a finer vision of such a future than Rabindranath Tagore. I greet him in his quest for com justice for all men.

33-12-28

Tagore Golden Book
c/o A.C. Chakravarty
Santiniketan University
Santiniketan Bengal
India.

unedited Articles

Black America

By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Editor of The Crisis

There were perhaps five thousand Negroes in all the Americas in the 16th Century. They had come as body servants and laborers,— a few being free, most of them being regarded as slaves. They took part in exploration: they were with Balboa and De Soto, and one of them, Estevanico, led the expedition from Mexico that discovered the southwestern part of the United States in 1539.

38-12-105

Negroes were permanently landed in what is now the territory of the United States, in Virginia, in 1619. They were the answer to the problem of new free land which America had thrust upon Europe. This land called for labor, and the labor was supplied by stealing white men in Europe and black men in Africa. The supply of white men, however, was lessened by the needs and labor laws of Europe. The supply of black men was practically unlimited by the disintegration of African life, begun by the Mohammedan invasion and increased by the slave trade itself.

The result was that by the beginning of the 18th Century, large numbers of Negroes had been brought to the West Indies and some fifty thousand to the United States. This importation of slaves became profitable in two ways: it furnished labor for a new and widely demanded set of crops; and, on the other hand, the carrying trade was tremendously advantageous to the sea-faring nations.

Fierce rivalry began for the monopoly of this trade in black men. The Dutch secured it in the 17th Century, but in 1713, the crowning triumph of the war between England and Spain was the securing of the monopoly of the American slave trade by the English. The result was that by the middle of the 18th Century, the fifty thousand Negroes

in the United States had increased to two hundred and twenty thousand and the crops of tobacco, sugar and rice began to cross the seas and to appeal not simply to the rich and privileged, but to the mass of middle-class buyers. The demand for these crops and the extension of their culture, led to vigorous activity in the slave trade during the latter part of the 18th Century, so that by the beginning of the 19th Century, there were 900,000 Negroes in America and a fourth crop had been added to the other three, destined to become the greatest crop of all, and the foundation stone of a new modern economic kingdom. This crop was cotton. The United States raised eight thousand bales of cotton in 1790. By 1820, it was raising 650,000 bales, which began the economic foundation of a new American labor problem.

35-12-106

At the same time, there were various indications that the slave system was not securely established. From the very beginning, there had been serious slave revolts, like that of the Maroons in the West Indies, and early revolts in Mexico and Virginia. This culminated in the great revolt of Haiti, where after spasmodic fighting between mulattoes and the white masters, suddenly on August 22, 1791, the black slaves arose and eventually succeeded in driving out the whites and taking charge of the country.

In the United States, 5,000 black soldiers had been used in the Revolutionary War, and black soldiers and sailors were used in the war of 1812. These facts, coupled with the new humanitarianism of the 19th Century, brought efforts at slave revolt in South Carolina and Virginia, and the abolition movement in the North. The abolition movement began to be successful when it secured actual slaves, like Frederick Douglass, as personal exhibits of the injustice of slavery.

At the same time, the two rapid expansion of the cotton kingdom brought an economic crisis in the decade 1850-60 which led to a demand

for more slaves and more slave territory and met the opposition of Northern labor and Northern humane feeling.

By 1850, there were 3½ million Negroes in the United States and who had increased to over four million at the time of the Civil War. After the war, there came a reconstruction of Democracy in the United States and in this the Negro played an important part. Through his vote, it was possible to restore the South to the Union; to establish in the South a public school system, and to begin a new social legislation.

28-12-104

The Negro paid the penalty for helping the nation in this way during the post-war reaction when he suffered disfranchisement and caste restrictions, so that by the beginning of the 20th Century, he was restricted in his right to vote, to travel freely, to live where he would and to frequent public places like other American citizens. Today, in the second quarter of the 20th Century, there are between 12 and 13 million Americans of Negro descent, and we must regard them not simply as a class of Americans to a degree physically separate from the mass of Americans and forming a separate series of problems, but as persons who because of their long connection with American life, are a part and an important part, of American civilization.

Democracy in America, for instance, has been developed because of the pressure of the slaves for freedom and recognition. The status of women has been changed greatly because the Negro woman was a working woman before she was a housewife, and her example and competition has spread among white working women. Education, particularly in the South, has become popular, and the public school is an accepted institution, primarily because of the insistence of Negroes on free education.

But above all, in two fields, the Negro has made his great contribution to American culture, and that is in art and in labor. We do not usually connect these two things. The more or less open ambition

of every American is to become so rich that he will not have to work, and the only native American art is Negroid, and consequently has not been highly regarded by most Americans. But the hard manual toil of the American Negro has helped to develop America, and sometime when we have a greater respect for work, this will be recognized as a great contribution. Beyond this the Negro has helped in skilled work and invention.

On the other hand, we are already beginning to see the beauty of Negro Art in American literature, in music and dancing, and such social ideals as good will and sacrifice; and we shall come to see beauty in other lines to which the American Negro has contributed. We can, therefore, well think of the Negro element in America as an integral part of American life and as having made a permanent contribution to American civilization.

38-12-108

So much for formal history,--the sort of thing an outsider might see looking in upon the United States. Now comes the much more interesting and fateful question: What effect has this contact of races had on the American soul and upon the souls of black folk in America? This is a matter of inner thought and character, of psychological reaction. First of all, the presence of the Negro has greatly changed the specific idea of American democracy. The 18th Century in many different ways dreamed of establishing on this continent a government of men and a social and industrial organization which should be freer than that of Europe, more pliable, easily adjustable to human character. They foresaw a more equitable distribution of the work of the world and of its rewards in wealth, and they desired especially that the thought of human beings should be more untrammeled and unconventional,--less cramped and predetermined. Something of this dream has been realized. There is in America a certain freedom of

movement and action unknown and unpermitted in the older world. There is a wider distribution of wealth and a wider range of activity for workers and for those who guide them. There has also been considerable freedom of thought and expression. ¶ At the same time, all this has been undoubtedly limited by the fact that color caste has grown up in America and this has helped in the growth and development of other caste restrictions. Almost all liberal movements in the United States for two centuries have been limited and changed out of their natural course by the presence of the Negro. Exceptions had to be made in religion, in democracy, in social intercourse, in philosophy of life because of black folk. This color caste tended to become crystallized into social differences based on wealth. Negroes were poor and black and enslaved. They were disfranchised primarily on account of previous slavery. Because their color was so long an index of slavery; their poverty the result of slavery, inevitably poverty in any form shared the caste feeling against slaves. ¶ Similarly all colored people, even those who had not been enslaved in America, came under the American color ban. ~~While~~ Public opinion in free democratic America leaped to sympathize with imperialism, autocracy and race hate wherever it appeared in Europe and particularly if colored peoples were involved. Thus, we joined Europe against the Chinese Boxers, we long excused and defended England in India, and we applauded all the exploiters of Africa.

If America then today is a land where wealth rules, Negro slavery has been an indirect cause of this, because slavery and poverty were so linked together. In a similar way, the disregard of law in America, which is so widespread and persistent as to be almost characteristic of the country, has in part arisen from the fact that there was no law that could protect the Negro in the past, and that laws for

28-12-109

his protection today are often by common consent ignored. The slave codes were bad and harsh enough but even they were often ignored. A cruel selfish master could practically do what he pleased with his slaves, even to the extent of life and death. He could force the black women to his will; he could sell fathers, mothers and children and separate families; he could work his slaves to death; he could beat them into submission. And, of course, on the other hand, he could be a most kindly and generous patriarch of a large family, allowing his black children wide freedom; even giving them education; treating them with consideration and affection. The point is that he could do as he pleased, and the white master class of the South grew up with this inborn idea of superiority to all law, whether it related to black or white. The mass of the poor whites imitated them as soon as they had the chance; it was the sign of their social emancipation, and the lawlessness of the South spread over the country with its trail of lynching, mob law, and gang rule. There are, of course, many other contributing causes to American lawlessness, but the caste system against Negroes is one of the most potent.

38-12-110

The habit of public charitable giving in the United States which is a singular return to the habits of the Middle Ages, has been encouraged by the presence of Negroes. It arises when the caste lines between groups of people are so strong that there is no hope or thought that this disadvantaged class is ever going to outgrow its disadvantages The only thing that can be done is temporarily to ameliorate its condition by doles. Normally, in a rich country like the United States and in a country where the working class occupies so high a plane, charity should have become the last method of social reform. But with a class of black folk who are not permitted by public opinion to receive higher wages; who are not expected to be fully educated and developed, the habit of alms-giving became in America much more widely

spread than otherwise would have been probable or defensible.

America, then, because of the presence of slaves and freedmen has developed a caste system which has emphasized the rule of the rich, spread lawlessness and made alms-giving a main method of social reform.

Let us turn now to the American Negro himself. Usually his inner development and reactions have been neglected by students and observers. The reason, of course, is that the truth in these matters is much more difficult to attain. One has to bridge a wide social gulf and enter a land of ~~national~~ NATURAL distrust and suspicion. This shadow ~~land~~ LAND is guarded by defensive mechanisms of thought and habit—a suave effort to agree with critics, appease the powerful and amuse a world accustomed to think of Negroes as primarily entertainers —bizarre clowns and genial minstrels; and, too, there is, of course, the openly expressed or widely held assumption that there is no inner reaction among Negroes; that you are dealing with a people who, while they are swayed by certain primitive feelings and instincts, are not thinking and planning or moving in any self-motivated ways.

All this is misleading and untrue. The Negro has from the beginning reacted and reacted sharply to his surroundings, until today the American Negro is one of those groups of thinkers in the world who must be reckoned with in any view of the world's future. They must be considered in any discussion of the future of Africa; in any ~~consideration~~ forecast of the marvellous West Indies; in any view of the amalgamated bloods of South America; and even in our plans for the relations of Asia to white Europe.

In the 17th Century, before American slavery was fully developed and systematized, there were many strong individual Negro thinkers who came to the fore in various places on the American continent. They

did not represent a unified group, except possibly in the case of the Maroons of the West Indies Islands, who transported to America and developed among the runaway slaves, the ethos of tribal West and Central Africa. Directly out of this came the success of the Haitian revolt in the latter part of the 18th Century.

As slavery became a fixed system in the United States and the slaves regimented under careful training and rule, their reaction came in two ways: through their religion and through their attempts at revolt. The list of slave revolts in the United States is long and impressive. One has only to read the legislation against them to realize the fear that they inspired. Leaders, like Prosser, Denmark Vesey and Nat Turner, are not to be forgotten in the development of America. But revolt was finally given up as a weapon because of a more effective method of attaining freedom, and that was the method of the runaway slaves. Organized running away of slaves took place in the far South, where it caused the so-called Seminole Wars and led to the eventual removal of the Indian tribes westward. Afterward running away they took the paths that led to Canada; the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Mississippi Valley, the swamps of Virginia. Under leaders like Josiah Henson, Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth, aided by hundreds of white abolitionists, slaves disappeared by the thousands, and this became one of the great economic and political causes of Emancipation.

On the other hand, the emotional outlet of the slaves was through their churches. These churches had more or less internal autonomy, they raised up a leadership of their own; they devised their own music, dancing and ceremonies. The result was nothing less than tremendous in the development of both black and white America. The slaves originated this curious and beautiful volume of song that has come down through centuries as a never-to-be-forgotten contribution to the world's music. From it has developed the "gospel" hymns of the

38-12-112

whites, the syncopated rhythm and jazz of the world of art and a wealth of material for great composers like Gilbert and Dvorak.

In literature, articulate voices of Negroes appeared in early days--the poet, Wheatley; the radical Walker; orators like Ward and Douglass. Then suddenly came political emancipation through war. When emancipation came, it was regarded as miraculous by the religionists among American Negroes and as the fulfillment of opportunity by the black philosophers. The gates were now opened; the barriers down; the Negro was in law a full-fledged American citizen, and by the help of education and wealth, he was going forward to claim his heritage. The burning desire for education came first, as this seemed first the key to all. But it proved a difficult path. The state did not do its part; philanthropy performed miracles but after all was unequal to the thorough training of so many millions; thus, after nearly seventy years of Negro education, the Negroes are still, as a mass, an ignorant people whose illiteracy must be compared to that of Southern Europe.

Their attention next was drawn toward the accumulation of wealth, the American panacea for all ill. But here they were handicapped even more than in their search for education. They started with nothing, neither land nor capital. The skill which some of them had acquired was very soon displaced by new machines and new technique. In the new world-wide organization of capitalistic enterprise they were given small place, so that despite their legal emancipation, economic emancipation lingered long and still lingers. All this was expressed by a flood of literature--biographies, complaints, appeals, fiction, history. All this was at first an inner stream, written by Negroes for Negroes and unheard of the world without. Thus wrote Whitfield, Wells Brown, Harper, Nell, Payne and Trotter. Then, in 1896, the racial river burst its banks and Williams, Dunbar and Chesnutt raised voices to which all the

38-12-113

world listened. Negro literature became as recognized part of American literature.

The burden of this voice today among the 12 million or more American Negroes is marked by tremendous difficulties and heart-searchings and inner strivings on the matter of their relation to the modern world. There are those, who, building on the older group philosophy which triumphed at the time of emancipation, declare that the object of this black group is solely to become American citizens without distinction or color. They do not mean that colored people as such are necessarily going to disappear, although most of them would probably admit that in three or four centuries they would probably be absorbed by the nation; but their chief point today is that, despite color, Negroes must be treated in their political and civic rights as citizens, without color discrimination.

38-12-114

The difficulty in this philosophy comes up in the matter of "social" rights; for what is the difference between admitting a man to the theater, where he sits beside you, and admitting him to a public luncheon, or admitting him as a guest to dinner in your own house? If colored and white people become acquainted without artificial discrimination, social barriers are sure to grow less; some inter-marriage will certainly follow, and, as some persons put it, the United States will tend to become octoroon.

As a rebound from this logical conclusion and because of the bitterness and insult which any possible legal mixture of races in America always engenders, many Negroes fly to the opposite extreme and declare that while they want legal rights, they desire no social contact nor social intermingling. They seek only the company of their own race; they marry into their own group and disown those who do not; they are not only willing but desirous of remaining racially distinct. The

difficulty with this philosophy is that it leads logically to a further refinement. Why should a separate group live beside another group? Why not follow social separation with physical segregation--in its own part of the city; in a distinct part of the state; even in states of its own in the United States; or, finally, in a movement which would take it ~~them~~ back to Africa?

Here are three logical stopping places of Negro thought. Each has its impasse. Prejudice today forbids racial contact in the United States; that same prejudice makes segr gation difficult and dangerous; and where in Africa or the South Seas could a group of black freemen escape the tentacles of modern imperialism?

Fortunately or unfortunately, logic has little to do with real situations. While the future of the Negro is being thought out within and without the race, actual things are happening. The Negroes are becoming curiously integrated into American civilization. In the past, they have been servants and laborers. Today, they are still servants and laborers but more than this: they are artisans, merchants and professional men appearing here and there in all walks of life. They help to support, transport, amuse and entertain the nation; they are a part of its literature; a part of its daily life. They have in reality no desire to leave America because America is their home. They are as strange to Africa as to China. They landed here before the Pilgrims. They are much nearer the soil and genius of the country than the majority of the white inhabitants; and in addition to all this, while the question as to whether white and black people are going to mingle their blood in this country or not is being bitterly argued, the striking fact stands out that these bloods have already been mingled to such an extent that it is impossible to separate white and black in the United States by physical characteristics. There are white people who call them-

selves Negroes because of an invisible drop of Negro blood. There are Negroes who call themselves white, ignoring or not knowing the fact that they had a great grandfather who was a black slave. So-called black America is of every conceivable hue and shade and white America is by no means "lily-white". It is idle to ask whether this mixture is increasing or not, the dominant fact is that the inter-mingling began two centuries ago and has not stopped and will not stop. The unity, then, in the Negro-merican group, while still predominantly a matter of blood, is by no means wholly so. It is increasingly a psychological unity,—a matter of memories and hurts and ambitions. And out of these things are arising poignant problems; questions of revolt and self-assertion; questions of compromise and yielding to superior social force; questions of ideal and racial development; questions of narrow racial pre-occupation in the face of a broader national and humanitarian outlook. All these are manifest today in black America, and just what the end will be, who can say?

38-12-116

"BLACK AMERICA"

AMERICA AS AMERICANS SEE IT,

FRED J. RINGEL, EDITOR

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BLACK AMERICA

undated

By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

38-12-309

There were perhaps five thousand Negroes in all the Americas in the 16th Century. They had come as body servants and laborers, - a few being free, most of them being regarded as slaves. They took part in exploration; they were with Balboa and De Soto, and one of them, Estevanico, led the expedition from Mexico that discovered the southwestern part of the United States in 1539.

Negroes were permanently landed in what is now the territory of the United States, in Virginia, in 1619. They were the answer to the problem of new free land which America had thrust upon Europe. This land called for labor, and the labor was supplied by stealing white men in Europe and black men in Africa. The supply of white men, however, was lessened by the needs and labor laws of Europe. The supply of black men was practically unlimited by the disintegration of African life, begun by the Mohammedan invasion and increased by the slave trade itself.

The result was that by the beginning of the 18th Century, large numbers of Negroes had been brought to the West Indies and some fifty thousand to the United States. This importation of slaves became profitable in two ways: it furnished labor for a new and widely demanded set of crops; and, on the other hand, the carrying trade was tremendously advantageous to the sea-faring nations.

Fierce rivalry began for the monopoly of this trade in black men. The Dutch secured it in the 17th Century, but in 1713, the crowning triumph of the war between England and Spain was the securing of the monopoly of the American slave trade by the English. The result was that by the middle of the 18th Century, the fifty thousand Negroes in the United States had increased to two hundred and twenty thousand and the crops of tobacco, sugar

and rice began to cross the seas and to appeal not simply to the rich and privileged, but to the mass of middle-class buyers. The demand for these crops and the extension of their culture, led to vigorous activity in the slave trade during the latter part of the 18th Century, so that by the beginning of the 19th Century, there were 900,000 Negroes in America and a fourth crop had been added to the other three, destined to become the greatest crop of all, and the foundation stone of a new modern economic kingdom. This crop was cotton. The United States raised eight thousand bales of cotton in 1790. By 1820, it was raising 650,000 bales, which began the economic foundation of a new American labor problem.

38-12-310

At the same time, there were various indications that the slave system was not securely established. From the very beginning, there had been serious slave revolts, like that of the Maroons in the West Indies, and early revolts in Mexico and Virginia. This culminated in the great revolt of Haiti, where after spasmodic fighting between mulattoes and the white masters, suddenly on August 22, 1791, the black slaves arose and eventually succeeded in driving out the whites and taking charge of the country.

In the United States, 5,000 black soldiers had been used in the Revolutionary War, and black soldiers and sailors were used in the war of 1812. These facts, coupled with the new humanitarianism of the 19th Century, brought efforts at slave revolt in South Carolina and Virginia, and the abolition movement in the North. The abolition movement began to be successful when it secured actual slaves, like Frederick Douglass, as personal exhibits of the injustice of slavery.

At the same time, the too rapid expansion of the cotton kingdom brought an economic crisis in the decade 1850-60 which led to a demand for more slaves and more slave territory and met the opposition of Northern labor and Northern humane feeling.

By 1850, there were 3½ million Negroes in the United States and who had increased to over four million at the time of Civil War. After the war, there came a reconstruction of Democracy in the United States and in this the Negro played an important part. Through his vote, it was possible to restore the South to the Union: to establish in the South a public school system, and to begin a new social legislation.

38-12-311

The Negro paid the penalty for helping the nation in this way during the post-war reaction when he suffered disfranchisement and caste restrictions, so that by the beginning of the 20th Century, he was restricted in his right to vote, to travel, to live where he would and to frequent public places like other American citizens. Today, in the second quarter of the 20th Century, there are between 12 and 13 million Americans of Negro descent, and we must regard them not simply as a class of Americans to a degree physically separate from the mass of Americans and forming a separate series of problems, but as persons, who because of their long connection with American life, are a part and an important part, of American civilization.

Democracy in America, for instance, has been developed because of the pressure of the slaves for freedom and recognition. The status of women has been changed greatly because the Negro woman was a working woman before she was a housewife, and her example and competition has spread among white working women.

Education, particularly in the South, has become popular, and the public school is an accepted institution, primarily because of the insistence of Negroes on free education.

But above all, in two fields, the Negro has made his great contribution to American culture, and that is in art and in labor. We do not usually connect these two things. The more or less open ambition of every American is to become so rich that he will not have to work, and the only native American art is Negroid, and consequently has not been highly regarded by most Americans. But the hard manual toil of the American Negro has helped to develop America, and sometime when we have a greater respect for work, this will be recognized as a great contribution. Beyond this the Negro has helped in skilled work and invention.

38-12-312

On the other hand, we are already beginning to see the beauty of Negro Art in American literature, in music and dancing, and such social ideals as good will and sacrifice; and we shall come to see beauty in other lines to which the American Negro has contributed. We can, therefore, well think of the Negro element in America as an integral part of American life and as having made a permanent contribution to American civilization.

So much for formal history, - the sort of thing an outsider might see looking in upon the United States. Now comes the much more interesting and fateful question: What effect has this contact of races had on the American soul and upon the souls of black folk in America? This is a matter of inner thought and character, of psychological reaction. First of all, the presence of the Negro has greatly changed the specific idea of American democracy. The 18th Century in many different ways

dreamed of establishing on this continent a government of men and a social and industrial organization which should be freer than that of Europe, more pliable easily adjustable to human character. They foresaw a more equitable distribution of the work of the world and of its rewards in wealth, and they desired especially that the thought of human beings should be more untrammeled and unconventional, - less cramped and predetermined. Something of this dream has been realized. There is in America a certain freedom of movement and action unknown and unpermitted in the older world. There is a wider distribution of wealth and a wider range of activity for workers and for those who guide them. There has also been considerable freedom of thought and expression. At the same time, all this has been undoubtedly limited by the fact that color caste has grown up in America and this has helped in the growth and development of other caste restrictions. Almost all liberal movements in the United States for two centuries have been limited and changed out of their natural course by the presence of the Negro. Exceptions had to be made in religion, in democracy, in social intercourse, in philosophy of life of black folk because this color caste tended to become crystallized into social differences based on wealth. Negroes were poor and black and enslaved. They were disfranchised primarily on account of previous slavery. Because their color was so long an index of slavery; and their poverty the result of slavery, inevitably poverty in any form shared the caste feeling against slaves. Similarly all colored people, even those who had not been enslaved in America, came under the American color ban. While public opinion in free democratic America leaped to sympathize with imperialism, autocracy and race hate whereever it offered in Europe and particularly if

38-12-213

colored peoples were involved. Thus we joined Europe against the Chinese Boxers, we long excused and defended England in India and we applauded all the exploiters of Africa.

If America then today is a land where wealth rules, Negro slavery has been an indirect cause of this, because slavery and poverty were so linked together. In a similar way, the disregard of law in America, which is so widespread and persistent as to be almost characteristic of the country, has in part arisen from the fact that there was no law that could protect the Negro in the past and that laws for his protection today are often by common consent ignored. The slave codes were bad and harsh enough but even they were often ignored. A cruel selfish master could practically do what he pleased with his slaves, even to the extent of life and death. He could force the black women to his will; he could sell fathers, mothers and children and separate families; he could work his slaves to death; he could beat them into submission. And, of course, on the other hand, he could be a most kindly and generous patriarch of a large family, allowing his black children wide freedom; even giving them education; treating them with consideration and affection. The point is that he could do as he pleased, and the white master class of the South grew up with this inborn idea of superiority to all law whether it related to black or white. The mass of the poor whites imitated them as soon as they had the chance; it was the sign of their social emancipation and the lawlessness of the South spread over the country with its trail of lynching, mob law, and gang rule. There are, of course, many other contributing causes to American lawlessness, but the caste system against Negroes is one of the most potent.

The habit of public charitable giving in the United States which is a singular return to the habits of the Middle

38-12-314

Ages, has been encouraged by the presence of Negroes. It arises when the caste lines between groups of people are so strong that there is no hope or thought that this disadvantaged class is ever going to outgrow its disadvantages. The only thing that can be done is temporarily to ameliorate its condition by doles. Normally, in a rich country like the United States and in a country where the working class occupies so high a plane, charity should have become the last method of social reform. But with a class of black folk who are not permitted by public opinion to receive higher wages; who are not expected to be fully educated and developed, the habit of alms-giving became in America much more widely spread than otherwise would have been probable or defensible.

38-12-315

America, then, because of the presence of slaves and freedmen has developed a caste system which has enphasized the rule of the rich, spread lawlessness and made alms-giving a main method of social reform.

Let us turn now to the American Negro himself. Usually his inner development and reactions have been neglected by students and observers. The reason, of course, is that the truth in these matters is much more difficult to attain; one has to bridge a wide social gulf and enter a land of natural distrust and suspicion. This shadow land is guarded by defensive mechanisms of thought and habit - a suave effort to agree with critics, appease the powerful and amuse a world accustomed to think of Negroes as primarily entertainers - bizarre clowns and genial minstrels; and too, there is of course the openly expressed or widely held assumption that there is no inner reaction among Negroes; that you are dealing with a people who, while they are

swayed by certain primitive feelings and instincts are not thinking and planning or moving in any self motivated ways.

All this is misleading and untrue. The Negro has from the beginning reacted and reacted sharply to his surroundings, until today the American Negro is one of those groups of thinkers in the world who must be reckoned with in any view of the world's future. They must be considered in any discussion of future of Africa; in any consideration of the marvellous West Indies, in any men of the amalgamated bloods of South America; and even in our plans for the relations of Asia to inside Europe.

38-12-316

In the 17th Century, before American slavery was fully developed and systematized, there were many strong individual Negro thinkers who came to the fore in various places on the American continent. They did not represent a unified group, except possibly in the case of the Maroons of the West Indies Islands, who transported to America and developed among the runaway slaves, the ethos of tribal west and central Africa. Directly out of this came the success of the Haitian revolt in the latter part of the 18th Century.

As slavery became a fixed system in the United States and the slaves regimented under careful training and rule, their reaction came in two ways; through their religion and through their attempts at revolt. The list of slave revolts in the United States is long and impressive. One has only to read the legislation against them to realize the fear that they inspired. Leaders, like Prosser, Denmark Vesey, and Nat Turner, are not to be forgotten in the development of America. But revolt was finally given up as a weapon because of a much more effective

method of attaining freedom and that was the method of the runaway slaves. Organized running away of slaves took place in the far South, where it caused the so-called Seminole Wars and led to the eventual removal of the Indian tribes westward. Afterward running away took the paths that led to Canada; the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Mississippi Valley, the swamps of Virginia. Under leaders like Josiah Henson, Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth aided by hundreds of white abolitioners, slaves disappeared by the thousands, and this became one of the great economic and political causes of Emancipation.

38-12-317

On the other hand, the emotional outlet of the slaves was through their churches. These churches had more or less internal autonomy they raised up a leadership of their own; they devised their own music, dancing and ceremonies. The result was nothing less than tremendous in the development of both black and white America. The slaves originated this curious and beautiful volume of song that has come down through the centuries as a never-to-be-forgotten contribution to the world's music. From it has developed the "gospel" hymns of the whites, the syncopated rhythms of jazz of the world of art and a wealth of material for great composers like Gilbert and Dvorak.

In literature, articulate voices of Negroes appeared in early days- the poet, Wheatley; the radical Walker; orators like Ward and Douglass. Then suddenly came political emancipation through war.

When emancipation came, it was regarded as miraculous by the religionists among American Negroes and as the fulfillment of opportunity by the black philosophers, The gates were now opened; the barriers down; the Negro was in law a full-fledged American citizen, and by the help of education and wealth, he was

going forward to claim his heritage. The burning desire for education came first, as this seemed first the key to all. But it proved a difficult path. The state did not do its part; philanthropy formed miracles but after all was unequal to the thorouth graining of so many millions; thus after nearly seventy years of Negro education, the Negroes are still, as a mass an ignorant people whose illiteracy must be compared to that of Southern Europe.

38-12-318

Their attention next was drawn toward the accumulation of wealth, the American panacea for all ill. But here they were handicapped even more than in their search for education. They started with nothing; neither land nor capital. The skill which some of them had acquired was very soon displaced by new machines and new technique. In the new world-wide organization of capitalistic enterprise they were given small place, so that despite their legal emancipation, economic emancipation lingered long and still lingers. All this was expressed by a flood of literature - biographies, complaints, appeals, fiction, history. All this was at first an inner stream, written by Negroes for Negroes and unheard of the world without. Thus wrote Whitfield, Wells Brown Harper, Nell, Payne and Trotter. Then in 1896, the racial river burst its banks and William, Dunbar and Chesnutt raised voices and to which all the world listened Negro literature became a recognized part of American literature.

The burden of this voice today among the 12 million or more American Negroes is marked by tremendous difficulties and heart-searchings and inner strivings on the matter of their relation to the modern world. There are those who building on the older group philosophy which triumphed at the time of emanci-

pation, declare that the object of this black group is solely to become American citizens without distinction of color. They do not mean that colored people as such are necessarily going to disappear. Although most of them would probably admit that in three of four centuries they would probably be absorbed by the nation; but their chief point today is that despite color Negroes must be treated in their political and civic rights as citizens, without color discrimination.

38-12-319

The difficulty in this philosophy comes up in the matter of social rights; for what is the difference between admitting a man to the theater, where he sits beside you, and admitting him to a public luncheon, or admitting him as a guest to dinner in your own house? If colored and white people become acquainted without artificial discrimination, social barriers are sure to grow less; some inter-marriage will certainly follow, and, as some persons put it, the United States will tend to become octoroon.

As a rebound from this logical conclusion, and because of the bitterness and insult which any possible legal mixture of races in America always engenders, many Negroes fly to the opposite extreme and declare that while they want legal rights, they desire no social contact nor social intermingling. They seek only the company of their own race; they marry into their own group and disown those who do not; they are not only willing but desirous of remaining racially distinct. The difficulty with this philosophy is that it leads logically to a further refinement. Why should a separate group live beside another group? Why not follow social separation with physical segregation - in its own part of the city; in a distinct part of the state; even in states of its own in the United States; or finally in a move-

ment which would take them back to Africa?

Here are three logical stopping places of Negro thought, each has its impasse. Prejudice today forbids racial contact in the United States; that same prejudice makes segregation difficult and dangerous; and where in Africa or the South Seas could a group of black freemen escape the tentacles of modern imperialism?

Fortunately or unfortunately, logic has little to do with real situations. While the future of the Negro is being thought out within and without the race, actual things are happening. The Negroes are becoming curiously integrated into American civilization. In the past, they have been servants and laborers. Tbday, they are still servants and laborers but more than this: articans, merchants and they are professional men appearing here and there in all walks of life. They help to support, transport, amuse and entertain the nation; they are a part of its literature; a part of its daily life. They have in reality no desire to leave America because America is their home. They are as strange to Africa as to China. They landed here before the Pilgrims. They are much nearer the soil and genius of the country than the majority of the white inhabitants; and in addition to all this, while the question as to whether white and black people are going to mingle their blood in this country or not is being bitterly argued, the striking fact stands out that these bloods have already been mingled to such an extent that it is impossible to separate white and black in the United States by physical characteristics. There are white people who call themselves Negroes because of an invisible drop of Negro blood. There are Negroes who call themselves white, ignoring or not knowing the fact that they had a great grandfather who was a

38-12-320

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38-12-321

Articles

Black America

By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Editor of THE CRISIS

There were perhaps five thousand Negroes in all the Americas in the 16th Century. They had come as body servants and laborers,—a few being free, most of them being regarded as slaves. They took part in exploration: they were with Balboa and De Soto, and one of them, Estevanico, led the expedition from Mexico that discovered the south-western part of the United States in 1539.

Negroes were permanently landed in what is now the territory of the United States, in Virginia, in 1619. They were the answer to the problem of new free land which America had thrust upon Europe. This land called for labor, and the labor was supplied by stealing white men in Europe and black men in Africa. The supply of white men, however, was lessened by the needs and labor laws of Europe. The supply of black men was practically unlimited by the disintegration of African life, begun by the Mohammedan invasion and increased by the slave trade itself.

The result was that by the beginning of the 18th Century, large numbers of Negroes had been brought to the West Indies and some fifty thousand to the United States. This importation of slaves became profitable in two ways: it furnished labor for a new and widely demanded set of crops; and, on the other hand, the carrying trade was tremendously advantageous to the sea-faring nations.

Fierce rivalry began for the monopoly of this trade in black men. The Dutch secured it in the 17th Century, but in 1713, the crowning triumph of the war between England and Spain was the securing of the monopoly of the American slave trade by the English. The result was that by the middle of the 18th Century, the fifty thousand Negroes

49-S-18

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At the same time, there were various indications that the slave system was not securely established. From the very beginning, there had been serious slave revolts, like that of the Maroons in the West Indies, and early revolts in Mexico and Virginia. This culminated in the great revolt of Haiti, where after spasmodic fighting between mulattoes and the white masters, suddenly on August 22, 1791, the black slaves arose and eventually succeeded in driving out the whites and taking charge of the country.

In the United States, 5,000 black soldiers had been used in the Revolutionary War, and black soldiers and sailors were used in the war of 1812. These facts, coupled with the new humanitarianism of the 19th Century, brought efforts at slave revolt in South Carolina and Virginia, and the abolition movement in the North. The abolition movement began to be successful when it secured actual slaves, like Frederick Douglass, as personal exhibits of the injustice of slavery.

At the same time, the too rapid expansion of the cotton kingdom brought an economic crisis in the decade 1850-60 which led to a demand

49-5-19

for more slaves and more slave territory and met the opposition of Northern labor and Northern humane feeling.

By 1850, there were 3½ million Negroes in the United States and who had increased to over four million at the time of the Civil War. After the war, there came a reconstruction of Democracy in the United States and in this the Negro played an important part. Through his vote, it was possible to restore the South to the Union; to establish in the South a public school system, and to begin a new social legislation.

The Negro paid the penalty for helping the nation in this way during the post-war reaction when he suffered disfranchisement and caste restrictions; so that by the beginning of the 20th Century, he was restricted in his right to vote, to travel freely, to live where he would and to frequent public places like other American citizens. Today, in the second quarter of the 20th Century, there are between 12 and 13 million Americans of Negro descent, and we must regard them not simply as a class of Americans to a degree physically separate from the mass of Americans and forming a separate series of problems, but as persons who because of their long connection with American life, are a part and an important part, of American civilization.

Democracy in America, for instance, has been developed because of the pressure of the slaves for freedom and recognition. The status women has been changed greatly because the Negro woman was a working woman before she was a housewife, and her example and competition has spread among white working women. Education, particularly in the South, has become popular, and the public school is an accepted institution, primarily because of the insistence of Negroes on free education.

But above all, in two fields, the Negro has made his great contribution to American culture, and that is in art and in labor. We do

49-5-20

not usually connect these two things. The more or less open ambition of every American is to become so rich that he will not have to work, and the only native American art is Negroid, and consequently has not been highly regarded by most Americans. But the hard manual toil of the American Negro has helped to develop America, and sometime when we have a greater respect for work, this will be recognized as a great contribution. Beyond this the Negro has helped in skilled work and invention.

On the other hand, we are already beginning to see the beauty of Negro Art in American literature, in music and dancing, and such social ideals as good will and sacrifice; and we shall come to see beauty in other lines to which the American Negro has contributed. We can, therefore, well think of the Negro element in America as an integral part of American life and as having made a permanent contribution to American civilization.

So much for formal history,—the sort of thing an outsider might see looking in upon the United States. Now comes the much more interesting and fateful question: What effect has this contact of races had on the American soul and upon the souls of black folk in America? This is a matter of inner thought and character, of psychological reaction. First of all, the presence of the Negro has greatly changed the specific idea of American democracy. The 18th Century in many different ways dreamed of establishing on this continent a government of men and a social and industrial organization which should be freer than that of Europe, more pliable, easily adjustable to human character. They foresaw a more equitable distribution of the work of the world and of its rewards in wealth, and they desired especially that the thought of human beings should be more untrammeled and unconventional,—less cramped and predetermined. Something of this dream has been realized.

49-5-21

There is in America a certain freedom of movement and action unknown and unpermitted in the older world. There is a wider distribution of wealth and a wider range of activity for workers and for those who guide them. There has also been considerable freedom of thought and expression.

At the same time, all this has been undoubtedly limited by the fact that color caste has grown up in America and this has helped in the growth and development of other caste restrictions. Almost all liberal movements in the United States for two centuries have been limited and changed out of their natural course by the presence of the Negro. Exceptions had to be made in religion, in democracy, in social intercourse, in philosophy of life because of black folk. This color caste tended to become crystallized into social differences based on wealth. Negroes were poor and black and enslaved. They were disfranchised primarily on account of previous slavery. Because their color was so long an index of slavery, their poverty the result of slavery, inevitably poverty in any form shared the caste feeling against slaves.

Similarly all colored people, even those who had not been enslaved in America, came under the American color ban. Public opinion in free democratic America leaped to sympathize with imperialism, autocracy and race hate wherever it appeared in Europe and particularly if colored peoples were involved. Thus, we joined Europe against the Chinese Boxers, we long excused and defended England in India, and we applauded all the exploiters of Africa.

If America then today is a land where wealth rules, Negro slavery has been an indirect cause of this, because slavery and poverty were so linked together. In a similar way, the disregard of law in America, which is so widespread and persistent as to be almost characteristic of the country, has in part arisen from the fact that there was no law that could protect the Negro in the past, and that laws for his pro-

49-5-22

tection today are often by common consent ignored. The slave codes were bad and harsh enough but even they were often ignored. A cruel selfish master could practically do what he pleased with his slaves, even to the extent of life and death. He could force the black women to his will; he could sell fathers, mothers and children and separate families: he could work his slaves to death; he could beat them into submission. And, of course, on the other hand, he could be a most kindly and generous patriarch of a large family, allowing his black children wide freedom; even giving them education; treating them with consideration and affection. The point is that he could do as he pleased, and the white master class of the South grew up with this inborn idea of superiority to all law, whether it related to black or white. The mass of the poor whites imitated them as soon as they had the chance; it was the sign of their social emancipation, and the lawlessness of the South spread over the country with its trail of lynching, mob law, and gang rule. There are, of course, many other contributing causes to American lawlessness, but the caste system against Negroes is one of the most potent.

The habit of public charitable giving in the United States which is a singular return to the habits of the Middle Ages, has been encouraged by the presence of Negroes. It arises when the caste lines between groups of people are so strong that there is no hope or thought that this disadvantaged class is ever going to outgrow its disadvantages. The only thing that can be done is temporarily to ameliorate its condition by doles. Normally, in a rich country like the United States and in a country where the working class occupies so high a plance, charity should have become the last method of social reform. But with a class of black folk who are not permitted by public opinion to receive higher wages; who are not expected to be fully educated and developed, the

49-5-23

the habit of alms-giving became in America much more widely spread than otherwise would have been probable or defensible.

America, then, because of the presence of slaves and freedmen has developed a caste system which has emphasized the rule of the rich, spread lawlessness and made alms-giving a main method of social reform.

Let us turn now to the American Negro himself. Usually his inner development and reactions have been neglected by students and observers. The reason, of course, is that the truth in these matters is much more difficult to attain. One has to bridge a wide social gulf and enter a land of natural distrust and suspicion. This shadow land is guarded by defensive mechanisms of thought and habit—a suave effort to agree with critics, appease the powerful and amuse a world accustomed to think of Negroes as primarily entertainers—bizarre clowns and genial minstrels; and, too, there is, of course, the openly expressed or widely held assumption that there is no inner reaction among Negroes; that you are dealing with a people who, while they are swayed by certain primitive feelings and instincts, are not thinking and planning or moving in any self-motivated ways.

All this is misleading and untrue. The Negro has from the beginning reacted and reacted sharply to his surroundings, until today the American Negro is one of those groups of thinkers in the world who must be reckoned with in any view of the world's future. They must be considered in any discussion of the future of Africa; in any forecaste of the marvellous West Indies; in any view of the amalgamated blood of South America; and even in our plans for the relations of Asia to white Europe.

In the 17th Century, before American slavery was fully developed and systematized, there were many strong individual Negro thinkers who

49-5-24

came to the fore in various places on the American continent. They did not represent a unified group, except possibly in the case of the Maroons of the West Indies Islands, who transported to America and developed among the runaway slaves, the ethos of tribal West and Central Africa. Directly out of this came the success of the Haitian revolt in the latter part of the 18th Century.

As slavery became a fixed system in the United States and the slaves regimented under careful training and rule, their reaction came in two ways: through their religion and through their attempts at revolt. The list of slave revolts in the United States is long and impressive. One has only to read the legislation against them to realize the fear that they inspired. Leaders, like Prosser, Denmark Vesey and Nat Turner, are not to be forgotten in the development of America. But revolt was finally given up as a weapon because of a more effective method of attaining freedom, and that was the method of the runaway slaves. Organized running away of slaves took place in the far South, where it caused the so-called Seminole Wars and led to the eventual removal of the Indian tribes westward. Afterward running away they took the paths that led to Canada; the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Mississippi Valley, the swamps of Virginia. Under leaders like Josiah Henson, Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth, aided by hundreds of white abolitionists, slaves disappeared by the thousands, and this became one of the great economic and political causes of Emancipation.

40-5-25

On the other hand, the emotional outlet of the slaves was through their churches. These churches had more or less internal autonomy, they raised up a leadership of their own; they devised their own music, dancing and ceremonies. The result was nothing less than tremendous in the development of both black and white America. The slaves originated this curious and beautiful volume of song that has come down through

centuries as a never-to-be-forgotten contribution to the world's music. From it has developed the "gospel" hymns of the whites, the syncopated rhythm and jazz of the world of art and a wealth of material for great composers like Gilbert and Dvorak.

In literature, articulate voices of Negroes appeared in early days—the poet, Wheatley; the radical Walker; orators like Ward and Douglass. Then suddenly came political emancipation through war. When emancipation came, it was regarded as miraculous by the religionists among American Negroes and as the fulfillment of opportunity by the black philosophers. The gates were now opened; the barriers down; the Negro was in law a full-fledged American citizen, and by the help of education and wealth, he was going forward to claim his heritage. The burning desire for education came first, as this seemed first the key to all. But it proved a difficult path. The state did not do its part; philanthropy performed miracles but after all was unequal to the thorough tfaining of so many millions; thus, after nearly seventy years of Negro education, the Negroes are still, as a mass, an ignorant pepple whose illiteracy must be compared to that of Southern Europe.

Their attention next was drawn toward the accumulation of wealth, the American panacea for all ill. But here they were handicapped even more than in their search for education. They started with nothing, neither land nor capital. The skill which some of them had acquired was very soon displaced by new machines and new technique. In the new world-wide organizationof capitalistic enterprise they were given small place, so that despite their legal emancipation, economic emancipation lingered long and still lingers. All this was expressed by a flood of literature—biographies, complaints, appeals, fiction, history. All this was at first an inner stream, written by Negroes for Negroes and unheard of the world without. Thus wrote

49-S-26

Whitfield, Wells Brown, Harper, Nell, Payne and Trotter. Then, in 1896, the racial river burst its banks and Williams, Dunbar and Chesnutt raised voices to which all the world listened. Negro literature became as recognized part of American literature.

The burden of this voice today among the 12 million or more American Negroes is marked by tremendous difficulties and heart-searchings and inner strivings on the matter of their relation to the modern world. There are those, who, building on the older group philosophy which triumphed at the time of emancipation, declare that the object of this black group is solely to become American citizens without distinction or color. They do not mean that colored people as such are necessarily going to disappear, although most of them would probably admit that in three or four centuries they would probably be absorbed by the nation; but their chief point today is that, despite color, Negroes must be treated in their political and civic rights as citizens, without color discrimination.

The difficulty in this philosophy comes up in the matter of "social" rights; for what is the difference between admitting a man to the theater where he sits beside you, and admitting him to a public luncheon, or admitting him as a guest to dinner in your own house? If colored and white people become acquainted without artificial discrimination, social barriers are sure to grow less; some inter-marriage will certainly follow, and, as some persons put it, the United States will tend to become octoroon.

As a rebound from this logical conclusion and because of the bitterness and insult which any possible legal mixture of races in America always engenders, many Negroes fly to the opposite extreme and declare that while they want legal rights, they desire no social contract nor social intermingling. They seek only the company of their own race; they marry into their own group and disown those who do not; they are

49-5-24

not only willing but desirous of remaining racially distinct. The difficulty with this philosophy is that it leads logically to a further refinement. Why should a separate group live beside another group? Why not follow social separation with physical segregation—in its own part of the city; in a distinct part of the state; even in states of its own in the United States; or, finally, in a movement which would take it back to Africa?

Here are three logical stopping places of Negro thought. Each has its impasse. Prejudice today forbids racial contact in the United States; that same prejudice makes segregation difficult and dangerous; and where in Africa or the South Seas could a group of black freemen escape the tentacles of modern imperialism?

Fortunately or unfortunately, logic has little to do with real situations. While the future of the Negro is being thought out within and without the race, actual things are happening. The Negroes are becoming curiously integrated into American civilization. In the past, they have been servants and laborers. Today, they are still servants and laborers but more than this: they are artisans, merchants and professional men appearing here and there in all walks of life. They help to support, transport, amuse and entertain the nation; they are a part of its literature; a part of its daily life. They have in reality no desire to leave America because America is their home. They are as strange to Africa as to China. They landed here before the Pilgrims. They are much nearer the soil and genius of the country than the majority of the white inhabitants; and in addition to all this, while the question as to whether white and black people are going to mingle their blood in this country or not is being bitterly argued, the striking fact stands out that these bloods have already been mingled to such an extent that it is impossible to separate white and black in

49-5-128

the United States by physical characteristics. There are white people who call themselves Negroes because of an invisible drop of Negro blood. There are Negroes who call themselves white, ignoring or not knowing the fact that they had a great grandfather who was a black slave. So-called black America is of every conceivable hue and shade and white America is by no means "lily-white". It is idle to ask whether this mixture is increasing or not, the dominant fact is that the intermingling began two centuries ago and has not stopped and will not stop. The unity, then, in the Negro-American group, while still predominantly a matter of blood, is by no means wholly so. It is increasingly a psychological unity,--a matter of memories and hurts and ambitions. And out of these things are arising poignant problems; questions of revolt and self-assertion; questions of compromise and yielding to superior social force; questions of ideal and racial development; questions of narrow racial pre-occupation in the face of a broader national and humanitarian outlook. All these are manifest today in black America, and just what the end will be, who can say?

49-5-29

A MESSAGE TO THE YOUTH OF ASIA

1934

New History Society

37-8-70

A MESSAGE TO THE YOUTH OF ASIA

This voice comes from an American who is often forgotten by those who think of the United States as essentially a European country. They forget that there are in America Asiatic and African elements. Asia is represented by the red Indian, and by a considerable number of Americans of Chinese and Japanese descent. But above all, it must not be forgotten that every tenth man inthe United States is of Negro descent--a representative of one of the vastest of migrations of men, which arose when millions of Negroes crossed the seas to become the great labering force of America. On their labor was raised modern international commerce through the export of tobacco, sugar, rice, and especially cotton.

The condition of these laborers was long the most unfortunate, but by a series of changes, and especially by a war in which more Negroes fought in proportion to their population than whites, the black slave was emancipated.

Today, he is stretching out hands of fellowship to the world, and more especially toward Asia. Asiatics coming to America meet with much race prejudice among whites, with discriminatory laws and reaction in many lines. But they should know that if they press far enough, they will find in America elements of sympathy and deep appreciation for all that Asia has given to the world, and hope for what she may give in the future.

The American Negro stands for peace, because he knows that through unjust wars the colored races in the world have long been in subjection to the whites, at vast cost to civilization. The American Negro stands for a religion which is not dogma but which pays equal homage to Buddha and Christ, Mohammed and Confucius. Especially does the American Negro hope for that great change in work and industry which is going to abolish private profit and the exploitation of labor, and raise a state which shall be carried on for the benefit of those who work,--who work with their hands, their heads, and their hearts.

For such a program, American Negroes want fellowship and sympathy: for themselves, as a suppressed minority in the United States; and for their brothers in Africa and the West Indies; and I am asking that the youth of

(A MESSAGE TO THE YOUTH OF ASIA.)

Asia when they are thinking of the Westernworld, shall not forget these darker elements of fellowship and co-operation.

37-8-71

MISCEGENATION

1935
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Miscegenation

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Ph. D. (Harvard)

The facts as to the miscegenation of races are difficult to study because of the absence of records and even deal sealed lies. The leading European scholars today, deny flatly universality of Aryan superiority & other myths of race are obtained theoretically & racial intermingling as leading to degradation of white blood. Beneath & underlying this controversy are deeper economic advantages which lie in making colored labor and exploited caste kept in place by imperial exploitation.

In here basis of act this one seeks the scientific reasons the task is singularly difficult. First of all, what is a Race

"It is especially clear that racial divisions are for the most part artificial, for the greatest anthropologists differ widely in the matter. For instance, Cuvier and Quatrefages put the number of racial divisions among mankind at 3, Linnaeus and Huxley distinguish 11 human races, Blumenbach 5, Buffon 6, Prichard, Hunter, and Peschel 7, Agassiz 8, Desmoulins and Pickering 11, Haeckel and Franz Müller 12, Bory St. Vincent 15, Malte Brun 16, Topinard 18, Morton 32, Crawford 60, Burke 62, Gliddon 150. And even then when two agree as to the actual number, they disagree as to the division." As a matter of fact, one might just as well assume that there were 1,000 races; every individual indeed forms a race or a mixture of races. Even between races most distant from each other there exist innumerable, almost unnoticeable transitions. Nevertheless, such terms as race and species are extremely useful in the sphere of natural science." (p. 20. Hertz, Race and Civilization.) p. 26 German ed.

For a long time there was much controversy on the question of the unity of the human race. That is, as to whether the races of mankind constitute different stocks or of merely varieties of thesame stock, and it also involved the definite

question as to whether or not all races have derived from one primitive stock. The belief that certain races more closely resemble animal, physically and mentally than others, finds no support in anatomy or in the theory of evolution. (p. 23. Race and Civilization, Hertz.)

The differences between the size of the brain of Negroes and that of white people is no greater and often smaller than the differences between white men and white women, and the difference between uneducated white men and educated white men. These differences are obviously due to selection and to practice. Many geniuses, like Leidnez and Schiller, had very small brains, while the heaviest brain known was that of an imbecile. Moreover, within the race group, the highest mental development does not correspond with the largest brain. The Chinese have brains as much heavier than the Europeans or heavier than the Negroes. The assertion frequently made that the brain of a Negro is incapable of development because the cranial-suture closed earlier on account of earlier puberty, have been shown to be groundless. (p. 36 Hertz

In his recent book, "The American Race Problem", he acknowledges that racial types are not distinct nor clear-cut, and that no definite and logical lines of division may be drawn. The three primary races of sub-species, the Caucasian, Mon oloid, Negroid, "are generalized racial types, hypothetical stocks, rather than living races. These stocks have been divided and intermixed by migration and mating, so as to produce all manner of hybrid stocks.

31-10-8

4

The general divisions of mankind which we today call races are the results of ancient group mixtures and are today changing

Man is perhaps the most promiscuous animal ever evolved in the matter of indiscriminate inter-breeding between races, varieties and species. This is why there is no such thing as pure races existing in the world. (p. 583. Hooten, Up from the Ape.)

It is very doubtful whether there are at present any races that can be called pure. (p. 2.)

31-10-9

A considerable mixture between different races, stocks, or whatever they may be called, has doubtless taken place at all periods. A racial type is after all but an artificial concept. (p. 150. A. C. Haddon, "The Races of Man".)

"The fact that most, if not all peoples, are racially mixed, is consistently ignored." (p. 397. Hooten, Up From the Ape.)

No view of civilization is sound nor adequate which considers race and racial types statically and not dynatically as growing, developing, progressing entities. (B. Seal, "Inter-Racial Problems", p. 7.)

"Recent discoveries made in the vicinity of the principality of Monaco, and others in Italy and Western France--all of them analysed in the monograph on the skulls found in the grottoes of Grimaldi, edited by Dr. Verneaux, of Paris, and published in 1909 by the Prince of Monaco--would seem to reveal, even if some of their deductions are discounted and a few statements regarded as erroneous, the actual fact that many thousand years ago a negroid race had penetrated through Italy into France, leaving traces at the present day in the physiognomy of the peoples of Southern Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Southern and Western France, and even in the western parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. There are even at the present day some examples of the Keltiberian peoples of Western Scotland, Southern and Western Wales, Southern and Western Ireland, of distinctly negroid aspect, and in whose ancestry there is no indication whatever of any connection with the West Indies or with modern Africa. Still more marked is this feature in the peoples of Southern and Western France and of the other parts of the Mediterranean already mentioned. There is a strong negroid element in the south of Spain and the south of Portugal, but we are not entitled in default of other evidence to assume that this is due to such an ancient negroid immigration as seems to be indicated in France and Italy. Because in the first place, the repeated Moorish invasions of Spain obviously brought thither a very considerable infusion of Negro blood from the Nigerian Sudan, while Portugal in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries deliberately imported Negro slaves to do the agricultural work of her southern provinces."
(p. 330. Inter-Racial Problems. Edited by G. Spiller.)

By Sir Harry Johnston

31-10-9

Ripley says: "There is no single European or white race of men, no continental group of human beings, with greater diversities of extremeties of physical type exist. That fact accounts in itself for much of our advance in culture."

(W. Z. Ripley, "The Races of Europe", p. 103.)

One results of this modern attitude toward races is the attempt to prove that all culture derived from an Aryan race and that degeneration has been the result of racial mixture. This theory was first stated in its extreme form by Count Gobineau & has been continued & amended by Chamberlain, Grant, Stoddard & McDougal. It has recently been revived by Hitler & the Nazis.

This theory has no scientific basis

Gobineau, Chamberlain, and that school, claim that the moral degeneracy of the Roman people came on account of race mixture, but race mixture was more frequent in earlier Roman history than in later, and among individuals pure Nordic blood, like that of the golden-haired Commodius, and the blue-eyed Nero, were more despicable to emperors like Trajan and Hadrian of doubtful Roman blood. The decline of Rhome was certainly social and economic and not racial.

The assumption that race mixing is always accompanied by great disadvantages is often contradicted by the fact that the greatest cultural centers are in regions most liable to race mixture. Indeed, Schneider declares that physical inter-mixture is a pre-requisite for development. All nations of any importance in history show a mixture of races, including Egypt, Babylon, and the whole of Western Asia. Petrie describes five different tribes who ruled successfully over Egypt, and among these were Negroes. Herodutus declares there were 18 Negro Pharohs. Stoddard, Grant and McDougal have been the protagonists for racial purity in the United States. Grant declares that in any mixture of two races the resultant race reverts to the lower type. Even the lower classes in the same race are racially inferior, and should not be preserved. He seems to think that the Mediterranean race which gave birth to classical culture, eventually destroyed it by displacing the Nordics. He is against

31-10-13

Hart 2

the Irish and the Balkan nations. He thinks that the Thirty-Year-War was fatal to the Nordics in Germany, when as a matter of fact the great period of German genius with Goethe and Beathoven appeared 100 years later.

Puskin, Dumas
Pharaon

~~Exception~~ The ~~bitterest~~ hatred & darkest resentment in the troubles of race inter-breeding has arisen from the fact that the same white race which presents such virtues in Europe has been chiefly responsible for the meanest & degradedest of slavery & crimes the world ever gathered unto herself. In Europe she has been the truest friend & the kindest & at the same time despising & scorning as their own children. Now this has been wholly the attitude of the despot of white slavery: ~~In America~~ in ~~America~~ Europe of this area the best blood of white classes ~~in India~~ has represented as well as that of brutal outcasts & adventurers

Today the moral & physical problems of race mixture are of three ~~kinds~~ orders in Germany & the United States; in Germany because of Poles remaining of Irish Semites & in the U.S. on account of the Negro. For Germany the problem is not really racial but primarily economic & secondarily religious. Certainly the antagonistic combination of Jewish blood & German ~~culture~~ civilization offers almost all about on these moral questions on ~~the~~ physical & cultural grounds. The common question beyond the scope of this letter

In the United States the question of the exclusion & with it strikes & blacks have strong at their blood and the models last treaty & future as the growing resolves the crisis of the so called Negro problem. Reduced to the last analysis white thinking white Americans do not think Negroes or trend & related ~~race~~ advance. They are ~~getting~~ beyond slavery has understood & their only hesitation now is how far complete freedom & full economic opportunity is going to result in racial amalgamation & make American culture one blood. It is this inherent fear of this & resentment at its very possibility that keeps the race problem in the U.S. so terribly alive

All this colors the facts & makes scientific study of present Pedagogy race mixture began in colonial days.

31-10-16

The term race is employed in various census but usually to connote a group of people who have certain well-marked characteristics in common. What these characteristics are, or how many characteristics are to be taken into account, is usually a matter of individual opinion. (p. 1.)

"Moreover, the actual statistics of race intermixture in the United States are of the most meager sort, and those available are not always wholly dependable. This is more especially the case as investigation is pushed toward the beginning of the group. The only general statistics are those of the Federal Censuses of 1850, 1860, 1870, 1890 and 1910. No other general census made a distinction in the returns between the full-blood and the mixed-blood Negroes. Prior to 1850, that is for

four-fifths of the period that the Negro has been in America, there are only occasional estimates and partial statistical reports of sections, states, or cities made for special purposes." (p. 106. "The Mulatto in the United States", Reuter.)

The official figures for mulattoes are as follows:-

1850, mulattoes formed 11.2 per cent of the total Negropopulation.
1860, mulattoes formed 13.2 per cent of the total Negro population.
1870, mulattoes formed 12 per cent of the total Negro population.
1890, mulattoes formed 15.2 per cent of the total Negro population.

Or in actual numbers:-

1850, 405,751 mulattoes.
1860, 588, 352 mulattoes.
1870, 585,601 mulattoes.
1890, 1, 132,060 mulattoes.

These figures are of doubtful validity and officially acknowledged to be misleading. From observation and local studies in all parts of the United States I am inclined to believe that at least one-third of the Negroes of the United States have distinct traces of white blood, and there is also a large amount of Negro blood in the white population. This blendingof the races has led to new and interesting human types, but race prejudice has hitherto prevented any scientific study of the matter. (p. 350. Inter-Racial Problems. G. Spiller.)

31-10-19

As to the results of race intermingling there are two contradictory theories ^

In this first book, Reuter tends to envisage the low origin of mulattoes and their questionable character.

One is that mulattoes are usually degenerates or at least worse than either whites or blacks; and the other is that they are superior to blacks although not quite equal to whites. Both these theories are elaborated and supported by the same persons with no apparent realization of their inherent contradiction.

another theory is that of the unescapable finality and constancy in the being constituted of mixed breeds

McDougall does not believe in mixing widely different stocks, and declares that "the soul of the cross-bred is, and would seem, apt to be the same perpectual conflict of inharmonious tendencies." (Hertz, "Race and Civilization", translated by Levetus and Entz, 1928.) p. 186 McDougall Group Mind 1921

31-10-20

All this of course is mixing moral and physical traits. An illegitimate child, misunderstood at home with his environment & parents may easily become a degenerate criminal or town by inner contradiction but this will not arise from his blood & physical descent but obviously from his environment Carlton Bond Day's excellent study of 2537 mulattoes shows a healthy normal & vitale growth. The achievements of American mulattoes like Frederick Douglass Booker Washington, Henry O Tanner, Charles W Chesnutt are well known.

The real problem of miscegenation in America is not a question of its physical possibility do cultural result or its ultimate accomplishment. The Black & white race can indefinitely & indeed normal offspring & this offspring can indefinitely endure. There is not proof that the descendants of such unions are inherently of low cultural possibilities but on the contrary they have hindered many persons of unusual ability. This is not question but this in the

31-10-17

"Section Two was called into being on account of the inter-marriage of white women with slaves. Many of these women had been indentured as servants to pay their passage to this country, some had been sent as convicts, while still others had been apprenticed for a term of years. Some of them, however, were very worthy persons. No little confusion attended the fixing of the legal status of the issue of such marriages; and it was to deter Englishwomen from such alliances, and to determine the status of the children before the courts, that this section was passed." (p. 240. Williams, History of the Negro Race in America.)

There was some inter-marriage between whites and Negroes in Colonial times, especially in the case of white women servants. Travellers like Branagan and De Warville cite cases involving white respectable people. Bassett says of North Carolina, "that many of the free Negroes were children of white women by Negro men, and that there were 'not a few such.'"

Of Negro-white amalgamation in the United States, he says:

"The white servant class was not alone responsible for the early miscegenation of the races. There was at all times some intermixture resulting from the association of the slave owners and their female slaves. As a free Negro and mulatto class appeared numerous white men supported colored mistresses and reared families of mulatto children." (p. 127. The American Race Problem, Reuter.)

Among men if the two races continue to live side by side they will be mutually absorbed under all disadvantageous race differences dissolved.

There is however a very grave problem as to how fast & under what conditions this amalgamation shall take place. If a low & ignorant grade amalgamates with a more & more intelligent & sympathetic the results will be retardation & disease, social disaster & the loss of many human values by both races but especially by the lower grade. If in order to avoid this the higher grade further degrades the Negro establishes civil & social inequality & crime & refuses freedom to its women by anti-miscegenation laws; it does not avoid the dangers of casual amalgamation and adds to them the dangers of caste race hatred & war. If by encouraging mutual respect & even kindred feelings, the two races can peacefully readjust their social bonds until they assume essential equality in wealth & intelligence the amalgamation will take place gradually & quietly by mutual consent or by equally peaceful methods the grades will seek schools dwelling places in the same or different lands

31-10-3

31-10-15

As a matter of fact, we are especially ignorant as to the moral and intellectual qualities of half-casts. (Dr. Felix von Luschan, "Anthropological View of Race", in Inter-Racial Problems, pp. 16, 21, 22.)

31-10-14 "The metis or half-breeds of Brazil." By Dr. J. P. De Lacerda, in INTER-RACIAL PROBLEMS.

Ensaios

31-10-10

An impartial visitor would be inclined to look upon the various important peoples of the world as, to all intents and purposes, essentially equals in intellect, enterprise, morality, and physique.

"Includes 18,636 Negroes enumerated in Indian Territory not distinguished as black or mulatto. (p. 118. Reuter, "The Mulatto in the United States".)

"Fortune's statement is even more absurd: 'The blood of all the ethnic types that go to make up American citizenship flows in the veins of the Afro-American people so that of the ten million of them in this country, accounted for by the Federal census, not more than four million are of pure negroid descent, while some four million of them, not accounted for by the Federal census, have escaped into the ranks of the white race, and are reenforced very largely by such escapements every year.'" T. T. Fortune, "Place in American Life". In Booker T. Washington, The Negro Problem, pp. 214-215. p. 118. Reuter, "The Mulatto in the United States".)

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31-10-7

There is no support in our data for the motion of lack of fecundity of Negro-white crosses nor of their deficit viability. It is not generally true that hybrides between whites and blacks are fertile. Some such hybrides show an essentially high fecundity. (Charles P. Davenport, "Heredity of Skin Color in Negro-White Crosses", pp. 46, 47.)

31-10-11

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31-10-18

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MISCEGENATION

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The truth as to the mixture of races is difficult to study because of the opinions and desires of people and of their deep-seated prejudices. The leading European nations of today, being generally convinced of their superiority to other types of men, are opposed in theory to racial inter-mingling as tending to degrade their stock. Beneath this, and supporting the conviction are decided economic advantages based on the use of colored labor as an exploited caste, held in place by imperial military and naval expansion.

When back of all this one seeks scientific reasons, the path is singularly difficult. First of all, there is the basic question: What is a race? Usually we think of three main races, but Blumenbach found 5, Agassiz 8, Huxley 11, Haeckel 12, Topinard 18, Crawford 60, and Glidden 150.

The matter is not really of great importance. As Von Luschan says:

"The question of the number of human races has quite lost its raison d'etre, and has become a subject rather of philosophical speculation than of scientific research. It is of no more importance now to know how many human races there are than to know how many angels can dance on the point of a needle. Our aim now is to find out how ancient and primitive races developed from others, and how races have changed or evolved through migration and inter-breeding...." (Professor Felix Von Luschan in "Anthropological View of Race", Inter-racial Problems, 1911, pp. 16, 21, 22.)

Taking the conventional divisions of mankind into black, yellow and white, we can place no hard and fast dividing line between them. They fade insensibly into each other; and when we take into account other characteristics, such as head-form, bony structure, hair form and bodily measurements, the confusion is almost complete. The inevitable conclusion is as Ratzel says: "There is only one species of man, the variations are numerous, but do not go deep." Deniker adds: "Where the genus homo is concerned, one can neither speak of the species and variety nor the race in the sense usually contributed to these others in zoology."

37-10-123

Broadly speaking, we mean by Race today not a clearly defined and scientifically measured group but rather "a great division of mankind, the members of which, though individually varying, are characterized as a group by a certain combination of morphological and metrical features, principally non-adaptive, which have been derived from their common descent." (p. 397. Hooten, Up from the Ape.)

It is conceded that the present main races and their numerous subdivisions also often called races arose from the intermingling of more primitive groups. Reuter says:

"... Ever since the existing human species diverged into its four or five existing varieties or sub-species, there has been a constant opposite movement at work to unify the type. Whites have returned southwards and mingled with Australoids, Australoids have united with Negroids, and produced Melanesians, and Papuans, and these, again, have mixed with proto-Caucasians or with Mongols to form the Polynesian. The earliest types of white man have mingled with the primitive Mongol, or directly with the primitive Negro. There is an ancient Negroid strain underlying the populations of Southern and Western France, Italy, Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Wales and Scotland. Evidences of the former existence of these negroid people are not only to be found in the features of their mixed descendants at the present day, but the fact is attested by skulls, skeletons, and works of art of more or less great antiquity in France, Italy, etc.... There are few Negro peoples at the present day--perhaps only the Bushmen, the Congo-Pigmies, and a few tribes of forest Negroes--which can be said to be without more or less trace of ancient white inter-mixture." (p. 15, "The Mulatto in the United States", Reuter.)

37-10-124

The modern problem of race intermixture arises when the intermingling of racial groups as they are at present constituted is considered. These groups are in no case pure races. They have been built up through indiscriminate inter-breeding throughout past ages, and as Haddon says: "A racial type is after all but an artifical concept." Whatever the origin of these races may be, nevertheless today mankind is obviously divided into various groups widely different in appearance and degree of culture. How far are these groups at present intermingling, what is the future of such cross-breeding, and what will be the physical and cultural results? First, it must be remembered that even at present racial types are not static but are growing and developing entities.

Modern Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen and Germans are composites of the broken fragments of different racial groups or sub-groups. Interbreeding has broken up ancient races and interaction and imitation have created types with uniformities in manners, language and behavior. World-wide communication has tended to miscegenation on a broad scale.

What has been the result in modern times? Can we look upon this intermingling as the unfortunate meeting of superior and inferior stocks? Von Luschan, as quoted above, says:

37-10-125

"Fair and dark races, long and short-haired, intelligent and primitive, all come from one stock. Favorable circumstances and surroundings, especially a good environment, a favorable geographical population, trade and traffic, cause one group toadvance more quickly than another; while some groups have remained in a very primitive state of development; but all are adapted to their surroundings according to the law of the survival of the fittest. One type may be more refined, another type may be coarser, but if both are thorough-bred, or what we call good types, however they may differ, one is not necessarily inferior to the other."

This question of innate racial differences is a difficult one. Ratzel says:

"Itmay be safely asserted that the study of comparative ethnology in recent years has tended to diminish the weight of traditionally accepted views of anthropologists, as to racial distinctions, and that in any case, they afford no support to the view whichsees in the so-called lower races of mankind a transition stage from beast to man."

Spiller says: "It is not legitimate to argue from differences in physical characteristics to differences in mental characteristics. The physical and mental characteristics in a particular race are not either permanent or modifiable only through ages of environmental pressure, but rather marked changes in education, public sentiment, and general environment, even apart from inter-marriage, materially transform physical and mental characteristics in a generation or two. The status of a race at any particular moment or time offers no index to its inate and inherited capacities. It is important to recognize that civilizations are metereric in nature, bursting out of obscurity only to plunge back into it..." (Inter-Racial Problems, G. Spiller, pp. 35, 36, 38.)

Boas, speaking particularly of the alleged inferiority of Negroes, says:

"An unbiased estimate of the anthropological evidence so far brought forward does not permit us to countenance the belief in a racial inferiority which would unfit an individual of the Negro race to take his part in modern civilization. We do not know of any demand made on the human body or mind in modern life that anatomical or ethnological evidence would prove to be beyond the powers of the Negro....

"In short, there is every reason to believe that the Negro, when given facility and opportunity, will be perfectly able to fulfil the duties of citizenship as well as his white neighbor. It may be that he will not produce as many great men as the white race, and that his average achievement will not quite reach the level of the average achievement of the white race; but there will be endless numbers who will be able to outrun their white competitors, and who will do better than the defectives whom we permit to drag down and to retard the healthy children of our public schools." (Frans Boas,"The Mind of Primitive Man", pp. 272, 273.)

Scientific opinion at present tends to admit that the Negro is not inferior in any essential character of mind; and is approximately equal to other races in his ability to acquire culture.

Hankins almost alone of current anthropologists tries to prove that physical differencesmust mean mental differences. But even he acknowledges that racial differences are of degree and not of kind, and that races may be inferior to others, in some respects, and superior in other respects. (F. H. Hankins, "The Racial Basis of Civilization", p. 322.)

37-10-126

The average reader,particularly since the advent of Hitler, will be tempted to agree with Hooten;

"So much nonsense has been talked about 'race' that many pessimists are inclined to regard it as little more than a slogan of mass snobbery bellowed by propagandists or piped by anemic pleaders for an aristocratic régime long obsolete and vanished." (Hooten, Up From the Ape, p. 501.)

What has been the cultural result of racial intermingling? The effect of the growth of national consciousness and imperial rivalries has been an attempt to prove that all modern culture derives from an Aryian or Nordic race and that degeneration and relapses from cultural standards has been the result of racial mixture. This theory was first stated in its extreme form by Count Joseph A. Gobineau in

the middle of the 19th Century; and his thesis has been expanded and continued by H. S. Chamberlain in Germany, and Grant, Gould, Stoddard and McDougal in America. Recently, the theory has received singular emphasis on the part of Hitler and his Nazis.

Historical criticism, however, and anthropological research, do not support this thesis. It has been shown, for instance, that race mixture among the Romans was more frequent in earlier Roman history than later, and that Nordics, like the golden-haired Commodus, and the blue-eyed Nero, were much more despicable than Trajan and Hadrian, whose descent was doubtful. The decline of Rome was certainly social and economic, rather than racial. Indeed, it is a tenable thesis to declare with Schneider, that at least some race mixture is a prerequisite to the greatest cultural development. Egypt, Bablyon, and all Western Asia show great race mixture. Mayo-Smith says "that there has never been a state whose population was not made of heterogeneous ethnical elements," and Von Luschan says:

"We all know that a certain admixture of blood has always been of great advantage to a nation. England, France, and Germany are equally distinguished for the great variety of their racial elements. In the case of Italy, we know that in ancient times and at the Renaissance Northern 'Barbarians' were the leaven in the great advance of art and civilization; and even Slavonic immigration has certainly not been without effect on this movement."

In Spain, there was great mixture of blood; Venetians, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths, Vandals, Jews, Arabs and Moors. With the Moors came a considerable infusion of Negro blood. The mixture of Danes and Eskimoes have made a superior race of mixed bloods. The population of South America is composed of Indians, whites and Negroes with a large class of persons of mixed blood from all three elements in varying proportions.

Lecerda says of the half-breeds of Brazil that they have given birth down to our time to poets, painters, sculptors, distinguished musicians, magistrates, lawyers, eloquent orators, remarkable writers, medical men and engineers, who have been unrivaled in their technical skill and professional ability.

"The co-operation of the mulattoes in the advance of Brazil is notorious and far from inconsiderable. They played the chief part during many years in Brazil in the campaign for the abolition of slavery. I could quote celebrated names of more

than one of these mulattoes who put themselves at the head of the literary movement....

It was owing to their support that the Republic was erected on the ruins of the empire." (p. 381. Inter-Racial Problems, G. Spiller.)

In modern European history there have been many instances of distinguished mulattoes, such as Puskin of Russia, and the Dumas of France. Also, among the mixed European Asiatic group in India and Java, there have been several artists and men of distinctions.

37-10-128

While the general effect of inter-mixture of blood is fairly manifest, and exceptional mulattoes and other mixed bloods are well-known, there is little in the line of actual scientific study and measurement upon which to base conclusions. Von Luschan says: "We are especially ignorant as to the moral and intellectual qualities of half-castes."

There have been few thorough-going studies of mulatto groups. Two outstanding studies are by Professor Eugen Fischer and Carrie Bond Day. The study by Fischer is of the Reheboth community of south-west Africa (Die Reheboth Bastards und das Bastardierungsproblem beim Menschen, Jena, 1913). This consists of the descendants, some 150 in number, through five or more generations, of the hybrid offspring of a group of trek Boers and Hottentot women, and includes the offspring of a number of unions with members and of the parent races.

Professor Fischer finds these people "a strong, healthy and fruitful people, taller than either parent race, i.e., they show a common indication of hybrid vigour. Physically there is no predominance of heritage from either race, but the inheritance of facial characters and colour is described as alternate, and in spite of the three groups there is no special tendency for the inheritance of facial characters and colour is described as alternate, and in spite of the three groups there is no special tendency for the inheritance of facial characters and colour is described as alternate, and in spite of the three groups there is no special tendency for the inheritance of groups of characters the unit elements of which are combined in either parent race. Psychologically, the most important observation isthat the Hottentot mentality predominates; there is neither European energy nor steadfastness of will."

Carolyn Bond Day's excellent study of 2,537 mulattoes shows a healthy, moral

and virile group, fully a part of their modern cultural environment. On the other hand, there is no adequate study of crime disease and delinquency among any large group of mixed bloods. The bitterest protest and deepest resentment in the matter of inter-breeding has arisen from the fact that the same white race which today resents race mixture in theory has been chiefly responsible for the systematic misuse and degradation of darker women the world over, and has literally fathered millions of half-castes in Asia, Africa and America. At the same time, whites have stigmatized and sneered at their own children, and in most cases, refused to recognize or support them; nor has this system been wholly the sexual incontinence of the dregs of white society which so often represents the advanced nations in their contact with backward nations. In a large number of instances, the best blood of the upper-class whites has been also widely represented.

37-10-129

Today, the moral and physical problems of race mixture are tense and of present interest chiefly in Germany, South Africa and the United States. In West Africa, the West Indies and South America, the racial mixture which is going on does not disturb the community and is not, therefore, a social problem. In Germany, Hitler's renaissance of anti-semitism is simply a part of the general resentment and suffering in Germany because of the results of the war, and of the Treaty of Versailles. Of the great gift made by Jews to German culture during the last thousand years, there can be absolutely no dispute. On the other hand, it is also indisputable that present economic rivalry and racial jealousy gives Hitler and his followers a whip today to drive the German people into clannish and cruel opposition to their Jewish fellow citizens. In South Africa, the intermingling of races went on until the ascendency of the Boers stiffened racial solidarity and built a wall against the advance of the natives. The colored group in Cape Colony and Southwest Africa form an isolated and suppressed mass without full political freedom or fair economic opportunity.

In the United States, the question of racial inter-mixture is one that has caused the most intense feeling and controversy. And yet, singularly enough, it has been given a minimum of scientific study. Franz Boas says:

"I think we have reason to be ashamed to confess that the scientific study of these questions has never received the support either of our government or of any of our great scientific institutions; and it is hard to understand why we are

so indifferent toward a question which is of paramount importance to the welfare of our nation. The anatomy of the American Negro is not well-known; and, notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertions regarding the hereditary inferiority of the mulatto, we know hardly anything on this subject. If his vitality is lower than that of the full-blooded Negro, this may be as much due to social causes as to hereditary causes. Owing to the very large numberof mulattoes in our country, it would not be a difficult matter to investigate the biological aspects of this question thoroughly. The importance of researches on this subject cannot be too strongly urged, since the desirability or undesirability of race-mixture should be known. Looking into a distant future, it seems reasonably certain that with the increasing nobility of the Negro, the number of full-bloods will rapidly decrease; and since there is no introduction of new Negro blood, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the ultimate effect of the contact between the two races must necessarily be a continued increase of the amount of white blood in the Negro community." (Frans Boas, The Mind of Primitive Man, pp. 274, 275.)

As is usual in such cases, the greater our ignorance of the facts the more intense has been the dogmatism of the discussion. Indeed, the question of the extent to which whites and blacks in the United States have mingled their blood, and the results of this inter-mingling, past, present and future, is, in many respects, the crux of the so-called Negro problem in the United States. In the last analysis most thinking Americans do not hate Negroes or wish to retard their advance. They are glad that slavery has disappeared but their hesitation now is to how far complete social freedom and full economic opportunity for Negroes is going to result in such racial amalgamation as to make America octoroon in blood. It is the real fear of this result and inherited resentment at its very possibility that keeps the race problem in America so terribly alive.

37-10-130

This, instead of encouraging scientific study of the facts of miscegenation, hinders and makes them difficult. Men hasten to express their opinions on the subject without being willing to study the foundation upon which such opinions are based.

Historically, race mixture in the United States began far back in Colonial days. Many white women of the indentured servant class married slaves or free Negroes. Much confusion arose in the fixing of the legal status of the issue of such marriages and laws began to be passed forbidding the marriages largely because of their economic

results. An indentured servant marrying a free Negro legally became free, and the child of a slave by a free white woman was according to American law also free. Travellers, like Branagan, and De Warville, cite several cases involving inter-marriage between Negroes and respectable white people. Bassett says that in North Carolina many of the free Negroes were children of white women by Negro men. On the other hand, the larger part of this inter-mingling naturally resulted from the association of slave owners with their female slaves. Then as a free Negro and a mulatto class began to multiply, numbers of white men supported mistresses and raised families of mulatto children.

In some parts of the South, especially Louisiana, a type of polygamy arose in institutional form. Negro and mulatto girls became the mistresses of white men by regular arrangement. They were supported and families of mulatto children were reared, often, but not always, without provision for their support. If the man married a white woman, the colored mistresses and children were sometimes deserted. In many other cases, the white man supported both a white and a colored family, and the two sets of children. The free mulatto girls, from families of wealth and culture, often contracted such unions. Besides this, more regularized form, the keeping of Negro mistresses was common in the South.

37-10-131

The attempt to study the size and growthof the mulatto group through the United States Census has not been very successful. In 1830, no compilation was made and there were no figures before 1850. In four census, between 1850 and 1890, the mulatto population was counted. No count was made in 1880, and in 1900, the attempt was given probably because the plan in 1890 to make a distinction between persons of different degrees of white and Negro blood was officially acknowledged to have been a failure. In all the census figures, the method of ascertaining the presence of Negro and white blood is left almost entirely to the judgment of the enumerator. The census of 1920 says:

"Considerable uncertainty necessarily attaches to the classification of Negroes as black and mulatto, since the accuracy of the distinction made depends largely upon the judgment and care employed by the enumerators. Moreover, the fact that the definition of the term 'mulatto' adopted at different censuses has not been entirely uniform doubtless affects the comparability of the figures insome degree. At the

census of 1920 the instructions were to report as 'black' all full-blooded Negroes and as 'mulatto' all Negroes having some proportion of white blood. The instructions were substantially the same at the censuses of 1910 and 1870, but the term 'black' as employed in 1890 denoted all persons 'having three-fourths or more black blood,' other persons with any proportion of Negro blood being classed as 'mulattoes,' 'quadroons,' or 'octoroons.' In 1900 and in 1880, no classification of Negroes as black or mulatto was attempted, and at the censuses of 1860 and 1850 the term 'black' and 'mulatto' appear not to have been defined."

With these explanations, the figures for mulattoes in the United States, according to the census, are as follows:

CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES
NEGRO POPULATION

Census Year	Total Negro	Black	Mulatto	Per cent Mulatto
1850	3,638,808	3,233,057	405,751	11.2
1860	4,441,830	3,853,467	588,363	13.2
1870	4,880,009	4,295,960	584,049	12.0
1890	7,488,676	6,337,980	1,132,060	15.2
1910	9,827,763	7,777,077	2,050,686	20.9
1920	10,463,131	8,802,577	1,660,554	15.9

37-10-132

These figures are of doubtful validity. There is, for instance, no reason to think that the mulatto population decreased by 400,000 between 1910 and 1920. I said in 1906: "From local studies in all parts of the United States, covering about 40,000 colored people, I found 17,000 blacks, 15,000 brown, and 8,000 yellow and lighter," and that I was inclined to think from these specific studies and wide observation throughout the nation that at least one-third of the Negroes of the United States had recognisable traces of white blood." T. Thomas Fortune, earlier than this, estimated that not more than 4,000,000 of the 10,000,000 in the country were of Negro descent. These estimates have recently been supplemented by the studies of Herskovits. He says that:

"The American Negro today, we find represented the three principal racial stocks of the world: African, Negroes, Caucasians from Northern and Western Europe, and Mongoloids; that is, American Indians from Southeastern North America and the Carribbean Islands.

"From groups studied at Howard University, in Harlem, New York City, and

in a rural community in West Virginia, Herskovits concludes that:

Class	Number of Individuals	Percent of Total
Unmixed Negro	342	22.0%
Negro, Mixed with Indian	97	6.3%
More Negro than White	384	24.8%
More Negro than White, with Indian	106	6.9%
About the same amount of Negro and White	260	16.7%
The same class, with Indian mixture	133	8.6%
More White than Negro	154	9.3%
More White than Negro, with Indian	75	5.5%
Total		100.0%

"When, therefore, we speak of American Negroes, we speak of an amalgan and not of Negro in its biological sense. The American Negro is forming a definite physical type with a vary ability as low as that of the populations from which it has been derived, and perhaps lower. They are a homogeneous population despite the fact that they are greatly mixed." (M. J. Herskovits, "The American Negro".)

The census estimate of 85% pure Negro is not correct. There is a large infiltration of Indian blood in the Negro race, amounting, perhaps, to 29%. (M. J. Herskovits, Anthropometry of the American Negro, p. 279.)

37-10-133

No other careful studies of mulatto physique have been made, although Atlanta University (Publications No. 11.) brought together much interesting data. Most American students have the curious habit of studying Negroes in America indiscriminately without reference to their blood mixture and calling the result a study of the Negro race. This method invalidates much of the anthropological and psychological data collected during the World War.

There long persisted a legend born of slave propaganda that people of mixed blood were less fertile than the parent stocks. Davenport and others declare that there is no support for this notion. There isno lack of fecundity in Negro-white crosses nor deficit viability. It is not generally true that hybrids between whites and blacks are relatively infertile. Some such hybrids show an especially high fecundity.

So much for our knowledge of the extent of race mixture in the United States, and of its physical results. Its social results are in violent dispute. As a matter

of theory, McDougall does not believe in mixing widely different stocks, and makes the general statement that "the soul of the cross-bred is, it would seem, apt to be the scene of perpetual conflict of inharmonious tendencies." Hertz points out that this same argument was used against the inter-mingling of the blood of Roman patricians and plebeans; and of course the real conflict comes in the environment of the mulatto and not in his soul. An illegitimate or even a legitimate child, uncared for and uneducated, in conflict with his surroundings and untrained by his parents, may easily become a degenerate criminal, torn by inner contradiction, but this does not probably arise from his blood and physical descent, but obviously from his environment.

In general, the achievement of American mulattoes has been outstanding, so much so that many writers, like Reuter, have declared that the whole extraordinary accomplishment of the Negro race in America has been due to its mulatto leadership. This is a palpable exaggeration, and overlooks leaders like Sojourner Truth, Dunbar, Roland Hayes, and Robert Moton. But certainly the number of outstanding Americans of mulatto blood is considerable, including as it does Frederick Douglass, Booker Washington, Henry O. Tanner, the artist, and Charles W. Chestnut, the writer.

37-10-134

The real problemof miscegenation in America is not a question of physical possibility. That has been proven by many centuries of inter-mingling. Nor is it a question of its possible cultural results in individual cases, since the mulattoes have not only produced a number of exceptional men, but have in many instances found normal, progressive groups. Nor is there any doubt but that continued residence of white and black people together in this country over a sufficiently long term of years will inevitably result incomplete absorption, unless strong reasons against it, in place of more prejudice, are adduced. There is, however, a very grave problem as to how fast and under what conditions this amalgamation ought to take place, and equally it may be questioned if separate racial growth over an incalculable time may not achieve better results than quick amalgamation. It is here that the nation needs the guidance of careful and unbiased scientific inquiry.

If a poor and ignorant group amalgamates with a larger and more intelligent group, quickly and thoughtlessly, the results may easily be harmful. There will be prostitution and disease, much social disorganization, and the inevitable loss of many human values by both groups. The lower group will tend to lose its self-respect and possibility of self-determination, in its eagerness to reach the standards of the

higher group; and it may disappear as a separate andmore or less dispised entity. The higher group will tend to lower its standards, will exploit and degrade the lower group, and fall itself into crime and delinquency, because of the ease with which it can use the lower group. It will try to protect itself by caste regulations, and refuse the lower group protection for its women by anti-marriage laws, and in turn lose respect for its own legislation in itsfear of the other group. All this will lead on to the dangers of lawless caste, race hatred, and war. On the other hand, if by encouraging mutual respect and even-handed justice, the two races can possibly re-adjust their social levels until they attain essential equality in well-being and intelligence; then either amalgamation willtake place gradually and quietly by mutual cons nt, or by equally peaceful methods the groups will seek separate careers or even separate dwelling places, either in the same or different lands.

37-10-135

THIS DAY,SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

On This Day, Mikhail Koltzov and Maxim Gorki, 1937.

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

by W. E. B. Du Bois

My words must be prefaced by the explanation that I am an American whose ancestors on both sides have lived in this nation for more than 200 years and helped establish the independence of the nation. Nevertheless being of Negro descent, I suffer certain discriminations and difficulties in the land of my birth.

I awoke early Friday, September 27 in the outskirts of Philadelphia on a misty day. I had slept in a tourist camp for automobilists and was traveling South to begin my year's teaching at Atlanta University. The car was rather solidly loaded with books, pictures, clothing and souvenirs which I was transferring from my home to the University. Among the souvenirs was a wooden sign which I picked up in 1918 in the Argonne forest. It had decorated the hut of a German officer and was inscribed "Zur Waldfrieden". There was a ceremonial spear carved in bronze belonging once to a chieftain in the hinterland of Liberia. There were pictures of my graduating class of Harvard in 1890, notices of reunions, books and papers, and a bottle of wine.

It was a little unusual for one of my race to stop at tourist camps; probably at most, I should have been refused because of my color, but here I was made welcome; I had stopped before and was fairly well-known.

In the white mist, I rolled down the Roosevelt Boulevard with its double and later quadruple traffic lines, and thought over this beginning of my year. I had lingered a week longer in New York than I had planned in order to take part in a mass meeting against Italy's aggression on Ethiopia. The mass meeting had been held in Madison Square Garden and was not to my feeling altogether successful. Perhaps seven thousand persons were there, but they looked lost in an auditorium that could have seated twice or three times the number. Some of those scheduled to speak were not there. Rabbi Wise was missing; John Haynes Holmes sent his paper. There was an air of enthusiasm which touched at times the burlesque. The people were working people and middle-class, but did not represent the real power of New York. I was glad to have an opportunity to

417-10-28

take part, but I felt a bit futile.

The day after the meeting at noon, I packed up and came to Philadelphia, and now, riding on, I was thinking of the future of my year's work. It was not altogether a clear prospect, physically or spiritually. I was about to drive South, one thousand miles, alone with my thoughts. I should pass quickly through Philadelphia and then down to Baltimore where my daughter is teaching, and then on to the capital of the nation. Then, across the Mason-Dixon line I would drive 800 miles through the former seat of Negro slavery. Many things could happen on that trip, pleasant and unpleasant.

Turning up from Broad Street and crossing narrow, inter-laced thoroughfares, I came to a portion of the city where many colored people live and stopped at the Aspirante Home. It was an ordinary, three-storied brick dwelling sitting solidly with its neighbors for a block and looking quiet and neat, but crowded. Within, I soon learned that the physician I had come to greet was busy, very busy. She was a young woman in her thirties, colored, but not noticeably so, with brown hair that crinkled briskly and with comradely eyes. She was delivering a young mother of her first baby up in the little room that she had fitted for this work and on the telephone another mother was anxiously and rather insistently awaiting her services several miles away.

47-10-27

The extraordinary thing about this young physician is her attitude toward medicine; extraordinary at any rate for an American. She thinks of her work in terms of service and healing. She forgets to collect her bills and undercharges her patients or charges them not at all. In her short career, she has brought scores of babies successfully in the world and taught their mothers how to treat them. She is delightfully poor and unsystematic but scientific, with an insane desire to make the world well and strong and happy. She has just made application for aid to establish public health service in this part of the city for these underprivileged people. They are discriminated against in the public hospitals; almost no Negro physicians are on the hospital staffs; and their need for health service is manifest. I do hope she'll get the project through; but there is no use of my staying to talk about it today because the two new babies demand all of her attention.

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

I ride down to the Broad Street station and have lunch. I pass plenty of lunch rooms on the way, where I could lunch quite as well and cheaper and save time, but the Pennsylvania Station was almost the only place in Philadelphia that I am sure of willing and good service. I have tried several other restaurants. They served me, but they were uneasy. They feared what their other patrons would say; and if I went back, they would muster up courage to refuse. Just now they are especially wary because the Negroes of Pennsylvania forced a Civil Rights Bill through the Legislature which calls for equal treatment in public places despite of race. I fear it will either remain unenforced or be broken by the courts.

In Philadelphia live 290,000 Negroes along with nearly 2,000,000 whites. The leading element among the whites from the beginning, small now in numbers but rich in influence, are the Quakers. They were largely abolitionists but in later years, they have become capitalists and stand staunchly back of exploitation in the mines of Pennsylvania and West Virginia ~~and the mountains of the East~~. Even in these surroundings, the Negroes have had a long and difficult struggle, with triumphants, when for instance, they became the most fashionable caterers in the country, and defeats, as in the long series of riots before the war when white workers tried to drive black workers from their jobs. Today, they have some powers: two or three representatives are in the legislature and recently, one member went to the school board; but curiously enough, they are widely discriminated against in the rich charitable foundations and hospitals and they have great difficulty in getting work with decent income. The white unions largely exclude them and commerce and industry hire them only at the lowest wage. There is one prosperous firm of lawyers and a number of excellent physicians.

Leaving, I drive up the Boulevard, past the playing fountains and the really fine facade of a public institution, and then into Fairmont Park beside the shining river. It is a lovely drive and the new city line avenue into which I turn has been widened and made level and so quite perfect. I take South the narrower winding, hilly Route 1, to Baltimore because of its scenery. Driving is not dangerous in full daylight, although cars whiz by at fearful speed and there are some bad turns. I go through

417-10-30

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

towns large and small, pass hotels and tearooms, woods and flower beds. I do not stop for refreshment. I am coming further and further toward the South and race discrimination would be certain.

There is a look of prosperity here, and yet evidence of monopoly. The great building of the Wa Wa Co-Operative Dairies arise on the right; but I have a suspicion that this is co-operative only in name and is dominated by the rich farmers and milk dealers, rather than the poor tenants. On the left, is Lincoln University, one of the oldest of the Negro schools, sitting very quiet and sedate back of its sandstone gate. A few students are waiting for the bus at the entrance. It is an old institution, but where is the money to come from for its growth and development? Only from the charity of white Presbyterians and they are not feeling charitable just now.

Here is the Conowingo dam, with its might and meaning. The automobile winged into it, curving left and right. I get a swift vista of this great harnessing of the Susquehanna; but only a glimpse. Curiously enough, here as in so many places along the fine new roads of America, there is no chance to stop,—"no parking" here, "no parking" there, on, sweeping on lest somebody run over you. No glorious invitation to pause awhile and see what life means; and the life pictured by Conowingo is monopoly of water power and public taxation for the private benefit of monopolists. The thought of its spoils the glorious view.

Now I am rolling through Belair and the long, monotonous outskirts of Baltimore, until I turn into North Avenue. The filling station agent directs me. In the most crowded part of the city, I turn left into St. Paul Street and creep on amid lights and traffic and parked cars until after many blocks, St. Paul Street becomes Light Street. I ask a colored man where to find the school where my daughter teaches. He is sitting idly on the curb. He starts to tell me. "Oh, well, I'll go along and show you," he says. "Oh, I don't want you to do all that." He seems affronted. "I don't want you to pay me anything," he said, and I ride on. I had not thought of payment. Then I see a white policeman and ask him. He is also going that way and is willing to show me. I resign myself.

47-10-31

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

He talks of the Baer-Louis fight. Finally, I reach the street; but unknowingly, I wheel past the school and ask a woman sitting on her steps: "Where is the high school?" "Miss room?" she said. "No, no." I reiterated, "The high school." "Lead what?" she asks. I give up, but finally, turning about, find the school house.

Itis an old brick building, rather pleasantly shaded by trees. The black principal greets me cordially; and then I see my daughter, looking very trim and animated, with pale yellow skin and black hair. I visit the various teachers in their rooms and shake hands and say but a word of greeting so as to avoid a speech to the pupils. Then at last school is over. The students, looking on the whole well-dressed and intelligent, with their dark and laughing faces, wander away. Some of them recognise me in the car across the street. The principal has to come down and shoo them on to have them hurry home. A seller of maps tries to interest him in a roller map. Two or three automobiles come up to take teachers home, for the street car company has a miserable monopoly and charges 10¢ carefare. Carefare alone to and from the city costs my daughter over 8½% of her salary. The autos cars are ordinary cars that come for the teachers and one little Ford has to be cranked considerably before it will start.

4/7-10-32

Finally my daughter comes down and I drive back down through the crowded city to her home. It is a clean, brick building with white marble steps of the Baltimore type and once belonged to well-to-do people. Baltimore has 662,000 whites and 142,000 Negroes. Being a former slave state, the schools are separate and of course the Negro schools get much less than the white schools. For instance, there must be at least 10,000 Negroes of high school age, but there is for them only one senior high school. For a long time, colored teachers were paid less than white. Now their wages are equalized, but in order to keep them from getting the higher salaries no colored teachers have been appointed in the senior high school for many years; the work being almost entirely done by junior high school teachers. But what I think of most when I ride through Baltimore is the Saga of Druid Hill Avenue. TP This was once a fashionable white neighborhood, where no Negro could live. Then as the whites moved to the more beautiful suburbs, the Negroes began to buy the deteriorated property, but investors demurred. They not only protested, but they rioted.

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1933

and they secured a city ordinance to virtually establish a Negro ghetto and not allow Negroes to buy property in white districts. The Negroes of the United States had to fight this and similar ordinances through to the Supreme Court over a period of five years or more before they secured partial victory. Now Druid Hill Avenue is a Negro avenue.

Relatives of my daughter's husband own it and it is quite beautifully furnished. The young couple will have a temporary flat on the third floor and we talked over plans of furnishing it and getting cooking utensils. Her furniture, which was transferred to my home in New York when she had to give up school teaching in order to bear her baby, will come down by automobile truck on the first of the month. Then she can be quite comfortable. The husband, who is not at home, has not yet found a permanent job, although he has been working temporarily as a teacher in an FERA project. He hopes for permanent work this winter.

I stay only a couple of hours and tell daughter about the baby who has started to nursery school in New York and about her mother who will move to a lower floor in order to tax the child less. A new nurse has been secured and I assure the mother that she at least seems to be satisfastery. Leaving at four o'clock, I rush to Washington. Once out of Baltimore, and the road sweeps and curves in gracious bends, and one can make forty or fifty miles an hour. I am in Washington soon after five o'clock.

This is the capital of the nation and yet it is separated distinctly into a white and Negro city. Twenty-Seven percent of the population is of Negro descent and in order to keep down their political power, the whole city is disfranchised and ruled by a committee of Congress. This, however, enables the Negroes of the country to bring such pressure that there can not be as much discrimination between Negro and white schools that there is elsewhere. In employment, however, the government discriminates against appointing Negro clerks and in official social life the Color Line is drawn as strictly aspossible. Of course the dark Haitian minister has to go to official receptions, but the luncheon to the President of Liberia sometime ago called for great diplomacy. Even when the wife of the colored congressman had tea at the White House, it formed a national incident. In amusements, the city is quite separate. There are a number of rather elaborate colored movie houses owned by white

47-10-33

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

capitalists and into the white movie houses no Negro goes.

I stop at a photographer's shop. I have known Scurlock since 1918 and now and then he takes a picture so as to chronicle my age. I have not had a picture for several years, so I go and have a sitting. The beautifully posed pictures of colored folk in his studio always interest me. He was one of the first photographers to learn how to photograph dark skins. In the earlier days, the results of experimenters who tried to use the same light on brown as they did on pale pink skins were fearful to behold; but Scurlock's success has been phenomenal.

Then I telephoned to Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes. He is head of the Phelps-Stokes Fund and is interested in an Encyclopaedia of the Negro. I, too, am very much interested. I know that there are a good many well-meaning white people in the country who would like such a work published if it were done by white people for colored people. But we held a number of conferences several years ago and I was nominated, quite to my surprise, as editor-in-chief. The nomination is not yet confirmed because we have not yet the $200,000 which the scheme will cost, but we are making some effort at least to procure it. This summer I have been getting out correspondence to a large circle of men and interviewing the editors of the recently published Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences. Tonight, I am going to talk to Dr. Stokes and a few others about the prospects of getting the government with its relief funds to help in preliminary work. The chances are small, I presume, but there are some possibilities.

47-10-34

I go, first, to Mrs. Davidson's. She is a widow and I have stayed at her house for some twenty years as I pass through Washington. Her husband was a quick-witted real estate man who died before his time. She has now a son who has succeeded in his father's business and a young daughter who is married and is teaching in the public schools. Her husband teaches art. I remember his mother, with the lovely face and name, Hortensia La Somme. Mrs. Davidson had greetings and a pleasant dinner and then Mr. Brawley, who is professor of Literature at Howard University, comes by in a cab and we sail through the Washington streets out Massachusetts Avenue to the residence of Mr. Stokes. We are afraid that we are late; but just as we step up to the door, here come two men, Clark Foreman, a white

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

Southerner, descendant of the owners of the Atlanta Constitution, who has served as spokesman and intermediary for the Negro in the Department of the Interior under the New Deal, and then was promoted and his place taken by a young colored man, Robert Weaver, who is a Ph.D. in Economics from Harvard. We five sit down and talk a bit despondently of the chances of getting the government to help the Encyclopaedia. It seems possible, but doubtful.

I returned home tired and go straight to bed. In the morning, I arise at six and by half-past six, I am in my car and at the restaurant. It used to be a rather smart colored restaurant where the teachers and professional men ate, but it has suffered a change and is now a sort of dancing cabaret with wines and liquors for sale. Nevertheless, I get a pretty good breakfast and fill my thermos bottles with coffee and water. The chance to get food from now on in my eight hundred miles of travel are going to be difficult, except at the homes which I have arranged for before.

Again, the silent, beautiful way and the gliding of the machine pushing across the Potomac into the land of slaves facing the ugly government war monument in Alexandria; and then over the new curved road, past Fredericksburg and its buried war dead, down to the sedate bustle of Richmond with its new buildings and old traditions, over the once famous highway to Petersburg, and then the long, monotonous grind to South Hill and the North Carolina line.

Virginia, not is only the mother of presidents, but the mother of slavery. As in the District of Columbia, 27% of the Virginians are of Negro descent. Sometimes you might not be able to draw the line visibly because of the great inter-mixture of blood and the large percentage of mulattoes. In other words, this state, which in its laws strictly separates the races, has perhaps more racial intermixture than any similar territory in America. It used to be the main slave-raising state where slaves were sold from the plantations to the cotton empire South. Slave-breeding was profitable and the beautiful Virginian life based on it was famed throughout the world. Today, the Negroes have no representation in the legislature or city councils, few policemen even and only about one-half the Negro children of school age are in school. The farm life of Virginia is

47-10-35

deteriorating and on the farms Negroes have their chief employment. Into the new industries Negroes are largely excluded, except in the poorly paid tobacco industry.

Nothing happened on the way. The weather continued good and I spoke to no one save the helpers at the oil and gas stations. They were uniformly polite because it paid to be. A few persons along the way, mostly white, thumbed for a ride, but I never take them in. There are too many chances of disillusionment and I saw none that I thought for whose company I could imagine myself caring. In North Carolina, I passed the place where two years before I turned over in my car; the most astonishing experience which I shall never forget, but which it seems has to be a part of the initiation of our automobilists in the United States; and so finally, about four o'clock, I came to Durham and by miraculous effort of memory turn into the right street, go under the culvert and out to the school. I leave, as usual, the white city and go into the colored city where few white people are seen, where many of the stores, although not all, are owned by colored people. I pass colored churches and a colored hospital and a colored filling station, and finally come to the colored college, one of several which the state supports, and the house of my friend, Dr. Shepherd.

This educational situation in North Carolina and other Southern states is curious. Race prejudice compels a complete duplicate set of public schools. Funds, however, are not sufficient to provide a thorough system. The result is a serious discrepancy in the amounts given the white and colored schools. In some cases, the white pupil has ten times as much spent upon him as the colored pupil, and here in North Carolina, which is perhaps one of the best states in the treatment of its Negro pupils, the discrimination is appalling. For instance, white students have professional and graduate study provided for them. Negroes have none. Here at Durham, they are beginning to consider whether the state can not provide some graduate study. Dr. Shepherd's home is always pleasant and comfortable and although I see the family practically only for one meal, it forms a hospitable interlude. Sunday morning, my start is delayed by a flat tire; but I stop at the colored filling station and get a new inner tube. The proprietor is intelligent and efficient, but the workman is very slow. Very complacently,

47-10-36

he allows me to help him out.

At ten o'clock, I move on through the heart of North Carolina; first, fifty-seven miles to Greensboro, passing a private colored school at Sedalia, which has a hard time to get support, but has achieved a [illegible] status. Then, through the [illegible] large city of Greensboro, down to Salisbury and Charlotte, with a moderate amount of Sunday traffic and only one dusty detour. The road from Charlotte to Gastonia is a beautiful, four-lane traffic; and then comes one of those funny little interludes; the North Carolina roadmakers have made their road to Ashville in their own state instead of turning it toward the more abundant traffic into South Carolina; so that between Kings Mountain and the South Carolina line, one has a bumpy and indifferent way.

Twenty-nine percent of the population of North Carolina is of Negro descent, and in many respects North Carolina is a modern state because of its rapid advance in industrial organization. It has the best schools for Negroes of any state in the Southern South and yet the property designed for white pupils is out $53,000,000 and that for Negroes only $6,500,000. The salaries of white teachers average $800 a year and of colored teachers, $436. Negroes are employed on the farms and in tobacco manufactury at very low wages. On the other hand, from the great development of power and in the manufacture of cotton, they are strictly excluded.

I shall

But in South Carolina, we strike a good road into Spartanburg, and there I spend the night at the home of a young physician. He has gone North to see the Baer-Louis fight, but the landlady is hospitable. The husband works downtown, but keeps chickens and a garden and my car is carefully locked in his garage.

I have breakfast early and then start on the last stage of my journey, wheeling through the cotton manufacturing country, Greer and Greenville. Here a white peasantry has been carefully regimented and trained as cotton spinners and weavers. They are herded in small towns where political power is carefully arranged so that any undue exercise of it would lead to starvation. Their schools and churches are carefully supervised.

47-10-37

vised to keep their opinions orthodox, and so far as possible, all labor organizations are kept out and all agitation and unrest. One strong weapon is to threaten them with Negro competition, Negro equality, anything Negro. Race riots are always possible and a recent incursion of Communists in this part of cotton manufacturing Carolina led to bloodshed and even the killing of white women workers.

South Carolina was the great center of the Cotton Kingdom, of the attempt at secession and of the suppression of the free Negro. Before 1930, the Negroes were in the majority in this state, but between 1920-1930, their percentage sank to less than 46% because of wholesale migration. This was due to low wages and political oppression. South Carolina was the first state legally to disfranchise Negroes and the Negroes now have practically no voice in their own government, no member of the legislature, no member of the city councils, and the resulting discrimination is shown by the fact that whereas a $100 a year is spent on white children in school, Negro children average but $18 a year, and there are counties where the average is only $1 a year for Negroes.

I always ride through these towns with a certain watchfulness. Any little untoward accident would lead to a nasty situation, if in any way the incident could be traced to the aggression of a "wealthy" Negro automobilist trampling the rights of poor whites, especially women. Nothing of the sort has ever happened to me; but I know the possibilities.

47-10-38

At Greenville, instead of continuing along the upper road through Seneca, Toccoa and the mountains, I go down to Anderson and Athens.

Thirty-seven percent of the population of Georgia is black. Georgia is a center of peonage and more lynchings have taken place in Georgia than any state in the union, except possibly Mississippi. The Negro has no political life or representation and of the funds spent for schools, the whites get 91% and the Negroes 9%.

Athens is one of the older towns of North Georgia, the seat of a university with some pretensions toward education. It is not particularly impressive. Then, on through Winder and a long, rather monotonous journey to Decatur, which is practically a suburb of Atlanta. Far on the left is Stone Mountain, where a vast mountain of granite is

THIS DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

being transformed more or less successfully into a memorial to commemorate the attempt of the South to preserve slavery. It gives one a peculiar feeling of unreality. Finally, I come to Atlanta and the year's work.

Atlanta is the center and type of the New South. It is post Civil War and it is a center of manufacture, commerce and finance, beside being the capital of the state and the financial center of the surrounding South. The Negroes form one-third of the population. They have absolutely no political representation, although a few vote. The districts where they live are almost without police and adequate lights. The school facilities are most inadequate. A few years ago with an enrollment of 12,264 children, there were actual seats for 8,625, which meant double sessions and double load upon poorly paid teachers. The high school built to house a thousand pupils, has an enrollment of three thousand.

After passing through this section of the emancipated South, it is clear that one thing must come unless disaster is sure. The Negro must get a secure economic foundation and no longer be used as a labor reservoir to threaten the wages of white labor. With this economic foundation must come political power, so that black labor can reinforce the demands of white labor for decent treatment in the state, and white labor which helped disfranchise its black brother, must supplant its race consciousness with labor solidarity.

47-10-39

DIFFERENT
VERSION
C-1-9

Du Bois, W.E.B.

Oct 2 1935

This day, September 27, 1935, my words must be prefaced by the explanation that I am an American of Negro descent and as such suffer certain discriminations and difficulties in the land of my birth.

I awoke early Friday, September 27 in the outskirts of Philadelphia and found a misty day. I had slept in the tourist camp for automobilist and was traveling South to begin my year's teaching at Atlanta University. The car was rather solidly loaded with books, pictures and clothing and souveniers which I was transferring from my home to the University. Among the souveniers was a wooden sign which I picked up in 1918 in the Argonne forest. It had decorated the hut of a German officer and was inscribed "Zur Waldfrieden". Also there was a ceremonial spear carved in bronze belonging to a chieftain in the hinterland of Liberia. There were pictures of my graduating class of Harvard in 1890 and souveniers of reunions. There were books and papers and a bottle of wine.

37-10-142

It was a little unusual for one of my race to stop at a tourist camp, probably at most, I should have been refused, but here I was made welcomed; I had stopped before and was fairly well-known.

In the white mist, I rolled down the Roosevelt Boulevard with its double and later quadruple traffic lines and thought over this beginning of my year. I had lingered a week longer in New York than I had planned in order to take part in a mass meeting against Italy's aggression toward Ethiopia. The mass meeting had been held in Madison Square Garden and was not to my feeling altogether successful. Perhaps seven thousand persons were there, but they looked lost in an auditorium that could have seated twice or three times the number. Some of those scheduled to speak were not there. Rabbi Wise was missing; John Haynes Holmes sent his paper. There was an air of enthusiasm which touched at times the burlesque. The people were working people and middle-class, but did not represent the real power of New York. I was glad to have an opportunity to take part, but I felt a bit futile.

The next day after the meeting, I packed up and came to Philadelphia, and now, riding on, I was thinking of the future of my year's work. It was not

altogether a clear prospect, physically or spiritually. I was about to drive South, one thousand miles, alone with my thoughts. I should pass quickly through Philadelphia and then down to Baltimore where my daughter is teaching, and then on to the capital of the nation. Then, across the Mason-Dixon line I would drive 800 miles through the former seat of Negro slavery. Many things could happen on that trip, pleasant and unpleasant.

37-10-143

Turning up from Broad Street and crossing narrow, inter-laced thoroughfares, I came to a portion of the city where many colored people lived and stopped at the Aspirante Home. It was an ordinary, three-storied brick dwelling sitting solidly with its neighbors for a block and looking quiet and neat, but crowded. Within, I soon learned that the physician I had come to greet was busy, very busy. She was a young woman in her thirties, colored, but not noticeably so, with brown hair that crinkled briskly and cosmetically eyes. She was delivering a young mother of her first baby up in the little room that she had fitted for this work and on the telephone another mother was anxiously and rather insistently awaiting her services several miles away. The extraordinary thing about this young physician is her attitude toward medicine, extraordinary at any rate for an American. She thinks of her work in terms of service and healing. She forgets to collect her bills and undercharges her patients or charges them not at all. In her short career, she has brought scores of babies successfully in the world and taught their mothers how to treat them. She is delightfully poor, unsystematic and scientific, with an insane desire to make the world well and strong and happy. She has just made application for aid to establish public health service in this part of the city, for these underprivileged people. They are discriminated against in the public hospitals, almost no Negro physicians are on the hospital staffs, and their need for health service is manifest. I do hope she'll get the project through, but there is no use of my staying to talk about it today because the two new babies demand all of her attention.

I ride town to the Broad Street station and have lunch. I passed plenty of lunch rooms on the way where I could lunch quite as well and cheaper and safe time.

37-10-144

but the Pennsylvania Station was almost the only place in Philadelphia that I am sure of willing and good service. I have tried several other restaurants. They served me, but they were uneasy. They feared what their other patrons would say, and if I went back, they would muster up courage to refuse. Just now they are especially wary because the Negro of Pennsylvania forced the Civil Rights Bill through the Legislature which calls for equal treatment in public places despite of race. I fear it will either remain unenforced or be broken by the courts. Leaving, I drive up the Boulevard, passed the playing mountains and the really fine wizard of a public institution, and then into Fairmont Park beside the shining river. It is a lovely drive and the new city line avenue into which I turned has been widened and made level and quite perfect. I take the narrower winding, hilly Route 1, to Baltimore because of its scenery. But then, driving is not dangerous here, although cars whiz by at fearful speed and there are some bad turns. I go through towns large and small, pass hotels and tearooms, woods and flower beds. I do not stop for refreshment. I am coming further and further toward the South and race discrimination would be certain. There is a look of prosperity here, and yet evidence of monopoly. The great building of the Ma Ma Co-Operative Dairies arise on the right, but I have a suspicion that this is co-operative only in name and is dominated by the rich farmers and milk dealers, rather than the poor tenants. On the left, is Lincoln University, one of the oldest of the Negro schools, sitting very quiet and sedate back of its sandstone gate. A few students are waiting for the bus at the entrance. It is an old institution, but where is the money to come from for its growth and development? Only from the charity of white Presbyterians and they are not feeling charitable just now. Here is the Conowingo Dam, with its might and meaning. The automobile winged into it, curving left and right. I get a swift vista of this great harnessing of the Susquehanna, but only a glimpse. But curiously enough, here as in so many places along the fine new roads of America, there is no chance to stop, no parking here, no parking there, on sweeping on lest somebody run over you. No invitation to pause a while and see what life means, and the light pictured by Conowingo is monopoly of water power and public taxation for the private benefit of monopolists. The thought of it spoils the glorious scene.

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37-10-145

It is an old brick school house but rather pleasantly shaded by trees. The black principal greets me cordially, and then I see my daughter, looking very trim and animated, with pale yellow skin and black hair. I visit the various teachers in their rooms and shake hands and say but a word of greeting so as to avoid a speech. Then at last school is over. The students, looking on the whole well-dressed and intelligent with their dark and laughing faces, wandered away. Some of them recognised me in the car across the street. The principal has to come down and shoo them on to have them hurry home. A seller of maps tries to interest me in a roller map. Two or three automobiles come up to take teachers home for the street car company has a miserable monopoly and charges 10¢ carefare. Carfare alone to and from the city costs my daughter over 25% of her salary. The cars are ordinary cars that come for the teachers and one little Ford has to be coaxed considerably before it will start. Finally my daughter comes down and I drive back down through the crowded city to her home. It is a clean, brick building with white marble steps of the Baltimore type and once

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37-10-146

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37-10-147

buildings and old traditions, over the once famous highway to Petersburg, and then the long, monotonous climb to South Hill and the North Carolina line. Nothing happened on the way. The weather continued good and I spoke to no one save the helpers at the oil and gas stations. They were uniformly polite. A few persons along the way thumbed for a ride, but I never take them in. There are too many chances of disillusionment and I saw none that I thought whose company I could imagine myself carrying. In North Carolina, I passed the place where two years before I turned over in my car, the most astonishing experience which I shall never forget, but which it seems has to be a part of the initiation of our automobilists in the United States, and so finally, about four o'clock, I come to Durham and by miraculous effort of memory turn into the right street, go under the culbert and out to the school. I leave, as usual, the white city and go into the colored city where a few white people are seen, where many of the stores, although not all, are owned by colored people. I pass colored churches and a colored hospital and a colored filing station, and finally come to the colored college, one of several which the state supports, and the house of my friend, Dr. Shepherd.

37-10-148

This educational situation in North Carolina and other Southern states is curious. Race prejudice compels a complete duplicate set of public schools. Funds, however, are ntt sufficient to provide a thorough system. The result is a serious discrepancy in the amounts given the white and colored schools. In some cases, the white pupil has ten times as much spent upon him as the colored pupil, and here in North Carolina, which is perhaps one of the best states in the treatment of its Negro pupils, the discrimination is appalling. For instance, white students have professional and graduate study provided for them. Negroes have none. Here at Durham, they are beginning to consider whether the state will not provide some graduate study. Dr. Shepherd's home is always pleasant and comfortable and although I see the family practically only for one meal, it forms a hospital interlude. Sunday morning, my start is delayed by a flat tire, but I stop at a colored filing station and get a new inner tube.

The proprietor is intelligent and efficient, but the workman is very slow. Very complacently, he allows me to help him out.

At ten o'clock, I start on through the heart of North Carolina; first, fifty-seven miles to Greensboro, passing a private colored school at Sedalia, which has a hard time to get support, but has achieved a cultural status. Then, through the rather large city of Greensboro, down to Salisbury and Charlotte, with a moderate amount of Sunday traffic and only one dusty detour. The road from Charlotte to Gastonia is a beautiful, four-lane traffic; and then comes one of those funny little interludes. The North Carolina roadmakers have made their road to Ashville in their own state instead of taking it outof the more abundant traffic into South Carolina; so that between Kings Mountain and the South Carolina line, one has a bumpy and indifferent way, but in South Carolina, we strike a good road into Spartanburg, and there I spend the night at the home of a young physician. He has gone North to see the Baer-Louis fight, but the landlady is hospitable. The husband works downtown, but keeps chickens and a garden and my car is carefully locked in his garage. I have breakfast early and then start on the last stage of my journey, wheeling through the cotton manufacturing country, Greer and Greenville. Here a white peasantry has been carefully regimented and trained as cotton spinners and weavers. They are herded in small townswhere political power is carefully arranged so that any undue exercise of it would lead to starvation. Their schools and churches are carefully supervised,and so far as business labor organizations, kept out on agitation and unrest. One strong weapon is to threaten them with Negro competition, Negro equality, anything Negro. Race riots are always possible and a recent incursion of Communists in this part of North Carolina led to bloodshed and even the killing of white women workers. I always ride through these towns with a certain watchfulness. Any little untoward accident would lead to a nasty situation, if in any way the incident could be traced to the aggression of a wealthy Negro automobilist trampling the rights of poor whites, especially women. Nothing of the sort has ever happened to me, but I know the possibilities.

At Greenville, instead of continuing along the upper road through Seneca,

37-10-149

Tesoca and the mountains, I go down to Anderson and Athens. Athens is one of the older towns of North Georgia, the seat of a university with some pretensions toward education. It is not particularly impressive. Then, through Winder and a long, rather monotonous journey to Decatur, which is practically a suburb of Atlanta. Far on the left is Stone Mountain, where a tremendous block of granite is being transformed more or less successfully into a great memorial to commemorate the attempt of the South topreserve slavery. It gives one a peculiar feeling of unreality. Finally, I come to Atlanta and the year's work.

37-10-150

"PAN AFRICA"

"THE PAN-AFRICAN MOVEMENT," IN COLONIAL AND COLORED UNITY: A PROGRAMME OF ACTION: HISTORY OF THE PAN AFRICAN CONGRESS, GEORGE PADMORE (ED.), MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, 1945, PP. 13-26.

1945

PAN AFRICA
by
W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

The idea of one Africa uniting the thought and ideals of all native peoples of the dark continent belongs to the twentieth century, and stems naturally from the West Indies and the United States. Here various groups of Africans, quite separate in origin became so united in experience and so exposed to the impact of a new culture, that they began to think of Africa as one idea and one land. Thus late in the eighteenth century when a separate Negro Church was formed in Philadelphia it called itself the "African"; and there were various "African" societies in many parts of the United States.

It was not, however, until 1900 that a black West Indian barrister, practicing in London, called together a "Pan African" Conference. This meeting attracted attention, put the word "Pan African" in the dictionaries for the first time and had some thirty delegates mainly from England and the West Indies with a few colored Americans. The Conference was welcomed by the Lord Bishop of London and a promise was obtained from Queen Victoria through Joseph Chamberlain not to "overlook the interests and welfare of the native races".

38-5-20

This meeting had no deep roots in Africa itself, and the movement and the idea died for a generation. Then came the First World War and among American Negroes at its close there was determined agitation for the rights of Negroes throughout the world, and particularly in Africa. Meetings were held, a petition was sent to President Wilson, and finally by indirection I secured passage on the Creel press boat, the "Orizaba", and landed in France in December, 1918.

I went with the idea of calling a Pan African Congress and trying to impress upon the members of the Peace Congress sitting at Versailles, the importance of Africa in the future world. I was without credentials or influence, but the idea took hold.

I tried to get a conference with Wilson but I only got as far as Colonel House who was sympathetic but non-committal. The Chicago Tribune said January 19, 1919

in a dispatch from Paris dated December 30, 1918 -

An Ethiopian Utopia, to be fashioned out of the German colonies, is the latest dream of leaders of the Negro race who are here at the invitation of the United States government as part of the extensive entourage of the American peace delegation. Robert R. Motton, successor of the late Booker Washington as head of Tuskegee Institute, and Dr. William E. B. Du Bois, editor of the Crisis, are promoting a Pan African conference to be held here during the winter while the peace conference is on full blast. It is to embrace Negro leaders from America, Abyssinia, Liberia, Haiti, and the French and British colonies and other parts of the black world. Its object is to get out of the peace conference an effort to modernize the dark continent and in the world reconstruction to provide international machinery looking towards the civilization of the African natives.

The Negro leaders are not agreed upon any definite plan, but Dr. Du Bois has mapped out a scheme which he has presented in the form of a memorandum to President Wilson. It is quite Utopian, and it has less than a Chinaman's chance of getting anywhere in the peace conference, but it is nevertheless interesting. As "self-determination" is one of the words to conjure with in Paris nowadays, the Negro leaders are seeking to have it applied, if possible, in a measure to their race in Africa.

38-5-21

Dr. Du Bois sets forth that while the principle of self-determination cannot be applied to uncivilized peoples, yet the educated blacks should have some voice in the disposition of the German colonies. He maintains that in settling what is to be done with the German colonies the peace conference might consider the wishes of the intelligent Negroes in the colonies themselves, the Negroes of the United States and of South America and the West Indies, the Negro governments of Abyssinia, Liberia and Haiti, the educated Negroes in French West Africa and Equatorial Africa, and in British Uganda, Nigeria, Basutoland, Swaziland, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Gambia, and Bechuanaland and in the Union of Africa.

Dr. Du Bois' dream is that the peace conference could form an inter-nationlized Africa, to have as its basis the former German colonies, with their 1,000,000 square miles and 12,500,000 population.

"To this", his plan reads, "could be added by negotiation the 800,000 square miles and 9,000,000 inhabitants of Portuguese Africa. It is not impossible that Belgium could be persuaded to add to such a state the 900,000 square miles and 9,000,000 natives of the Congo, making an international Africa with over 2,500,000 square miles of land and over 20,000,000 people.

"This Africa for the Africans could be under the guidance of international organization. The governing international commission should represent not simply governments, but modern culture, science, commerce, social reform, and religious philanthropy. It must represent not simply the white world, but the civilized Negro world.

"With these two principles the practical policies to be followed out in the government of the new states should involve a thorough and complete system of modern education, built upon the present government, religion, and customary law of the natives. The real effort to modernize Africa should be through schools rather than churches. Within ten years 20,000,000 black children ought to be in school. Within a generation young Africa should know the essential outlines of modern culture. From the beginning the actual general government should use both colored and white officials.

"We can, if we will, inaugurate on the dark continent a last great crusade for humanity. With Africa redeemed, Asia would be safe and Europe indeed triumphant."

Members of the American delegation and associated experts assured me that no congress on this matter could be held in Paris because France was still under martial law; but the ace that I had up my sleeve was Blaise Diagne, the black Deputy from Senegal and Commissaire-General in charge of recruting native African troops. I went to Diagne and sold him the idea of a Pan African Congress. He consulted Clemenceau and the matter was held up two wet discouraging months. But finally we got permission to hold the Congress in Paris. "Don't advertize it", said Clemenceau, "but go ahead". Walter Lippman wrote me in his crabbed hand, February 20, 1919 "I am very much interested in your organization of the Pan African Conference, and glad that Clemenceau has made it possible. Will you send me whatever reports you may have on the work?"

38-5-22

The Dispatch, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1919 said "Officials here are puzzled by the news from Paris that plans are going forward there for a Pan African conference to be held February 19. Acting Secretary Polk said today the State Department had been officially advised by the French Government that no such conference would be held. It was announced recently that no passports would be issued for American delegates desiring to attend the meeting." But at the very time that Polk was assuring American Negroes that no Congress would be held, the Congress actually assembled in Paris.

This Congress represented Africa partially. Of the fifty-seven delegates from fifteen countries nine were African countries with twelve delegates. The other delegates came from the United States who sent sixteen and the West Indies with twenty-one. Most of these delegates did not come to France for this meeting but happened to be residing there mainly for reasons connected with the war. America and all the colonial powers refused to issue special visas.

The Congress influenced the Peace Conference. The New York Evening Globe, February 22, 1919 described it as "the first assembly of the kind in history, and has for its object the drafting of an appeal to the peace conference to give the Negro race of Africa a chance to develop unhindred by other races. Seated at long green

Negroes who hold public office, Senegalese, Liberians, and men from British Africa. Blaise Diagne, the chairman is a Senegalese who sits in the French Chamber of Deputies. . . "

The Congress specifically asked that the German colonies be turned over to an international organization instead of being handed to the various colonial powers. Out of this idea came the Mandates Commission. The resolutions of the Congress said in part

38-S-23

A. That the allied and associated Powers establish a code of laws for the international protection of the natives of Africa, similar to the proposed international code for Labor.
B. That the League of Nations establish a permanent Bureau charged with the special duty of overseeing the application of these laws to the political, social and economic welfare of the natives.
C. The Negroes of the world demand that hereafter the natives of Africa and the Peoples of African descent be governed according to the following principles.
   1. The land: the land and its natural resources shall be held in trust for the natives and at all times they shall have effective ownership of as much land as they can profitably develop.
   2. Capital: the investment of capital and granting of concessions shall be so regulated as to prevent the exploitation of the natives and the exhaustion of the natural wealth of the country. Concessions shall always be limited in time and subject to State control. The growing social needs of the natives must be regarded and the profits taxed for the social and material benefit of the natives.
   3. Labor: slavery and corporal punishment shall be abolished and forced labor except in punishment for crime; and the general conditions of labor shall be prescribed and regulated by the State.
   4. Education: it shall be the right of every native child to learn to read and write his own language, and the language of the trustee nation, at public expense, and to be given technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical and cultural training and maintain a corps of native teachers. . . .
   6. The State: the natives of Africa must have the right to participate in the government as fast as their development permits in conformity with the principle that the government exists for the natives, and not the natives for the government. They shall at once be allowed to participate in local and tribal government according to ancient usage, and this participation shall gradually extend, as education and experience proceeds, to the higher offices of State, to the end that, in time, Africa be ruled by consent of the Africans. . . . Whenever it is proven that African natives are not receiving just treatment at the hands of any State or that any State deliberately excludes its civilized citizens or subjects of Negro descent from its body politic and cultural, it shall be the duty of the League of Nations to bring the matter to the attention of the civilized World.

Insert 6

The New York Herald, Paris, February 24, 1919 said "There is nothing unreasonable in the program drafted at the Pan African Congress which was held in Paris last week. It calls upon the Allied and Associated Powers to draw up an international code of law for the protection of the nations of Africa, and to create, as a section of the League of Nations, a permanent bureau to ensure observance of such laws and thus further the racial, political and economic interests of the natives."

The idea of Pan Africa having been thus established we attempted to build a real organization. We went to work first to assemble a more authentic Pan African

August and September, 1921. Of the one hundred and thirteen delegates to this Congress forty-one were from Africa, thirty-five from the United States, twenty-four represented Negroes living in Europe and seven were from the West Indies. Thus the African element showed growth. They came for the most part but not in all cases as individuals and more seldom as the representatives of organizations, or of groups.

The Pan African Movement thus began to represent a growth and development; but it immediately ran into difficulties. First of all, there was the natural reaction of war and the determination on the part of certain elements in England, Belgium and elsewhere, to recoup their war losses by intensified exploitation of colonies. They were suspicious of native movements of any sort. Then, too, there came simultaneously another movement stemming from the West Indies which accounted for our small West Indian representation. This was a peoples' movement, rather than a movement of the intellectuals. It was led by Marcus Garvey and it represented a poorly conceived but intensely earnest determination to unite the Negroes of the world, more especially in commercial enterprise. It used all of the nationalist and racial paraphernalia of popular agitation and its strength lay in its backing by the masses of West Indians and by increasing numbers of American Negroes. Its weakness lay in its demagogic leadership, its intemperate propaganda and the natural fear which it threw into the colonial powers.

38-5-24

The London meetings of the Congress were held in Central Hall opposite Westminster Abbey, August 28 and 29, 1921. They were preceded by conference with the International Department of the English Labor Party, where the question of the relation of white and colored labor was discussed. Beatrice Webb, Leonard Woolf, Mr. Gillies, Norman Leyes and others were present.

Otlet and La Fontaine, the Belgian leaders of internationalism, welcomed the meeting warmly to Belgium but strong opposition arose. The movement was immediately confounded by the press and others as a part of, if not the real "Garvey Movement"

Paul Otlet, once called Father of the League of Nations, wrote me in April, 1921: "I am very happy to learn your decision. We can put at your disposal the Palais Mondial for your Pan African conference August 31 and September 1 and 2."

The Brussells Neptune wrote June 14 "Announcement has been made . . . of a Pan African Congress organized at the instigation of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People of New York. It is interesting to note that this association is directed by personages who it is said in the United States have received remuneration from Moscow (Bolsheviki). The association has already organized its propaganda in the lower Congo and we must not be astonished if some day it causes grave difficulties in the Negro village of Kinshasa composed of all the ne'er do wells of the various tribes of the Colony aside from some hundreds of laborers.

Nevertheless, meetings of interest and enthusiasm were held. The Crisis reported

The Congress itself was held in the marvelous Palais Mondial, the World Palace situated in the Conquantenaire Park. We could not have asked for a better setting. But there was a difference. In the first place, there were many more white than colored people - there are not many of us in Brussells - and it was not long before we realized that their interest was deeper, more immediately significant than that of the white people we had found elsewhere. Many of Belgium's economic and material interests center in Africa in the Belgian Congo. Any interference with the natives might result in an interference with the sources from which so many Belgian capitalists drew their prosperity.

38-5-25

Resolutions which were passed without dissent at the meeting in London contained a statement concerning Belgium, criticizing her colonial regime although giving her credit for plans of reform for the future. This aroused bitter opposition in Brussells and an attempt was made to substitute an innocuous statement concerning good will and investigation which Diagne declared adopted in the face of a clear majority in opposition.

At the Paris meeting the original London resolutions, with some minor corrections, were adopted. They were in part:

To the World: The absolute equality of races physical, political and social is the founding stone of world and human advancement. No one denies great differences of gift, capacity and attainment among individuals of all races, but the voice of Science, Religion and practical Politics is one in denying the God-appointed existence of super-races, or of races naturally and inevitably and eternally inferior.

That in the vast range of time, one group should in its industrial technique, or social organization, or spiritual vision, lag a few hundred years behind another, or forge fitfully ahead, or come to differ decidedly in thought, deed and ideal, is proof of the essential richness and variety of human nature, rather than proof of the co-existence of demi-gods and apes in human form. The doctrine of racial equality does not interfere with individual liberty rather it fulfils it. And of all the various criteria of which masses of men have in the past been prejudged and classified that of the color of the skin and texture of the hair, is surely the most adventitious and idiotic. . . .

The beginning of wisdom in inter-racial contact is the establishment of political institutions among suppressed peoples. The habit of democracy must be made to

encircle the earth. Despite the attempts to prove that its practice is the secret and divine gift of the few, no habit is more natural or more widely spread among primitive people, or more easily capable of development among masses. Local self-government with a minimum of help and oversight can be established tomorrow in Asia, in Africa, America and the Isles of the sea. It will in many instances need general control and guidance but it will fail only when that guidance seeks ignorantly and consciously its own selfish ends and not the people's liberty and good.

38-5-26

Surely in the twentieth century of the Prince of Peace, in the millenium of Mohammed, and in the mightiest Age of Human Reason, there can be found in the civilized world enough of altruism, learning and benevolence to develop native institutions, whose one aim is not profit and power of the few. . . .

What then do those demand who see these evils of the color line and racial discrimination and who believe in the divine right of suppressed and backward peoples to learn and aspire and be free? The Negro race through their thinking intelligentsia:

I. The Recognition of civilized men as civilized despite their race or color.

II. Local self government, for backward groups, deliberately rising as experience and knowledge grow to complete self government under the limitation of a self-governed world.

III. Education in self-knowledge, in scientific truth, and in industrial technique, undivorced from the art of beauty.

IV. Freedom in their own religion and social customs and with the right to be different and non-conformist.

V. Cooperation with the rest of the world in government, industry and art on the bases of Justice, Freedom and Peace.

VI. The return to Negroes of their land and its natural fruits and defense against the unrestrained greed of invested capital.

VII. The establishment under the League of Nations of an international institution for study of the Negro problems.

VIII. The establishment of an international section of the Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, charged with the protection of native labor. . . .

In some such words and thoughts as these we seek to express our will and ideal, and the end of our untiring effort. To our aid, we call all men of the earth who love justice and mercy. Out of the depths we have cried unto the deaf and dumb masters of the world. Out of the depths we cry to our own sleeping souls. The answer is written in the stars.

The whole press of Europe took notice of these meetings and more especially of the ideas behind the meeting. Gradually they began to distinguish between the Pan African Movement and the Garvey agitation. They praised and criticized. Sir Harry Johnston wrote "This is the WEAKNESS of all the otherwise grand efforts of the Coloured People in the United States to pass on their own elevation and education and political significance to the Coloured Peoples of Africa: they know so LITTLE ABOUT REAL Africa."

Even Punch took a good natured jibe (September 7, 1921) "A PAN AFRICAN MANIFESTO" NO ETERNALLY INFERIOR RACES" (headlines in the Times) No, but in the opinion of our coloured brothers some infernally superior ones!"

38-5-27

The Second Pan African Congress had sent me with a committee to interview the officials of the League of Nations in Geneva. I talked with Rappard who headed the Mandates Commission; I saw the first meeting of the Assembly, and especially I had an interesting interview with Albert Thomas, head of the ILO. Working with Monsieur Bellegarde of Haiti, a member of the Assembly, we brought the status of Africa to the attention of the League. The League published our petition as an official document saying in part:

The Second Pan African Congress wishes to suggest that the spirit of the world moves toward self-government as the ultimate aim of all men and nations and that consequently the mandated areas, being peopled as they are so largely by black folk, have a right to ask that a man of Negro descent, properly fitted in character and training, be appointed a member of the Mandates Commission so soon as a vacancy occurs.

The Second Pan African Congress desires most earnestly and emphatically to ask the good offices and careful attention of the League of Nations to the condition of civilized persons of Negro descent throughout the world. Consciously and subconsciously there is in the world today a widespread and growing feeling that it is permissible to treat civilized men as uncivilized if they are coloured and more especially of Negro descent. The result of this attitude and many consequent laws, customs and conventions, is that a bitter feeling of resentment, personal insult and despair, is widespread in the world among those very persons whose rise is the hope of the Negro race.

We are fully aware that the League of Nations has little, if any, direct power to adjust these matters, but it has the vast moral power of public world opinion and as a body conceived to promote Peace and Justice among men. For this reason we ask and urge that the League of Nations take a firm stand on the absolute equality of races and that it suggest to the Colonial Powers connected with the League of Nations to form an International Institute for the study of the Negro problem, and for the evolution and protection of the Negro race.

Later Bellegarde revealed to the world the disgrace of the bombing of the African Bondelschwartz and in retaliation was recalled by the American forces then in power in Haiti.

We sought to have these meetings result in a permanent organization. A secretariat was set up in Paris and functioned for a couple of years, but it was not successful. Just as the Garvey movement made its thesis industrial cooperation, so the new young secretary of the Pan African movement, a colored Paris public school teacher, wanted to combine investment and profit with the idea of Pan Africa. He wanted American Negro capital for this end. We had other ideas.

This crucial difference of aim and method between our Paris office and the American Negro interested in the movement nearly ruined the organization. The Third Pan African Congress was called for 1923, but the Paris secretary postponed it. We perserved and finally without proper notice or preparation met in London and Lisbon, late in the year. The London session was small and addressed by Harold Laski and Lord Olivier and attended by H. G. Wells; Ramsey MaDonald was kep from attending only by the pending election, but wrote "Anything I can do to advance the cause of your people on your recommendation, I shall always do gladly."

38-5-28

The meeting of the Congress in Lisbon was more successful. Eleven countries were represented there and especially Portuguese Africa. The Liga Africana was in charge. ~~and was thus described~~. "The great association of Portuguese Negroes with headquarters at Lisbon which is called the Liga Africana is an actual federation of all the indigenous associations scattered throughout the five provinces of Portuguese Africa and representing several million individuals. . . . This Liga Africana which functions at Lisbon in the very heart of Portugal so to speak, has a commission from all the other native organizations and knows how to express to the government in no ambiguous terms but in a highly dignified manner all that should be said to avoid injustice or to bring about the repeal of harsh laws. That is why the Liga Africana of Lisbon is the director of the Portuguese African movement; but not only in the good sense of the word without making any appeal to violence and without leaving constitutional limits."

Two former colonial ministers spoke and the following demands were made for Africans:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. The right of access to the land and its resources.
3. Trial by juries of their peers under established forms of law.
4. Free elementary education for all; broad training in modern industrial technique; and higher training of selected talent.
5. The development of Africa for the benefit of Africans, and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
6. The abolition of the slave trade and of the liquor traffic.
7. World disarmament and the abolition of war; but failing this, and as long as white folk bear arms against black folk, the right of blacks to bear arms in their own defense.
8. The organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main objects of capital and labour the welfare of the many, rather than the enriching of the few. . . .

38-5-29

"In fine, we ask in all the world, that black folk be treated as men. We can see no other road to Peace and Progress. What more paradoxical figure today fronts the world than the official head of a great South African state striving blindly to build Peace and Good Will in Europe by standing on the necks and hearts of millions of black Africans."

From that Lisbon meeting I went to Africa for the first time, to see the land whose history and development I had so long been studying. I held from President Coolidge of the United States status as Special Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to represent him at the second inaugural of President King.

So far, the Pan African idea was still American rather than African, but it was growing and it expressed a real demand for examination of the African situation and a plan of treatment, from the native African point of view. With the object of moving the center of this agitation nearer others African centers of population I planned a Fourth Pan African Congress in the West Indies in 1925. My idea was to charter a ship and sail down the Caribbean, stopping for meetings in Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba and the French islands. But here I reckoned without my steamship lines. At first the French Line replied that they could "easily manage the trip" but eventually no accomodations could be found on any line except at the prohibitive price of fifty thousand dollars. I suspect that colonial powers spiked this plan.

Two years later in 1927, American Negro women started again and a Fourth Pan African Congress was held in New York in 1927. Thirteen countries were represented but direct African participation lagged. There were two hundred and eight delegates from twenty-two American states and ten foreign countries. Africa was sparsely represented by

representatives from the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Liberia and Nigeria. Chief Amoah III of the Gold Coast spoke; Herskovits then of Columbia, Mensching of Germany and John Vandercook were on the program. The resolutions stressed six points: "Negroes everywhere need:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. Native rights to the land and its natural resources.
3. Modern education for all children.
4. The development of Africa for the Africans and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
5. The re-organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main object of capital and labour the welfare of the many rather than the enriching of the few.
6. The treatment of civilized men as civilized despite differences of birth, race or color.

The Pan African Movement had been losing ground since 1921. In 1929 to remedy this we made desperate effort to hold the Fifth Pan African Congress on the continent of Africa itself; we selected Tunis because of its accessibility. Elaborate preparations were begun. It looked as though at last the movement was going to be geographically African. But two insuperable difficulties intervened: first, the French Government very politely but firmly informed us that the Congress could take place at Marseilles or any French city, but not in Africa; and finally there came the Great Depression.

The Pan African idea died apparently until twenty years afterward in the midst of the second World War when it leaped to life again in an astonishing manner. At the Trade Union Conference in London the winter of 1944 there were black labor representatives from the Gold Coast, Libya, British Guinea, Ethiopia and Sierra Leone. Among these, aided by colored persons, resident in London, Lancashire, Liverpool there came a spontaneous call for the assembling of another Pan African Congress in 1945 when the International Trade Union had their meeting in Paris.

After consultation and correspondence a Pan African Federation was organized.

"On August eleventh and twelfth there was convened at Manchester, the headquarters of the Pan African Federation, a delegate conference representing all of the organizations which have been invited to participate in the forthcoming Conference. At that ad hoc meeting a review of the preparatory work was made. From the reports it was revealed that the position was as follows.

"A number of replies had been received from Labour, Trade Union, Co-operative, and other progressive organisations in the West Indies, West Africa, South and East Africa, in acknowledgment of the formal invitation to attend the Conference. Most of these bodies not only approved and endorsed the agenda, making minor modifications and suggestions here and there, but pledged themselves to send delegates. In cases where either the time is too short or the difficulties of transport at the present time too great to be overcome at such short notice, the organisations will give mandates to the natives of the teritories concerned who are travelling to Paris to attend the World Trade Union Conference. Where territories will not be sending delegates to the Trade Union Conference, organisations will mandate individuals already in Great Britain to represent them.

"In this way we are assured of the widest representation, either through people travelling directly from the Colonial areas to Britain, or individuals from those territories who are already in the British Isles. Apart from these overseas delegates, more than fourteen organisations of Africans and peoples of African descent in Great Britain and Ireland will participate in the Conference."

There is no organization in the British colonial empire which has not been invited. The philosophy back of this meeting has been expressed by the West African Students Association of London in a recent letter to me:

38-5-31

"The idea of a Congress of African nations and all peoples of African descent throughout the world is both useful and timely. Perhaps it is even long over due. But we observe that four of such Pan African Congresses had been help in the past, all within recent memory, and that the one at present under discussion will be the fifth. It is unfortunate that all these important conferences should have been held outside Africa but in European capitals. This point is significant and should deserve our careful attention. . . .

"Our Executive Committee are certainly not in favour of this or any future Pan African Congress being held anywhere in Europe. We do rather suggest the Republic of Liberia as perhaps an ideal choice. All considerations seem to make that country the most favourable place for our Fifth Pan African Congress. And, especially, at a time like this when Liberia is planning to celebrate the centenary of the founding of the Republic two years hence, the holding of our Congress there seems most desirable. We have good reason to believe that the Government of Liberia would welcome this idea and would give us the encouragement and diplomatic assistance that might be necessary to ensure success."

The convening committee agrees "After reviewing the situation we do feel like you that our Conference should be merely a preliminary one to a greater, more representative Congress to be held some time next year, especially as a new Government has come into being in Britain since we started planning the forthcoming Conference." But they decided to call a congress this year in London "Since it is now officially announced that the World Trade Union Conference will begin on September twenty-fifth and close on October ninth, we are planning to convene the Pan African Congress on October fifteenth. It should last a week. This will enable the Colonial delegates to get from France to England between the ninth and fifteenth of October. It will also enable us to hold some informal meetings and finish off our plans."

Difficulties of transportation and passport restrictions may make attendance at this congress limited. At the same time there is real hope here, that out of Africa itself, and especially out of its laboring masses, has come a distinct idea of unity in ideal and cooperation in action which will lead to a real Pan African movement.

Singularly enough, there is another "Pan African" movement. I thought of it as I sat recently in San Francisco and heard Jan Smuts plead for an article on "human rights"

in the preamble of the Charter of the United Nations. It was an astonishing paradox. The Pan African movement which he represents is a union of the white rulers of Kenya, Rhodesia and Union of South Africa, to rule the African continent in the interests of its white investors and exploiters. This plan has been incubating since 1921, but has been discouraged by the British Colonial Office. Smuts is now pushing it again and the white legislatures in Africa have asked it. The San Francisco trusteeship left a door open for this sort of thing. Against this upsurges the movement of black union delegates working in cooperation with the labor delegates of Russia, Great Britain and the United States in order to build a new world which includes black Africa. We may yet live to see Pan Africa as a real movement.

38-5-32

Sent 4 April 1900 G
George Padmore
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PAN AFRICA
by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

The idea of one Africa uniting the thought and ideals of all native peoples of the dark continent belongs to the twentieth century, and stems naturally from the West Indies and the United States. Here various groups of Africans, quite separate in origin became so united in experience and so exposed to the impact of a new culture, that they began to think of Africa as one idea and one land. Thus late in the eighteenth century when a separate Negro Church was formed in Philadelphia it called itself "African"; and there were various "African" societies in many parts of the United States.

It was not, however, until 1900 that a black West Indian barrister, practicing in London, called together a "Pan African" Conference. This meeting attracted attention, put the word "Pan African" in the dictionaries for the first time and had some thirty delegates mainly from England and the West Indies with a few colored Americans. The Conference was welcomed by the Lord Bishop of London and a promise was obtained from Queen Victoria through Joseph Chamberlain not to "overlook the interests and welfare of the native races".

This meeting had no deep roots in Africa itself, and the movement and the idea died for a generation. Then came the First World War and among American Negroes at its close there was determined agitation for the rights of Negroes throughout the world, and particularly in Africa. Meetings were held, a petition was sent to President Wilson, and finally by indirection I secured passage on the Creel press boat, the "Orizaba", and landed in France in December, 1918.

I went with the idea of calling a "Pan African Congress" and trying to impress upon the members of the Peace Congress sitting at Versailles, the importance of Africa in the future world. I was without credentials, or influence, but the idea took hold.

I tried to get a conference with President Wilson but I only got as far as Colonel House who was sympathetic but non-committal. The Chicago Tribune said January 19, 1919 in a dispatch from Paris dated December 30, 1918 -

An Ethiopian Utopia, to be fashioned out of the German colonies, is the latest dream of leaders of the Negro race who are here at the invitation of the United States government as part of the extensive entourage of the American peace delegation. Robert R. Moton, successor of the late Booker Washington as head of Tuskegee Institute, and Dr. William E. B. Du Bois, editor of the Crisis, are promoting a Pan African Conference to be held here during the winter while the peace conference is on full blast. It is to embrace Negro leaders from America, Abyssinia, Liberia, Haiti, and the French and British colonies and other parts of the black world. Its object is to get out of the peace conference an effort to modernize the dark continent and in the world reconstruction to provide international machinery looking toward the civilization of the African natives.

The Negro leaders are not agreed upon any definite plan, but Dr. Du Bois has mapped out a scheme which he has presented in the form of a memorandum to President Wilson. It is quite Uthopian, and it has less than a Chinaman's chance of getting anywhere in the peace conference, but it is nevertheless interesting. As "self-determination" is one of the words to conjure with in Paris nowadays, the Negro leaders are seeking to have it applied, if possible, in a measure to their race in Africa.

Dr. Du Bois sets forth that while the principle of self-determination cannot be applied to uncivilised peoples, yet the educated blacks should have some voice in the disposition of the German colonies. He maintains that in settling what is to be done with the German colonies the peace conference might consider the wishes of the intelligent Negroes in the colonies themselves, the Negroes of the United States and of South America and the West Indies, the Negro governments of Abyssinia, Liberia and Haiti, the educated Negroes in French West Africa and Equatorial Africa and Equatorial Africa, and in British Uganda, Nigeria, Basutoland, Swaziland, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Gambia and Bechuanaland and in the Union of Africa.

Dr. Du Bois' dream is that the peace conference could form an internationalized Africa, to have as its basis the former German colonies, with their 1,000,000 square miles and 12,500,000 population.

"To this", his plan reads, "could be added by negotiation the 800,000 square miles and 9,000,000 inhabitants of Portuguese Africa. It is not impossible that Belgium could be persuaded to add to such a state the 900,000 square miles and 9,000,000 natives of the Congo, making an international Africa with over 2,500,000 square miles of land and over 20,000,000 people.

"This Africa for the Africans could be under the guidance of international organization. The governing international commission should represent not simply governments, but modern culture, science, commerce, social reform, and religious philanthropy. It must represent not simply the white world, but the civilized Negro world.

48-5-2

"With these two principles the practical policies to be followed out in the government of the new states should involve a thorough and complete system of modern education, built upon the present government, religion, and customary law of the churches. Within ten years 20,000,000 black children ought to be in school. Within a generation young Africa should know the essential outlines of modern culture. From the beginning the actual general government should use both colored and white officials.

"We can, if we will, inaugurate on the dark continent a last great crusade for humanity. With Africa redeemed, Asia would be safe and Europe indeed triumphant."

Members of the American delegation and associated experts assured me that no congress on this matter could be held in Paris because France was still under martial law; but the ace that I had up my sleeve was Blaise Diagne, the black deputy from Senegal and Commissaire-General in charge of recruting native African troops. I went to Diagne and sold him the idea of a Pan African Congress. He consulted Clemenceau and the matter was held up two wet discouraging months. But finally we got permission to hold the Congress in Paris. "Don't advertize it", said Clemenceau, "but go ahead". Walter Lippman wrote me in his crabbed hand, February 20, 1919 "I am very much interested in your organization of the Pan African Conference, and glad that Clemenceau has made it possible. Will you send me whatever reports you may have on the work?"

The Dispatch, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1919 said "Officials here are puzzled by the news from Paris that plans are going forward there for a Pan African conference to be held February 19. Acting Secretary Polk said today the State Department had been officially advised by the French Government that no such conference would be held. It was announced recently that no passports would be issued for American delegates desiring to attend the meeting." But at the very time that Polk was assuring American Negroes that no

Congress would be held, the Congress actually assembled in Paris.

This Congress represented Africa partially. Of the fifty-seven delegates from fifteen countries nine were African countries with twelve delegates. The other delegates came from the United States which sent sixteen and the West Indies with twenty-one. Most of these delegates did not come to France for this meeting but happened to be residing there mainly for reasons connected with the war. America and all the colonial powers refused to issue special visas.

The Congress influenced the Peace Conference. The New York Evening Globe, February 22, 1919 described it as "the first assembly of the kind in history, and has for its object the drafting of an appeal to the peace conference to give the Negro race of Africa a chance to develop unhindered by other races. Seated at long green tables in the council room today, were Negroes in the trim uniform of American Army officers, other American colored men in frock coats or business suits, polished French Negroes who hold public office, Senegalese who sit in the French Chamber of Deputies. . ."

The Congress specifically asked that the German colonies be turned over to an international organization instead of being handled by the various colonial powers. Out of this idea came the Mandates Commission.

The resolutions of the Congress said in part:-

A. That the allied and associated powers established a code of law for the international protection of the natives of Africa, similar to the proposed international ~~acts~~ Code for Labor.
B. That the League of Nations establish a permanent Bureau charged with the special duty of overseeing the application of these laws to the political, social and economic welfare of the natives.
C. The Negroes of the world demand that hereafter the natives of Africa and the peoples of African descent be governed according to the following principles:

4-5-47

1. The land: the land and its natural resources shall be held in trust for the natives and at all times they shall have effective ownership of as much land as they can profitably develop.
2. Capital: the investment of capital and granting of concessions shall be so regulated as to prevent the exploitation of the natives and the exhaustion of the natural wealth of the country. Concessions shall always be limited in time and subject to State control. The growing social needs of the natives must be regarded and the profits taxed for social and material benefit of the natives.
3. Labor: slavery and corporal punishment shall be abolished and forced labor except in punishment for crime; and the general conditions of labor shall be prescribed and regulated by the State.
4. Education: it shall be the right of every native child to learn and read and write his own language, and the language of the trustee nation, at public expense, and to be given technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical and cultural training and maintain a corps of native teachers. . .
6. The State: the natives of Africa must have the right to participate in the government as fast as their development permits in conformity with the principle that the government exists for the natives, and not the natives for the government. They shall at once be allowed to participate in local and tribal government, according to ancient usage, and this participation shall gradually extend, as education and experience proceeds to the higher offices of State, to the end that, in time, Africa be ruled by consent of the Africans. . . . Whenever it is proven that African natives are not receiving just treatment at the hands of any State or that any State deliberately excludes its civilized citizens or subjects of Negro descent from its body politic and cultural, it shall be the duty of the League of Nations to bring the matter to the civilized World.

The New York Herald,, Paris, February 24, 1919 said "There is nothing unreasonable in the program drafted at the Pan African Congress which was held in Paris last week. It calls upon the Allied and Associated Powers to draw up an international code of law for the protection of the nations of Africa, and to create, as a section of the League of Nations, a permanent bureau to ensure observance of such laws and thus further the racial, political and economic interests of the natives."

The idea of Pan Africa having been thus established we attempted to build a real organization. We went to work first to assemble a more authentic Pan African Congress and movement. We corresponded with Negroes in all parts of Africa and in other parts of the world and finally arranged for a congress to meet in London, Brussels and Paris August and September, 1921. Of the one hundred and thirteen delegates to this Congress forty-one were from Africa, thirty-five from the United States, twenty-four represented Negroes living in Europe and seven were from the West Indies. Thus the African element showed growth. They came for the most part but not in all cases as individuals and more seldom as the representatives of organizations or of groups.

The Pan African movement thus began to represent a growth and development; but it immediately ran into difficulties. First of all, there was the natural reaction of war and the determination on the part of certain elements in England, Belgium and elsewhere, to recoup their war losses by intensified exploitation of colonies. They were suspicious of native movements of any sort. Then, too, there came simultaneously another movement stemming from the West Indies which accounted for our small West Indian representation. This was a peoples' movement rather than a movement of the intellectuals. It was led by Marcus Garvey and it represented a poorly conceived but intensely earnest determination to unite the Negroes of the world, more especially in commercial enterprise. It used all of the nationalist and racial paraphernalia of popular agitation and its strength lay in its backing by the masses of West Indians and by increasing numbers of American Negroes. Its weakness lay in its demagogic leadership, its intemperate propaganda and the natural fear which it threw into the colonial powers.

The London meetings of the Congress were held in Central Hall opposite Westminster Abbey, August 28 and 29, 1921. They were preceded by conference with the International Department of the English Labor Party, where the question of the relation of white and colored labor was discussed. Beatrice Webb, Leonard Woolf, Mr. Gillies, Norman Leyes and others were present.

Paul Otlet, once called Father of the League of Nations, wrote me in April, 1921:

> "I am very happy to learn your decision. We can put at your disposal the Palais Mondial for your Pan African conference August 31 and September 1 and 2."

Otlet and La Fontaine, the Belgian leaders of internationalism, welcomed the meeting warmly to Belgium but strong opposition arose. The movement was immediately confounded by the press and others as a part of, if not the real "Garvey Movement."

The Brussells Neptune wrote June 14: "Announcement has been made . . . of a Pan African Congress organized at the instigation of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People of New York. It is interesting to note that this association is directed by personages who it is said in the United States have received remuneration from Moscow (Bolsheviki). The association has already organized its propaganda in the lower Congo and we must not be astonished if some day it causes grave difficulties in the Negro village of Kinshasa compased of all the ne'er do wells of the various tribes of the Colony aside from some hundreds of laborers.

Nevertheless, meetings of interest and enthusiasm were held. The Crisis reported: "The Congress itself was held in the marvelous Palias Mondial, the World Palace situated in the Conquantenaire Park. We could not have asked for a better setting. But there was a difference. In the first place, there were many more white than colored people - there are not many of us in Brussells - and it was not long before we realized that their interest was deeper, more immediately significant than that of the white people we had found elsewhere. Many of Belgium's economic and material interests center in Africa in the Belgian Congo. Any interference with the natives might result in an interference with the sources from which so many Belgian capitalists drew their prosperity."

Resolutions which were passed without dissent at the meeting in London contained a statement concerning Belgium, criticizing her

colonial regime although giving her credit for plans of reform for the future. This aroused bitter opposition in Brussells and an attempt was made to substitute an innocuous statement concerning good will and investigation which Diagne declared adopted in the face of a clear majority in opposition.

At the Paris meeting the original London resolutions, with some minor corrections, were adopted. They were in part:

> To the World: The absolute equality of races physical, political and social is the founding stone of world and human advancement. No one denies great differences of gift, capacity and attainment among individuals of all races, but the voice of Science, Religion and practical Politics is one in denying the God-appointed existence of super-races, naturally and inevitably and eternally inferior.
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> That in the vast range of time, one group should in its industrial technique, or social organization, or spiritual vision, lag a few hundred years behind another, or forge fitfully ahead, or come to differ decidedly in thought, deed and ideal, is proof of the essential richness and variety of human form. The doctrine of racial equality does not interfere with individual liberty rather it fulfils it. And of all the various criteria of which masses of men have in the past been prejudged and classified that of the color of the skin and texture of the hair, is surely the most adventitious and idiotic. . . .

The beginning of wisdom in inter-racial contact is the establishment of political institutions among suppressed peoples. The habit of democracy must be made to encircle the earth. Despite the attempts to prove that its practice is the secret and divine gift of the few, no habit is more natural or more widely spread among primitive people, or more easily capable of development among masses. Local self-government with a minimum of help and oversight can be established tomorrow in Asia, in Africa, America and the Isles of the sea. It will in many instances need general control and guidance but it will fail only when that guidance seek ignorantly and consciously its own selfish ends and not the people's liberty and good.

Surely in the twentieth century of the Prince of Peace, in the millenium of Mohammed, and in the mightiest Age of Human Reason, there can be found in the civilized world enough of altruism, learning and benevolence to develop native institutions, whose one aim is not profit and power of the few. . . .

What then do those demand who see these evils of the color line and racial discrimination and who believe in the divine right of suppressed and backward people to learn and aspire and be free? The Negro race through ~~their~~ their thinking intelligentsia demand:

I. The Recognition of civilized men as civilized despite their race or color.

II. Local self government, for backward groups, deliberately rising as experience and knowledge grow to complete self-government under the limitation of a self-governed world.

III. Education in self-knowledge, in scientific truth, and in industrial technique, undivorced from the art of beauty.

IV. Freedom in their own religion and social customs and with the right to be different and non-conformist.

V. Cooperation with the rest of the world in government, industry and art on the bases of Justice, Freedom and Peace.

VI. The return to Negroes of their land and its natural fruits and defense against the unrestrained greed of invested capital.

VII. The establishment under the League of Nations of an international institution for study of the Negro problems.

VIII. The establishment of an international section of the Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, charged with the protection of native labor. . .

In some such words and thoughts as these we seek to express our will and ideal, and the end of our untiring effort. To our aid, we call all men of the earth who love justice and mercy. Out of the depths we have cried unto the deaf and dumb masters of the world. Out of the depths we cry to our own sleeping souls. The answer is written in the stars.

The whole press of Europe took notice of these meetings and more especially of the ideas behind the meeting. Gradually they began to distinguish between the Pan African Movement and the Garvey

agitation. They praised and criticized. Sir Harry Johnston wrote "This is the WEAKNESS of all the otherwise grand efforts of the Coloured People in the United States to pass on their own elevation and education and political significance to the Coloured Peoples of Africa: they know so LITTLE ABOUT REAL Africa."

Even Punch took a good natured jibe (September 7, 1921) "'A PAN AFRICAN MANIFESTO' 'NO ETERNALLY INFERIOR RACES' (headlines in The Times) No, but in the opinion of our coloured brothers some infernally superior ones!"

The Second Pan African Congress had sent me with a committee to interview t e officials of the League of Nations in Geneva. I talked with Rappard who headed the Mandates Commission; I saw the first meeting of the Assembly, and especially I had an interesting interview with Albert Thomas, head of the ILO. Working with Monsieur Bellegarde of Haiti, a member of the Assembly, we brought the status of Africa to the attention of the League. The League published our petition as an official document saying in part:

The Second Pan African Congress wishes to suggest that the spirit of the world moves toward self-government as the ultimate aim of all men and nations and that consequently the mandated areas, being peopled as they are so largely by black folk, have a right to ask that a man of Negro descent, properly fitted in character and training, be appointed a member of the Mandates Commission so soon as a vacancy occurs.

The Second Pan African Congress desires most earnestly and emphatically to ask the good offices and careful attention of the League of Nations to the condition of civilized persons of Negro descent throughout the world. Consciously and subconsciously there is in the world today a widespread and growing feeling that it is permissible to treat civilized men as uncivilized if they are coloured and more especially of Negro descent. The result of this attitude and many consequent laws, customs and conventions, is that a bitter feeling of resentment, personal insult and despair, is widespread in the world among those very persons whose rise is the hope of the Negro race.

We are fully aware that the League of Nations had little, if any, direct power to adjust these matters, but it has the vast moral power of public world opinion and as a body conceived to promote Peace and Justice among men. For this reason we ask and urge that the League of Nations take a firm stand on the absolute equality of races and that it suggest to the Colonial Powers connected with the League of Nations to form an International Institute for the study of the Negro problem, and for the evolution and protection of the Negro race.

Later Bellegarde revealed to the world the disgrace of the bombing of the African Bondelschwartz and in retaliation was recalled by the American forces then in power in Haiti.

We sought to have these meetings result in a permanent organization. A secretariat was set up in Paris and functioned for a couple of years, but it was not successful. Just as the Garvey movement made its thesis industrial cooperation, so the new young secretary of the Pan African movement, a colored Paris public school teacher, wanted to combine investment and profit with the idea of Pan Africa. He wanted American Negro capital for this end. We had other ideas.

This crucial difference of aim and method between our Paris office and the American Negro interested in the movement nearly ruined the organization. The Third Pan African Congress was called for 1923, but the Paris secretary postponed it. We persevered and finally without proper notice or preparation met in London and Lisbon, late in the year. The London session was small and addressed by Harold Laski and Lord Olivier and attended by H. G. Wells; Ramsey McDonald was kept from attending only by the pending election, but wrote "Anything I can do to advance the cause of your people on your recommendation, I shall always do gladly."

The meeting of the Congress in Lisbon was more successful. Eleven countries were represented there and especially Portuguese

48-5-11

Africa. The Liga Africana was in charge. "The great association of Portuguese Negroes with headquarters at Lisbon which is called the Liga Africana is an actual federation of all the indigenous associations scattered throughout the five provinces of Portuguese Africa and representing several million individuals. . . . This Liga Africana which functions at Lisbon in the very heart of Portugal so to speak, has a commission from all the other native organizations and knows how to express to the government in no ambiguous terms but in a highly dignified manner all that should be said to avoid injustice or to bring about the repeal of harsh laws. That is why the Liga Africana of Lisbon is the director of the Portuguese African movement; but not only in the good sense of the word but without making any appeal to violence and without leaving constitutional limits."

Two former colonial ministers spoke and the following demands were made for Africans:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. The right of access to the land and its resources.
3. Trial by juries of their peers under established forms of law.
4. Free elementary education for all; broad training in modern industrial technique; and higher training of selected talent.
5. The development of Africa for the benefit of Africans, and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
6. The abolition of the slave trade and of the liquor traffic.
7. World disarmament and the abolition of war; but failing this, and as long as white folk bear arms against black folk, the right of blacks to bear arms in their own defense.
8. The organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main objects of capital and labour the welfare of the many, rather than the enriching of the few. . . .

"In fine, we ask in all the world, that black folk be treated as men. We can see no other road to Peace and Progress. What more paradoxical figure today fronts the world than the official head of a great South African state striving blindly to build Peace and Good Will in Europe by standing on the necks and hearts of millions of black Africans."

From that Lisbon meeting I went to Africa for the first time, to see the land whose history and development I had so long been studying. I held from President Coolidge of the United States status as Special

Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to represent him at the second inaugural of President King.

So far, the Pan African idea was still American rather than African, but it was growing and it expressed a real demand for examination of the African situation and a plan of treatment, from the native African point of view. With the object of moving the center of this agitation nearer other African centers of population I planned a Fourth Pan African Congress in the West Indies in 1925. My idea was to charter a ship and sail down the Caribbean, stopping for meetings in Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba and the French islands. But here I reckoned without my steamship lines. At first the French Line replied that they could "easily manage the trip" but eventually no accomodations could be found on any line except at the prohibitive price of fifty thousand dollars. I suspect that colonial powers spiked this plan.

Two years later in 1927, American Negro women started again and a Fourth Pan African Congress was held in New York in 1927. Thirteen countries were represented but direct African participation lagged. There were two hundred and eight delegates from twenty-two American states and ten foreign countries. Africa was sparsely represented by representatives from the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Liberia and Nigeria. Chief Amoah III of the Gold Coast spoke; Herskovits then of Columbia, Menschings of Germany and John Vandercook were on the program. The resolutions stressed six points: "Negroes everywhere need:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. Native rights to the land and its natural resources.
3. Modern education for all children
4. The development of Africa for the Africans and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
5. The re-organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main object of capital and labour the welfare of the many rather than the enriching of the few.
6. The treatment of civilized men as civilized despite difference of of birth, race or color.

The Pan African Movement had been losing ground since 1921. In 1929 to remedy this we made desperate effort to hold the Fifth Pan African Congress on the continent of Africa itself; we selected Tunis because of its accessibility. Elaborate preparations were begun. It looked as though at last the movement was going to be geographically African. But two insuperable difficulties intervened: first, the French Government very politely but firmly informed us that the Congress could take place at Marseilles or any French city, but not in Africa; and finally there came the Great Depression.

The Pan African idea died apparently until twenty years afterward in the midst of the second World War when it leaped to life again in an astonishing manner. At the Trades Union Conference in London the winter of 1944 there were black labor representatives from the Gold Coast, Libya, British Guinea, Ethiopia and Sierra Leone. Among these, aided by colored persons, resident in London, Lancashire, Liverpool there came a spontaneous call for the assembling of another Pan African Congress in 1945 when the International Trades Union had their meeting in Paris.

After consultation and correspondence a Pan African Federation was organized. "On August eleventh and twelfth there was convened at Manchester, the headquarters of the Pan African Federation, a delegate conference representing all of the organizations which have been invited to participate in the forthcoming Conference. At that ad hoc meeting a review of the preparatory work was made. From the reports it revealed that the position was as follows.

"A number of replies had been received from Labour, Trade Union, Co-operative and other progressive organizations in the West Indies, West Africa, South and East Africa, in acknowledgment of the formal invitation to attend the Conference. Most of these bodies not only approved and endorsed the agenda, making minor modifications and suggestions here and there, but pledged themselves to send delegates. In cases where either the time is too short or the difficulties of transport at the present time too great to be overcome at such short notice, the organisations will give mandates to the natives of the teritories concerned who are travelling to Paris to attend the World Trades Union Conference. Where territories will not be sending delegates to the Trade Union Conference, organisations will mandate individuals already in Great Britain to represent them.

"In this way we are assured of the widest representation, either through people travelling directly from the Colonial areas to Britain, or individuals from those territories who are already in the British Isles. Apart from these overseas delegates, more than fourteen organisations of Africans and peoples of African descent in Great Britain and Ireland will participate in the Conference."

There is no organization in the British colonial empire which has not been invited. The philosophy back of this meeting has been expressed by the West African Students Association of London in a recent letter to me:

"The idea of a Congress of African nations and all peoples of African descent throughout the world is both useful and timely. Perhaps it is even long over due. But we observe that four of such Pan African Congresses had been held in the past, all within recent memory, and that the one at present under discussion will be the fifth. It is unfortunate that all these important conferences should have been held outside Africa but in European capitals. This point is significant and should deserve our careful attention. . . .

"Our Executive Committee are certainly not in favour of this or any future Pan African Congress being held anywhere in Europe. We do rather suggest the Republic of Liberia as perhaps an ideal choice. All considerations seem to make that country the most favourable place for our Fifth Pan African Congress. And, especially, at a time like this when Liberia is planning to celebrate the centenary of the founding of the Republic two years hence, the holding of our Congress there seems most desirable. We have good reason to believe that the Government of Liberia would welcome this idea and would give us the encouragement and diplomatic assistance that might be necessary to ensure success."

The convening committee agrees "After reviewing the situation we do feel like you that our Conference should be merely a preliminary one to a greater, more representative Congress to be held some time next year, especially as a new Government has come into being in Britain since we started planning the forthcoming Conference." But they decided to call a congress this year in London "Since it is now officially announced that the World Trades Union Conference will begin on September twenty-fifth and close on October ninth, we are planning to convene the Pan African Congress on October fifteenth. Dt should last a week. This will enable the Colonial delegates to get from France to England between the ninth and fifteenth of October. It will also enable us to hold some informal meetings and finish off our plans."

Difficulties of transportation and passport restrictions may make attendance at this congress limited. At the same time there is real hope here, that out of Africa itself, and especially out of its laboring masses, has come a distinct idea of unity in ideal and cooperation in action which will lead to a real Pan African movement.

Singularly enough, there is another "Pan African" movement. I thought of it as I sat recently in San Francisco and heard Jan Smuts plead for an article on "human rights" in the preamable of the Charter of the United Nations. It was an astonishing paradox. The Pan African movement which he represents is a union of the white rulers of Kenya, Rhodesia and Union of South Africa, to rule the African continent in the interest of its white investors and exploiters. This pland has been incubating since 1921, but has been discouraged by the British Colonial Office. Smuts is now pushing it again and the white legislatures in Africa have asked it. The San Francisco ~~trusetteship~~ Trusteeship left a door open for this sort of thing. Against this upsurges the movement of black union delegates working in cooperation with the labor delegates of Russia, Great Britain and the United States in order to build a new world which includes black Africa. We may yet live to see Pan Africa as a real movement.

91-5-84

48-5-15

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It was not, however, until 1900 that a black West Indian barrister, practicing in London, called together a "Pan African" Conference. This meeting attracted attention, put the word "Pan African" in the dictionaries for the first time and had some thirty delegates mainly from England and the West Indies with a few colored Americans. The Conference was welcomed by the Lord Bishop of London and a promise was obtained from Queen Victoria through Joseph Chamberlain not to "overlook the interests and welfare of the native races".

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Dr. Du Bois sets forth that while the principle of self-determination cannot be applied to uncivilized peoples, yet the educated blacks should have some voice in the disposition of the German colonies. He maintains that in settling what is to be done with the German colonies the peace conference might consider the wishes of the intelligent Negroes in the colonies themselves, the Negroes of the United States and of South America and the West Indies, the Negro governments of Abyssinia, Liberia and Haiti, the educated Negroes in French West Africa and Equatorial Africa, and in British Uganda, Nigeria, Basutoland, Swaziland, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Gambia, and Bechuanaland and in the Union of Africa.

Dr. Du Bois' dream is that the peace conference could form an inter-nationalized Africa, to have as its basis the former German colonies, with their 1,000,000 square miles and 12,500,000 population.

"To this", his plan reads, "could be added by negotiation the 800,000 square miles and 9,000,000 inhabitants of Portuguese Africa. It is not impossible that Belgium could be persuaded to add to such a state the 900,000 square miles and 9,000,000 natives of the Congo, making an international Africa with over 2,500,000 square miles of land and over 20,000,000 people.

"This Africa for the Africans could be under the guidance of an international organization. The governing international commission should represent not simply governments, but modern culture, science, commerce, social reform, and religious philanthropy. It must represent not simply the white world, but the civilized Negro world.

"With these two principles the practical policies to be followed out in the government of the new states should involve a thorough and complete system of modern education, built upon the present government, religion, and customary law of the natives. The real effort to modernize Africa should be through schools rather than churches. Within ten years 20,000,000 black children ought to be in school. Within a generation young Africa should know the essential outlines of modern culture. From the beginning the actual general government should use both colored and white officials.

"We can, if we will, inaugurate on the dark continent a last great crusade for humanity. With Africa redeemed, Asia would be safe and Europe indeed triumphant."

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Members of the American delegation and associated experts assured me that no congress on this matter could be held in Paris because France was still under martial law; but the ace that I had up my sleeve was Blaise Diagne, the black deputy from Senegal and Commissaire-General in charge of recruting native African troops. I went to Diagne and sold him the idea of a Pan African Congress. He consulted Clemenceau and the matter was held up two wet discouraging months. But finally we got permission to hold the Congress in Paris. "Don't advertize it", said Clemenceau, "but go ahead". Walter Lippman ~~were me~~ wrote me in his crabbed hand, February 20, 1919 "I am very much interested in your organization of the Pan African Conference, and glad that Clemenceau has made it possible. Will you send me whatever reports you may have on the work?"

The Dispatch, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1919 said "Officials here are puzzled by the news from Paris that plans are going forward there for a Pan African conference to be held February 19. Acting Secretary Polk said today the State Department had been officially advised by the French Government that no such conference would be held. It was announced recently that no passports would be issued for American delegates desiring to attend the meeting." But at the very time that Polk was assuring American Negroes that no Congress would be held, the Congress actually assembled in Paris.

418-5-22

This Congress represented Africa partially. Of the fifty-seven delegates from fifteen countries nine were African countries with twelve delegates. The other delegates came from the United States who sent sixteen and the West Indies with twenty-one. Most of these delegates did not come to France for this meeting but happened to be residing there mainly for reasons connected with the war. America and all the colonial powers refused to issue special visas.

The Congress influenced the Peace Conference. The New York Evening Globe, February 22, 1919 described it as "the first assembly of the kind in history, and has for its object the drafting of an appeal to the peace conference to give the Negro race of Africa a chance to develop unhindred by other races. Seated at long green

tables in the council room today, were Negroes in the trim uniform of American Army officers, other American colored men in frock coats or business suits, polished French Negroes who hold public office, Senegalese, Liberians, and men from British Africa. Blaise Diagne, the chairman is a Senegalese who sits in the French Chamber of Deputies. . . ."

The Congress specifically asked that the German colonies be turned over to an international organization instead of being handed by the various colonial powers. Out of this idea came the Mandates Commission. The resolutions of the Congress said in part

A. That the allied and associated powers establish a code of laws for the international protection of the natives of Africa, similar to the proposed international code for Labor.
B. That the League of Nations establish a permanent Bureau charged with the special duty of overseeing the application of these laws to the political, social and economic welfare of the natives.
C. The Negroes of the world demand that hereafter the natives of Africa and the peoples of African descent be governed according to the following principles.
   1. The land: the land and its natural resources shall be held in trust for the natives and at all times they shall have effective ownership of as much land as they can profitably develop.
   2. Capital: the investment of capital and granting of concessions shall be so regulated as to prevent the exploitation of the natives and the exhaustion of the natural wealth of the country. Concessions shall always be limited in time and subject to State control. The growing social needs of the natives must be regarded and the profits taxed for the social and material benefit of the natives.
   3. Labor: slavery and corporal punishment shall be abolished and forced labor except in punishment for crime; and the general conditions of labor shall be prescribed and regulated by the State.
   4. Education: it shall be the right of every native child to learn to read and write his own language, and the language of the trustee nation, at public expense, and to be given technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical and cultural training and maintain a corps of native teachers. . . .
   6. The State: the natives of Africa must have the right to participate in the government as fast as their development permits in conformity with the principle that the government exists for the natives, and not the natives for the government. They shall at once be allowed to participate in local and tribal government according to ancient usage, and this participation shall gradually extend, as education and experience proceeds, to the higher offices of State, to the end that, in time, Africa be ruled by consent of the Africans. . . . Whenever it is proven that African natives are not receiving just treatment at the hands of any State or that any State deliberately excludes its civilized citizens or subjects of Negro descent from its body politic and cultural, it shall be the duty of the League of Nations to bring the matter to the attention of the civilized world.

The New York Herald, Paris, February 24, 1919 said "There is nothing unreasonable in the program drafted at the Pan African Congress which was held in Paris last week. It calls upon the Allied and Associated Powers to draw up an international code of law for the protection of the nations of Africa, and to create, as a section of the League of Nations, a permanent bureau to ensure observance of such laws and thus further the racial, political and economic interests of the natives."

The idea of Pan Africa having been thus established we attempted to build a real organization. We went to work first to assemble a more authentic Pan African Congress and movement. We corresponded with Negroes in all parts of Africa and in other parts of the world and finally arranged for a congress to meet in London, Brussels and Paris in

August and September, 1921. Of the one hundred and thirteen delegates to this Congress forty-one were from Africa, thirty-five from the United States, twenty-four represented Negroes living in Europe and seven were from the West Indies. Thus the African element showed growth. They came for he most part but not in all cases as individuals and more seldom as the representatives of organizations, or of groups.

The Pan African Movement thus began to represent a growth and development; but it immediately ran into difficulties. First of all, there was the natural reaction of war and the determination on the part of certain elements in England, Belgium and elsewhere, to recoup their war losses by intensified exploitation of colonies. They were suspicious of native movements of any sort. Then, too, there came simultaneously another movement stemming from the West Indies which accounted for our small West Indian representation. This was a peoples' movement, rather than a movement of the intellectuals. It was led by Marcus Garvey and it represented a poorly conceived but intensely earnest determination to unite the Negroes of the world, more especially in commercial enterprise. It used all of the nationalist and racial paraphernalia of popular agitation and its strength lay in its backing by the masses of West Indians and by increasing numbers of American Negroes. Its weakness lay in its demagogic leadership, its intemperate propaganda and the natural fear which it threw into the colonial powers.

The London meetings of the Congress were held in Central Hall opposite Westminster Abbey, August 28 and 29, 1921. They were preceded by conference with the International Department of the English Labor Party, where the question of the relation of white and colored labor was discussed. Beatrice Webb, Leonard Woolf, Mr. Gillies, Norman Leyes and others were present.

Otlet and La Fontaine, the Belgian leaders of internationalism, welcomed the meeting warmly to Belgium but strong opposition arose. The movement was immediately confounded by the press and others as a part of, if not the real "Garvey Movement"

Paul Otlet, once called Father of the League of Nations, wrote me in April, 1921: "I am very happy to learn your decision. We can put at your disposal the Palais Mondial for your Pan African conference August 31 and September 1 and 2."

The Brussells Neptune wrote June 14 "Announcement has been made . . . of a Pan African Congress organized at the instigation of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People of New York. It is interesting to note that this association is directed by personages who it is said in the United States have received remuneration from Moscow (Bolsheviki). The association has already organized its propaganda in the lower Congo and we must not be astonished if some day it causes grave difficulties in the Negro village of Kinshasa composed of all the ne'er do wells of the various tribes of the Colony aside from some hundreds of laborers.

Nevertheless, meetings of interest and enthusiasm were held. The Crisis reported

The Congress itself was held in the marvelous Palais Mondial, the World Palace situated in the Conquantenaire Park. We could not have asked for a better setting. But there was a difference. In the first place, there were many more white than colored people - there are not many of us in Brussel s - and it was not long before we realized that their interest was deeper, more immediately significant than that of the white pepple we had found elsewhere. Many of Belgium's economic and material interests center in Africa in the Belgian Congo. Any interference with the natives might result in an interference with the sources from which so many Belgian capitalists drew their prosperity.

Resolutions which were passed without dissent at the meeting in London contained a statement concerning Belgium, criticizing her colonial regime although giving her credit for plans of reform for the future. This aroused bitter opposition in Brussel s and an attempt was made to substitute an innocuous statement concerning good will and investigation which Diagne declared adopted in the face of a clear majority in opposition.

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At the Paris meeting the original London resolutions, with some minor corrections, were adopted. They were in part:

To the World: The absolute equality of races physical, political and social is the founding stone of world and human advancement. No one denies great differences of gift, capacity and attainment among individuals of all races, but the voice of Science, Religion and practical Politics is one in denying the God-appointed existence of super-races, or of races naturally and inevitably and eternally inferior.

That in the vast range of time, one group should in its industrial technique, or social organization, or spiritual vision, lag a few hundred years behind another, or forge fitfully ahead, or come to differ decidedly in thought, deed and ideal, is proof of the essential richness and variety of human nature, rather than proof of the co-existence of demi-gods and apes in human form. The doctrine of racial equality does not interfere with individual liberty rather it fulfils it. And of all the various criteria of which masses of men have in the past been prejudged and classified that of the color of the skin and texture of the hair, is surely the most adventitious and idiotic. . . .

The beginning of wisdom in inter-racial contact is the establishment of political institutions among suppressed peoples. The habit of democracy must be made to

encircle the earth. Despite the attempts to prove that its practice is the secret and divine gift of the few, no habit is more natural or more widely spread among primitive people, or more easily capable of development among masses. Local self-government with a minimum of help and oversight can be established tomorrow in Asia, in Africa, America and the Isles of the sea. It will in many instances need general control and guidance but it will fail only when that guidance seeks ignorantly and consciously its own selfish ends and not the people's liberty and good.

Surely in the twentieth century of the Prince of Peace, in the millenium of Mohammed, and in the mightiest Age of Human Reason, there can be found in the civilized world enough of altruism, learning and benevolence to develop native institutions, whose one aim is not profit and power of the few. . . .

What then do those demand who see these evils of the color line and racial discrimination and who believe in the divine right of suppressed and backward peoples to learn and aspire and be free? The Negro race through their thinking intelligentsia demand:

I. The Recognition of civilized men as civilized despite their race or color.

II. Local self government, for backward groups, deliberately rising as experience and knowledge grow to complete self-government under the limitation of a self-governed world.

III. Education in self-knowledge, in scientific truth, and in industrial technique, undivorced from the art of beauty.

IV. Freedom in their own religion and social customs and with the right to be different and non-conformist.

V. Cooperation with the rest of the world in government, industry and art on the bases of Justice, Freedom and Peace.

VI. The return to Negroes of their land and its natural fruits and defense against the unrestrained greed of invested capital.

VII. The establishment under the League of Nations of an international institution for study of the Negro problems.

VIII. The establishment of an international section of the Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, charged with the protection of native labor. . . .

In some such words and thoughts as these we seek to express our will and ideal, and the end of our untiring effort. To our aid, we call all men of the earth who love justice and mercy. Out of the depths we have cried unto the deaf and dumb masters of the world. Out of the depths we cry to our own sleeping souls. The answer is written in the stars.

48-5-36

The whole press of Europe took notice of these meetings and more especially of the ideas behind the meeting. Gradually they began to distinguish between the Pan African Movement and the Garvey agitation. They praised and criticized. Sir Harry Johnston wrote "This is the WEAKNESS of all the otherwise grand efforts of the Coloured People in the United States to pass on their own elevation and education and political significance to the Coloured Peoples of Africa: they know so LITTLE ABOUT REAL Africa."

Even Punch took a good natured jibe (September 7, 1921) "'A PAN AFRICAN MANIFESTO' 'NO ETERNALLY INFERIOR RACES' (headlines in The Times) No, but in the opinion of our coloured brothers some infernally superior ones!"

The Second Pan African Congress had sent me with a committee to interview the officials of the League of Nations in Geneva. I talked with Rappard who headed the Mandates Commission; I saw the first meeting of the Assembly, and especially I had an interesting interview with Albert Thomas, head of the ILO. Working with Monsieur Bellegarde of Haiti, a member of the Assembly, we brought the status of Africa to the attention of the League. The League published our petition as an official document saying in part:

4/8-5-27

The Second Pan African Congress wishes to suggest that the spirit of the world moves toward self-government as the ultimate aim of all men and nations and that consequently the mandated areas, being peopled as they are so largely by black folk, have a right to ask that a man of Negro descent, properly fitted in character and training, be appointed a member of the Mandates Commission so soon as a vacancy occurs.

The Second Pan African Congress desires most earnestly and emphatically to ask the good offices and careful attention of the League of Nations to the condition of civilized persons of Negro descent throughout the world. Consciously and subconsciously there is in the world today a widespread and growing feeling that it is permissible to treat civilized men as uncivilized if they are coloured and more especially of Negro descent. The result of this attitude and many consequent laws, customs and conventions, is that a bitter feeling of resentment, personal insult and despair, is widespread in the world among those very persons whose rise is the hope of the Negro race.

We are fully aware that the League of Nations has little, if any, direct power to adjust these matters, but it has the vast moral power of public world opinion and as a body conceived to promote Peace and Justice among men. For this reason we ask and urge that the League of Nations take a firm stand on the absolute equality of races and that it suggest to the Colonial Powers connected with the League of National to form an International Institute for the study of the Negro problem, and for the evolution and protection of the Negro race.

Later Bellegarde revealed to the world the disgrace of the bombing of the African Bondelschwartz and in retaliation was recalled by the American forces then in power in Haiti.

We sought to have these meetings result in a permanent organization. A secretariat was set up in Paris and functioned for a couple of years, but it was not successful. Just as the Garvey movement made its thesis industrial cooperation, so the new young secretary of the Pan African movement, a colored Paris public school teacher, wanted to combine investment and profit with the idea of Pan Africa. He wanted American Negro capital for this end. We had other ideas.

This crucial difference of aim and method between our Paris office and the American Negro interested in the movement nearly ruined the organization. The Third Pan African Congress was called for 1923, but the Paris secretary postponed it. We perserved (3) and finally without proper notice or preparation met in London and Lisbon, late in the year. The London session was small and addressed by Harold Laski and Lord Olivier and attended by H. G. Wells; Ramsey MaDonald was kept from attending only by the pending election, but wrote "Anything I can do to advance the cause of your people on your recommendation, I shall always do gladly."

The meeting of the Congress in Lisbon was more successful. Eleven countries were represented there and especially Portuguese Africa. The Liga Africana was in charge, ~~and was thus described~~. "The great association of Portuguese Negroes with headquarters at Lisbon which is called the Liga Africana is an actual federation of all the indigenous associations scattered throughout the five provinces of Portuguese Africa and representing several million individuals. . . . This Liga Africana which functions at Lisbon in the very heart of Portugal so to speak, has a commission from all the other native organizations and knows how to express to the government in no ambiguous terms but in a highly dignified manner all that should be said to avoid injustice or to bring about the repeal of harsh laws. That is why the Liga Africana of Lisbon is the director of the Portuguese African movement; but not only in the good sense of the word without making any appeal to violence and without leaving constitutional limits."

48-5-28

Two former colonial ministers spoke and the following demands were made for Africans:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. The right of access to the land and its resources.
3. Trial by juries of their peers under established forms of law.
4. Free elementary education for all; broad training in modern industrial technique; and higher training of selected talent.
5. The development of Africa for the benefit of Africans, and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
6. The abolition of the slave trade and of the liquor traffic.
7. World disarmament and the abolition of war; but failing this, and as long as white folk bear arms against black folk, the right of blacks to bear arms in their own defense.
8. The organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main objects of capital and labour the welfare of the many, rather than the enriching of the few. . . .

"In fine, we ask in all the world, that black folk be treated as men. We can see no other road to Peace and Progress. What more paradoxical figure today fronts the world than the official head of a great South African state striving blindly to build Peace and Good Will in Europe by standing on the necks and hearts of millions of black Africans."

From that Lisbon meeting I went to Africa for the first time, to see the land whose history and development I had so long been studying. I held from President Coolidge of the United States status as Special Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to represent him at the second inaugural of President King.

So far, the Pan African idea was still American rather than African, but it was growing and it expressed a real demand for examination of the African situation and a plan of treatment, from the native African point of view. With the object of moving the center of this agitation nearer other African centers of population I planned a Fourth Pan African Congress in the West Indies in 1925. My idea was to charter a ship and sail down the Caribbean, stopping for meetings in Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba and the French islands. But here I reckoned without my steamship lines. At first the French Line replied that they could "easily manage the trip" but eventually no accomodations could be found on any line except at the prohibitive price of fifty thousand dollars. I suspect that colonial powers spiked this plan.

Two years later in 1927, American Negro women started again and a Fourth Pan African Congress was held in New York in 1927. Thirteen countries were represented but direct African participation lagged. There were two hundred and eight delegates from twenty-two American states and ten foreign countries. Africa was sparsely represented by

representatives from the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Liberia and Nigeria. Chief Amoah III of the Gold Coast spoke; Herskovits then of Columbia, Mensching of Germany and John Vandercook were on the program. The resolutions stressed six points: "Negroes everywhere need:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. Native rights to the land and its natural resources.
3. Modern education for all children.
4. The development of Africa for the Africans and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
5. The re-organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main object of capital and labour the welfare of the many rather than the enriching of the few.
6. The treatment of civilized men as civilized despite differences of birth, race or color.

The Pan African Movement had been losing ground since 1921. In 1929 to remedy this we made desperate effort to hold the Fifth Pan African Congress on the continent of Africa itself; we selected Tunis because of its accessibility. Elaborate preparations were begun. It looked as though at last the movement was going to be geographically African. But two insuperable difficulties intervened: first, the French Government very politely but firmly informed us that the Congress could take place at Marseilles or any French city, but not in Africa; and finally there came the Great Depression.

The Pan African idea died apparently until twenty years afterward in the midst of the second World War when it leaped to life again in an astonishing manner. At the Trade Union Conference in London the winter of 1944 there were black labor representatives from the Gold Coast, Libya, British Guinea, Ethiopia and Sierra Leone. Among these, aided by colored persons, resident in London, Lancashire, Liverpool there came a spontaneous call for the assembling of another Pan African Congress in 1945 when the International Trade Union had their meeting in Paris.

48-5-40

After consultation and correspondence a Pan African Federation was organized.

"On August eleventh and twelfth there was convened at Manchester, the headquarters of the Pan African Federation, a delegate conference representing all of the organizations which have been invited to participate in the forthcoming Conference. At that ad hoc meeting a review of the preparatory work was made. From the reports it was revealed that the position was as follows.

"A number of replies had been received from Labour, Trade Union, Co-operative, and other progressive organisations in the West Indies, West Africa, South and East Africa, in acknowledgment of the formal invitation to attend the Conference. Most of these bodies not only approved and endorsed the agenda, making minor modifications and suggestions here and there, but pledged themselves to send delegates. In cases where either the time is too short or the difficulties of transport at the present time too great to be overcome at such short notice, the organisations will give mandates to the natives of the teritories concerned who are travelling to Paris to attend the World Trade Union Conference. Where territories will not be sending delegates to the Trade Union Conference, organisations will mandate individuals already in Great Britain to represent them.

"In this way we are assured of the widest representation, either through people travelling directly from the Colonial areas to Britain, or individuals from those territories who are already in the British Isles. Apart from these overseas delegates, more than fourteen organisations of Africans and peoples of African descent in Great Britain and Ireland will participate in the Conference."

There is no organization in the British colonial empire which has not been invited. The philosophy back of this meeting has been expressed by the West African Students Association of London in a recent letter to me:

"The idea of a Congress of African nations and all peoples of African descent throughout the world is both useful and timely. Perhaps it is even long over due. But we observe that four of such Pan African Congresses had been help in the past, all within recent memory, and that the one at present under discussion will be the fifth. It is unfortunate that all these important conferences should have been held outside Africa but in European capitals. This point is significant and should deserve our careful attention. . . .

"Our Executive Committee are certainly not in favour of this or any future Pan African Congress being held anywhere in Europe. We do rather suggest the Republic of Liberia as perhaps an ideal choice. All considerations seem to make that country the most favourable place for our Fifth Pan African Congress. And, especially, at a time like this when Liberia is planning to celebrate the centenary of the founding of the Republic two years hence, the holding of our Congress there seems most desirable. We have good reason to believe that the Government of Liberia would welcome this idea and would give us the encouragement and diplomatic assistance that might be necessary to ensure success."

The convening committee agrees "After reviewing the situation we do feel like you that our Conference should be merely a preliminary one to a greater, more representative Congress to be held some time next year, especially as a new Government has come into being in Britain since we started planning the forthcoming Conference." But ~~have~~ they decided to call a congress this year in London "Since it is now officially announced that the World Trade Union Conference will begin on September twenty-fifth and close on October ninth, we are planning to convene the Pan African Congress on October fifteenth. It should last a week. This will enable the Colonial delegates to get from France to England between the ninth and fifteenth of October. It will also enable us to hold some informal meetings and finish off our plans."

Difficulties of transportation and passport restrictions may make attendance at this congress limited. At the same time there is real hope here, that out of Africa itself, and especially out of its laboring masses, has come a distinct idea of unity in ideal and cooperation in action which will lead to a real Pan African movement.

Singularly enough, there is another "Pan African" movement. I thought of it as I sat recently in San Francisco and heard Jan Smuts plead for an article on "human rights"

in the preamble f the Charter of the United Nations. It was an astonishing paradox. The Pan African movement which he represents is a union of the white rulers of Kenya, Rhodesia and Union of South Africa, to rule the African continent in the interests of its white investors and exploiters. This plan has been incubating since 1921, but has been discouraged by the British Colonial Office. Smuts is now pushing it again and the white legislatures in Africa have asked it. The San Francisco trusteeship left a door open for this sort of thing. Against this upsurges the movement of black union delegates working in cooperation with the labor delegates of Russia, Great Britain and the United States in order to build a new world which includes black Africa. We may yet live to see Pan Africa as a real movement.

W E B Du Bois

48-52-12

[1946]

PAN AFRICA

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

The idea of one Africa uniting the thought and ideals of all native peoples of the dark continent belongs to the twentieth century, and stems naturally from the West Indies and the United States. Here various groups of Africans, quite separate in origin, became so united in experience and so exposed to the impact of a new culture, that they began to think of Africa as one idea and one land. Thus late in the eighteenth century when a separate Negro Church was formed in Philadelphia it called itself the "African"; and there were various "African" societies in many parts of the United States.

It was not, however, until 1900 that a black West Indian barrister, practicing in London, called together a "Pan-African" Conference. This meeting attracted attention, put the word "Pan African" in the dictionaries for the first time and had some thirty delegates mainly from England and the West Indies with a few colored Americans. The Conference was welcomed by the Lord Bishop of London and a promise was obtained from Queen Victoria through Joseph Chamberlain not to "overlook the interests and welfare of the native races".

This meeting had no deep roots in Africa itself, and the movement and the idea died for a generation. Then came the First World War and among American Negroes at its close there was determined agitation for the rights of Negroes throughout the world, and particularly in Africa. Meetings were held, a petition was sent to President Wilson, and finally by indirection I secured passage on the Creel press boat, the "Orizaba", and landed in France in December, 1918.

I went with the idea of calling a Pan African Congress and trying to impress upon the members of the Peace Congress sitting at Versailles, the importance of Africa in the future world. I was without credentials or influence, but the idea took hold.

I tried to get a conference with Wilson but I only got as far as Colonel House who was sympathetic but non-committal. The Chicago Tribune said January 19, 1919

in a dispatch from Paris dated December 30, 1918 -

An Ethiopian Utopia, to be fashioned out of the German colonies, is the latest dream of leaders of the Negro race who are here at the invitation of the United States government as part of the extensive entourage of the American peace delegation. Robert R. Mothon, successor of the late Booker Washington as head of Tuskegee Institute, and Dr. William E. B. Du Bois, editor of the Crisis, are promoting a Pan African conference to be held here during the winter while the peace conference is on full blast. It is to embrace Negro leaders from America, Abyssinia, Liberia, Haiti, and the French and British colonies and other parts of the black world. Its object is to get out of the peace conference an effort to modernize the dark continent and in the world reconstruction to provide international machinery looking towards the civilization of the African natives.

The Negro leaders are not agreed upon any definite plan, but Dr. Du Bois has mapped out a scheme which he has presented in the form of a memorandum to President Wilson. It is quite Utopian, and it has less than a Chinaman's chance of getting anywhere in the peace conference, but it is nevertheless interesting. As "self-determination" is one of the words to conjure with in Paris nowadays, the Negro leaders are seeking to have it applied, if possible, in a measure to their race in Africa.

Dr. Du Bois sets forth that while the principle of self-determination cannot be applied to uncivilized peoples, yet the educated blacks should have some voice in the disposition of the German colonies. He maintains that in settling what is to be done with the German colonies the peace conference might consider the wishes of the intelligent Negroes in the colonies themselves, the Negroes of the United States and of South America and the West Indies, the Negro governments of Abyssinia, Liberia and Haiti, the educated Negroes in French West Africa and Equatorial Africa, and in British Uganda, Nigeria, Basutoland, Swaziland, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Gambia, ~~and~~ Bechuanaland and in the Union of Africa.

Dr. Du Bois' dream is that the peace conference could form an inter-nationlized Africa, to have as its basis the former German colonies, with their 1,000,000 square miles and 12,500,000 population.

"To this", his plan reads, "could be added by negotiation the 800,000 square miles and 9,000,000 inhabitants of Portuguese Africa. It is not impossible that Belgium could be persuaded to add to such a state the 900,000 square miles and 9,000,000 natives of the Congo, making an international Africa with over 2,500,000 square miles of land and over 20,000,000 people.

"This Africa for the Africans could be under the guidance of an international organization. The governing international commission should represent not simply governments, but modern culture, science, commerce, social reform, and religious philanthropy. It must represent not simply the white world, but the divilized Negro world.

"With these two principles the practical policies to be followed out in the government of the new states should involve a thorough and complete system of modern education, built upon the present government, religion, and customary law of the natives. The real effort to modernize Africa should be through schools rather than churches. Within ten years 20,000,000 black children ought to be in school. Within a generation Young Africa should know the essential outlines of modern culture. From the beginning the actual general government should use both colored and white officials.

"We can, if we will, inaugurate on thedark continent a last great crusade for humanity. With Africa redeemed, Asia would be safe and Europe indeed triumphant."

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The Dispatch, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1919 said "Officials here are puzzled by the news from Paris that plans are going forward there for a Pan African Conference to be held February 19. Acting Secretary Polk said today the State Department had been officially advised by the French Government that no such conference would be held. It was announced recently that no passports would be issued for American delegates desiring to attend the meeting." But at the very time that Polk was assuring American Negroes that no Congress would be held, the Congress actually assembled in Paris.

This Congress represented Africa partially. Of the fifty-seven delegates from fifteen countries nine were African countries with twelve delegates. The other delegates came from the United States who sent sixteen and the West Indies with twenty-one. Most of these delegates did not come to France for this meeting but happened to be residing there mainly for reasons connected with the war. America and all the colonial powers refused to issue special visas.

The Congress influenced the Peace Conference. The New York Evening Globe, February 22, 1919 described it as "the first assembly of the kind in history, and has for its object the drafting of an appeal to the peace conference to give the Negro race of Africa a chance to develop unhindered by other races. Seated at long green

tables in the council room today, were Negroes in the trim uniform of American Army officers, other American colored men in frock coats or business suits, polished French Negroes who hold public office, Senegalese, Liberians, and men from British Africa. Blaise Diagne, the chairman is a Senegalese who sits in the French Chamber of Deputies. . .

The Congress specifically asked that the German colonies be turned over to an international organization instead of being handed to the various colonial powers. Out of this idea came the Mandates Commission. The resolutions of the Congress said in part

A. That the allied and associated Powers establish a code of laws for the international protection of the natives of Africa, similar to the proposed international code for Labor.
B. That the League of Nations establish a permanent Bureau charged with the special duty of overseeing the application of these laws to the political, social and economic welfare of the natives.
C. The Negroes of the world demand that hereafter the natives of Africa and the Peoples of African descent be governed according to the following principles.
   1. The land: the land and its natural resources shall be held in trust for the natives and at all times they shall have effective ownership of as much land as they can profitably develop.
   2. Capital: the investment of capital and granting of concessions shall be so regulated as to prevent the exploitation of the natives and the exhaustion of the natural wealth of the country. Concessions shall always be limited in time and subject to State control. The growing social needs of the natives must be regarded and the profits taxed for the social and material benefit of the natives.
   3. Labor: slavery and corporal punishment shall be abolished and forced labor except in punishment for crime; and the general conditions of labor shall be prescribed and regulated by the State.

   4. Education: it shall be the right of every native child to learn to read and write his own language, and the language of the trustee nation, at public expense, and to be given technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical instruction in some branch of industry. The State shall also educate as large a number of natives as possible in higher technical and cultural training and maintain a corps of native teachers. . . .
   6. The State: the natives of Africa must have the right to participate in the government as fast as their development permits in conformity with the principle that the government exists for the natives, and not the natives for the government. They shall at once be allowed to participate in local and tribal government according to ancient usage, and this participation shall gradually extend, as education and experience proceeds, to the higher offices of State, to the end that, in time, Africa be ruled by consent of the Africans. . . . Whenever it is proven that African natives are not receiving just treatment at the hands of any State or that any State deliberately excludes its civilized citizens or subjects of Negro descent from its body politic and cultural, it shall be the duty of the League of Nations to bring the matter to the attention of the civilized World.

418-5-20

The New York Herald, Paris, February 24, 1919 said "There is nothing unreasonable in the program drafted at the Pan African Congress which was held in Paris last week. It calls upon the Allied and Associated Powers to draw up an international code of law for the protection of the nations of Africa, and to create, as a section of the League of Nations, a permanent bureau to ensure observance of such laws and thus further the racial, political and economic interests of the natives."

The idea of Pan Africa having been thus established we attempted to build a real organization. We went to work first to assemble a more authentic Pan African Congress and movement. We corresponded with Negroes in all parts of Africa and in other parts of the world and finally arranged for a congress to meet in London, Brussels and Paris in

August and September, 1921. Of the one hundred and thirteen delegates to this Congress Forty-one were from Africa, thirty-five from the United States, twenty-four represented Negroes living in Europe and seven were from the West Indies. Thus the African element showed growth. They came for he most part but not in all cases as individuals and more seldom as the representatives of organizations, or of groups.

The Pan African Movement thus began to represent a growth and development; but it immediately ran into difficulties. First of all, there was the natural reaction of war and the determination on thepart of certain elements in England, Belgium and elsewhere, to recoup their war losses by intensified exploitation of colonies. They were suspicious of native movements of any sort. Then, too, there came simultaneously another movement stemming from the West Indies which accounted for our small West Indian representation. This was a peoples' movement, rather than a movement of the intellectuals. It was led by Marcus Garvey and it represented a poorly conceived but intensely earnest determination to unite the Negroes of the world, more especially in commercial enterprise. It used all of the nationalist and racial paraphernalia of popular agitation and its strength lay in its backing by the masses of West Indians and by increasing numbers of American Negroes. Its weakness lay in its demagogic leadership, its intemperate propaganda and the natural fear which it threw into the colonial powers.

48-5-21

The London meetings of the Congress were held in Central Hall opposite Westminster Abbey, August 28 and 29, 1921. They were preceded by conference with the International Department of the English Labor Party, where the question of the relation of white and colored labor was discussed. Beatrice Webb, Leonard Woolf, Mr. Gillies, Norman Leyds and others were present.

Otlet and La Fontaine, the Belgian leaders of internationalism, welcomed the meeting warmly to Belgium but strong opposition arose. The movement was immediately confounded by the press and others as a part of, if not thereal "Garvey Movement"

Paul Otlet, once called Father of the League of Nations, wrote me in April, 1921: "I am very happy to learn your decision. We can put at your disposal the Palais Mondial for your Pan African conference August 31 and September 1 and 2."

The Brussells Neptune wrote June 14 "Announcement has been made . . . of a Pan African Congress organized at the instigation of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People of New York. It is interesting to note that this association is directed by personages who it is said in the United States have received remuneration from Moscow (Bolsheviki). The association has already organized its propaganda in the lower Congo and we must not be astonished if some day it causes grave difficulties in the Negro village of Kinshasa composed of all the ne'er do wells of the various tribes of the Colony aside from some hundreds of laborers.

Nevertheless, meetings of interest and enthusiasm were held. The Crisis reported

The Congress itself was held in the marvelous Palais Mondial, the World Palace situated in the Conquantenaire Park. We could not have asked for a better setting. But there was a difference. In the first place, there were many more white than colored people - there are not many of us in Brussells - and it was not long before we realized that their interest was deeper, more immediately significant than that of the white pepple we had found elsewhere. Many of Belgium's economic and material interests center in Africa in the Belgian Congo. Any interference with the natives might result in an interference with the sources from which so many Belgian capitalists drew their prosperity.

Resolutions which were passed without dissent at the meeting in London contained a statement concerning Belgium, criticizing her colonial regime although giving her credit for plans of reform for the future. This aroused bitter opposition in Brussells and an attempt was made to substitute an innocuous statement concerning good will and investigation which Diagne declared adopted in the face of a clear majority in opposition.

At the Paris meating the original London resolutions, with some minor corrections, were adopted. They were in part:

To the World: The absolute equality of races physical, political and social is the founding stone of world and human advancement. No one denies great differences of gift, capacity and attainment among individuals of all races, but the voice of Science, Religion and practical Politics is one in denying the God-appointed existence of super-races, or of races naturally and inevitably and eternally inferior.

That in the vast range of time, one group should in its industrial technique, or social organization, or spiritual vision, lag a few hundred years behind another, or forge fitfully ahead, or come to differ decidedly in thought, deed and ideal, is proof of the essential richness and variety of human nature, rather than proof of the co-existence of demi-gods and apes in human form. The doctrine of racial equality does not interfere with individual liberty rather it fulfils it. And of all the various criteria of which masses of men have in the past been prejudged and classified that of the color of the skin and texture of the hair, is surely the most adventitious and idiotic. . . .

The beginning of wisdom in inter-racial contact is the establishment of political institutions among suppressed peoples. The habit of democracy must be made to

encircle the earth. Despite the attempts to prove that its practice is the secret and divine gift of the few, no habit is more natural or more widely spread among primitive people, or more easily capable of development among masses. Local self-government with a minimum of help and oversight can be established tomorrow in Asia, in Africa, America and the Isles of the sea. It will in many instances need general control and guidance but it will fail only when that guidance seeks ignorantly and consciously its own selfish ends and not the people's liberty and good.

Surely in the twentieth century of the Prince of Peace, in the millenium of Mohammed, and in the mightiest Age of Human Reason, there can be found in the civilized world enough of altruism, learning and benevolence to develop native institutions, whose one aim is not profit and power of the few. . . .

What then do those demand who see these evils of the color line and racial discrimination and who believe in the divine right of suppressed and backward peoples to learn and aspire and be free? The Negro race through their thinking intelligentsia:

I. The Recognition of civilized men as civilized despite their race or color.

II. Local self government, for backward groups, deliberately rising as experience and knowledge grow to complete self government under the limitation of a self-governed world.

III. Education in self-knowledge, in scientific truth, and in industrial technique, undivorced from the art of beauty.

IV. Freedom in their own religion and social customs and with the right to be different and non-conformist.

V. Cooperation with the rest of the world in government, industry and art on the bases of Justice, Freedom and Peace.

VI. The return to Negroes of their land and its natural fruits and defense against the unrestrained greed of invested capital.

VII. The establishment under the League of Nations of an international institution for study of the Negro problems.

VIII. The establishment of an international section of the Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, charged with the protection of native labor. . . .

In some such words and thoughts as these we seek to express our will and ideal, and the end of our untiring effort. To our aid, we ca l all men of the earth who love justice and mercy. Out of the depths we have cried unto the deaf and dumb masters of the world. Out of the depths we cry to our own sleeping souls. The answer is written in the stars.

48-6-23

The whole press of Europe took notice of these meetings and more especially of the ideas behind the meeting. Gradually they began to distinguish between the Pan African Movement and the Garvey agitation. They praised and criticised. Sir Harry Johnston wrote "This is the WEAKNESS of all the otherwise grand efforts of the Coloured People in the United States to pass on their own elevation and education and political significance to the Coloured Peoples of Africa: they know so LITTLE ABOUT REAL Africa."

Even Punch took a good natured jibe (September 7, 1921) "A PAN AFRICAN MANIFESTO" NO ETERNALLY INFERIOR RACES" (headlines in The Times) No, but in the opinion of our coloured brothers, some infernally superior ones!"

The Second Pan African Congress had sent me with a committee to interview the officials of the League of Nations in Geneva. I talked with Rappard who headed the Mandates Commission; I saw the first meeting of the Assembly, and especially I had an interesting interview with Albert Thomas, head of the ILO. Working with Monsieur Bellegarde of Haiti, a member of the Assembly, we brought the status of Africa to the attention of the League. The League published our petition as an official document saying in part:

48-5-24

The Second Pan African Congress wishes to suggest that the spirit of the world moves toward self-government as the ultimate aim of all men and nations and that consequently the mandated areas, being peopled as they are so largely by clack folk, have a right to ask that a man of Negro descent, properly fitted in character and training, be appointed a member of the Mandates Commission so soon as a vacancy occurs.

The Second Pan African Congress desires most earnestly and emphatically to ask the good offices and careful attention of the League of Nations to the condition of civilized persons of Negro descent rhroughout the world. Consciously and subconsciously there is in the world today a widespread and growing feeling that it is permissible to treat civilized men as uncivilized if they are coloured and more especially of Negro descent. The result of this attitude and many consequent laws, customs and conventions, is that a bitter feeling of resentment, personal insult and despair, is widespread in the world among those very persons whose rise is the hope of the Negro race.

We are fully aware that the League of Nations has little, if any, direct power to adjust these matters, but it has the vast moral power of public world opinion and as a body conceived to promote Peace and Justice among men. For this reason we ask and urge that the League of Nations take a firm stand on the absolute equality of races and that it suggest to the Colonial Powers connected with the League of National to form an International Institute for the study of the Negro problem, and for the evolution and protection of the Negro race.

Later Bellegarde revealed to the world the disgrace of the bombing of the African Bondelschwarts and in retaliation was recalled by the American forces then in power in Haiti.

We sought to have these meetings result in a permanent organization. A secretariat was set up in Paris and functioned for a couple of years, but it was not successful. Just as the Garvey movement made its thesis industrial cooperation, so the new young secretary of the Pan African movement, a Colored Paris public school teacher, wanted to combine investment and profit with the idea of Pan-Africa. He wanted American Negro capital for this end. We had other ideas.

This crucial difference of aim and method between our Paris office and the American Negro interested in the movement nearly ruined the organization. The Third Pan African Congress was called for 1923, but the Paris secretary postponed it. We perserved and finally without proper notice or preparation met in London and Lisbon, late in the year. The London session was small and addressed by Harold Laski and Lord Olivier and attended by H. G. Wells; Ramsey MaDonald was kep from attending only by the pending election, but wrote "Anything I can do to advance the cause of your people on your recommendation, I shall always do gladly."

The meeting of the Congress in Lisbon was more successful. Eleven countries were represented there and especially Portuguese Africa. The Liga Africana was in charge, ~~and was thus described~~: "The great association of Portuguese Negroes with headquarters at Lisbon which is called the Liga Africana is an actual federation of all the indigenous associations scattered throughout the five provinces of Portuguese Africa and representing several million individuals. . . . This Liga Africana which functions at Lisbon in the very heart of Portugal so to speak, has a commission from all the other native organizations and knows how to express to the government in no ambiguous terms but in a highly dignified manner all that should be said to avoid injustice or to bring about the repeal of harsh laws. That is why the Liga Africana of Lisbon is the director of the Portuguese African movement; but not only in the good sense of the word without making any appeal to violence and without leaving constitutional limits."

Two former colonial ministers spoke and the following demands were made for Africans:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. The right of access to the land and its resources.
3. Trial by juries of their peers under established forms of law.
4. Free elementary education for all; broad training in modern industrial technique; and higher training of selected talent.
5. The development of Africa for the benefit of Africans, and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
6. The abolition of the slave trade and of the liquor traffic.
7. World disarmament and the abolition of war; but failing this, and as long as white folk bear arms against black folk, the right of blacks to bear arms in their own defense.
8. The organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main objects of capital and labour the welfare of the many, rather than the enriching of the few. . . .

"In fine, we ask in all the world, that black folk be treated as men. We can see no other road to Peace and Progress. What more paradoxical figure today fronts the world than the official head of a great South African state striving blindly to build Peace and Good Will in Europe by standing on the necks and hearts of millions of black Africans."

From that Lisbon meeting I went to Africa for the first time, to see the land whose history and development I had so long been studying. I held from President Coolidge of the United States status as Special Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to represent him at the second inauguration of President King.

So far, the Pan African idea was still American rather than African, but it was growing and it expressed a real demand for examination of the African situation and a plan of treatment, from the native African point of view. With the object of moving the center of this agitation nearer African centers of population I planned a Fourth Pan African Congress in the West Indies in 1925. My idea was to charter a ship and sail down the Caribbean, stopping for meetings in Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba and the French islands. But here I reckoned without my steamship lines. At first the French Line replied that they could "easily manage the trip" but eventually no accomodations could be found on any line except at the prohibitive price of fifty thousand dollars. I suspect that colonial powers spiked this plan.

Two years later in 1927, American Negro women started again and a Fourth Pan African Congress was held in New York in 1927. Thirteen countries were represented but direct African participation lagged. There were two hundred and eight delegates from twenty-two American states and ten foreign countries. Africa was sparsely represented by

representatives from the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Liberia and Nigeria. Chief Amoah III of the Gold Coast spoke; Herskovits then of Columbia, Mensching of Germany and John Vandercook. The resolutions stressed six points: "Negroes everywhere need:

1. A voice in their own government.
2. Native rights to the land and its natural resources.
3. Modern education for all children.
4. The development of Africa for the Africans and not merely for the profit of Europeans.
5. The re-organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main object of capital and labour the welfare of the many rather than the enriching of the few.
6. The treatment of civilized men as civilized despite differences of birth, race or color.

The Pan African Movement had been losing ground since 1921. In 1929 to remedy this we made desperate effort to hold the Fifth Pan African Congress on the continent of Africa itself; we selected Tunis because of its accessibility. Elaborate preparations were begun. It looked as though at last the movement was going to be geographically African. But two insuperable difficulties intervened: first, the French Government very politely but firmly informed us that the Congress could take place at Marseilles or any French city, but not in Africa; and finally there came the Great Depression.

The Pan African idea died apparently until twenty years afterward in the midst of the second World War when it leaped to life again in an astonishing manner. At the Trade Union Conference in London the winter of 1944 there were black labor representatives from the Gold Coast, Libya, British Guinea, Ethiopia and Sierra Leone. Among these, aided by colored persons, resident in London, Lancashire, Liverpool, there came a spontaneous call for the assembling of another Pan African Congress in 1945 when the International Trade Union had their meeting in Paris.

48-5-27

After consultation and correspondence a Pan African Federation was organized.

"On August eleventh and twelfth there was convened at Manchester, the headquarters of the Pan African Federation, a delegate conference representing all of the organisations which have been invited to participate in the forthcoming Conference. At that ad hoc meeting a review of the preparatory work was made. From the reports it was revealed that the position was as follows.

"A number of replies had been received from Labour, Trade Union, Co-operative, and other progressibe organisations in the West Indies, West Africa, South and East Africa, in acknowledgment of the formal invitation to attend the Conference. Most of these bodies not only approved and endorsed the agenda, making minor modifications and suggestions here and there, but pledged themselves to send delegates. In cases where either the time is too short or the difficulties of transport at the present time too great to be overcome at such short notice, the organisations will give mandates to the natives of the teritories concerned who are travelling to Paris to attend the World Trade Union Conference. Where territories will not be sending delegates to the Trade Union Conference, organisations will mandate individuals already in Great Britain to represent them.

"In this way we are assured of the widest representation, either through people travelling directly from the Colonial areas to Britain, or individuals from those territories who are already in the British Isles. Apart from these overseas delegates, more than fourteen organisations of Africans and peoples of African descent in Great Britain and Ireland will participate in the Conference."

There is no organization in the British colonial empire which has not been invited. The philosophy back of this meeting has been expressed by the West African Students Association of London in a recent letter to me:

The idea of a Congress of African nations and all peoples of African descent throughout the world is both useful and timely. Perhaps it is even long over due. But we observe that four of such Pan African Congresses had been help in the past, all within recent memory, and that the one at present under discussion will be the fifth. It is unfortunate that all these important conferences should have been held outside Africa but in European capitals. This point is significant and should deserve our careful attention. . . .

"Our Executive Committee are certainly not in favour of this or any future Pan African Congress being held anywhere in Europe. We do rather suggest the Republic of Liberia as perhaps an ideal choice. All considerations seem to make that country the most favourable place for our Fifth Pan African Congress. And, especially, at a time like this when Liberia is planning to celebrate the centenary of the founding of the Republic two years hence, the holding of our Congress there seems most desirable. We have good reason to believe that the Government of Liberia would welcome this idea and would give us the encouragement and diplomatic assistance that might be necessary to ensure success."

The convening committee agrees "After reviewing the situation we do feel like you that our Conference should be merely a preliminary one to a greater, more representative Congress to be held some time next year, especially as a new Government has come into being in Britain since we started planning the forthcoming Conference." But ~~they~~ they decided to call a congress this year in London "Since it is now officially announced that the World Trade Union Conference will begin on September twenty-fifth and close on October ninth, we are planning to convene the Pan African Congress on October fifteenth. It should last a week. This will enable the Colonial delegates to get from France to England between the ninth and fifteenth of October. It will also enable us to hold some informal meetings and finish off our plans."

Difficulties of transportation and passport restrictions may make attendance at this congress limited. At the same time there is real hope here, that out of Africa itself, and especially out of its laboring masses, has come a distinct idea of unity in ideal and cooperation in action which will lead to a real Pan African movement.

Singularly enough, there is another "Pan African" movement. I thought of it as I sat recently in San Francisco and heard Jan Smuts plead for an article on "human rights"

48-5-28

in the preamble of the Charter of the United Nations. It was an astonishing paradox. The Pan African movement which he represents is a union of the white rulers of Kenya, Rhodesia and Union of South Africa, to rule the African continent in the interests of its white investors and exploiters. This plan has been incubating since 1921, but has been discouraged by the British Colonial Office. Smuts is now pushing it again and the white legislatures in Africa have asked it. The San Francisco trusteeship left a door open for this sort of thing. Against this upsurges the movement of black union delegates working in cooperation with the labor delegates of Russia, Great Britain and the United States in order to build a new world which includes black Africa. We may yet live to see Pan Africa as a real movement.

48-5-29

"The Black Man and Albert Schweitzer"
in The Albert Schweitzer
Jubilee Book, A. A. Roback, ed.,
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pp. 119-127.

Published in
"The Albert Schweitzer Jubilee Book"
Sci-Art Publishers, Cambridge Mass, 1945

Robeson

THE BLACK MAN AND ALBERT SCHWEITZER

36-6-36

The attitude of Negroes toward missionaries today is tinged with bitterness. They know well that back of the aggression which we call the African slave trade and colonial imperialism with its results in ignorance, degradation and disease, all too often lay missionary enterprise which paved the way for the merchant, the corporation and armed Europe. With a religion that preached love and sacrifice, came a missionary who advocated work and loyalty with the one hand, and with the other hand opened the door to compulsory labor, over-taxation, the disruption of the family and the tribe, and the rape of the land and its people.

On the other hand, there are the men whom all black Africans revere like Mungo Park, David Livingstone and Albert Schweitzer. Whatever the result of European invasion of Africa was there can be no doubt of the personal sincerity of certain missionaries and of their utter sacrifice to great ideals. Here we have the contradiction which is the history of modern Africa, and which must be explained in order to interpret the past and condition the future.

Albert Schweitzer was a missionary and a scientist. He believed in the Christian Church but not blindly in the Christian dogma. But more than that he was acquainted with the human body. He knew how to heal disease and he was a member of the "Fellowship of Pain". As with all true missionaries, there was in him a certain naive simplicity which saw in his pilgrimage an opportunity for him and his wife to journey to the heart of the dark continent in order to heal the victims of sleeping sickness and malaria, of leprosy and heart disease -- a firm and forward step toward the millenium.

Schweitzer was trained in that contradictory 19th century. As student and professional man he knew little about industry and politics. He was largely, although not entirely, an economic illiterate. He studied music at home and in

Paris and Theology and Philosophy in Strassburg University. During a year in the Army he read the Greek Testament. Intellectually he was interested in the historical Jesus and his dissertation for the doctorate was on the Religious Philosophy of Kant. Intellectually he studied medicine in order to become a medical missionary. This plan, as he writes "had been in my mind for a long time having been conceived in my student days. It struck me as incomprehensible that I should be allowed to lead such a happy life while I saw so many people around me wrestling with care and suffering. I worked among destitute children, tramps, discharged prisoners, poor families. This work made it clear to me those groups of people could only be effectively helped by a number of individuals who would devote themselves to them, such as organizations. I wanted an absolutely personal and independent activity. In 1904 I became interested in the Paris Missionary Society through an article in their publication on 'The Needs of the Congo Mission'. The article hoped that readers might know workers who would help carry on the work at Gaboon."

Schweitzer spent 8 years in Africa before and after the first World War. What he did not see or fully realize was the vast inhuman drama of blood and tears that had been played on the continent where he founded the Lambarene Mission. It lay in the French Congo, North of the mightier Congo, on the Ogowe. Here in the Great Bend of the Gulf of Guinea, in the hot and humid bulge of Central Africa, this man comes, with his little band to establish with mites of money raised by passing the hat, a little hospital which in time would cure the diseases of Africa and fight the mosquito and tsetse fly.

But what Albert Schweitzer did not know and could not easily conceive was the vast drama that had been played back of this community for many thousand years, and of which he and the natives were heirs. He met the mere remains of

36-6-37

8 once powerful tribes now thinned by 300 years of alcohol and the slave trade. He saw the remains of the swarms of cannibal bands who like locusts fell upon these tribes, reaching out of the black interior. He knew something of Gaboon since its discovery by the Portugese at the end of the 15th century, and since that time the French had their missions there. But this was only part of the story.

36-6-38

Here in the bend of the Gulf of Guinea had been played a tragedy reaching down from the Egyptian Mediterranean and Red Sea, ending with the Cape of anything but Good Hope, and centering in a sense here in the Gulf of Guinea. All that happened we do not know and may never fully comprehend but we knew of those beginnings of black men about the Great Lakes, of the way in which their civilization flourished in the eastern Sudan and beat upon the gates of Egypt until 700 years before Christ they were rulers of the Nile Valley and among the greatest nations of the world. We know how further west in the great bulge of the African continent, far separated from Egypt and the East, there arose an extraordinary civilization on the Atlantic Coast which was felt in Europe and influenced Asia.

Out of Asia came the Mohammedan religion in the hands of moving armies, rushing into Europe on the one hand, into black Africa on the other. In the whirling of men and ideas there arose in the Sudan a black imperialism which drove tribes south to the Gulf of Guinea and southeast to the Valley of the Congo. Here their culture flowered again until a new force appeared in the world; and that was Europe seeking the riches of India.

Out of that quest arose a slave trade, new crops from America, which reinforced that trade and made it mother of modern capitalism and developed an organised traffic in the bodies of men unequalled before or since in the history of the world. For 400 years from the middle of the 15th century down until the last half

of the 19th, the wealth of the world was based on the stealing of black men and their driven labor. It was for this that Europe invaded Africa and with the remains of this invasion the puny hands of Albert Schweitzer tried to cope.

Small wonder that after years of work he saw frustration: people reduced to poverty and ravished by disease; with a tradition of homeless wandering, which made the development of settled culture well-nigh impossible. But Schweitzer did not despair. "I have not lost courage. The misery I have seen gives me strength, and faith, in my fellowmen, supports my confidence in the future. I do hope that I shall find a sufficient number of people who, because they themselves have been saved from physical suffering, will respond to requests on behalf of those who are in similar need.....I do hope that among the doctors of the world there will soon be several besides myself who will be sent out here or there in the world by the 'Fellowship of those who bear the Mark of Pain' ".

36-6-39

The little handful of people whom he helped saw in him a vision and a promise; a white man who was interested in them as human beings; who assuaged their bitter pain, who healed their wounds. The thing which they did not understand was the relation of this man to other white men. Apparently they were brothers and acquaintances - they worked together. The merchants contributed to the little hospital. The corporations and the government, the absent far-away colonial government, helped to some extent this work of healing and rescue; and yet at bottom the pattern was crazy and wrong. The European investors were interested in the healing of disease only so far as that increased their income. The corporations had but one object and that was profit. The colonial governments looked upon these people as methods by which their home cities could become more wealthy and spectacular and their nations more powerful; and in the long run this program was carried out, no matter how much the colonies were ravaged by disease, poverty and drunkenness, as long as they remained tools for the splendor of the white civili-

sation.

But how out of this program, clear and unswerving as it was, should come an Albert Schweitzer, standing for a religion of healing, was more than the natives could understand. They simply accepted it as a fact. They faced the contradiction and let it go at that. That this man was their friend and benefactor there was no question. If more of his people were like him, not only Africa but Asia; not only far-off lands but near-by slums, might be raised to decency, efficiency and real civilization.

Why then was not missionary effort made effective, continuous and growing, instead of being the chance offshoot of desultory charity? Why was it that the real thing that represented Europe in Africa was not philanthropy, but investment? This the natives did not understand. They do not understand it today. But the most pitiful part of the paradox was that Albert Schweitzer did not wholly understand it himself. His clear mind faced such of the paradox which he saw: "Have we white people the right to impose our rule on primitive and semi-primitive peoples - my people have been gathered among such only? No, if we only want to rule over them and draw material advantage from their country. Yes, if we seriously desire to educate them and help them to attain to a condition of well-being. If there were any sort of possibility that these peoples could live really by and for themselves, we could leave them to themselves. But as things are, the world trade which has reached them is a fact against which both we and they are powerless. They have only through it lost their freedom. Their economic and social relations are shaken by it... In view of the state of things produced by world trade there can be no question with these peoples of their independence; but only whether it is bought for them then to be delivered over to the mercies, tender or otherwise, of rapacious native tyrants, or to be governed by

30-6-41

officials of European states. Out of those who were commissioned to carry out in our name the seizure of our colonial territories many were guilty of injustice, violence and cruelty as bad as those of the native chiefs, and so brought on our heads a load of guilt, is only too true. Nor of the sins committed against the natives today must anything be suppressed or white-washed.... The tragic fact is that the interests of colonies and those of civilization do not always run parallel but are often in direct opposition to each other."

He had with all this no broad grasp of what modern exploitation means, of what imperial colonialism has done to the world. If he had he probably would have tried to heal the souls of white Europe rather than the bodies of black Africa.

Since, however, he did not comprehend this, and since nothing in his surroundings brought him any such clear apprehension, he deserves every tribute that we can give him for trying to do his mite, his little pitiful mite, which in a sense was but a passing gesture, but perhaps in the long run will light that fire in Africa which will cleanse that continent and the world.

Perhaps Albert Schweitzer heard that magnificent proclamation by Henry L. Stanley when he founded the Congo Free State for Leopold of Belgium: "On the fourteenth of August, 1879, I arrived before the mouth of this river to ascend it, with the novel mission of sowing along its banks civilized settlements, to peacefully conquer and subdue it, to remold it in harmony with modern ideas into National States, within whose limits the European merchant shall go hand in hand with the dark African trader, and justice and law and order shall prevail, and murder and lawlessness and the cruel barter of slaves shall be overcome." .... "I am charged," he said, "to open and keep open, if possible, all such districts and countries as I may explore for the benefit of the commercial

world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society, which numbers noble-minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but my instructions are entirely of that spirit. No violence must be used, and wherever rejected, the mission must withdraw to seek another field."

The dream never became a reality; possibly that selfish old scoundrel whoring and carousing in Brussels never thought of the vision becoming real. Perhaps other nations were in part deceived like the United States; but there were countries like England and Germany who were not deceived. They knew that this rich domain in Africa, the possession of Belgium and the colonies of France, were being organized so as to keep the natives in chains, steal their land, get their ivory and rubber, and make untold millions of wealth by this method. Albert Schweister was neither deceived nor enlightened. He saw the pain and degradation of this bit of God's earth as something he could alleviate; for eight years he gave his life to it.

36-9-42

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF JOHN BROWN, GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Published in American People's Encyclopedia, 1945

[1945?]

W. E. B. Du Bois

BROWN, JOHN, 1800-1859, was a militant Abolitionist, born of Mayflower ancestry in Connecticut. Deeply religious, he early conceived a hatred for Negro slavery. He worked as tanner, farmer and wool merchant, but about 1845 began to give all his time to a plan to free the slaves. With his sons, he fought in Kansas, 1855-56, and then helped by Abolitionists and Negroes determined to establish refuges for armed bands of runaway slaves in the Alleghany mountains from Virginia south. In June 1859, with twenty-two followers, including his sons and seven Negroes, he seized the arsenal at Harpers Ferry and armed fifty slaves. He was captured before he escaped to the mountains. He was hanged; but his daring arcused the country. Later Northern armies marched into the South singing, "John Brown's Body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his Soul goes marching on!"

(142 words)

46-6-28

W. E. B. Du Bois

CARVER, GEORGE WASHINGTON, c. 1864-1943, was a frail black child abandoned by slave kidnappers in Missouri. Educated in Iowa State College, he became the creator of the new science of Chemurgy. He taught at that college and for forty-seven years at Tuskegee Institute, making special study of derivatives from the sweet potato and peanut. He created a thousand items of food, clothing and materials. He lectured widely and painted pictures in his leisure. There is a museum illustrating his work at Tuskegee. (77 words)

76-6-283

W. E. B. Du Bois

DOUGLASS, FREDERICK, c. 1816-1895, the greatest leader of Americans of Negro descent, was born a slave in Maryland, but ran away and became an orator and leader among the Abolitionists. The publication of his autobiography in 1847, compelled him to flee to England to escape re-enslavement. His freedom was bought by friends and he returned to fight slavery, enlist Negro soldiers in the Civil War and take part in Reconstruction. He served as Recorder of Deeds and Marshal in the District of Columbia, and as Minister to Haiti. (96 words)

46-6-282

W. E. B. Du Bois

WASHINGTON, BOOKER TALIAFERRO, c. 1859-1915, was born a slave in West Virginia. He became an advocate of industrial training as the best means of emancipating the freedmen. He founded and raised endowment for Tuskegee Institute, lectured widely and was long recognized as the leader of his group. Presidents of the United States and many prominent persons asked his advice on racial problems. After 1906, opposition to his attitudes arose among younger Negroes and brought some modification in his program; but until his death he remained high in favor among white Americans. His life Up from Slavery is a classic in American literature.

(98 words)

187-2-54

"Colonies and Peace"; chapter for Lawrence Dunbar Reddick, ed., A World View of the Negro Question. Unpublished.

1945.

For R. W. Children's book
7 December '45

COLONIES AND PEACE

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Last May I sat in a plenary conference of the United Nations Organization and listened to Jan Smuts make a plea for the inclusion of human rights in the United Nations Charter. It was an extraordinary and confusing paradox. Here was a man representing, to my mind, almost the last word in modern organized suppression of the rights of human beings. As Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, he spoke for two million whites who were holding eight million colored and black people in the grip of a caste system which allowed them no real voice in their own government, limited their movements, confiscated their land, and paid them a wage far below the limit of human decency. They were subject to flogging, unreasonable restrictions and imprisonment, and personal insult. Their serfdom in many cases was little removed from chattel slavery.

36-6-5

Why then was Marshal Smuts playing the great liberal, and defending the rights of humanity? It seemed to me that he must represent, consciously or instinctively, the barrage of those imperial powers, who were, on the one hand, placating the rising demand for actual democracy in politics and industry; while, on the other hand, seeking to preserve intact the colonial system.

In front of Marshal Smuts, and facing him, was the delegation of Ethiopia, representing the desperate struggle of an ancient country against absorption, first into British and then into Italian imperialism. West Africa was present, in the delegates from Liberia, which represented the one small area of partial escape from the plight of the colonial millions of the Gold Coast and Nigeria. Haiti stood for the West Indies, which colonialism, under the sugar and fruit monopoly, is still holding partially in thrall. Only the day before, Ethiopia had said a fatal word to the world conference, "If you had heeded Italian aggression upon us, the Second World War would not have taken place, and this conference would have been unnecessary."

When the United Nations Conference was planned it was evident that Great Britain and France had made up their minds that the colonial question was not to enter into consideration. I have it on high authority that the one subject on which Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt came into sharp disagreement was on this question of colonies. Roosevelt insisted that the problem ought to be face, and Churchill replied with a slur on the status of American Negroes.

In order now to placate the strong feeling in the United States and South America for Indian independence and for the demands of the other colonies; and also as a necessary recognition of the enormous suffering of the Jews during the war, some gesture towards considerations of humanity had to be made. Smuts led the move for inserting in the preamble of the charter the determination of the world "to reaffirm faith in the fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small."

But what did this mean? It was still clear that there was little disposition to face the general problems of colonial peoples. To be sure Molotov spoke for a free India and a general from the Philipines demanded Colonial freedom. It was known and emphasized by many of the consultants in San Francisco, that the competition for colonies and colonial profits was a recurrent cause of war, and that the peace charter should recognize this. But the empires were silent and firm.

In the purposes, outlined in Article 1 of Chapter 2, it was declared that one purpose of the charter was "To develop friendly relations among nations, based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples, and to take other appropriate measures to strengthen universal peace."

Did this include colonial peoples? Even if it did, it was limited and contradicted in part by the statement in Paragraph 7 of Article 2: "Nothing contained in the present charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene

in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state or shall require the members to submit such matters to settlement under the present charter." This was clearly intended to warn the world that there could be no international interference with the colonies of a nation.

The matter of colonies, however, had to be considered in part in the question of mandates. The word "trusteeship" was tactfully substituted and Chapter 12 provided for an International Trusteeship; but its provisions are inadequate and confusing. What this chapter did was to organize a trusteeship council under which certain colonies "may" be placed. The governing council will have represented upon it, in equal numbers, colonial nations already holding mandates; and other nations, so that no effective action could be taken without the consent of colonial powers. Indeed colonial powers (including those without mandates) might and probably would hold a majority on the Trusteeship Council. Of the previous mandates, none could be placed under the power of this council except with the consent of the mandatory power, which meant in Churchill's phrase "What we have, we hold." In addition to this, South Africa openly gave notice that it would demand the complete cession of former German South West Africa to the Union of South Africa as an integral part of her territory.

The only territories which might come under this Council were (1) those mandated after the first World War, and they under the same rules as were in force unless changes were assented to by the mandatory powers; (2) territories detached from enemy states in the last war; and (3) colonies "voluntarily" placed under the council by the colonial power. The object of the trusteeship thus limited was stated to be political, economic and social and educational advancement, and "development towards self-government or independence." But there was no provision for implementing these objectives, or of seeing that they were carried out through investigation or

inspection. Reports and visits were called for, but the mandatories determined the extent and content of the reports and the time of the visits.

Here it was planned to leave the whole matter of the colonies. But, at the last moment this plan miscarried. Rising world opinion was increasingly felt and the conference was delayed by a dispute which involved the question of all dependent peoples whether mandated or not. Again and again adjournment was postponed, not only by the question of veto in the Security Council, but by the question of colonies. Finally, at the last moment and after even the determined British delegation was compiled to refer the matter back to London, article seventy-three on "The Policy Regarding Non-Self-Governing Territories was adopted: "Members of the United Nations which have or assume responsibilities for the administration of territories whose peoples have not yet attained a full measure of self-government recognize the principle that the interests of the inhabitants of these territories are paramount and accept as a sacred trust the obligation to promote to the utmost, within the system of international peace and security established by the present charter, the well-being of the inhabitants of these territories, and (A) to ensure, with due respect for the culture of the peoples concerned, their political, economic, social and educational advancement, their just treatment, and their protection against abuses; (B) to develop self-government."

36-6-7

This chapter was not entirely satisfactory, but it did compel the imperial powers openly and definitely to promise to recognize the interests of the inhabitants of colonies as paramount over those of investors and civil servants; and that the people must be educated and developed towards "self-government". Here again the nations simply promised this; they offered no implementation by which a recalcitrant power could be compelled by the United Nations to keep its word.

Now what is the philosophy back of all this? The fact is that the question of colonies touches the whole economic thought and organization of our day much nearly than most people assume. To give up the colonies and the system upon which they are today administered would mean fundamental economic revolution. Colonies are centers of investment for private profit and profit on a higher scale than is possible in the mother countries. No specious argument about "average" profits and gambling losses invalidates this truth. In addition, colonies furnish highly paid positions in private and public service for tens of thousands of persons from the mother countries whose economic status tends to perpetuate caste and race discrimination in the world.

36-6-8

Let us examine our underlying philosophy of wealth, which any fundamental change in the colonial system will disrupt. There are four postulates of thinking and acting concerning work and wealth. They are so fundamental that they seem to us not so much matters of observed fact as a part of the fundamental basis of human nature.

The first is belief that by and large there is a direct relation between the income that a man receives and the service which he renders the community. We would of course easily admit that there are many exceptions to this assumption; that some men get their income by lucky chance; that some get their income by actual anti-social activities; that salaries and wages are very often disproportionate to the services rendered. Nevertheless there is today widespread belief that in general and in the long run, income corresponds to service rendered by the individual or his family or class

Our second method of thought is that while the distribution of income is essentially just, the facts concerning income are justifiably a matter of secrecy and not of public knowledge. We collect, at great expense, the facts concerning income, but for the most part it is criminal to divulge these facts and only a small part can be revealed to the public. Thus the very fact that income is a matter of secrecy increases fears and suspicions. Many calculations with some supporting figures lead students to think that the distribution of wealth and services under the present

organization of industry is not only inequitable but unjust and dangerous and one of the greatest threats to civilization and to peace and prosperity.

Attempts to remedy this situation and to throw the light of truth upon the facts of income are frustrated today by this second habit of thought; ~~and that~~ is the idea that the income of a person is a secret which is not one's business but one's own. This stems from more primitive times when it was partly true that what a man worked for and what he garnered by his work was essentially his own affair. This was never wholly true. Today, however, there is very little truth left in this assumption. Men do not work for a single definite economic object. They work together for various objects and even the most careful investigation cannot determine to just what extent each worker is responsible for the final result. Our work is social cooperation and not simply individual effort. And in all cases it is out of the current income which results from cooperative work and thought that the present workers are paid. It is, therefore, of first rate importance to democracy that those who are making the wealth today should know and determine where it goes.

30-6-9

Nothing better illustrates our confusion of thought about this matter than the difficulty of securing income for public servants. A great many people are deterred from public service because they cannot earn as much there as they can in private industry. Why is this true if their services are just as valuable? It is true because in public service the world knows, or can easily find out, what the salaried persons are paid; and when this pay is noticeably higher than what the average worker receives he resents the discrepancy; especially where the majority of voters are receiving income below the margin of decent living. Often, therefore, in public service such as in the departments in Washington the income paid to experts and special employees is kept secret, so that public criticism will not fall on the government. But if this is true what light does it throw upon the income which private industry pays? If this wage would be considered too high or too low, if known, then there is reason to know the facts.

Moreover, private income should never be a matter of secrecy because it is always the result of public cooperation. If a hundred thousand persons, owners of capital, managers, and laborers strive together for years in order to make steel ingots, then when the results of their industry are known, we ought to be able to say just what each one of the persons who shared in this cooperation received for his efforts. If in reply to this, it is alleged that democratic, political power would change the present basis of this division; would raise wages and lower salaries, then we have a reason for opposition to democracy in industry, but not a reason which we dare openly and clearly to express. We may say that such political interference with industry would ruin the industrial system but in that case would have to admit that exact knowledge of what the industrial system is doing would make the majority of men dissatisfied with it; and that is an indictment upon our industrial system which would be hard to answer.

36-6-10

The third ideal which characterizes our present mode of economic thinking is that the worker should be free and independent and that the ideal of work and wealth is to reach independence. This is the freedom cry of the eighteenth century; the great urge back of the demand of civilized man for unhampered right to live, think and express himself. But technical work for earning a living and particularly modern industrial organization curtails individual freedom; partly by natural laws like gravitation; partly by such intricate technique as that involved in mass production of automobiles. Complete economic independence is therefore today impossible. On the other hand, when cooperative effort has furnished all men with a certain decent standard of living, beyond this man is free to think and act. Indeed only from a base of economic compulsion can real spiritual freedom emerge. But how far should economic compulsion go and where can freedom begin? We believe that economic compulsion which involves slavery for the worker and luxurious idleness for the plantation owner is wrong; we believe that a factory with a living wage for

unionized workers and high salaries to management, with reasonable profit to capital is justifiable. But how about a nation like ours with most workers earning less than a decent living, while one per cent of the population receives eighty-three per cent of the income? Colonies with workers in serfdom and absentee owners of land and capital fall between slavery and modern industry.

36-6-11

And yet consider the economic picture painted by the popular English novel of the nineteenth and early twentieth century: here is a man who is a "gentlemen"; he does not work "for a living"; he receives an income from wealth accumulated by his ancestors or furnished by the state. He has received an expensive education and has leisure for travel. He can spend his life in indulgence and idleness or devote himself to whatever line of work or play he wishes. He may become a dilettante in art; he may enter into politics; he may become a writer; he may go into trade. But he is "free". He has his private initiative for the kind of work, the kind of life he will lead. Upon the basis of a man thus free from the drudgery of making a living, one could build an ideal picture of the intricacies, the delicacies of life: a home with trained servants; facilities for enjoyment and for entertainment on weekends at his country house, which is a place of delightful intrigue and dramatic development. This kind of independence on various scales was the ideal of Britishers of the nineteenth century and is still in our day, and its realization is based on poverty, slums, ignorance, crime and colonies.

But of course its long continuance is impossible. We do not live in that kind of isolation. We cannot have that kind of independence. The income of the gentleman of the novels comes from the current work of the factory workers and miners, artisans and servants and colonial millions who play no part in the novel. What they do today serves this man and is consumed by him; and according to all ideals

of democracy the men who do the work ought to have at least some voice as to what shall be done with the results of the work.

Finally, the fourth idea that is prevalent today in our economic thinking touches the matter of personal service. We hear a great deal of "service" in this world, not only to infants and children but ~~even~~ especially to grown-up people. The arrangement of our clothes, of our food, of our living quarters, of our daily life, depends not only upon physical goods but upon human agents. Such agents are our parents, relatives and friends; but also in large numbers they are hired servants, who not only render intimate personal service but do the world's hard and unpleasant drudgery. Theoretically these hired human agents for personal service have become recognized workers with rights and even political power. As a matter of fact this is only partially true and so far as the mass of human beings on earth is concerned it remains true that we are still served by slaves; by workers who can be forced into submission by threat of starvation; by workers under contracts in which they had no voice, by people who are working for wages which do not give them sufficient income for decent living and do not satisfy them in any way. Particularly is this true in colonies.

Nevertheless, when this system of personal service does not work properly, we are vastly put out. Nothing forms a more interesting topic of conversation today than the difficulty we now have in getting people to wash our clothes and keep our homes clean, prepare our food properly and serve it to us when and in the way we wish. We more or less openly long for the whip of starvation; for the time when the scarcity of employment will compel servants to wait upon us eagerly and with greater personal regard, for less wages than they now demand.

Whatever our demands may be in England, the United States or France, we yearn for the kind of personal service which has long been furnished in colonies. Probably the most envied method of life organized in our day can be found in a

colony like Hong Kong. Trained, silent, subservient, helpless servants, whose services cost very little and are in such profusion that the master has little need even to raise his hand. Everything that can administer to his comfort and pleasure is there and it takes but a small part of his own income to pay for it. Singapore, Shanghai, the Dutch East Indies, South and West Africa, the Caribbean and many other parts of the world are places where this kind of personal service can be furnished cheaply and under compulsion, with no possibility of effective counter complaint. It is our current habit of economic thought to regard such personal service as the foundation of the highest civilization, and the people who furnish it as inferior.

36-6-13

Take now these four ways of economic thinking: the assumption that income corresponds to effort or; the belief that a man's private income is his own secret; the conviction that independence in the accumulation and enjoyment of wealth is possible, commendable and necessary; and the opinion that personal service should be hireling, cheap and compulsory.

If now, these are the ways in which the present world thinks, then if we attempt in any major matter to change the world's thinking and action, we are going to run into opposition to these four methods of thought because they all have to do with income; and as Karl Marx and other great socialist thinkers have long insisted: income is the basic thing about life and must be as long as most of our time and effort is devoted to securing income. Both they and all idealists hope that the world will sometime see a day when so little of our effort has to be given to earning a living that we can have large leisure for the real individual initiative and the real freedom of thought and action which such leisure will afford. But until we come to that, we have got to progress from an age when nearly all of human effort is given to the drudgery of getting food and clothes and providing shelter; to an

age when half the time [redacted] is so given to a day when a considerable part is given to leisure, up to the ideal day when perhaps three hours a day will suffice for earning a decent living.

We have not come to that time yet. Many experts promise that it is possible to achieve it in our day but that has not yet been proven. If on the other hand, in the face of the present situation where most people must spend most of their effort in getting food and shelter, we attempt to change any of their actions and thoughts, we must see how far that change cuts across their efforts to earn a living and how far it interferes with habits of economic thought ingrained and hereditary. If it does we must be prepared to attack ideas as well as material facts.

36-6-14

We watched the war; we were horrified at the way in which the world was plunged into murder and destruction twice within a generation and we are puzzled because of the paradox that we fou ht when we did not want to fight. No nation by majority vote has chosen war in our day or will do so. Why then did we fight? It was because that as much as we hated and feared war there was something which we feared more; the something that we feared and still fear more than war, is poverty or the danger of poverty. Most thinking human beings today are afraid that we are in danger of poverty, or at least lowered income unless we assent to the compulsory subordination of the majority of human beings to our wish and whim. Secondly, we face poverty or reduced income if we reveal to the public the amount of our private incomes. Thirdly, if we do not insist upon economic independence as the ideal of our own existence we cannot be civilized. And finally, if we do not also insist that the income which a man now receives is for the most part justly based upon the work which he has done.

Is it not therefore natural that after trying formulae for peace at Cairo, Teheran, Yalta and Dumbarton Oaks, we finally laid down a charter of the United Nations at San Francisco which sought the great end of universal peace and yet left extraordinary loop-holes. First of all we did not dare to leave the

international making of peace in the hands of all nations. We had to restrict the final word to the great nations whose economic organizations seem to us the best and most stable for our economic status. Secondly, we left to the democratically organized assembly and to the economic and social council only power of discussion and advice; discussion of the most important subjects and advice on practically all human interests, but no independent power to initiate action. We established an international court but not for individuals; only for states who are members of the United Nations; and only for such causes as they voluntarily submit to it. In spite of the fact that the great powers of Great Britain and the United States and even China in part depnd upon colonies as a part of their economic organization; and despite the fact that a third of the population of mankind in truth and a majority in fact live under colonial conditions; this organization for world peace did nothing concerning colonies; it did not change the status of a single colony. It did make possible international control for a few colonies but only on condition that the present masters of these colonies consent. On the other hand under the guise and almost pretense of providing trusteeship for colonies, it extended the colonial system and made the United States a part of it. Threatened by the army and navy of the United States, this nation is about to assume control of all areas of the main islands in the Pacific Ocean, and thus become part of the imperial structure of ownership over the majority of mankind.

36-6-15

We may answer to this: but how is this possible? The United States has comparatively few colonies; but the United States has and is increasing a power which is the essential colonial development; and that is the power of investment. As foreign investor the United States today stands ahead of England, the greatest investor of all times. Colonial development in South and West Africa, in China and the South Seas

is going to depend upon American investment in the future. This investment is not going to be put under the democratic control of the people where the investors live or of those where the investment is made. It is going to be put under the control of the oligarchy which rules empires. The empires are investing this money in colonies and colonial enterprizes not for philanthropic purposes but for purposes of private profit. They are doing it because the rate of return on this investment in the great industrial lands is becoming lower and lower and is coming under the political control of left-wing parties either socialistically inclined or even communistically. This means that wages in these countries are going to be increased at the expense of profit. On the other hand while trade union organizations have appeared in Asia, Africa, the Caribbean and the South Seas they are as yet a small and weak movement and under the economic and political control of the imperial countries. Even labor governments in Europe can share in imperial profit in Asia and Africa by appointing their nominees to the colonial civil service. High wage in England can be maintained not at the expense of profit in England but at starvation wages in black Africa. There is every reason to assume that the rate of profit in these colonies during the next generation or two is going to be much higher than the rate of profit in England, France, Germany and America. And in addition to this tens of thousands of lucrative pensioned jobs will be distributed among the masters who can live like lords in colonial lands with myriads of fauning slaves. Therefore the United Nations under the control of the colonial powers have preserved the colonial system.

Only one step was taken in opposition. That was the last step, a step accomplished only after furious opposition and reference of the proposition to the home countries. It was the celebrated article seventy-two which in spite of the fact that the United Nations charter had declared openly and from the first that colonies were purely a domestic system, nevertheless in this chapter declared that the members

of the United Nations voluntarily limit themselves in this respect: that they were going to carry on their colonial administrations with the object of making the peoples eventually independent and conducting industry for their benefit. This of course was simply a gesture. There was no implementation; there was no way in which the United Nations could make the constituient nations keep their word. But they did at least give their word. This is the colonial situation as it stands today and the way in which it ties up with the thinking of the most modern men. If we can keep half of the world under colonial conditions we can have cheap labor, secret income, and the pretense of economic cooperation where independence really means anarchy for oligarchy. San Francisco was a step toward peace and freedom but it was only a step. If it is not followed up, we can again go backward toward war and slavery.

30-6-17

DR. HOLMES, THE COMMUNITY CHURCH, AND WORLD BROTHERHOOD

Published as "John Haynes Holmes, the Community Church and World Brotherhood" in Dedication Book in Celebration of the New Building of the Community Church of New York, October 17, 1948: 1825-1948. New York: Community Church Publications, 1948, pp. 36-7.

Dr. Holmes, the Community Church, and World Brotherhood

I met John Haynes Holmes in 1909, when I came to New York to work for the NAACP and edit the Crisis Magazine. He was one of that group of young, enthusiastic white folk, who were willing to join in this uncertain and hazardous ~~venture~~ venture. He was amember of our first executive committee, and ~~especially~~ used his gift of eloquent speech at our annual meetings. Personally, Dr. Holmes interested me first because he attended board meetings and expressed freely and clearly his intelligent opinions. How much this means for democracy, only those who have tried to get things done in organizations by boards of directors can know. Either one lands in anarchy because board members will not attend meetings or understand conditions; or become a tight little fascism under the control of one man. Dr. Holmes' faithful cooperation drew my attention to his Church. I was not at the time very much interested in churches. I had been brought up in formal religion among Episcopalians and ~~among~~ Congregationalists. I had heard all kinds of sermons. I had come to expect from churches and ministers well-bred evasion of all real human problems. But the Community Church welcomed Negroes; discussed the Negro Problem, and evidently did not believe that the white race was the only race worth saving. That was a difficult creed to live up to in the early twentieth century in New York. For years New York had been Southern in sentiment and the stamping ground of Copperheads and their successors. The Southern Society made it a major duty to call public attention to any infraction of the color line. No Negro in 1910 could sit in the orchestra of a theatre, of get a meal at a first class restaurant. Negroes were not excluded from white churches but they were not expected to attend. Particularly no respectable church discussed such a controversial subject as Negroes. The Community Church did. It discuss race problems ~~went beyond that~~ and took special interest in India and I remember when Dr Holmes began to praise and support Ghandhi.

When many Orientals once attended a public banquet with Negroes, the daily press excoriated her

More over the interest of the Community Church and its minister

in human needs, was not merely sentimental, and a matter of personal charity. I remember when Dr. Holmes began to emphasize the economics of the Negro Problem and tie it in with the problem of labor. He wrote in the (1920) Crisis, [redacted].

(insert) A nB

This interest in labor and its problems led this church and its pastor to look with sympathy upon the effort of Russia to achieve economic emancipation; to build a nation ruled in the interests of the workers, and not mainly for private profit, and monopoly. There were many who feared the interest of John Haynes Holmes in Russia more than they deplored his espousal of the cause of the Negro. I have no doubt that funds to finish this new church would have come in more largely and faster if Dr Holmes had joined in the red - baiting after the First World War, instead of sympathizing with Russia and trying to understand her problems.

The final triumph of ~~this~~ long-deferred dream of a Community church in New York "knowing not sect, class, nation or race" is not merely local nor personal, but a great step to make the world regard religion as honest, true and capable of courage and daring

23-24-24

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, THE COMMUNITY CHURCH AND WORLD BROTHERHOOD

Sent to Richard Mardus, for the dedication book commemorating the dedication of The Community Church of New York City,, (dedication: October 17, 1948) 40 E. 35th St.
Mailed August 3, 1948

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, THE COMMUNITY CHURCH, AND WORLD BROTHERHOOD

W. E. B. Du Bois

I met John Haynes Holmes in 1909, when I came to New York to work for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and to edit the Crisis magazine. He was one of that group of young, enthusiastic white folk who were willing to join in this uncertain and hazardous venture. He was a member of our first executive committee, and used his gift of eloquent speech at our annual meetings. Personally, Dr. Holmes interested me first because he attended board meetings and expressed freely and clearly his intelligent opinions. How much this means for democracy only those who have tried to get things done in organizations by boards of directors can know. Either one lands in anarchy because board members will not attend meetings or take time to understand conditions; or the organization becomes a tight little fascism under the control of one man.

23-24-21

Dr. Holmes' faithful cooperation drew my attention to his Church. I was not at the time very much interested in churches. I had been brought up in formal religion among Episcopalians and Congregationalists. I had heard all kinds of sermons. I had come to expect from churches and ministers well-bred evasion of all real human problems. But the Community Church welcomed Negroes; discussed the Negro Problem, and evidently did not believe that the white race was the only race on earth worth saving. That was a difficult creed to live up to in early twentieth century New York.

For years New York had been Southern in sentiment and the stamping ground of Copperheads and their successors. The Southern Society made it a major duty to call public attention to any infraction of the color line. No Negro in 1910 could sit in the orchestra of a theater, or get a meal at a first-class restaurant. When Mary White Ovington once attended a public banquet with Negroes, the daily press excoriated her. Negroes were not excluded from white churches, but they were not expected to attend. Particularly no respectable

23-24-22

church discussed such a controversial subject as Negroes.

The Community Church did discuss race problems. It took special interest in India and I remember when Dr. Holmes began to praise and support Gandhi. Moreover, the interest of the Community Church and its minister in human races was not merely sentimental, or a matter of personal charity. I recall when Dr. Holmes began to emphasize the economics of the Negro Problem and tie it in with the problem of labor. In 19[illegible]0, he wrote in the Crisis:

> The Negro question in this day is a problem of labor. I feel more and more that the Negro problem, like various phases of the white problem, is moving into that field. The Negro problem first came into prominence in this country in a day when we could say that the workers were to be divided into two classes. On the one hand, were the free workers of the North --- white workers, men who in that pioneer day were to be regarded as free workers. South of the Mason and Dixon Line, was a very different kind of working population --- a population bound to the land and doing its work for its master.
>
> We had, therefore, in the very clearest possible way, the distinction between the slave labor of the South, which was black, and the free labor of the North, which was white. All during the years we have discussed the problem --- and it is still true in our day --- and the burden of our discussion was to raise the black man to the level of the white man. That problem is not only with us today, but it is going to be with us tomorrow, and the long, long, battle for the rights of man, the black man as well as the white man, is going to be with us, to be settled only when men love one another upon a basis of justice and good will.
>
> The thing that the black man has got to learn, is that the time has gone by for you black men to think that your problem is wholly your own. It is not your own problem any longer. More and more, it is getting to be the problem of the white man; and just as the oppressed white worker is reaching out his hand to the oppressed black worker, so the oppressed black worker, South or North, has got to reach out his hand to the oppressed white worker. And that means for you, my Negro brethren --- that means for you who live in New York City, who live in these Northern States and who have, therefore, the opportunity of grappling with this problem as it should be grappled with in this country --- namely, the political opportunity, which gives you the opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder with the white worker in the political field --- to fight and struggle and battle for your own interests, and through those interests for the emancipation of America, white and black. That means, it is time to give up voting [illegible] Republican ticket; it is time to give up voting the Democratic ticket; it is time to recognize that new organizations and new forces are being fashioned in this country; and when the great Presidential election of 1920 is held, I venture to prophesy there will be a great universal party in the field, to bring all the workers, black and white, together.

This interest in labor and its problems led this church and its pastor to look with sympathy upon the effort of Russia to achieve economic emancipation; to build a nation ruled in the interest of the workers, and not mainly for private profit and privilege and monopoly. There were many who feared the interest of John Haynes Holmes in Russia even more than they deplored his espousal of the cause of the Negro. I have no doubt that funds to finish this new church would have come in more largely and faster, if Dr. Holmes had joined in the red-baiting after the First World War, instead of sympathising with Russia and trying to understand her problems.

The final triumph of his long-deferred dream of a Community Church in New York "knowing not sect, class, nation, or race" is not merely local nor purely personal; but a great step towards making a disillusioned world regard religion as honest, true, and capable of courage and daring.

23-24-23

"WHITES IN AFRICA AFTER NEGRO AUTONOMY"

IN ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S REALM:
A SYMPOSIUM, A.A. ROBACK, ed.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS: SCI-ART
PUBLISHERS, 1962, PP. 243-255.

Article for book on Schweitzer
edited by AA Roback
11/54
6 Sacramento St.
Cambridge 38,
Mass.

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41-3-163

WHITES IN AFRICA AFTER NEGRO AUTONOMY

by

W. E. B. Du Bois

A rather curious change of emphasis has caught my attention recently. Negroes are being accused of racism; that is of unduly emphasizing racial differences and of advocating racial separation. This would be laughable if it did not have so serious a side. A shattered and almost fatally divided world, now making desperate effort to envision a humanity bound together in peace and at least with some approach to brotherhood, is being warned that its worst victims are contemplating resurgence of race hate!

Of the debt which the world owes Africa, there can be no doubt. Gold, iron, woods and skins, spices, coffee, palm oil, cocoa, diamonds and copper have come out of this continent since pre-historic times. Labor for the world's work in Europe, Asia and America has long been used. Literature, Art and Science have also originated among black folk. Some of these gifts have come in normal contact, exploration and trade. Other contributions have been a degeneration from fair exchange to force and deceit. This was the history of the trade in human labor, which began in the import of farm labor from West Africa to Portugal and Spain; and from domestic service from East Africa to Arabia and India, which became a slave trade to America and the East.

It has been estimated that Christians between 1400 to 1900, forced fifteen million black men, women and children into bond slavery in the

Americas and that the cruelty of their methods together with the trade to the East meant a loss of perhaps 100 million African people and an overthrow and retardation of African culture for centuries. This slavery was not merely a change from the long established domestic slavery of Africa but was a chattel slavery of a new and bitter variety, which eventually came to be based on a theory that Negroes were not human and had no rights which white men were bound to respect. Slavery in America came through slave crops, like sugar, cotton and tobacco together with the loot of India and came to be the basis of the Industrial Revolution in Europe and the incentive to a new technique which enabled white men to rule the world for two centuries.

41-3-104

From eighteen hundred to this day in defense of this slavery, their scientists, historians, and ministers of the Gospel, preached, wrote, and taught the world, that a black man was by the grace of God and law of nature so evil and inferior, that slavery, insult and exploitation was natural for him and that the virginity of white women could only be secure if mulatto bastards were strewn from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from North to South pole. Harsh words? -- but dismal truth. So what? Can bitter revenge erase all this? If Sir John Hawkins could be caught in West Africa today, I shudder to think what Ghana might do to this blasphemous hypocrite. But he is beyond hurt today.

Not only this, but black folk must needs remember that this evil was not unopposed. Slavery was fought by men like Las Casas, Raynal and Wilberforce; by such Quakers as Benezet; by Garrison and Sumner and many others in many lands and at divers times. Slaves have been largely emancipated, but the Color bar still stands.

Insert 6

In Africa color caste still rules, despite the liberation of Liberia, Ethiopia, the Sudan and Ghana and the coming independence of Nigeria. The Union of South Africa, and the Rhodesias insist on a subordination of the native blacks which is indefensible. In Kenya, the monopoly of land and disfranchisement of the Negroes persists. In the Belgian Congo the economic control of Belgium

is not yet really yielding to native agitation. In fine West Europe is still determined to base its culture and comfort on the underpaid labor and virtual theft of land and materials by white investors. The prosperity of South Africa and the Rhodesias is due to the wealth invested there by Britain and America, which makes huge profit because of the low wage paid black labor and the seizure of materials without any recognition of native rights. So long as this method of business and industry persists the Africans must fight back. They will not fight the dead past, but the living present.

41-3-165

Naturally this world treatment of men with black skins, has embittered them and made them resentful of the assumptions of white men. In my own writings I have often expressed this feeling. Today my resentment at the doctrine of race superiority as preached and practiced by the white world for the last 250 years has been pointed to with sharp criticism and contrasted with the charity of Ghandhi and of the colored minister who led the recent boycott in Alabama. I am quite frank: I do not pretend to "love" white people. I think that as a race they are the most selfish of any on earth. I think that the history of the world for the last thousand years proves this beyond doubt, and is more than proven today by the Salvation Army tactics of Toynbee and his school of history. Current history has tried desperately to ignore Africa and its contribution to civilization. Honesty and clarity in historical writing and research is certainly gaining but it has not yet prevailed in the study of Negro history. To many students of race relations the work of missionaries, especially in Africa is a matter of congratulation and hope. In some of their satisfaction I share. I have just read Seaver's story of David Livingstone. I know of the fine efforts of Dr. Schweitzer to rid Africa of disease -- that Africa which my friend, Sir Harry Johnston so rightly called "the chief stronghold of the real Devil

-- the reactionary forces of Nature hostile to the uprise of Humanity. Here Beelzebub, King of the Flies, marshals his vermiform and arthropod hosts -- insects, ticks, and nematode worms -- which more than in other continents, ... convey to the skin, veins, intestines, and spinal marrow of men and other vertebrates, the micro-organisms which cause deadly, disfiguring, or debilitating diseases, or themselves create the morbid condition of the persecuted human being."

I know that it was the missionaries who brought schools to Africa and often maintained them against the opposition of traders and invading industry. But this is not the whole story. Color caste is still the rule. In Sierra Leone, when I was there in 1928, a black physician with the same training as his white colleague was paid a salary twenty-five percent less than the white man; he lived by compulsion in poorer quarters and had curtailed allowances. More money was spent on the white golf courses than on Negro schools.

I need hardly mention the status of Negroes in the Union of South Africa, and in Rhodesia, Kenya and Tanganyika as compared with whites.

41-3-1666

White missionaries have long worked among Negroes. They did what white business allowed in the long run or they were replaced. Missionaries gave Africa schools but they also helped to furnish cheap labor and free lands to white exploiters. These missionaries usually broke down native culture patterns and replaced in most respects by color caste. They lived separately from the natives, used them as servants, limited their education so as to keep them inferior to whites and to prepare them for cheap labor from which whites could profit. To this program there were notable exceptions, but those missionaries who insisted on Negro equality were soon recalled. The white missionaries to Africa became in the end the chief guides to Colonial Imperialism.

Even today and in the case of Dr. Schweitzer, whose valuable work in medicine all acknowledge, there is the charge that Dr. Schweitzer apparently does not always remember that needed as medicine is and the continuous fight against disease in Africa, what is needed more is free, intelligent manhood, the abolition of that exploitation so often carried on by the very persons who contribute to hospitals while they allow their agents to steal for them in the colony the moneys which support their charities.

Insert (3)

What now has this to do with the prospects of the future? If following Ethiopia, the Sudan, Liberia and Ghana, the peoples of Africa assert themselves and are able to maintain their autonomy, what is going to happen to white Europeans and to North Americans who live in Africa? Quite naturally white thinkers are apt to be panic-stricken when this question arises. They remember some shameful episodes in the recent past, the action of a great British general in punishing the Mahdi who ran England out of the Sudan for a generation. Kitchener dug the dead body of this black man from its grave and fed it to the crocodiles of the Nile to prove the superiority of the white race. Even Churchill called this " a foul deed." But Britain made Kitchener a viscount. So Frederick Lugard after a shameful career of murder in Uganda became a noble British lord and authority on Africa. Chinese Gordon arose from scoundrel in China almost to saint in the British Sudan.

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White Belgians slaughtered Natives of Congo when yesterday they demanded some of the rights of white men. The Union of South Africa has acted like wild beasts toward black folk and the story of Kenya is a disgrace to Britain. Quite naturally then white Europe is asking what can Europeans expect if ever Africans become free?

Yet no program of revenge may occur. And this not because the Christianity taught Africans by whites, while whites enslaved and raped them, will prove

to be more efficacious in black consciences than in white, but simply because the black leaders of present Africa are not fools. Haile Selassie, Nkrumah, Azikiwe, Touré, and even Tubman are men of reason. They are well aware that the worst oppressors and enslavers of Africa are in vast majority dead and cannot today be harmed by belated revenge. They know that there are white people in France, Britain and America who can be just and Negroes see also that the Soviet Union, China, Poland, and Czechoslovakia have proven that some white nations can treat colored people as brothers -- who can view men as men even though they are black, yellow or red as Russia. They see and feel each day the mighty flood rolling toward socialism and to a real communism of mankind and that in no far distant day. These leaders and others being trained to succeed them will act with reason if permitted; not without difficulties; not without seeing many of their dark fellows yield to the seductions of Western capitalism, which once lured Tunis, Morocco and Algeria to their doom; and today have a strangle hold on Liberia and are seeking Ethiopia and West Africa.

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Insert (4)

But there is a wise portion of the peoples of Africa of Ghana and Nigeria, of South African blacks and American Negroes who glimpse a straight path. Africa needs capital goods to promote industry and break the capitalistic fetters on cheap crops and labor, processing of goods abroad and resale to the natives in the form of gin and baubles and at fabulous prices. Africa needs sanitation and medicine, she needs agriculture for crops suited to her own wants and the conservation of power for her own factories. This capital she can borrow, -- she is begged today to borrow it from Britain, Germany and the United States at what will amount to 10 or even one hundred percent interest; but there lies disaster and this Africa is beginning to realise. This capital she can herself save in part but at cruel sacrifice and amid the cheerful sneers of white tourists and students. Yet if Africa saves its own capital in part or borrows

it from lands like the Soviet Union and China, at rates far below the debt slavery offered by the United States, Britain and West Germany, her chances of survival are good. That this is possible, China can tell her; Egypt is learning; even India begins to suspect. Africa knows that this kind of revenge on her traducers will far exceed in satisfaction any petty deeds inspired by hate of the dead and the dying -- of the dead slavetraders and of the dying corporations of exploiters and thieves who are working today.

41-3-169

What then will happen to white folk in Africa when black folk rule their own territory, depends on what white folk do and do now. And the whites to whom I refer are not the dead nor simply those now living in Africa. I refer to the white world as a whole. We are come to a time when the sins and mistakes of the whole group must be considered and judged and not simply small localities or single individuals. Perhaps in the Fifteenth century, slavery of Negroes was the guilt mainly of certain individuals. But today, the poverty of the majority of human beings, the war, murder and destruction due to colonial imperialism cannot be charged simply against the Union of South Africa, or the white owners of Kenya land, or the Dutch monopolists of Indonesia. No. The real criminals are the British and American shareholders in corporations like the Steel Trust and Lever Brothers; the rich cartel-owners, who form the aristocracy of France and Germany, and the well-paid leaders of labor unions who exclude or segregate Negroes and other colonial folk.

It is folk like these who finance race hate in Africa, grow rich on coffee, fruit and sugar in Central and South America and plead innocence of wrong because they "do not know" what investment, incorporated business, stock markets and world trade, are doing to mankind. It is their business to know -- or die for the crime which is devastating the earth. It is hard

to point to examples of this in Business and Industry. Individual Income and Profit are the closely guarded secrets of the modern world. Yet here is one instance revealed in the soliciting of further investment: in one year (1936) North Rhodesia sold its copper product for 36 million dollars. Of this income, one-half went to British and American shareholders based partly on old but quite baseless claims of "ownership" and part on "investment" and stock gambling. Two and a half million dollars went to 1690 white artisans at $15,000 each for the year. They worked as trained technicians, but most of their actual toil and part of their skill was performed by Negro helpers. The whites lived like little lords, had all the cheap house service which they wanted, with modern homes and the right to vote. They had a recognized union to which no Negro could belong. Of the total 36 millions of income from copper, $632,000, or less than two percent was paid to 17,000 African laborers, who did the bulk of the toil, and whose fathers had once owned the land and its fruits. The nations and individuals whose life and culture, power and luxury rest on this colossal theft, are the persons responsible for the present plight of Rhodesia.

41-8-170

Insert 5 (2) → The persons who saw Liverpool built on the bodies of black slaves may not have realized who were the people committing this crime; but the rich and respectable folk who today support the open attempt of two and a half million white South Africans to rule ten million black and colored folk; and the demand of 215,000 whites of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland to control the land and labor of seven million Negroes and Asiatics cannot be unknown to those Europeans who base their own support, comfort, art and culture on the profits which accrue from this outrageous denial of elementary democracy. Western Europe knows this; North America knows it and yet they make small attempt to stop it. On the contrary the flow of capital into these lands continues and the pouring of profits out of them increases year by year.

As black Africa grows in strength, unity and intelligence, this plan of building white wealth and culture on Negro poverty and exploitation must cease. It may cease as a result of study, the spread of conference, and the strengthening of moral fibre in the world. Or it may come from the lessening of profit on African exploitation and monopoly and the realization due to African organization and intelligence, so that in the future European civilization will depend on European labor and not on cheap colored labor abroad.

Progress may be helped by the realization on the part of Africans that their freedom will not come as a gift from white folk, but as a result of what they themselves sacrifice and do. Or again maybe the only way to bring South Africa to ist senses is for West Africa to drop atom bombs on Cape Town, Johannesburg and Salisbury, secure in the hope that Britain and the United States will not dare to interfere because of the Soviet Union and China. God forbid that this awful catastrophe should ever threaten; but if it does the best people of Europe and America, living and carousing on the degradation of Africa, will bear the blame.

41-3-171

It is more likely that reason and decency will prevail. For this we may count on present African leadership. Every current black leader begs for reform by consultation, compromise, peace and the rule of right.

The great All-African meeting at Accra, West Africa, which culminated five Pan-African congresses held in Europe, 1919 to 1945, indicated a settled determination on the part of Africans from Algeria and Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope to be free of foreign domination and to unite to secure this great end. I was invited to attend but could not. I sent a message by my wife, Shirley Graham, which was read to the conference amid applause. In this message I said: avoid western investment so far as

possible; sacrifice and save your own capital; when possible borrow from the Soviet Union and China, such capital as they can spare, at the low rates which only socialist lands can afford.

This conference was an outstanding success. There was a spirit of brotherhood and cooperation with all the world prevalent. But let us not count on this attitude lasting forever. As M'Boya, the remarkable young Kenyan chairman said: "We have been slapped down; we have turned the other cheek; there is no third cheek!" For continuance of this spirit of compromise then must come action and thought; investigation and reasearch; and that not by Europeans alone but by African scholars and thinkers. There must rise in America a new crop of men of courage to supplant the present plethora of cowards and pussy-footers in high places. The so-called Church of Christ must become a Church of Man organized for honesty and right doing - and not for dogma, miracles and show. Above all, civilized man must learn and acknowledge that not individual wealth, but decent living for the masses is the chief end of man.

41-3-172

There was a day when the world rightly called Americans honest even if crude; earning their living by hard work; telling the truth no matter whom it hurt; and going to war only in what they believed in, a just cause after nothing but force seemed possible. Today millions of us are lying, stealing, and killing. We call all this by finer names: Advertising, Free Enterprise, and National Defense. But names in the end deceive no one; today we use science to help us deceive our fellows; we take wealth that we never earned and we are devoting vast energy to prepare ourselves to kill, maim and drive insane, men, women and children who dare refuse to do what we want done. No nation threatens us. We threaten the world. Our President says that Foster Dulles was the wisest man he knew. If Dulles was wise, God help

our fools. Some profess to know why we fail. They say we haven't taught our children mathematics and physics. No, it is because we have not taught our children to read and write or to behave like human beings and not like hoodlums. Every child on my street is whooping it up with toy guns and big boys with real pistols. When Elvis Presley goes through the motions of copulation on the public stage it takes the city police force to hold back teen-age children from hysteria. The story of Charles Van Doren completes the picture of our spiritual decadence.

The highest ambition of an American boy today is to be a millionaire. The highest ambition of an American girl is to be a movie star. Of the ethical aims which lie back of these ideals, little is said or learned. What are we doing about it? Half the Christian churches of New York are trying to ruin the free public schools in order to install religious dogma in them; and the other half are too interested in Venezuelan oil to prevent the best center in Brooklyn from fighting youthful delinquincy, or preventing a bishop from kicking William Howard Melish into the street and closing his church. Which of the hundreds of churches sitting half empty protests about this? They hire Billy Graham to replace the circus in Madison Square Garden.

On the other hand the plea for peace comes today mainly from Communists. The spread of education and science comes from Communists. The saner distribution of wealth is the object of Communism. Is this why we hate communism and persecute its followers? The greatest threat of War comes from the United States and from its support of colonial imperialism. Why is this? Is it because the United States built its wealth on the blood and slavery of Africans? Is this why color caste and race hate persist among us as it fades among the rest of mankind? We may not delude ourselves into silence based on undoubted progress in American race relations during the last fifty years, culminating in a Supreme Court decision which is not yet enforced;

or in favors to Negroes in return for their acquiescence in national policies which continue to spell ruin for the colored peoples of the world. Not freedom to exploit each other is the salvation of Black America, but understanding and fellowship with the oppressed laborers of all the world. If this is true, then on the United States more than on any nation in the world libs the burden of effort for "Peace on earth" ; and the freedom of Africa depends on us; and for this end all Americans, Negroes as well as whites should prepare for action.

This word of mine is no effort to detract from the benefical work of missionaries. They have done good and harm. The work of men like Dr. Schweitzer in medicine deserves all praise. The Missionary of Medicine is sorely needed in Africa. But the defenders of manhood are needed even more.

41-3-174

I look for Peace and Good Will as Africa strives for freedom. I firmly believe that this day will come. But it will come and succeed only if the white world honestly cooperates; only if the European itch for profits at any price dies away and a broader, better ideal of human relations succeeds. I hope this change will come, but its coming will not be automatic; it will be in great part because men like Dr. Schweitzer aid and openly and clearly advocate it. It will be because Schweitzer would not only treat disease but train Negroes as assistants and helpers; surround himself with a growing African staff of scientifically educated natives who can in time carry on and spread his work and see that it is supported by the new African states and not continue to be dependent on European charity. That would be fundamental and lasting missionary work and not mere almsgiving and paternalistic feeding of children from a silver spoon.

Insert (5) →

For Schweitzer book 10/26/60

Corrections for WHITES IN AFRICA AFTER NEGRO AUTONOMY by W. E. B. Du Bois

Substitute the following for the last paragraph on page 2 of the original manuscript and the first line on page 3:

Insert (1)

In Africa the political liberation of its nations has begun, until we recognize in the United Nations today more than twenty independent African nations. In the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias there is still the firm determination of a minority of whites to rule the majority of Negroes and colored folk. In Kenya, land monopoly is slipping, but still persists. In the Belgian Congo we have had the greatest surprise. Belgium, after depriving the Congolese of everything beyond primary education has suddenly been forced to yield to a demand of the Congolese for independence. The result has been disastrous and yet there is no doubt but what the Congo is going to become an independent Negro state. In spite of this Europe and North America have by no means surrendered their determination to make Africa through invested capital owned by Europeans or by such black allies as they are able to obtain among the African inhabitants. In fine West Europe is (continue with mss.)

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On page 8 between paragraphs one and two insert this:

Insert (2)

This is abundantly proven in the case of the Congo. The Congo needed technical leadership and professional knowledge. Particularly were physicians needed, but when the Belgians contemplated medical schools they found that their system of education had not furnished enough training so that educated Congolese could be given a course in modern medicine and of course neither Belgium nor Europe could spare white physicians for black Africanin any adequate numbers.

On page 5 in paragraph two for lines two and three substitute this:

Insert (3) Ethiopia, the Sudan, Liberia and Ghana, the new black French states and the Congo, the peoples of Africa assert themselves

On page 6 insert in the last line of the first paragraph:

Insert (4) seeking investments in South, Central and West Africa.

Add to page 12 this final paragraph:

Insert (5) I have just returned from six weeks in West Africa. I have lived in the land of black folk and under a culture which they created. I have seen a black man with ancient and beautiful ceremony installed as the head of an independent African state and I have seen him send his black soldiers to save the struggling Congolese from being overwhelmed by Belgian and American capitalists. I am thrilled and hopeful from all this which I have seen.

41-3-162

[1962]

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26

WHITES IN AFRICA AFTER NEGRO AUTONOMY

BY

W. E. B. DU BOIS

W. E. B. Du Bois, now in his ninety-third year, is probably the foremost champion of rights for the colored race throughout the world.

Receiving his doctorate from Harvard in 1895, he taught Latin and Greek at Wilberforce University, but soon switched to his specialty, economics and history, finally heading the department of sociology at Atlanta University.

A publicist of unusual fervor, he has been outspoken in his condemnation of the abuse to which the white peoples have subjected the Negroes.

In addition to a baker's dozen of sociological works dealing with Negroes, Dr. Du Bois edited the quarterly review, Phylon *and the monthly magazine* The Crisis, *and is now director of planning on the* Encyclopedia Africana.

A RATHER CURIOUS change of emphasis has caught my attention recently. Negroes are being accused of racism, that is, of unduly emphasizing racial differences and of advocating racial separation. This would be laughable if it did not have so serious a side. A shattered and almost fatally divided world, now making desperate effort to envision a humanity bound together in peace and at least with some approach to brotherhood, is be-

ing warned that its worst victims are contemplating resurgence of race hate!

Of the debt which the white world owes Africa, there can be no doubt. No black man can recall it without a shudder of disgust and hate. The white followers of the meek and lowly Jesus stole fifteen million men, women, and children from Africa from 1400 to 1900 A. D. and made them working cattle in America; they left eighty-five million black corpses to mark their trail of blood and tears; then from 1800 to this day their scientists, historians, and ministers of the Gospel preached, wrote, and taught the world that a black man was by the grace of God and law of nature so evil and inferior that slavery, insult, and exploitation were too good for him and that the virgin purity of white women could only be secure if mulatto bastards were strewn from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the North to the South pole. Harsh words? — but dismal truth. So what? Can bitter revenge erase all this? If Sir John Hawkins could be caught in West Africa today, even I shudder to think what Ghana might do to this blasphemous hypocrite. But he is beyond hurt today.

When I began my active life, nearly seventy years ago, the open and active contempt shown by white civilization for Negroes in the United States was almost incredible. My friend, a black Oxford man, clergyman of the Episcopal church, and of high and singularly fine character, was once in the home of a white American clergyman who introduced him to his brother. The brother refused to receive an introduction to a Negro. My friend, Alexander Crummel, applied for a colored church in Philadelphia to the presiding bishop. Bishop Onderdonk read the letter hastily and frowned. Fortunately, his mind was already clear on this point, and he cleared his brow and looked at Crummel. Then he said, slowly and impressively, "I will receive you into this diocese on one condition: no Negro priest can sit

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in my church convention, and no Negro church must ask for representation there."

In 1910 I could not buy an orchestra seat in any New York theater. I could eat in no restaurant downtown. Today, in the southern states of America no white man can marry the colored mother of his child. Most southern Negroes cannot vote, no matter what their education or character. All Negroes belong to a segregated inferior caste. The Supreme Court has ordered segregation to cease in public schools, but most of the former slave states have refused to obey the law.

In Africa itself color caste is still the rule. In Sierra Leone, when I was there in 1928, a black physician with the same training as his white colleage was paid a salary 25 percent less than the white man; he lived by compulsion in poorer quarters and had curtailed allowances. More money was spent on the white golf courses than on Negro schools.

I need hardly mention the status of Negroes in the Union of South Africa, and in Rhodesia, Kenya, and Tanganyika, as compared with that of whites. White missionaries have long worked among Negroes, but they did what white business allowed, in the long run, or else they were replaced. Missionaries gave Africa schools, but they also helped to furnish cheap labor and free lands to white exploiters. These missionaries usually broke down native culture patterns, replacing them in most respects, by color caste. They lived separately from the natives, used them as servants, and limited their education so as to keep them inferior to whites and to prepare them for cheap labor, from which whites could profit. To this program there were notable exceptions, but those missionaries who insisted on Negro equality were soon recalled. The white missionaries to Africa became in the end the chief guides to colonial imperialism.

Even today and in the case of Dr. Schweitzer, whose valuable work in medicine all acknowledge, there is the charge that Dr. Schweitzer apparently does not always remember that, needed as

medicine is and despite the continuous fight against disease in Africa, what is needed more is free, intelligent manhood and the abolition of that exploitation so often carried on by the very persons who contribute to hospitals while they allow their agents to steal for them in the colony the moneys which support their charities.

In Africa the political liberation of its nations has begun, until we recognize in the United Nations today more than twenty independent African nations. In the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias there is still the firm determination of a minority of whites to rule the majority of Negroes and colored folk. In Kenya land monopoly is slipping, but still persists. In the Belgian Congo we have had the greatest surprise. Belgium, after depriving the Congolese of everything beyond primary education, has suddenly been forced to yield to a demand of the Congolese for independence. Then the Congolese prime minister was slain. Disaster followed, and yet the Congo is to become an independent Negro state. In spite of this, Europe and North America have by no means surrendered their determination to shape Africa through invested capital owned by Europeans or by such black allies as they are able to obtain among the African inhabitants.

In fine, West Europe is still determined to base its culture and comfort on underpaid labor and the virtual theft of land and materials by white investors. The prosperity of South Africa and the Rhodesias is due to the wealth invested there by Britain and America, which makes huge profits because of the low wage paid black labor and the seizure of materials without any recognition of native rights. So long as this method of business and industry persists, the Africans must fight back. They will not fight the dead past, but the living present.

Naturally, this world treatment of men with black skins has embittered them and made them resentful of the assumptions of white men. In my own writings, I have often expressed this

AOA.1.69

feeling. Today my resentment at the doctrine of race superiority, as preached and practiced by the white world for the last 250 years, has been pointed to with sharp criticism and contrasted with the charity of Gandhi and of the colored minister who led the recent boycott in Alabama. I am quite frank: I do not pretend to "love" white people. I think that as a race they are the most selfish of any on earth. I think that the history of the world for the last thousand years proves this beyond doubt, and it is more than proven today by the Salvation Army tactics of Toynbee and his school of history. Current history has tried desperately to ignore Africa and its contribution to civilization. Honesty and clarity in historical writing and research are certainly gaining, but are still lacking in the study of Negro history.

To many students of race relations the work of missionaries, especially in Africa, is a matter of congratulation and hope. In some of their satisfaction I share. I have just read Seaver's story of David Livingstone. I know of the fine efforts of Dr. Schweitzer to rid Africa of disease — that Africa which my friend, Sir Harry Johnston, rightly called "the chief stronghold of the real Devil — the reactionary forces of Nature hostile to the uprise of Humanity. Here Beelzebub, King of the Flies, marshals his vermiform and arthropod hosts — insects, ticks, and nematode worms — which more than on other continents . . . convey to the skin, veins, intestines, and spinal marrow of men and other vertebrates the micro-organisms which cause deadly, disfiguring, or debilitating diseases, or themselves create the morbid condition of the persecuted human being."

What now has this to do with the prospects of the future? If following Ethiopia, the Sudan, Liberia, Ghana, the new black French states, and the Congo, the peoples of Africa assert themselves and are able to maintain their autonomy, what is going to happen to white Europeans and to North Americans who live in Africa? Quite naturally, white thinkers are apt to be panic stricken when this question arises. They remember some shame-

ful episodes in the recent past — the action of a great British general in punishing the Mahdi who ran England out of the Sudan for a generation. Kitchener dug the dead body of this black man from its grave and fed it to the crocodiles of the Nile to prove the superiority of the white race. Even Churchill called this "a foul deed." But Britain made Kitchener a viscount. So Frederick Lugard, after a shameful career of murder in Uganda, became a noble British lord and authority on Africa. Chinese Gordon arose from scoundrel in China almost to a saint in the British Sudan.

White Belgians slaughtered natives of the Congo when yesterday they demanded some of the rights of of white men. The Union of South Africa has acted like wild beasts toward black folk, and the story of Kenya is a disgrace to Britain. Quite naturally, then, white Europe is asking what Europeans can expect if ever Africans become free.

Yet no program of revenge may occur. And this not because the Christianity taught Africans by whites, while whites enslaved and raped them, will prove to be more efficacious in black consciences than in white, but simply because the black leaders of present Africa are not fools. Haile Selassie, Nkrumah, Azikiwe, Touré, and even Tubman are men of reason. They are well aware that the worst oppressors and enslavers of Africa are in vast majority dead, and cannot today be harmed by belated revenge. They know that there are white people in France, Britain, and America who can be just, and Negroes see also that the Soviet Union, China, Poland, and Czechoslovakia have proved that some white nations can treat colored people as brothers — can view men as men even though they are black, yellow, or red as Russia. They see and feel each day the mighty flood rolling toward socialism and to a real communism of mankind, and that in no far distant day. These leaders, and others being trained to succeed them, will act with reason if permitted — not without difficulties, not without seeing many of their

404.1.90

dark fellows yield to the seductions of Western capitalism, which once lured, Tunis, Morocco, and Algeria to their doom, and today have a stranglehold on Liberia and are seeking investments in South, Central, and West Africa.

But there is a wise portion of the peoples of Africa of Ghana and Nigeria, of South African blacks, and of American Negroes who glimpse a straight path. Africa needs capital goods to promote industry and break the capitalistic fetters on cheap crops and labor, and the processing of goods abroad and resale to the natives in the form of gin and baubles at fabulous prices. Africa needs sanitation and medicine; she needs agriculture for crops suited to her own wants and the conservation of power for her own factories. This capital she can borrow — she is begged today to borrow it from Britain and the United States at 10 or even 100 percent interest; but *there* lies disaster, and this Africa is beginning to realize. This capital she can herself save in part, but at cruel sacrifice and amid the cheerful sneers of white tourists and students. Yet if Africa saves its own capital in part, or borrows it from lands like the Soviet Union and China at rates far below the debt slavery offered by the United States, Britain, and West Germany, her chances of survival are good. That this is possible, China can tell her. Egypt is learning; even India begins to suspect. Africa knows that this kind of revenge on her traducers will far exceed in satisfaction any petty deeds inspired by hate of the dead and the dying — of the dead slave-traders and of the dying corporations of exploiters and thieves who are working today.

What, then, will happen to white folk in Africa when black folk rule their own territory depends on what white folks do, and do now. And the whites to whom I refer are not the dead nor simply those living in Africa. I refer to the white world as a whole. We are come to a time when the sins and mistakes of the whole group must be considered and judged, not simply small localities or single individuals. Perhaps in the fifteenth

century, slavery of Negroes was the guilt mainly of certain individuals. But today, the poverty of the majority of human beings, the war, murder, and destruction due to colonial imperialism, cannot be charged simply against the Union of South Africa, or the white owners of Kenya land, or the Dutch monopolists of Indonesia. No. The real culprits are the British and American shareholders in corporations, the rich cartel owners who form the aristocracy of France and Germany, and the well-paid leaders of labor unions who exclude or segregate Negroes and other colonial folk.

It is folk like these who finance race hate in Africa; grow rich on coffee, fruit, and sugar in Central and South America; and plead innocence of wrong because they "do not know" what investment, incorporated business, stock markets, and world trade are doing to mankind. It is their business to know the crime which is devastating the earth. It is hard to point to examples of this in business and industry. Individual income and profit are the closely guarded secrets of the modern world. Yet here is one instance revealed in the soliciting of further investment: in one year Northern Rhodesia sold its copper product for $36,000,000. Of this income, one half went to British and American shareholders, part based on old but quite baseless claims of "ownership" and part on "investment" and stock gambling. Two and one-half million dollars went to 1,690 white artisans, at $15,000 each for the year. They worked as trained technicians, but most of their actual toil and part of their skill was performed by Negro helpers. The whites lived like little lords and had all the cheap house service which they wanted, with modern homes and the right to vote. They had a recognized union, to which no Negro could belong. Less than 2 percent of the total 36 millions of income from copper, $632,000, or $37 each a year, was paid to 17,000 African laborers, who did the bulk of the toil and whose fathers had once owned the land and its fruits. The nations and individuals

ADA 1.11

whose life, culture, power, and luxury rest on this colossal theft are the persons responsible for the present plight of Rhodesia.

This is abundantly proven in the case of the Congo. The Congo needed technical leadership and professional knowledge. Particularly were physicians needed; but when the Belgians contemplated medical schools, they found that their system of education had not furnished enough training so that educated Congolese could be given a course in modern medicine; and of course neither Belgium nor Europe could spare white physicians for black Africa in any adequate numbers.

The persons who saw Liverpool virtually built on the bodies of black slaves may not have realized who the people were committing this crime; but the rich and respectable folk who today see the open attempt of two and a half million white South Africans to rule ten million black and colored folk, and know the demand of 215,000 whites of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland to control the land and labor of seven million Negroes and Asiatics, those Europeans who base their own support, comfort, art, and culture on the profits which accrue from this outrageous denial of elementary democracy, must be conscious of what is happening. Western Europe in fact knows this, North America knows it, and yet they make small attempt to stop it. On the contrary, the flow of capital into these lands continues, year by year.

As black Africa grows in strength, unity, and intelligence, this plan of building white wealth and culture on Negro poverty and exploitation must cease. It may cease as a result of study, the spread of conference, and the strengthening of moral fiber in the world. Or it may come from the lessening of profit on African exploitation and monopoly, and the realization, due to African organization and intelligence, that in the future European civilization will depend on European labor and not on cheap colored labor abroad.

Progress may be helped by the realization on the part of

Africans that their freedom will not come as a gift from white folk, but as a result of what they themselves sacrifice and do. Or again maybe the only way to bring South Africa to its senses is for West Africa to drop atom bombs on Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Salisbury, secure in the hope that Britain and the United States will not dare to interfere because of the Soviet Union and China. God forbid that this awful catastrophe should ever threaten; but if it does, the best people of Europe and America, living and carousing on the degradation of Africa, will bear the blame.

It is more likely that reason and decency will prevail. For this, we may count on present African leadership. Every current black leader begs for reform by consultation, compromise, peace, and the rule of right. The great All-African meeting at Accra, West Africa, which culminated five Pan-African congresses held in Europe, 1919 to 1945, indicated a settled determination on the part of Africans from Algeria and Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope to be free of foreign domination and to unite to secure this great end. I was invited to attend but could not. I sent a message by my wife, Shirley Graham, which was read to the conference amid applause. In this message I said: "Avoid western investment so far as possible; sacrifice and save your own capital; when possible, borrow from the Soviet Union and China such capital as they can spare, at the low rates which only socialist lands can afford."

This conference was an outstanding success. There prevailed a spirit of brotherhood and co-operation with all the world. But let us not count on this attitude lasting forever. As Mboya, the remarkable young Kenyan chairman, said: "We have been slapped down; we have turned the other cheek; there is no third cheek!" For continuance of this spirit of compromise, then, must come action and thought, investigation and research, and that not by Europeans alone but by African scholars and thinkers. There must rise in America a new crop of men of courage to

ADA 1.12

supplant the present plethora of cowards and pussyfooters in high places. The "Church of Christ" must become a Church of Man, organized for honesty and right doing — and not for dogma, miracles, and show. Above all, civilized man must learn and acknowledge that not individual wealth, but decent living for the masses is the chief end of man.

There was a day when the world rightly called Americans honest, even if crude — earning their living by hard work, telling the truth no matter whom it hurt, and going to war only for what they believed in, a just cause, after nothing but force seemed possible. Today millions of us are lying, stealing, and killing. We call all this by finer names: Advertising, Free Enterprise, and National Defense. But names in the end deceive no one; today we use science to help us deceive our fellows; we take wealth that we never earned; and we are devoting our vast energy to prepare ourselves to kill, maim, and drive insane—men, women, and children who dare refuse to do what we want done. Some profess to know why we fail. They say we haven't taught our children mathematics and physics. No, it is because we have not taught our children to read and write or to behave like human beings and not like hoodlums. Every child on my street is whooping it up with toy guns, and the big boys with real pistols. When Elvis Presley goes through his suggestive motions on the public stage, it takes the city police force to hold back teen-age children from hysteria. The story of the rigged TV quizzes completes the picture of our spiritual decadence.

The highest ambition of an American boy today is to be a millionaire. The highest ambition of an American girl is to be a movie star. Of the ethical aims which lie back of these ideals, little is said or learned. What are we doing about it? Half the Christian churches of New York are trying to ruin the free public schools in order to install religious dogma in them, and the other half are too interested in Venezuelan oil to prevent the best center in Brooklyn from fighting youthful delin-

quency, or to stop a bishop from kicking William Howard Melish into the street and closing his church. Which of the hundreds of churches sitting half empty protests about this? They hire Billy Graham to replace the circus in Madison Square Garden.

On the other hand, the plea for peace comes today mainly from Communists. The spread of education and science comes from Communists. The saner distribution of wealth is the object of Communism. Is this why we hate Communism and persecute its followers? The greatest threat of war comes from the United States and from its support of colonial imperialism. Why is this? Is it because the United States built its wealth on the blood and slavery of Africans? Is this why color caste and race hate persist among us as it fades among the rest of mankind? We may not delude ourselves into silence based on undoubted progress in American race relations during the last fifty years, culminating in a Supreme Court decision which is not yet enforced, or on favors to Negroes in return for their aquiescence in national policies which continue to spell ruin for the colored peoples of the world. Not freedom to exploit each other is the salvation of black America, but understanding and fellowship with the oppressed laborers of all the world. If this is true, then on the United States more than on any nation in the world lies the burden of effort for "peace on earth." The freedom of Africa depends on us, and to this end, all Americans, Negroes as well as whites, should prepare for action.

This word of mine is no effort to detract from the beneficial work of missionaries. They have done good and harm. The work of men like Dr. Schweitzer in medicine deserves all praise. The missionary of medicine is sorely needed in Africa. But the defenders of manhood are needed even more.

I look for peace and good will as Africa strives for freedom. I firmly believe that this day will come. But it will come and succeed only if the white world honestly co-operates, only if the

FOREWORDS

"Foreword" to

Georgia Douglas Johnson.

Bronze: A Book of Verse.

Boston: B. J. Brimmer Co.,

1922, p. 7.

Foreword

1922

30-18-19

Those who would know what it means to be a colored woman in 1922 - and know it not so much in fact as in feeling, apprehension, unrest and delicate yet stern thought, must read Georgia Johnson's Bronze. Much of it will not touch this reader and that and some of it will mystify and puzzle them as a sort of reiteration and over emphasis. But none can fail to be caught here and there by a word - a phrase - a period that tells a life history or even paints the history of a generation. Can you not see that marching of the mantled with.

"Voices strange to ecstacy"?

Have you ever looked on the "twilight faces" of their throngs or seen the black mother with her son when

"Her heart is sandalling his feet"?

Or can you not conceive that infinite sorrow of a dark child wandering the world:

"Seeking the breast of an unknown face"?

I hope Mrs. Johnson will have wide reading. Her word is simple, sometimes trite, but it is singularly sincere and true and as a revelation of the soul struggle of the women of a race it is invaluable.

Foreword in Lorenz Graham, How God Fix Jonah
New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946. p. ix

This little poem is one of those bits of literature which now and then bring us insight into the working of the minds of men. The story of the Christ child is told here in the words and thought patterns of a modern African boy who does not know Western civilization and does not use the conventional words and phrases which by long usage often obscure the meaning of this story in minds of Europeans and Americans.

36-7-126

This is the stuff of which literature is made, and in the lore of the world, the literature of Africa has its place although this is often forgotten. Climate, the slave trade and the Industrial Revolution have made the preservation of African literature dependent more on tradition and folklore than on written record. This modern bit of poetry rescued from passing oblivion reminds us of what Africa has thought and done in the long past. It may also help us to realize that even today Africa is news. How could it be otherwise on the continent where civilization first started; which both Greece and Rome respected and the Middle Ages held on terms of equality? Finally Africa gave the toil that made America and underlay the Industrial Revolution and the modern era.

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These little poems are bits of literature which now and then bring us insight into the working of the minds of men. The stories of the Christ child, of Jonah, Ruth, Job, Solomon and other biblical characters are told here in the words and thought patterns of a modern African boy who does not know Western civilization and does not use the conventional words and phrases which by long usage often obscure the meaning of these tales in the minds of Europeans and Americans.

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New York City

Foreword to proposed biography of Du Bois, to be written by Shirley Graham Du Bois

February 23, 1955

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Feb. 23, 1953

AT SHIRLEY'S REQUEST I AM DICTATING SOME REMARKS DESIGNED TO INTRODUCE THE BIOGRAPHY WHICH SHE PLANS TO WRITE CONCERNING MY LIFE AND WORKS. IT IS A WRY TRIBUTE TO OUR AGE THAT MERE LENGTH OF DAYS SHOULD IN THEMSELVES BE EXCUSE FOR RECORDING. THERE IS NO REAL REASON WHY MOST HUMAN BEINGS SHOULD NOT LIVE SEVENTY FIVE YEARS. BUT I ADMIT MY EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS HAVE BEEN SO PLACED IN TIME AND SPACE AS TO GIVE ME CERTAIN CHANCES FOR KNOWLEDGE AND VIEW WHICH MAY BE WORTH PRESERVING AT LEAST IN PART.

I HAVE NATURALLY BOTH DESIGNEDLY AND UNWITTINGLY ALREADY SET DOWN SOME AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MATERIAL. WHEN I PASSED THE AGE OF FIFTY AND FELT FAR MORE AGED THAN I EVER SHALL AGAIN, I WROTE IN THE FIRST AND NINTH CHAPTERS OF "DARKWATER" WHAT WAS INTENDED AS A FORECAST OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY LATER WHEN I HAD REACHED THE BIBLICAL "THREE-SCORE AND TEN" YEARS I WROTE IN 1940 AN "AUTOBIOGRAPHY" BUT NOT OF MY LIFE IN ALL ITS FACETS, RATHER OF A "RACE PROBLEM" WHICH I CONCEIVED AS THE MAIN INTEREST OF MY LIFE. IN SEVERAL CHAPTERS OF THAT BOOK I TOLD OF MY FAMILY AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE WAYS IN WHICH RACE CONTACTS AND IDEAS INFLUENCED AND GUIDED MY CAREER. IN OTHER BOOKS OF MINE I HAVE WRITTEN OF MYSELF - IN "SOULS OF BLACK FOLK" AND IN "BATTLE FOR PEACE".

2)

WITH ALL THIS, THE FULL STORY OF MY LIFE HAS NOT BEEN WRITTEN NOR ATTEMPTED. WHILE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY HAS CERTAIN THEORETICAL ADVANTAGES IT HAS ALSO DISTINCT DISADVANTAGES. FOR INSTANCE, IT CANNOT BE ENTIRELY FRANK AND TOTALLY REVEALING. MOST ATTEMPTS AT THIS, LIKE THAT OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU ARE EVIDENTLY FAILURES. I DO NOT KNOW JUST WHY THIS IS. PARTLY IT MAY BE DUE TO FEAR OF HURTING OTHERS; PARTLY TO RELUCTANCE TO TELL THE WORLD ALL ABOUT YOURSELF. BUT CHIEFLY, I SUPPOSE, IT IS BECAUSE WE REALLY DO NOT KNOW NEARLY AS MUCH ABOUT OURSELVES AS WE THINK WE DO OR AS WE WOULD LIKE TO. THE EGO NEVER REALLY STANDS ASIDE AND REVEALS ITSELF AS A THIRD PERSON. MIXED UP IN THE ATTEMPT IS WHAT YOU THINK YOU ARE, WHAT YOU WISH YOU WERE, WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TOLD YOU ARE, AND SO FORTH AND SO ON. AN ESSAY ABOUT YOURSELF AS YOU CONCEIVE YOURSELF OR AS YOU ARE CONCEIVED MIGHT HAVE VALUE BUT IT WOULD NOT BE FINAL TRUTH NOR LAST AUTHORITY. EVEN IF THE WRITER TRIES TO REVEAL ALL, HE CANNOT; HIS POINT OF VIEW HINDERS HIM. WITH THE BEST WILL HE IS TOO OFTEN WONDERING AND ASKING HIMSELF ABOUT HIS MOTIVES; AND ABOVE ALL, HIS MEMORIES ARE TREACHEROUS THINGS AND HAVE THE MOST EXAXPERATING WAY OF GETTING TWISTED INTO CONTRADICTORY TALES OR BECOMING PART OF A PATTERN THOUGHT OUT AND MADE REASONABLE FOR PURPOSES OF A REASONED RESULT. BUT SINCE LIFE IS NEVER A REASONED WHOLE, SUCH AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS FICTION.

PERHAPS A SERIES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PAPERS, WRITTEN SAY, EACH DECADE, MIGHT HELP BUT I SUSPECT THAT THEIR CONTRADICTIONS AND INCONSISTENCES, NOT TO MENTION FALSEHOODS WOULD LEAD TO A VERY UNSATISFACTORY RESULT.

THERE IS,HOWEVER, THE MATTER OF ONE'S LETTERS. I HAVE WRITTEN MANY IN MY LIFE. BUT I AM NOT THE IDEAL LETTER WRITER. MY NOTES ARE TOO TERSE AND LIMITED TO NARROW MATTERS. HOWEVER AT TIMES I HAVE BEEN MORE VOULABLE WHEN ESPECIALLY INTENDED. AND LETTERS WRITTEN TO ME MAY BE REVEALING. HERBERT APTHEKER, FOR WHOSE SCHOLARSHIP I HAVE GREAT RESPECT, HAS READ MUCH OF MY CORRESPONDENCE AND WILL, I HOPE, COLLABORATE IN SELECTING AND INTERPRETING ALL. HERE WILL BE A SOURCE OF FURTHER KNOWLEDGE OF MY LIFE.

A LAST RESORT WOULD BE A BOSWELL AND, CONSIDERING BOSWELLS, WHAT ABOUT FRIEND WIFE? NOT PERFECT OF COURSE. SHE IS BOUND TO BE PREJUDICED ONE WAY OR THE OTHER OR POSSIBLY BOTH WAYS. IN SHIRLEY'S CASE I FEAR SHE WILL WRITE ABOUT THE REMARKABLE PERSON WHICH SHE THINKS I AM. BUT THERE IS A CHANCE THAT THIS WILL BE MODIFIED BY MEMORIES OF THE REAL ME AND THESE VIEWS MAY SO NEUTRALIZE EACH OTHER AS TO PRODUCE AND INTERESTING PICTURE - - INTERESTING, IF NOT QUITE TRUE. A WIFE CAN NEVER BE IMPARTIAL; FIRST, BECAUSE SHE IS TOO APT TO FEEL THAT SHE MUST EXCUSE HERSELF FOR THE MARRIAGE AND OTHERWISE SHE MAY BE MISLED BY SOME SPECIES OF HERO WORSHIP. THIS IS GOING TO BE SHIRLEY'S DIFFICULTY. QUITE STUBBORNLY SHE WILL PROBABLY INSIST THAT I WAS A REMARKABLE PERSON AND CONSEQUENTLY POUND INTO CONFORMITY WITH THIS HYPOTHESIS ALL CONTRIBUTING FACTS. PERHAPS IF ONE'S BELIEVING WIFE COLLABORATED WITH ONE'S BEST ENEMY, THE RESUT, IF A RESULT WERE WERE REACHED, WOULD BE OF GREAT VALUE.

HOWEVER, IN THE CASE OF THIS PROPOSED BIOGRAPHY I WILL LEAVE ONE HELP AND THAT IN MY CHEF D'OEUVRE, WHICH I HAVE JUST FINISHED AND WHICH ESSAYS TO COVER THE STORY OF MY DAY WITH MY PERSONALITY SO FAR AS POSSIBLE, LEFT OUT. WHATEVER IN "THE BLACK FLAME" SEEMS TO ILLUMINE ME IS A MISTAKE AND DELIBERATELY NOT SO INTENDED. BITS OF ME MAY APPEAR IN A NUMBER OF CHARACTERS, BUT NO ONE CHARACTER IS A SELF PORTRAIT. BUT IF I AM IN SOME WAY PAINTED INTO THIS ENVIRONMENT, IT MAY BE THAT A FULLER AND TRUER PERSONALITY MAY EMERGE.

I AM DEEPLY THANKFUL THAT SHIRLEY IS SO DETERMINED ON THIS TASK AND SEES IN IT SOMETHING OF PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION. I HOPE SHE WILL FEEL QUITE FREE TO BE AS TRUTHFUL AS SCIENCE DEMANDS WITHOUT THINKING THAT THIS WILL IN ANY WAY DETRACT FROM HER GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL LOYALTY.

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HOWEVER, IN THE CASE OF THIS PROPOSED BIOGRAPHY I WILL LEAVE ONE HELP AND THAT IN MY CHEF D'OEURVE, WHICH I HAVE JUST FINISHED AND WHICH ESSAYS TO COVER THE STORY OF MY DAY WITH MY PERSONALITY SO FAR AS POSSIBLE, LEFT OUT. WHATEVER IN "THE BLACK FLAME" SEEMS TO ILLUMINE ME IS A MISTAKE AND DELIBERATELY NOT SO INTENDED. BITS OF ME MAY APPEAR IN A NUMBER OF CHARACTERS, BUT NO ONE CHARACTER IS A SELF PORTRAIT. BUT IF I AM IN SOME WAY PAINTED INTO THIS ENVIRONMENT, IT MAY BE THAT A FULLER AND TRUER PERSONALITY MAY EMERGE.

I AM DEEPLY THANKFUL THAT SHIRLEY IS SO DETERMINED ON THIS TASK AND SEES IN IT SOMETHING OF PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION. I HOPE SHE WILL FEEL QUITE FREE TO BE AS THRUTHFUL AS SCIENCE DEMANDS WITHOUT THINKING THAT THIS WILL IN ANY WAY DETRACT FROM HER GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL LOYALTY.

Feb. 23, 1955

At Shirley's request I am dictating some remarks designed to introduce the biography which she plans to write concerning my life and works. It is a wry tribute to our age that mere length of days should in themselves be excuse for recording. There is no real reaon why most human beings should not life seventy-five years. But I admit my eighty-seven years have been so placed in time and space as to give me certain chances for knowledge and view which may be worth preserving at least in part.

I have naturally both designedly and unwittingly already set down some autobiographical material. When I passed the age of fifty and felt far more aged than I ever shall again, I wrote in the first and ninth chapters of "Darkwater" what was intended as a forecast of an autobiography. Later when I had reached the Biblical "Three-score and ten" years I wrote in 1940 an "Autobiography" but not of my life in all its facets, rather of a "Race Problem" which I conceived as the main interest of my life. In several chapters of that book I told of my family and more especially of the ways in which race contacts and ideas influenced and guided my career. In other books of mine I have written of myself - in "Souls of Black Folk" and in "Battle for Peace".

With all this, the full story of my life has not been written nor attempted. While an autobiography has certain theoretical advantages it has also distinct disadvantages. For instance, it cannot be entirely frank and totally revealing. Most attempts at this, like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau are evidently failures. I do not know just why this is. Partly it may be due to fear of hurting others; partly to reluctance to tell the world all about yourself. But chiefly, I suppose, it is because we really do not know nearly as much about ourselves as we think we do or as we would like to. The ego never really stands aside and reveals itself as a thirdperson. Mixed up in the attempt is what you think you are, what you wish you were, what you've been told you are, and so forth and so on. An essay about yourself as you conceive yourself or as you are conceived might have value but it would not be final truth nor last authority. Even if the writer tries to reveal all, he cannot; his point of view hinders him. With the best will he is too often wondering and asking himself about his motives; and above all, his memories are treacherous things and have the most exasperating way of getting twisted into contradictory tales or becoming part of a pattern thought out and made reasonable for purposes of a reason ed result. But since life is never a reasoned whole, such autobiography is fiction.

Perhaps a series of qutobiographical papers, written say, each decade, might help but I suspect that their contradictions and inconsistences, not to mention falsehoods would lead to a very unsatisfactory result.

There is, however, the matter of one's letters. I have written many in my life. But I am not the ideal letter writer. My notes are too terse and limited to narrow matters. However at times I have been more voluable when especially interested. And letters written to me

may be revealing. Herbert Aptheker, for whose scholarship I have great respect, has read much of my correspondence and will, I hope, collaborate in selecting and interpreting all. Here will be a source of further knowledge of my life.

A last resort would be a Boswell and, considering Boswells, what about Friend Wife? Not perfect of course. She is bound to be prejudiced one way or the other or possibly both ways. In Shirley's case I fear she will write about the remarkable person which she thinks I am. But there is a chance that this will be modified by memories of the real me and these views may so neutralize each other as to produce an interesting picture - - interesting, if not quite true. A wife can never be impartial; first, because she is too apt to feel that she must excuse herself for the marriage and otherwise she may be misled by some species of hero worship. This is going to be Shirley's difficulty. Quite stubbornly she will probably insist that I was a remarkable person and consequently pound into conformity with this hypothesis all contributing facts. Perhaps if one's believing wife collaborated with one's best enemy, the result, if a result were reached, would be of great value.

However, in the case of this proposed biography I will leave one help and that in my chef d'oeurve, which I have just finished and which essays to cover the story of my day with my personality so far as possible, left out. Wgatever /// in "The Black Flame" seems to illumine me is a mistake and deliberately not so intended. Bits of me may appear in a number of characters, but no one character is a self portrait. But if I am in some way painted into this envioronment, it may be that a fuller and truer personality may emerge.

I am deeply thankful that Shirley is so determined on this task and sees in it something of pleasure and satisfaction. I hope she will feel quite free to be as truthful as science demands without thinking that this will in any way detract from her great and beautiful loyalty.

AT SHIRLEY'S REQUEST I AM DICTATING SOME REMARKS DESIGNED TO INTRODUCE THE BIOGRAPHY WHICH SHE PLANS TO WRITE CONCERNING MY LIFE AND WORKS. IT IS A WRY TRIBUTE TO OUR AGE THAT MERE LENGTH OF DAYS SHOULD IN THEMSELVES BE EXCUSE FOR RECORDING. THERE IS NO REAL REASON WHY MOST HUMAN BEINGS SHOULD NOT LIVE SEVENTY FIVE YEARS. BUT I ADMIT MY EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS HAVE BEEN SO PLACED IN TIME AND SPACE AS TO GIVE ME CERTAIN CHANCES FOR KNOWLEDGE AND VIEW WHICH MAY BE WORTH PRESERVING AT LEAST IN PART.

I HAVE NATURALLY BOTH DESIGNEDLY AND UNWITTINGLY ALREADY SET DOWN SOME AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MATERIAL. WHEN I PASSED THE AGE OF FIFTY AND FELT FAR MORE AGED THAN I EVER SHALL AGAIN, I WROTE IN THE FIRST AND NINTH CHAPTERS OF "DARKWATER" WHAT WAS INTENDED AS A FORECAST OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. LATER WHEN I HAD REACHED THE BIBLICAL "THREE-SCORE AND TEN" YEARS I WROTE IN 1940 AN "AUTOBIOGRAPHY" BUT NOT OF MY LIFE IN ALL ITS FACETS, RATHER OF A "RACE PROBLEM" WHICH I CONCEIVED AS THE MAIN INTEREST OF MY LIFE. IN SEVERAL CHAPTERS OF THAT BOOK I TOLD OF MY FAMILY AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE WAYS IN WHICH RACE CONTACTS AND IDEAS INFLUENCED AND GUIDED MY CAREER. IN OTHER BOOKS OF MINE I HAVE WRITTEN OF MYSELF - - IN "SOULS OF BLACK FOLK" AND IN "BATTLE FOR PEACE".

WITH ALL THIS, THE Bulk STORY OF MY LIFE HAS NOT BEEN WRITTEN NOR ATTEMPTED. WHILE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY HAS CERTAIN THEORETICAL ADVANTAGES IT HAS ALSO DISTINCT DISADVANTAGES. FOR INSTANCE, IT CANNOT BE ENTIRELY FRANK AND TOTALLY REVEALING. MOST ATTEMPTS AT THIS LIKE THAT OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU ARE EVIDENTLY FAILURES. I DO NOT KNOW JUST WHY THIS IS. PARTLY IT ~~IS~~ may be DUE TO ~~RELUCTANCE TO~~ fear of HURT my OTHERS: PARTLY TO RELUCTANCE TO TELL THE WORLD ALL ABOUT YOURSELF. BUT CHIEFLY, I SUPPOSE, IT IS BECAUSE WE REALLY DO NOT KNOW NEARLY AS MUCH ABOUT OURSELVES AS WE THINK WE DO OR AS WE WOULD LIKE TO. THE EGO NEVER REALLY STANDS ASIDE AND REVEALS ITSELF AS A THIRD PERSON. MIXED UP IN THE ATTEMPT IS WHAT YOU THINK YOU ARE, WHAT YOU WISH YOU WERE, WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TOLD YOU ARE, AND SO FORTH AND SO ON. AN ESSAY ABOUT YOURSELF AS YOU CONCEIVE YOURSELF OR AS YOU ARE CONCEIVED MIGHT HAVE VALUE BUT IT WOULD NOT BE FINAL TRUTH NOR LAST AUTHORITY. EVEN IF THE WRITER TRIES TO REVEAL ALL, HE CANNOT; HIS POINT OF VIEW HINDERS HIM. WITH THE BEST WILL HE IS TOO OFTEN WONDERING AND ASKING ABOUT HIMSELF AND HIS MOTIVES; AND ABOVE ALL HIS MEMORIES ARE TREACHEROUS THINGS AND HAVE THE MOST EXASPERATING WAY OF GETTING TWISTED INTO CONTRADICTORY TALES OR BECOMING PART OF A PATTERN THOUGHT OUT AND MADE REASONABLE FOR PURPOSES OF A REASONED RESULT. BUT SINCE LIFE IS NEVER A REASONED WHOLE, SUCH

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS FICTION. PERHAPS A SERIES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PAPERS, WRITTEN SAY EACH DECADE MIGHT HELP, BUT I SUSPECT THAT THEIR CONTRADICTIONS AND INCONSISTENCES, NOT TO MENTION FALSEHOODS WOULD LEAD TO A VERY UNSATISFACTORY RESULT.

a last resort
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10

THERE HOWEVER THE MATTER OF ONE'S LETTERS. I HAVE WRITTEN MANY IN MY LIFE, BUT I AM NOT THE IDEAL LETTER WRITER. MY NOTES ART TOO TERSE AND LIMITED TO NARROW MATTERS. HOWEVER AT TIMES I ~~AM~~ have been MORE VOULBLE WHEN AROUSED obviously intended AND TOO LETTERS TO ME MAY BE REVEALING. HERBERT APTHEKER, FOR WHOSE SCHOLARSHIP I HAVE GREAT RESPECT HAS READ MUCH OF MY CORRESPONDENCE AND WILL I HOPE COLLABORATE INSELECTING AND INTERPRETING ALL. HERE WILL BE A SOURCE OF FURTHER KNOWLEDGE OF MY LIFE

"FOREWORD"

TO DECISION IN AFRICA,

W. ALPHAEOUS HUNTON

(NEW YORK: INTERNATIONAL

PUBLISHERS, 1957), PP. 9-10.

FOREWORD

By W. E. B. Du Bois

39-1c-30

Dr. Alphaeus Hunton has spent most of his working time during the last fourteen years in a study of the development of Africa. I know of no one today who has so thorough a knowledge and understanding of that continent. I have been trying to point out since my first little book on Africa, brought out in 1915 for the Home University Library, how important Africa has become for the understanding and progress of the human race during the Twentieth Century. To be sure, Africa has long meant much to humanity. Egypt is historically African, and not, as many writers assume, Asiatic or even European. Egyptian culture came north from central Africa and not south from Europe or west from Asia. Greece looked toward Africa for inspiration; Rome saw Africa as a main part of her empire. There was a period during the early Middle Age when Africa led the world, and in Africa the Catholic Church was born, and the European Renaissance had some of its roots in Africa. A main center of the Moslem empire when it spread west was Africa and later the black kingdoms of the Sudan were of prime significance to modern culture. The African slave trade built up the American world and later established capitalism in Europe, while modern art is built on African foundations.

Today, after colonial imperialism has flourished two centuries in Asia and Africa, the recoil of the peoples of these continents against European aggression is the beginning of a new world development. However, our American attitude toward Black People is leading us to neglect and forget the great uprising of the African peoples. This book, then, with its broad sweep and deep knowledge of what is now happening in Africa and the development of present conditions from the recent past, is invaluable. In a day when facts about Africa are habitually distorted or even concealed, this book presents a wealth of figures available nowhere else and invaluable not only for understanding Africa but for understanding Europe and America,

which are becoming increasingly dependent on Africa for their future development.

Moreover and fortunately, Dr. Hunton from heredity and long association can see Africans as human beings and not merely as means of making money or sources of entertainment for the idle rich or current fools. He is not misled by the show and power of the capitalistic age, and European self-worship and self-praise. He knows and appreciates the rise of socialism and sees in it the coming emancipation of the darker world from the exploitation of the White World. He has carefully studied the steps of this emancipation and presents the innumerable facts which foretell the rise of socialized states which will supplant the poverty and ignorance which Europe and America, through trader, merchant, investor, and missionary, have forced upon helpless peoples and today are trying desperately to retain and replant. The British Empire is today seeking desperately to rebuild its power and prestige on domination of Black Africa, while France is centering her hope of survival on the Dark Continent. Africa, then, is shown by this book to be destined to stand with Asia in the new free world of the future, and to be readying itself to partake of the Socialism of the Soviet Union and its allied states; to be helping to redeem South America and the islands of the seas from the crass materialism, cruel theft, and heartless degradation which ~~is~~ are characteristic of current white supremacy.

In all this, Dr. Hunton is fair and objective. He seeks his facts with the unprejudiced fairness of the scholar; he does not try to foretell whether or not Communistic dictatorship or Scandinavian social progress or American private business anarchy will prove the path to happiness and justice for particular groups or states. He does insist that social welfare and not private profit must be the goal of all people and that black Africans are people. This thesis his book supports, with a wealth of material, and for this reason it is absolutely necessary reading for the intelligent individual, for public libraries, and for schools and colleges.

39-1c-31

Foreword to a photographic essay by Milton Rogovin, "Store-Front Churches", Aperture (Rochester, N.Y.) Vol. X, No. 2, 1962, pp. 64, 68, 77, 84.

[APERTURE, 1962]

IP

I have been looking over the photographs of Negro church-goers in Buffalo taken by Milton Rogovin. They are astonishingly human and appealing and they take my mind back to what I wrote in Chapter 10 of Souls of Black Folk fifty-eight years ago.

"Those who have not thus witnessed the frenzy of a Negro revival in the untouched backwoods of the South can but dimly realize the religious feeling of the slaves; as described, such scenes appear grotesque and funny, but as seen they are awful. Three things characterized this religion of the slave, -- the Preacher, the Music, and the Frenzy. The Preacher is the most unique personality developed by the Negro on American soil. A leader, a politician, an orator, a 'boss,' an intriguer, an idealist, -- all these he is, and ever, too, the centre of a group of men, now twenty, now a thousand in number. The combination of a certain adroitness with deep-seated earnestness, of tact with consummate ability, gave him his preeminence, and helps him maintain it. The type, of course, varies according to time and place, from the West Indies in the sixteenth century to New England in the nineteenth, and from the Mississippi bottoms to cities like New Orleans or New York.

Finally the Frenzy or 'Shouting' when the Spirit of the Lord passed by, and, seizing the devotee, made him mad with supernatural joy, was the last essential of Negro religion and the one more devoutly believed in than all the rest. It varied in expression from the silent rapt countenance or the low murmur and moan to the mad abandon of physical fervor, -- the stamping, shrieking, and shouting, the rushing to and fro and wild waving of arms, the weeping and laughing, the vision and the trance. All this is nothing new in the world, but old as religion, as Delphi and Endor. And so firm a hold did it have on the Negro, that many generations firmly believed that without this visible manifestation of the God there could be no true communion with the Invisible."

It is astonishing and yet easily understandable that this description of the religion of the slaves still fits the practice of present conditions among the poor, black workers recently come to cities like Buffalo. It shows how little the church of America and the other institutions of our culture have reached these people, and yet how alone and segregated they live and worship.

89-10-109

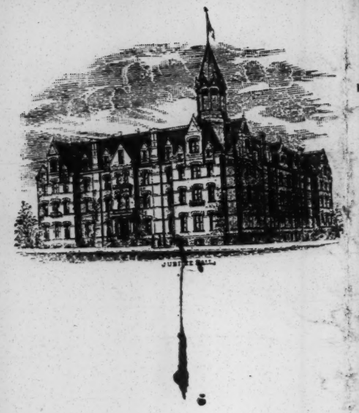
STUDENT PAPERS

FISK UNIVERSITY c. 1888

PUBLIC RHETORICALS
March 1888

83-1-150

no matter where it comes from or by what we may attain it it is as essential to the oration as the soul is to the body. When the enlightened statesman is discussing the interests of the country in which are ~~engrafted~~ his fortune, his fame & life he must be eloquent; when the general on the eve of battle harangues his wearied soldiery on whose bravery depend the fate of a nation and the destiny of a people, he must be eloquent. When Fred Douglass appealed to the Caesar of the American people in behalf of a race despised spit upon and trodden under the feet of men, he had to be eloquent, and thank God he was! Therefore & sincerely the young man must have ~~We will support~~ a ~~suffrage~~ has been chosen ~~with the rock bottom of~~



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REV. A. K. SPENCE, Dean.
E. C. STICKEL, Treasurer.

Nashville, Tenn.,

188

~~tauth on it side and that the yousey orator is all sincerity~~; the essay must next be written: and let me tell you, young man, if you have not a thoughtful and well written oration there is no amount of yelling, breast beating or other pantomimic operations that you can perform on this stage that can supply the deficiency. Your essay must be well constructed, logical; you cannot supply want of argument and sense by emphasizing your gestures; sooner should the Nile seek to fertilize the arid plains of Egypt by pouring air instead of water! But the sagacious Demosthenes has with laborious craft escaped the Scylla of composition, but Alas! with how great a Charybdis does he struggle, when before the assembled hundreds he seeks to deliver the products of

the midnight oil. How many sages of eloquence have melted into air because of poor delivery! Even Edmund Burke, whose productions we now read with such ecstasy was often left to address the empty benches of the House of Commons on account of the indignified appearance of his person. You may study rules of Rhetoric, you may pore over volumes of Elocution, but only by your own experience can we learn the essentials of a good delivery. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," for experience is oftimes a hard task master. He is the perfect orator indeed every gesture and position of body so blend with the thought of his oration that his audience has forgotten the speaker in the contemplation of his ideas. If we would persuade people to our opinions we must use more

commonsense and fewer figures, more thought and less Rhetoric. yea, if needs be, more sincerity and less grammar. Not every young man who shouts at the top of his voice on this rostrum is an orator, for, excuse a homely expression, there isn't a hog in all Tennessee that couldn't vie with him! I have merely tried to bring the importance of this subject before you, with its need of thorough cultivation. Hardly is it needed to speak of the grand influence of Oratory in days gone by; of the thunders of Eloquence that shook the Roman Forum, of the flights of Oratory that have echoed in the marble halls of the American Senate; no eulogy from the lips of so poor a critic could enhance their grandeur. There they are hurled forth by a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Henry

and a Webster, and there shall they ~~stayed~~ contemned, the shining lights of Civilization, as long as the sun shall shine on a free people! Let me rather exhort you, young men who stand upon the threshold of the Morning, O the splendor of the Noonday! The visions of the Evening! Go forth, ye destined leaders of a noble people, "fearing naught on sea or land, He will hide thee, He will hide thee in the shadow of his hand. Unto you it is given by truth, to raise, or by sophistry to degrade millions; to save or damn a people. I am a Negro, and I glory in the name! I am proud of the black blood that flows in my veins. In whom soever the blood of Africa runs he is my brother; with him I weep in degradation and with him I lift my hands for a higher goal; but let me not forget that I am an American citizen, by

the grace of God and aid of such as these our teachers, and I long for the day when every black heart in the land shall join in an anthem

"Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
"Sail on O Union, strong & Great
"With you our fortunes and our fears
With you our hopes of future years
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears.
"Are all with thee, are all with thee!

This is the mission of the black orator of 20th century, and though you have perhaps fail many a time in your efforts at oratory, and though the jeers of classmates have followed your time and again, yet in a determined will and an unshaken purpose there is victory at the end.

"So near is Grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man
When duty whispers low, "thou must"
The youth replies "I can!"

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E. C. STICKEL, TREASURER.

Nashville, Tenn.,

DuBois.

'88

— o —

Public Rhetoricals

— March —

Mishah

11

Mass.

33-1-146

Das Neue Vaterland

An der grenze des Deutschen vaterlands wo der stürzende Rhein neben seine erzählten zinnen murmelt, steht die Statüe von Germania; ihre aufgehobene rechte hand gibt ein blitzendes schwert hält, während der schild in ihrer linken in der Mittagssonne funkelt. Ihre augen sind west-wärts gerichtet sind, westwärts wo manche sohn an ihrem busen geboren und genährt, nach dem neuen Vaterland gegangen ist; ist nach einem fremdem land gekommen, mit einem fremdem Volke zu leben, das die söhne von Adam sind, aber dessen geschicke, ach! zwang sind. Das sie sind unterrichtet zu verachten, dessen gesellschaft, fürwahr, eine beflickung ist. Hätte das Deutsche Vaterland sie ihnen gelehrt

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188

33-1-147

das herz (zu richten) bei der gerechtsfarbe, hätte Germania an dem Rhein, kurz, hätte der Gott von den Deutschen leute ~~thnen~~ sie gelehrt dass eben die thüre von dem hause des jesu Christi gegen mein volk zugeschlossen sein sollen, ist das wahr, — halten! Ich kann nicht glauben dass das land von Huss und Luther solche gründe einflössen konnte! Nein! Dann bevor sie in diese Hölle von südlichen vorurtheil sich geworfen haben, hochen zu der einode eines bedrückten volkes, eines gewachsenen nation, die mit der hilfe Gottes und seiner eignen rechten hand höher und höher steigen auf, näher zu dem vollkommenen tag! Vor einem viertel jahrhundert, dieses geschlecht war sclaven, indem, wirklich, gelehrte Philosophen klüglich erklärten dass

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188

sie keinen sieben hätten, und die priester von christo predigte es von der kanzel. ~~Leuten~~ Aber die hand Gottes konnte nicht still stehen, der marsch der Freiheit war nicht zu verhallen, und wenn die Deutschen sich freuten als der fang von Paris, den Fall von Berlin nächte, wahrlich ein herrliches pochen der fröhlichkeit die schmerzen büßte in America schwelte als der sclave ~~ein~~ fuir fortging!

Vielleicht für das erste mal seit sie in America sind, sind sie innerhalb der wände einer Negeruniversität. Sie hören die rhetorischen stunden von einer classe, die ihre mutter-sprache zu lieben gelernt hat; sind die resultate verschieden als die, unter den Weißen? Wir wünschen nicht ihre mitgefühle zu gewinnen mit langen reden, oder windigen gespräch; besuchen sie uns,

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188

und sehen sie für selbst ob der Neger als heu vertreten, wenigstens, ihrer hochachtung nicht würdig ist. Lassen sie keiner kopfang von gesellschäftlicher gleichheit ihre güteheit wegtreiben; der Neger wünscht nicht in ihren besuchszimmern zu faulenzen, aber er fordert das Gott-gegebene recht als einen mann behandelt zu werden. Und wenn ihre zinnen ohne vorurtheil sagen können, "the colors but the guinea's stamp a man's a man for all that," dann bei dem stürzenden wasser des Rheins wird der schild von Germania heller in der Mittagssonne glänzen, ihr blitzendes schwert, höher aufgehoben, den himmel suchen, und mit ihrem augen gewandt nach dem neuen vaterland sie murmeln ein frohes "Amen"!

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Nashville, Tenn., 188

Lobelia cryst.
(Dist. Allegheny Mountains)

Dues Rivers Kindness
Du Bois

STUDENT PAPERS

HARVARD UNIVERSITY 1888-91

The Free-Coinage Controversy
To-day.

—o—

After every financial crisis you will find that there are scores of men who arise with panaceas for making all men rich. For a moment they sweep before them the whole country — one law they say one little page of printy and all will be changed, everybody prosperous and the millennium in sight. Gradually however people bethink themselves — they may not thoroughly understand the sophistries place before them. They may not be trained enough to separate the chaff of demagoguery from the wheat of truth But they do in their sober moments come to realize that whatever the scheme & whosever the plan, you cant make people rich by act of legislature

Perhaps some remember the speck back craze of a few years ago. Most who

49-27-30

took part in it today are heartily ashamed of it, but it is a matter of history, that a whole nation — a modern civilized nation actually went crazy over the theory that the government could stamp pieces of paper with "This is a Dollar" and make all people rich! Of course everybody is amazed that sensible people could ever entertain such nonsense and yet the fact that this great state of Ohio was foremost in this fatal madness is enough to turn our elation into sorrow and to ask: Can a nation capable of such periodic asininity long endure? When we remember that with all our vast advantages as a republic we have mighty dangers: and the greatest danger is that inexperienced & untrained voters are often suddenly asked to settle momentous questions, which, in the very nature of the case they know almost nothing: the result is blunders, mistakes and even such frightful disasters as the

49-27-31

civil war. The only remedy for this popular
trainey — careful systematic instruction of
of the people on all such public questions
If the people are open and receptive, if
even intelligent people remain open &
honest enough to acknowledge that there
are technical points of public policy on which
they are quite ignorant then & there
only is there hope that our country will
survive the shocks of war, disaster &
demagoguery.

Today just as we emerge from
a great commercial crisis we of course
~~from~~ are treated to the attendant cure
This time it is the free coinage of silver
as a ~~value~~ of 16 to 1 that is destined to
make ~~all~~ every body happy. Now on
the very face of it is there not some-
thing suspicious about such a panacea
do you believe — do many people really
believe that the reason we had a commer-
al crisis, ~~was the~~ the reason some people
are rich & most people poor is because

49-27-32

the government mints did not coin enough silver? Why the fact is we were ~~only saved from a greater~~ well nigh plunged into bankruptcy because we coined too much.

As in all other public question it is extremely difficult for the people to decide this question because there is so much truth so much real controversy intermingled with a host of falsehood sophistry and nonsense. This is true in all such questions but it is peculiarly true in any question affecting the currency. Scarcely a more complicated intricate & delicate scientific ~~question~~ problem exist than those dealing with money. From Aristotle to Carlyle they have engaged the master minds of the age, and much still even of scientific is wrapped in haze & controversy but because they do not know every thing about money it does not follow that they know nothing and that the conclusions of Ages of conscientious scientific research are to be cast away in a moment

4-27-33

just because some long beard from the wild & wooley west wants & shuk paying his just debts.

In order then ~~in order to~~ & ~~set forth~~ explain the true theory of money in which I conscientiously believe, I have sought & might & set forth simply & directly the ~~as~~ theory of money which is generally agreed upon by learned & scientific men the world over. I now turn & the concrete question & in the light of this theory I shall seek & test the arguments advanced.

The question as issue is this: shall the U.S. Govt coin silver for anybody at all times free, ~~at a~~ putting into a silver dollar just 16 times as many grains ~~as to~~ of silver as there are grains of gold in a gold dollar, in spite of the fact that according & the present market price of silver such a dollar would be worth but 50¢ ~~in Gold~~ according & our present standard

The arguments advanced ~~for~~ in

4/9-27-34

favor of this ~~~~ may roughly be grouped under 4 heads:

1. It will increase money, which is a good thing;
2. It will deliver us from the rule of the Rich save us from paying dishonest debts &c.
3. It will make us independent of England.
4. It will broaden the basis of commerce.

Only the last of these 4 is worth a moments attention from intelligent men. The first argument is rank sophistry, the second is dishonest, the third is jingoism & the fourth cannot in my opinion prove its point.

Let us take them all in order. Argument number I says the increase of Money in a country increases its wealth and prosperity. Suppose someone said to you the increase of wheelbarrows in a country increases the wealth & prosperity of a country — what would you say? You must say, that depends! If wheelbarrows are needed & do the work they are designed for then of course their increase will conduce to wealth and prosperity. But if they are not

19-27-35

not needed for anything — if there already exist all the wheelbarrows needed that we can use, then an increase of wheelbarrows will not only not increase prosperity, but decrease, by lying about in the way and wastefully consume coal. Just so with money — there is no unlimited demand for money, but a definite use for it, viz to exchange the goods at present in market; if there is not enough for this purpose then to be sure an increase in money will increase wealth & happiness But if there is enough then an increase will not only do no good but by the disarrangement of prices, work untold ill. Is there then money enough in our country? Do you know that there lies in the vaults of the U.S. Treasury today $300,000,000 silver dollars which the U.S. cannot put into circulation in spite strenuous efforts? Do you know that there was just as much money in the country during the crisis of '93 as now? May 1 1893

4-19-27-36

The National Bank alone had 1750 million in deposits; by Oct 1st only 1450 millions remains. By Oct 94 however the money all reappeared — & 1728 millions were on deposit: where had all the money been? Hoarded up by its owners because they did not have confidence in creditors. In other words, it was not want of money that made the crisis but want of credit — lack of belief in the honesty & ability of men & pay their debts. ~~The only indication that conclusively proves a lack of money in a country is a general fall of prices: this is not the case in the U.S. The price of wheat has fallen, but the price of labor has risen. Considering all commodities~~ There is no evidence & prove that there is not in the U.S. today money amply sufficient for all the work it has & do, and on the other hand the low rate of interest is proof positive to the contrary ~~on the other hand~~. Money is of course lacking &

4/9-27-37

those who have merited wealth or work & exchange for it & always will be.

The 2nd set of arguments are directed ~~toward~~ inward the popular channel. Monopolists it is said are ruining the country; they possess all the money & we need some money for the poor man who has & pay debts which increase with the increasing value of gold. If monopolists have all the money now, what is & hinder them from getting all that will be coined. Have you any silver & be coined? But the whole argument is specious. No one denies that there is injustice in the business world, that labor is often oppressed & the poor robbed. Shall we led a bull into the china shop & destroy a rat — shall ~~we~~ we destroy the very basis of trade in order & correct some of its outcropping ills? The basis of modern trade is I have continually insisted a world wide credit When in the throes of civil war the government was struggling desperately for life

49-27-38

it wanted — it must have money at any price. It promised on the honor of a Christian civilized nation to pay that money back in the standard of value then in use. To day men are standing up and inviting us to take advantage of the fall in the price of silver and pay back. 50¢ on a dollar by ~~changing~~ calling 50¢ worth of silver a dollar. You may call that smart finance if you will I call it robbery & dishonesty. And I do not care if the ~~holders~~ buyers of those bonds made 300% I hold that it behooves a nation as well as a man to pay its just debts & keep its word of honor. If it does not confidence falls, credit is ruined & commerce destroyed. But why mix issues if you want to scale down debts, if you really think you have been cheated in bargains investigate & pass laws to that effect — saying that that $1000 mortgage shall be $500, that that ~~$1000~~ $500 income shall be $100 &c That would have the merit of being open

419-27-39

honest & aboveboard. But & try and accomplish the relief of Farmer Smith of Podunk by involving a nation in bankruptcy & dishonor is mildly speaking, strange.

The third set of arguments appeal & the independence of the Great American Nation & says do not borr & Gold-buy England. &c. Independence is impossible in a civilized world. The only independent man is the naked Bushman of South Africa; but the civilized American is the most dependent creature in the world: dependent on the tailor for clothing, on the grocer for food, on the carpenter for lumber, on the policeman for protection, on the morning paper for news, — and yet we do not crave for the Bushmen's independence — we somehow enjoy the dependence of civilized life, we hail the era of Peace & cooperation and (in) chord

" in an age on ages telling
" & be living is sublime "

49-27-40

We are informed however & ~~that~~ that this is all wrong — all wrong, that we should be independent & like China live in lordly isolation from the rest of the the world: ~~then~~ at this point however we discover that we can't do this just as China discovered. You have perhaps ~~once~~ heard that the hands and ~~legs~~ mouth once conspired against the stomach & got the worst of the bargain: just so whether we like it or no England stands today in the very centre of the commercial world — the great banker of the nations. So long as she can do this better than any other nation she will claim the position — to fight against such a survival of the fittest is to oppose your own interest.

I now come to the final and serious argument for Bimetalism & here on the very threshold a queer dilemma meets us: Bimetalism as a serious scientific doctrine does not con-

49-27-41

template and change in the present standard of value nor any such ~~depreciation~~ depression of prices as would disturb present debts & contracts. It only aims to find sometime in the future in 10 50 or 100 years some stable ratio at which silver may be coined as full legal tender with gold. Then advocates of immediate free silver coinage at 16 to 1, must either abandon their haste & their present ratio, or throw away the only valid part of their argument. ~~Then~~ As to the contention of Bimetallist proper the Gold monometalist has only to reply: Silver is not & has not been stable in value when it is & not till then can we consider the proposition of free-coinage. But says the Bimetallist that is just the point: the denial of free-coinage makes silver unstable — its resumption will restore it to some stable ratio as 16 to 1 or 20 to 1 or 30 to 1. "This is a strange perversion of history: the fall in value of

4-9-27-42

silver & its demonetization in 1873 were closely connected facts & how connected? Not as the ~~Dr~~ Silver men affirm: for demonetization did not cause the fall in the value of silver — the fall in the price of silver caused the demonetization. How now can free coinage restore it? Can a government stamp make value? Never. It can only promise to pay value & even then people will not take its ~~value~~ promise unless they are certain it can & will pay. This is the condition today: the govt takes 50¢ worth of silver & stamps on it "One Dollar in God we Trust" Now as long as the govt will redeem that for $1.00, or for other money that will command $1 so long will people take it: the moment the people suspect the Govt cannot pay down goes the silver dollar & its market value, up goes gold & a premium, the $1,686,000,000 of savings bank deposits of the poor people are ~~cut in~~ half destroyed wages go down one half, creditors receive but 50¢ on a dollar credit is destroyed

49-27-43

market disarranged & ~~the~~ bankruptcy stares the commercial world in the face. This is not a fanciful picture: it actually happened in little Venezuella; & if the foolish currency experiments of that little state threw down the great English bankers & shook the financial world what would the bankruptcy of the U.S. do. And we came very near bankruptcy not long ago — perhaps within 24 hours of it just because the U.S. actually undertook & ~~called~~ buy $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of silver a month coin it into dollars worth 50¢ & then promise & pay $1 for it. There. And the U.S. could not do it, no other nation ever has & no other nation ever will

49-27-44

Finally one short appeal to actual facts: What are the richest & most prosperous countries in the world: Gold buy countries such as England, U.S., Germany France, Italy & Russia. What are the poorest, most debtridden & unfortunate: Silver standard countries as Mexico, Turkey, China & the S Amer. republics. Where are the highest wages paid? In Gold buy countries: where are people starving to death from hunger & ill-treatment in India & China — where the blessing of free silver coinage have existed What countries in the world have the largest amount of money for their needs? ~~In the~~ Gold countries — there is not a silver country in the world that has $\frac{1}{3}$ the per capita circulation of the U.S. ~~In reason & history sustain gold as, so far, the best money &~~

49-27-45

Early Germanic Institutions as mentioned by TACITUS

1/0146

HIST. 21.

Early Germanic Institutions
as mentioned by
CORNELIUS TACITUS
in
De Germania

by

W.E.B. Du Bois, Gr.
Harvard,

20-Oct, '90

[1890]

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Leipzig, 1883, 12mo 396 pp.

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Clan, 4:1-5, 6:16-18, 2, 7, 13:10-18, 14, 15:6-12, 29:3, 38:1-4, 39, 43:2-3, 1:5, 28, 33.
Political Institutions. 1:5, 7, 8, 11, 22:7-10, 25, 30:6-13, 37:13, 42:5-9, 44:1-5, 44:11-18, 45:30-32, 45:12,
Courts 7, 10, 12, 21:1-5, 6:21-23, 19:3-8, 31:1-13.
Land Tenure 6:16-18, 15:3-5, 16:1-6, 25, 26:2-8, 31:13-15, 33.

—o—

Early Germanic Institutions
as given by Tacitus
in the Germania.

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The Family.

References. **Marriage.**

17: 12-16. The matrimonial bond is severe, monogamy being universal except among a few nobles and then for

18: sake of alliance. The husband buys (and the wife gives arms in turn (18)) the wife a dowry, and the parents and relatives assembled approve the gifts which are generally implements of war. ~~Patriarchal~~ Successive polygamy was ~~generally~~ forbidden to women in some states (19.)

1 to 148

The Father

10: 5 The father had certain priestly functions in private affairs, as divination

13: 3-6 and so forth. The father invested the youth with his arms on his coming of age. After this the youth belonged to the state,

20: (i.e. the possible head of a new family?) A mans power and social standing was enhanced by the size of his family. In

19: Some crimes as, adultery, be had the right of punishment

Mother Wife and Sister.

7:10-15, 8: The women occupied a superior place, being often present in battle, and having influence in council and divination. The women took care of the house and
15:3-5 lands. A sister's children were held in
20: great regard and that tie of relationship
17: deemed very strong. No check was put on
46: the increase of children. In some of the lower tribes the women joined in the chase.

Inheritance.

18: The dowry which the husband brings to the wife descends to her male children and her daughters'-in-law children.
20: Inheritance generally was by direct descent without will. If no children existed then brothers succeeded and in turn pa-
32:7-9 ternal and maternal uncles. Among the Yenteri the horses descended to the strongest member of the family, while slaves rights of succession, &c., descended to the

elder son (This the only place in which primogeniture is distinctly mentioned; it may be implied in 18, 20.)

Slaves

20: . As children slaves were not distinguish-
24:6-12 ed from freemen. Slaves were often made by gambling and sold into other tribes.
25: The slaves were not house hold ser-vants but had land alloted and gave part of their produce to the master. They were punished but seldom to the ex-tent of death. Freedmen were little better than slaves and seldom rose to eminence except in kingdoms
8: Slaves were made of captives, ~~and~~ even of
88: women. Modes of dress often distinguished slave.

Organization

7:10-11 The armies are composed of families
13:3-6 and relatives. On arriving of age the youth is invested with arms and ~~slaves~~ belongs to
17:12-16 & the state not to the household. The family
21:1-5 tie meant alliance defensive and offen-sive and ~~the~~ feuds between families were
13. binding on individuals. There was also a system of Chief and companions which

did not seem to require ties of blood.
13. Young men could not assume arms,
i.e. become men, until the state approved

The Clan.

1:; 2: The German nation as a whole seemed
28: to be commixed and of one common
stock. They were however divided into
nations of varying size and strength
who were disturbed by wars feuds and the like
2:10-12 They had traditions that they were descend-
ed from one common head. These nations
38: were variously subdivided: first as the
24: Suevi into smaller nations. Then each
6:16-18. nation into tribes or clans. Then each
39:4 clan into cantons or habitations (as Pagi)
13, 14. Families or individuals again seemed to
be cemented by the system of child and

companions. ~~Of~~ Families and states seems to have often become the vassals of these Chiefs.

39. Among the tribes there was often if not always a leadership confered by age nobility, religion, &c., on one tribe

43. Even tribes reputed showed often a closer resemblance & some ~~other~~ tribe in manners and customs than to others

33 The tribes fought each other often to total extirpation

There were evidences of great family cohesion even to the extent of a patriarchy (39).

Political Institutions.

Kinds of Government

Their governments seem to have varied between limited monarchies (1:5, 44:1-5, 42:5-9 &c.), almost pure democracies (1:5, 30, 37, 23, 37:13 &c) and some sort of patriarchy (10:5, 13:3-6, 39, 20, 19.) One unlimited monarchy is mentioned (44: 11-18) and some passages suggest traces of a matriarchy (45:30-32, 20, 8.)

Chief Executives.

There were Reges (1:5, &c) Principes (11:1-3) Duces, (7:1-10) and Patres-familiae (10:5 &c).

7:1-10 The Rex was elected with regard to birth, the Dux with regard to personal qualities. The Reges did not have unlimited powers, and the Duces ruled more by prestige. Neither could punish offences.

11:1-3 The chief men (Principes) decided minor affairs, and thoroughly discussed all other affairs before they came before the popular assembly. The priests have sometimes executive powers (Jus coercendi: 11:11)

Popular Assemblies

11:3-16 The people generally assemble on stated days at full moon tho' often late from the natural liberty of their lives They sit down armed, and the Rex, Dux, Nobilis or eloquent man gain attention more by their ability to persuade than by command. In voting a clash of arms signifies consent — a murmur, dissent. They consult on matters of importance committed by the [Chiefs.]
11:1-3 22:7-16 There was generally much political discussion and canvassing at their many places, and in daily conversation.

Social Classes

7, 8, 24, 25, 37:13 11:3-6 22 &c Reges, Duces, Principes, Nobiles, Ingenui, Clarissimi and Pedisequi. The personal freedom of the Ingenui was great.

Occupations

4:, 5: War (14, 15) Agriculture (26, 45:12) Hunting (17, 46, &c) and Commerce 5:10-19 &c) &c.

Justice

Judges.

(The priests generally were the dis-
(?) hereditary Justice)(7.) sometimes the father
(19:3-8, 10:5), [~~perhaps sometimes~~ (8)] The general
assembly as a body did acted as judges (12)
and elected chiefs as cantonal judges (12)(Juris dict.

Juries

The general assembly acted as judge
and jury in capital offences, &c. often.
They also elected with the circuit judges
a sort of advisory board or jury of 108
women (12) These chief presided this the
cantons and villages (12) The presence of relatives
was required in certain ceremonies (19,18)

Procedure.

The procedure was [by divina-
tion ordeal &c., (10)?] by bringing offenders
before the general assembly and accus-
ing them, (12) and perhaps by mutual agree-
ment by heads of families (21:1-5 ~~& 22~~) and
others at feasts &c. (22)

Sentences

12: Traitors were hanged, cowards suffocated, a man who abandoned his child, disenfranchised (6:21-23) adulteress, hair cut and scourged (19:3-8) &c. There were various fines imposed, chiefly composed of flocks and horses, part going to the state, part to the injured party (12, 21:1-5) Homicide was punished by fine (21)

10/5-2

Land Tenure.

26: The lands were occupied by all ~~households~~ in vicos or per vicos, by townships) in allotments proportional to the number of cultivators, and afterward were parcelled out to the individuals in the district in shares according to their rank.

The land of the whole nation was
6:16-18 divided in Pagi or cantons. The people
26: did not live together in cities but separated and scattered. Each house was surrounded by a plot of land. This land
13:3-5 was tended by the women and old

25: Slaves also held lands as sorts of fiefs for their masters. Some warriors had no lands but lived on hospitality (among the Chattis X (31:13-15) often whole nations were expelled and their lands appropriated (33.)

Political Economy IX.:

Report on the

German Railway System:

March 16, 1889

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W. E. D. Dods, '90.

A

Origin and Methods of the German Railway System.

W. E. B. Du Bois, '90.

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1079

The German Railway System:

Origen.

The history of German Railways begins in 1835 when the first road, the Nürnberg-Fürther, was finished. The system grew up under the thirty-nine different governments, of which Germany is composed, entirely without general system In the smaller states the system of State ownership generally prevailed. In Baden[1] the first road was projected in 1832 but not until 1838 did the State begin the regular laying-out of roads. Wirttemburg established a Railway Association (Eisenbahngesellschaft) in 1836 which lasted but two years, after which the State took up the matter and built the Railroads. A private association began the work in Bavaria

[1] See Sax. P510-512.

but it soon passed into the hands of the State, as was also the case in Nassau. Hanover began with the State-system. Saxony began with the mixed system and then bought out the private owners. In Mecklinburg private companies built the roads, but all are now under State control.* Thus there were throughout Germany numerous local developements but no through lines. At first the "Verein-Deutcher Eisenbahn-Verwaltungen did much work in general matters of administration, but in policy everything awaited Prussia's lead.

In Prussia the state at first was too busy in Politics to formulate a regular policy and was backward in railroad matters. Gradually then

* Except the Saxony-Hertzogthumern and Pfalz R.R.'s.

arose in different places, at about the same time, committees of merchants and manufacturers to urge on the extension of Railways, but the hesitancy of Government made it difficult to gain either private aid, or government consent. In 1837, however, the Berlin-Potsdam, Düsseldorf-Elberfeld, Magdeburg-Leipzig, and part of the Rhenish road received charters. These were regulated by the laws of Nov. 3rd 1838, which rather leaned toward the policy of monopoly rights and different owners of rolling-stock. This law protected Railroad companies against parallelling for 30 years; every Company proposing to build a Railroad was required to apply to the Coun-

cil of Trade with particulars as to the projected line, and the amount of capital proposed to be raised. The line of road in its entire course, the conditions of construction and the vehicles to be employed were subject to the approval of the Council. The authority of the Reichtag was required for the issue of more stock than was originally fixed upon, as well as for the raising of loans, and to the latter requirement was ~~fixed~~ coupled the condition that a fund should be set aside for defraying the interest and and redeeming the loan. The Government reserved the right* of purchasing the property of Rail-

1/6/13

* Section 42, Code of 1838.

way companies under the following conditions: 1st The surrender could not be demanded before the expiration of 30 yrs. from the opening of the Railroad. 2nd It could only be required to take place when a new settlement of the road toll would have to be made. 3rd The intention to require its surrender must be notified to the company at least 1 yr. before the period appointed. 4th The Government must pay as compensation a sum equal to twenty-five times the the amount of annual dividends which have been paid to the share holders an an average of the previous five years.*

In 1839 the Government took the water-trade of the Berlin-Anhalt R.R.,

*Jeans, P. 80.

a sign of the future revolution. In 1840-1, the Berlin-Stettin, Berlin Frankfort, Donar-Cöln, and Ober-Silesia and Magdeburg-Leipzig roads were chartered. In 1842 subsidies began to be used to eke out the comparatively small amount of private capital invested. They were in the form of guarantees of interest on bonds, with the proviso that if the State + was compelled to advance money in this way it might after a certain time undertake the management of the road itself. Other roads were indirectly aided by the government purchase of stock.

Private capital however continued to be inadequate to the demand for Railways (indeed this is one [of the

circumstances that forced state-ownership on Germany, and Secretary Hannemann, then at the head of the Department of Commerce in the cabinet received the plan of buying up all the roads. However political difficulties preceding the adoption of the constitution in 1850 hindered him and not until 1849 did his successor, Herr von der Heydt lay before the second chamber the draft of a law for the construction of several important Railways. This was the first minister who appreciated the real importance of railways* He carefully prepared the way for the State system by removing many obstacles and introducing State management in small districts at a period of comparatively small developement. The first

*4. Kapp in Nation

1/5/16

absolutely State-built and managed Railroad was the one from Berlin to the Russian frontier, begun in 1848. Down to 1860 the proceeds of the special R.R tax was devoted to the building and purchasing of stock in Railways. In the following years the necessity of extending the Railroads as quickly as possible was strongly felt and the minister of Commerce even waived his State policy in his eagerness for new facilities. The position of the Government was strengthened by the acquisition of new provinces (Hanover, Hesse, and Nassau) having extensive well-conducted and developed Railroads. The wars of 1866-70 hindered

1/0/17

progress for a while but afterward stimulated the Government as it learned the military necessity of Railways; speculation, too, in which Government joined, hastened things on to the State system. The power of the Empire to regulate Railroads* was established and defined in the Imperial constitution** in 1871. After the Franco-Prussian war came a period of unexpected growth of trade and commerce together with the exhaustion of the Railways. The necessity of State control began to force itself upon the public mind.

* Before this a set of police regulation applicable to all Railways in the North-german confederation were in force. (adopted Jan. 1, 1871) They are classified under 79 sections and embrace the following heads: 1. Condition and controll of Road. 2. State of Rolling-Stock. 3 Rules for freight-handling. 4. Regulations as to general public. 5 Police rules. 6 general supervision.

** Sections 41-47.

While petitions for new charters were pouring in, Prussia determined herself to build the great trunk line to the west, viz: the Berlin, Wetlar, & Metz R.R. At the time of the passage of this bill Deputy Lasker instituted a committee of investigation and recommendation in regard to State-control. The committee reported in favor, and in 1873 the Landtag granted the minister of Commerce, Dr. Achenbach, funds which enabled the government to purchase roads and compete with private roads. Meanwhile much excitement was caused by the effort of the Empire to establish a Railway Office (Eisenbahnamt). The Reichstag had many difficulties especially with the minor

states before the measure was carried. This bureau consisted of seven members having power to carry out the provisions of the constitution and, they were to endeavor to come to some uniform system throughout the Empire, in preparation for an Imperial Railroad Law. After two attempts to solve the difficulties by consultation with the representatives of several Federal states, the Office found agreement impossible. Thus in 1875 we have three systems in Germany: State System, Private system, and the system in which the State managed private roads. The smaller states controlled their own roads and Prussia owned about one-third of the Railways on her boundaries. Con-

1/0/20

trol of Railways by the Imperial government became to be the object of those who had desired political union. The first step in this direction was taken in 1870-1, when the Railways of Elsass-Lothringen passed from the hands of the French company in to those of the Empire. Bismarck now made a determined effort for government control: Prussia, in 1876, offered to turn her Railways over to the Empire if the Empire would take control of all Railways, and if not declared her intention to consolidate her own Railways. The document presented to the Reichstag, in 1879, by Bismarck, advocating State ownership is valuable, representing as it does varied experience, careful collocation

1/0/21

tion of facts and clear reasoning. It begins by stating the difference in situation of Germany and England or the United States, especially from a military point of view. It shows how the war-indemnity of 1870-1 favored the extension and constitution of the State system. It discusses the necessity of consolidation, and brings up many evils resultant upon private management as the difficulty of dividing receipts, arranging time-tables, adjustment of claims, &c.; the increased cost of separate depots ticket offices, &c, and especially the loss entailed by interchange of cars.*

1/6/22

* It is asserted that one-third of the distance travelled by cars in 1877, or 762,000,000 miles, was by empty cars, and most of these were being returned to their different owners — a thing avoided in State ownership (P22 state doc.) Of the 12333 freight cars owned by the Rhenish R.R. a daily average of 2998 were running on other roads. — the claims arising from this source in Prussia in 1877 was 183,641,500. (P22.)

However the strong states rights feeling of the lesser states, who felt it too much to give up Railway control to Bismarck as they had military command, defeated the bill, and Prussia confined herself to carrying out the system in her own territory. Roads were gradually purchased and important trunk lines built to connect the east and west systems. The following table will show the rate of purchase:

1 = 1 Kilometer

Date	State Railways	Private managed by state	Private
1879-80	6,198	3,525	10,033
1880-81	11,392	3,525	5,033
1882	15,305	2,142	3,850
1887 (March 31)	21,949	?	?

* see Kapp and Müller
cf Sonnenberg Repl-

1/6/23

The prices paid were liberal, sometimes high. (The Berlin-Hamburg received over 16% on its investment) The purchase was generally made by exchanging 4% bonds in such amounts as to give stock-holders about the same income as, presumably, they would have reid from their Railway shares. In no case did the government force sale but made offers which it was to the company's advantage to take.

Prussia is now the typical example of State-Railway-Ownership in the world, having 80,000 civil employees in the service, and using the roads for political and mitilary ends as much as commercial.

1/6/24

Methods.

"There is perhaps no system of State-aided and State-regulated Railways that has been initiated and managed with more prudence than that of Germany"[1]

Management. The management of the 21,518 Km of road in Prussia at the close of the fiscal year 1887[2] were under the ~~manage~~ control of eleven different bureaus as distinct from each other as so many different companies, viz: Berlin (2,894 Km.[3]), Dromberg (3,583 Km), Hanover (2,038 Km.), Frankfort-on-the-Main (1,112 Km), Magdeburg (1,852 Km), Cologne, Left Side (1,791 Km), Cologne, Right Side, (2,049 Km), Elberfeld (1,310 Km.), Erfurt (1,553 Km) Dresden (2,896 Km), and Altona (1,009 Km.). These

10/25

[1] Jeans P. 82.

[2] Müller, P. 423. [3] Fractions of Km omitted.

bureaus consist of a President, whose salary is 11,400 m., 3 administrators-in-chief, salary 6000 m., 13 administrators, salary 5100 m. The President has more than 9000 functionaries under his orders. The central administration is little developed on account of the independence of the different bureaus. There are 3 directors @ 15,000 m., 23 councillors @ 8,700 m., 52 functionaries @ 4,200 m. Besides these there is a School of Technology at Nippes with 1 director and 4 professors, a bureau of technology (6 offices), a commissariat of Railways (4 offices); the whole service cost 1,368,720 m. The ordinary receipts exceed the ordinary expenditures (1886-7) by 212,749,184 m. By the law of the 27th of March, 1882, this excess is applied to the liquidation of the Railway debt.

1/6/26

FINANCES

The debt, March 31st 1885, was 3,657,914,620 m., with an annual interest 150,406,688 m. Müller says "It is impossible to get a clear idea of the Railways of Prussia from the official reports." No general balance sheet is published. "We simply know that Prussia has borrowed considerable for the construction and buying of Railways and that the excess of receipts assure the interest and liquidation of this debt with a surplus."[2]

1/0/27

LAWS

A new set of Railway regulations applicable to the whole of Germany came in in 1886,[2] which is comprehensive and worthy of study.[3] It deals with every possible phase of Railway control, sometimes too minutely; it is the "crystallized embodiment of long experience". The more important subjects are:

[1] Müller, part II. [2] Approved Jan 5th [3] Jeans, P. 80.

the construction of the permanent way; bridges crossings and signals; construction of locomotives; testing of same and tenders; construction of rolling-stock; periodical examination of same; weight and working of freight and passenger trains; rate of speed; time-table; transportation of freight by passenger-trains and vice-versa; communication between passengers and guards; character of electric communication; rules for signals; &c &c. The regulations are classified under 4 heads: 1. State and condition of permanent way. 2. Condition of Rolling-Stock. 3. Working of Traffic 4. Regulations affecting the public.

STATISTICS auth.

The total cost[1] of German Railways in 1883 was £462,636,000 (about $2,230,000), the per-cent of gross receipts & capital in-

[1] Jeans, p 93

vested was 10.4% (U.S. at same time 10.9%)
The average cost per mile[1] was £21,236
(₤102,790.). The per-cent of net receipts on
capital expenditure averaged in 1882,
4.68%[2]. The total number of Railway
employees in 1883 was 303,991[3]. In the
same year there were 232,564,000 passengers carried, 556 of whom were
killed and 1876 injured by accidents,
or average per 1,000,000 people: 2.39 killed. 8.05 in-
jured. (In the U.S. the same year 1.51 k.
6.10 injured).[4]

10/29
U.S. R.R. Com. Report 1889

RATES

Before 1875 the Prussian freight
tariff was based on profits with no at-
tention to cost of service. The so-called
"natural system came in as a
make-shift in 1870 on account of
Elsass-Lothringen: it is based on cost of
service. The rate on any class of goods

[1] Jeans, Appendix, Table A. [2] Ibid P. 60. [3] P. 184 [4] P 443

consists of a fixed terminal charge independent of distance, plus a rate per mile to cover movement expenses. In 1874 Davania adopted a compromise tariff, and in 1877 the "Reform tariff of the German Empire" came in to being differing from the "natural" in a slight amount of classification which in practice amounts to a good deal. Long and short haul discrimination is now avoided by a system of grouping under the "Exception tariff" (Ausnahme tarife),[2] by which markets within a given area get equal rates to enable them to compete. This is carried on to a great extent,[1] e.g. Bremen which is 221-71 km from the coal-fields has the same rate as the following cities whose difference in

[1] Emerson p 42 [2] This tariff is I believe not in force now but the grouping continues. See R.R. Gazette

distance is: Bremhafen, 41 mi., Geestemünde, 38½ mi., Harburg 103 mi., Hillfield, 94 mi, Nordenhamm, 40 mi.

The regular charges are[1]

	cents per ton per Mi.		cents per ton per Mi.
express	9.0	½ car loads, Special	2.1
Parcels	4.5	car loads. Special I	1.8
½ car load	2.8	" II	1.4
car loads	2.5	III	1.0

The government has thus been forced by "natural" laws to make considerable exceptions in her "natural" tarif, especially in through traffic[2]

The passenger fares including fares for baggage are in shillings & pence[3]

Miles	Express			Ordinary			
	1st class	2nd class	3rd class	1st C	2nd C	3rd C	4th C
10 mi	2.04	1.48	0.94	1.81	1.36	0.82	047
50 mi	1.97	1.46	0.89	1.79	1.32	075	038
100 mi	197	1.46	0.89	1.79	1.32	0.75	0.38

[3] Grierson p 131
[1] R R Gazette p. 114. [2] See tables in Grierson p 56, & Hoffmann [illegible]

TIME

The general regulations prescribe also the maximum time for delivery of goods, as: freight by passenger train, 1 day for loading and forwarding and 1 day for every additional 300 km or part thereof; for common freight 2 days for loading &c, 1 day for the first 100 km and 1 day for every part of each subsequent 200 km. The time of transit is assumed to commence at 12 P.M. following the date of the stamp on the consignment note.

10132

Councils

There are District consultative councils or Conciliation Courts which deal with all questions relating to the conveyance of goods on Railways, and with the application of existing tariffs. They are composed of representatives of the government and of the traders, and are of great practical utility.[1]

[1] Grierson P. 16f.

W. E. B. DuBois, '90.

Egad!

33-4-51

Did the United States Government act wisely in conferring the right of suffrage upon Negroes? (2 copys.)

(being) a reply to the article in the October Forum by

Sen. James D. Eustis, of La.

— o —

This should have been written upon regular forensic paper with margins for comments.

Not clearly marked,
must read from
English.

To the Hon. James D. Eustis, M.C.,

33-4-52

Dear Sir:

I am a Negro, the son of a Negro, a student in Harvard College, and proud of a race and lineage in which you see little cause for pride. I have carefully read and reread your article in the October Forum touching me and my people, and have thought it demanded an answer, not so much on its own account, (for it struck me as dogmatic rather than argumentative), but on account of the position and influence of the writer, and especially because I fear lest from the appearance of so great a number of similar articles by Southern men of position, in the event of our silence, the very reiteration of the charges should impel belief. I have, therefore, made bold, Sir, thus publicly to address you, and to present a few considerations in opposition to your stand. I shall not attempt to present anything especially new or original in the way of argument, being content as you have been in rehashing old arguments started long before my birth. I have also, Sir, not hesitated to adopt the tone in which we have been so often addressed, since I cannot but conclude from the present trend of Southern opinion that (the) submission in tone and action, as far as the Negro is concerned, is rapidly ceasing to be expressive of the highest type of manhood.

V.

As nearly as I can ascertain, your charge is, in effect, that the United States Government acted unwisely in recognizing the Negro as a capable factor of Government, since ancient and modern experience shows

This is a key K.
for sentence.

that he differs from the World not only in color, but also in mental and moral capabilities; that hence arises the Race antagonism of the South, which so disturbs the National repose to day.

33-4-53

In proof of this you affirm that "from time immemorial he has preferred to envelope himself in dense darkness and revolting barbarism," and that in modern times he although "no race has had such adventitious advantages to aid it to carve out its destiny" yet all attempts at the elevation of the Negro have been attended "with consequences so disappointing to both races."

Without pausing to consider the truth of the theory as to my ancestors' past, or inquiring into your ancestors responsibility for whatever they lack, I shall (only) address myself to his condition in America, since whatever weight your argument has depends on this.

First let me present what with your permission I shall call your own answer to the charge, for I find that inadvertently you have made admission in your article inconsistent with your stand. On P. 151 you say that the West Indian Negro "is the same kind of Negro that we have in this country, for they were both piously transported by Boston shipowners from the same country in Africa." Moreover these Negroes, it seems, are capable of such polish and refinement that you affirm they "have always been received in the fashionable salons of the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris, where dwell the descendents of the ancient noblesse of France, a society certainly as exclusive and as aristocratic as any society in Boston" or New Orleans. Now place beside this the following on page 147: "Our belief is that this condition of inequality between the Negro and White race, which has always

This seems right
Franklin.

Nothing must
be cleaned.

33-4-54

existed and will always exist in this country, springs from a consciousness of superiority in the White man and from an consciousness of inferiority in the Negro, enabling the former to claim and enforce superior rights and privileges and compelling the latter to recognize and agquiesce in the superiority of the White race" Decide this let me ask, also a part of p. 149, Speaking of the social prescription of Race (the italics are mine) you say "a Negro may be as well educated, as polished, as well-bred and as refined (and I have known such) as the any Irishman, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Jew, the East Indian, the Portuguese, the American, or any other person of any other race and nationality" and yet social prescription would be maintained in Boston &c. I acknowledge that Alexandre Dumas might have difficulty in entering the most exclusive circles of Boston élite, but had he been so unfortunate as to stray into New Orleans, the "best people" might long since have hanged the "damn nigger" for being "sassy." Indeed one of lighter hue, even Geo W. Cable, found its breezes too balmy for an honest opinion and sought the clime of "New England preachers."

You ask, on p. 148, with refreshing candor how "a race can be happy and progressive" under Northern prejudice, & assert elsewhere that it is "happy, contented, and satisfied" under Southern cruelty, and put the finishing touch (on) by berating the Northerner in ease and luxury for daring to criticise the people "whose misfortune it is to face the perils of race conflicts and their dire consequences", (and) telling him of the terrible scene when an outraged nation with a L'Ouverture at their head cried in wrath and anguish

"who would be free themselves must strike the blow!"

You casually remark that their White law, forbidding a White

This is most
angry assertion which
heightens your case.
To make your point still
further should show calmly
the innocence of the
"black" lines as compared
with the "Black"

Your writing here
is less confused, &

man from holding land or office in Hayti "is not remarkable for its humanity," when any thing except voluntary blindness on your part would lead you to see that it was a veritable Golden Rule beside that damnable and adulterous Black law which adorns the statute book of your own native state, which enables your son to scorn my sister and laugh in my face. Your conscientiousness, Sir, &c. ?

33-4-55

Supposing, however, these admissions were inadvertant, let us turn to the question itself, since it is of such vast importance not only to seven millions of people, who, if it is true, have been laboring under a strange illusion; not only to hundreds of "New England preachers," "Negro Philanthropists" and "Republican politicians", who have heroically given their lives and talents in vain; not only to a mighty people, who arose in wrath and overthrew what they thought a Godless serfdom, but also, that which is nearer my heart, to thousands of young men and women, like myself, who have struggled over difficulties well-nigh insurmountable and this in the face of outrage and prejudice, to be the heralds of the morning to the race they represent and love, only to find that they labor in vain for themselves and a people who are but a step higher than the anthropoid ape.

Sir, you must be aware that there are peculiar liabilities to error in ethnological studies. Few there are who cannot by reference to history prove that white shield black or white according to their wish. Moreover, the charge of inferiority, at best indefinite and shadowy, the moment you would fix its meaning, has long been a favorite solvent for difficult ethnological problems. If Aristotle had met a stray Goth, and asked him to explain by any other hypothesis than that of natural inferiority

Freie Mitteilung.

33-4-56

the fact that his people preferred to squeat in the caves and fens of Northern Europe rather than to come out into the glorious noon tide of the most wonderful of the worlds ages, since they had had "equal advantages with the [Greek] race"; he would have (doubled) needed, my dear senator, a much longer dissertation than this to prove that your ancestors were not closely allied to the Great Cave Bear. Nations do not step forth full-fledged in a minute, twenty-four years, nor a century. If it took the Teuton a Millenium to reach his present stage of culture is not your judgement Sir, to say the least, prematurely formed? Bearing this in mind, and casually remembering that it is to the Southern people's advantage to cast some of their burden upon the Lord, we may ask the question, "Given the same conditions, has the Negro in America made as much progress as could be reasonably expected of any other race? Let us glance at the conditions: The most degraded races of a benighted people are enslaved in a civilized country. The slavery was not the worst in the world by any means, but it meant what slavery always means, even in its best form, degradation to master and slave, aristocracy and ignorance, the bondage of a fearful and unhallowed lust. Then after 250 years of these "equal advantages with the White race", a Brown, a Sumner, a Douglass, and a Garrison set them free from the yoke of the Southern people "against their protest" as you aptly put it. Recollect the right, Sir: four millions of African savages, educated by 250 years of slavery, broken in spirit, ignorant, disorganized, lust-damned, taught by your fathers to be improvident and lazy, despising their women whom you had reduced in their ignorance and

Pour chacun des
Constructeurs
a cette conférence
un Mot sentence

Pour arrangement.

Pour Copie Fidèle
Signes un Mot sentence

33-4-57

helplessness; the family relation, the very foundation stone of any nation's greatness practically unknown; strangely imbued with religious fervor but with their morals fearfully distorted. Is the picture over drawn? let me quote from your article: "The relation of master and servant, of black nurses and white children have created a camaraderie between the ~~two~~ races that extends even beyond the domestic family circle. + + + + + + + + + The White man does not feel he is derogating from his self-respect or personal dignity be cause he makes these concessions to the Colored man." Would to God he did feel so, Senator Eustis, for, as it is, this "camaraderie" has extended so far "beyond the family circle" that at least three-fourths of my people bear the visible imprint of the blood of the captor. And what entails the deeper damnation, complacently reviewing his work, "the white man at the South does not feel he is derogating from his self-respect or personal dignity" ~~because he~~ in ruining a nation's women. And by the way, Sir, if I must answer taunt with taunt perhaps your alleged difference in biliousness between the Northern Negro and his southern brother, which so seems to tickle yourself of the ludicrous, is due to the latter's unfortunate contact with the notoriously lazy Southern aristocracy, whose contributions to "the stimulating forces that produce the wonderful social developements of the age" the Encyclopedias have failed to record. Sir, our liberty, education, even manhood, were baubles compared with our homes: when you distroyed them, you took away well-nigh the last hope of a hopeless people. No loving mother's hand was left to rock the cradle of our nation; but, freed, we were left to the tender mercies of our ex-masters, and cowering beneath the shotgun and the libertine, the concubine

T.?/

33-4-58

and the lash, we are calmly told that if twenty-five years of "amendments & the constitution of the United States, if partisan Federal legislation and political sermons of Republican New England preachers" have not completely solved the Negro question, and admitted us into the most exclusive circles of American society; if our leaders are not among the greatest lawyers, ministers, artists and literateurs of the age, if our whole nation is not in "an entirely self-reliant and satisfactory condition"; in fine, if in any considerable degree we are behind a civilization representing the choicest fruits of a world's culture then "there must be some ineradicable cause that alters and impedes [our] progress"

Moreover, from the implications of your article one would think that (the emancipation) philanthropy and circumstance lavished their choicest gifts upon the Negro: that the foster-mother, touched with remorse drew the ducky bastard to her bosom, and that even his one time oppressors wished him God-speed. Was this the case? The difference between the Negro's condition in 1860 and 1870 was little more than the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee; after a disgraceful period of reconstruction, for which you and the "carpet-bagger" were equally culpable, the Negro passed from Slavery to Serfdom; he was cheated, lynched, Ku Kluxed, seduced denied education, driven from the polls, exorcised as an evil spirit from Hotel, Depot, Railway, Street-car, School, College, Church and State; and yet a United States Senator [is surprised to see in him today the hint still strong today] with one hand adds to the pile of difficulties that impedes his progress, and with the other sweetly informs the world how "disappointed" he is at seeing the Negro "no marks

By trying to speak
too much into one
sentence, you confuse
your ideas.

Fritz Kahn.

33-4-59

of progress." And yet in spite of these so great disadvantages, in the place of a vast retrograde movement such as the careful student of history would expect; instead of widespread anarchy and crime, we find a peaceable law abiding people, thoroughly American, intensely religious, all too submissive to insult and injury; their very eagerness for education and advancement warding off from you the fearful consequences of a people's error, in the presence of which Thomas Jefferson "fabjoing" as you say "heartily sympathizing," as you say, "with his unfortunate countrymen" said: "I tremble when I remember God is just!" But is this all? Sir, ~~come out of the wood~~ ask the American nation today if the Negro has not taken a single step in the way of progress, as you dogmatically declare. Ask Gen. Armstrong, John F. Slater, Atticus Haygood, the American Missionary Association, and thousands of men and who have given their lives and substance to them. Lift up your eyes and see the hill of your own fair country dotted with 15000 schools and a million dark-hued students. Listen to the march of the hundreds of graduates that yearly pour forth from Fisk, Hampton, Wilberforce, Berea, Atlanta, Clark, Talladega, Tougaloo, Tilloteon, Straight, and Meharry. Emperor! Listen to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" rendered entire by a Negro choir of a Negro University in the Athens of the South on the very night that Henry W. Grady was telling New England that the South was New. Out from the fire of prejudice and repression have left an Attucks, a Douglass, a Bruce, a

This Sonata well,
but it is not argu-
ment - You are
evading the very point
which you are trying
to prove.

Writing might be
clearer.

Citation of cases like
this helps your ar-
gument greatly.

33-4-60

Paine, a Lynch, a Harper, and a Langston; out from the smoke of battle has grown the African church, Methodist and Baptist, at whose altar every sabbath a million knees bow. Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Williams, and a host of Northern college count the Negro among their honored sons. But it is not my intention to enumerate evidences of the Negro's advancement: a progress that cannot be seen is not worth bringing to light, — a progress that is self-evident needs no advocate. I can therefore with perfect confidence rest our case with the people that broke our bands in sunder, — nay now even the "Well Done" of the American people is ringing in our ears.

But I freely acknowledge we are not abreast with the highest culture of the day. Instead of it being a matter of surprise that the Negro is not "in an entirely satisfactory and responsible position," it would call for vastly greater astonishment if he were. Nay, more, it is well-nigh a miracle that any one who depended for advancement upon the Negro Public School System of the South is not mentally, morally, and physically inferior to any nation on God's green earth. Only fifty miles from the greatest educational centre in the South, Nashville, Tenn., I taught in a community which had had but twelve months school since the war, — and Tennessee is one of the most enterprising of the Southern States. Opposite my little, rotten, mud-daubed, deckless, windowless, fireless, almost floorless cabin, stood quite a respectable school-house, where for those 25 years, four months in a year, your superior

Your interest leads
you astray here. You
commit a bad
fault.

Underlining is weakens
my better than strengthens
my T.

Bad.

Incorrect is not
argument.

33-4-61

sons and daughters had not scrupled to use the money the state had appropriated for the Negroes to cram a little knowledge into their own high-grade noddles, in order I suppose, sir, to be United States senators and oppose the Blair bill. This is the tale all over the South; we get nothing, and you steal that.

You clamp your charge with a strange argument: even if the Negro is a man, social prescription will continue to make him inferior. Not noticing this bare confession of guilt on your part, I beg to say that the weight of this argument in regard to the future depends much on what you mean by "Social prescription". If, in accordance with the fundamental Southern error, you are mixing society and state, and mean deprivation of civil rights, then I admit he will remain inferior — as long as he submits to it. If, on the other hand you are lavishing your pity upon me, because I cannot marry your daughter, or sit cross-legged at a Boston soirée, then let me tell you frankly I do not need it, and that such social prescription has a vastly larger effect on your imagination than elsewhere. I seriously question, in the light of history and my own experience, if mere social prescription degrades any one, — certainly it did not degrade your Saxon ancestors, unless —— Instead of (my) feeling "degraded" when some southern "Lady" hints my well-meant apology as that of a dog, or "inferior" because a coxcomb refuses to occupy the same recitation seat, O. senator Eustis, if you knew how infinitely superior I felt than the low-woman only coward or brainless idiot who used the advantages God had given them to taunt a struggling

You have spoken
of the Constitution
briefly & at large,
but not in the
proper way for
argument. You have
not shown that
the petitioners
have advanced
here assertions.

33-4-62

unfortunate people, you would blush that you represented a people who defended such acts. No, my good sir! If you, a representative Southerner, would to day begin to advocate the abolition of all hindrances to Negro advancement in the South except Social extradition we would erect a monument to your memory!

I submit the fore going considerations to a candid public, and ask if the Negro has not shown himself a man worthy of American citizenship? and this too under conditions as trying as ever a race were placed in. If, then, the charge of inferiority be untrue, (indeed it never would have been made except as a scape-goat for Southern sin,) it might be argued with some plausibility that a mistake was made not in principle but in time; that the Government should have waited until the Negro was better fitted for citizenship, since anyone knows he was not, at the time of Emancipation, — nor indeed, Sir, are thousand of white people of the South who, today, cannot read nor write. Yet I am confident that time will show that this act was a stroke of the wisest statesmanship: for the condition of the Negro was your fault not his, and the question was: "Shall we aggravate these results of a nation's sin by seeking to rear in our midst an alien people with no tie binding them to the land of their birth, or alleviate them by recognizing a manhood we have persistently refused to see for 250 years. Did they state the question fairly? Let me say, Sir, if there is any thing that has made the Negro the most thoroughly American of any people in the United States, and has sown in his heart a love of law and order, and a reverence

Arrangement
Deed.

V.

Confused: Mixed
or Metaphor

33-4-63

for the traditions of this Western Experiment, it is the knowledge that he is under the Constitution an American citizen; that though his rights may be trampled under foot, and his manhood insulted and denied, yet this is done contrary to law, and that for redress ~~and that~~ in the name of God and the Constitution he can appeal unto Caesar! And only has his patriotism wavered when that appeal has been passed slightingly by. You lament the Negro as a "sore is our body politic," a tax to our "wisest statesmanship", and call to mind the "sacrifices" made for him; but, Sir, unless the Negro had been able in the midst of twenty-five years of outrage and repression to extract from his pain his manhood in the eye of the law; if to the caresses of the KoKlux Klan he had been compelled to add the thought that the nation that had enslaved and degraded him, had after two centuries turned him out into the pitiless world without a cause, then, Sir, statesmanship and philanthropy would have been taxed beyond their utmost, and wind & which you have sown would have raised a wilder whirlwind and more deeply tinged with blood. ??

What then is the cause of race antagonism in the South? In my opinion it is two-fold: The attitude of your Yellow-citizens, and the Neglect of the Government.

I agree with you in saying that the Southern people have been often misjudged in regard to this question, — they are not an exceptionally cruel or vindictive people; on the contrary I have found them in many cases open-hearted and generous. But they have built on a wrong principle, and today they clinch

Simple binding
leather.

This is just the
picture that
Jane Brown
left for
of. P.6.

33-4-64

to it, because mentally and morally demoralized by the reflex influence of an institution whose fearful effects the World can testify. This is plainly apparent to the student of U.S. history: the peculiar sterility of the South in great men, except politicians, (these even were brilliant rather than deep); the amazing lack of development in material resources; and the peculiar disregard of law; point to the one source. On the awakening and rebound from this influence is all the meaning of the New South. The real fact of the matter is, however, that this rebound is only partial — the South is not "new" but shriving back into this age some of the traditions of her past. The inhuman fiend towering above the nerveless Negro, shot-gun in hand, is by no means a true picture of the South, and many kindly-disposed people finding this out by personal experience, have gone to the other extreme of thinking that all is well, or that time will cure little differences. This is equally erroneous. The race disturbances are not to be judged as mere evidences of spleen and hatred, nor can they be saddled on the laws of nature, as you would have it, Sir: they are but the logical outcome of a wrong and exploded principle, and the reason to day that the North with its vast population of all races, hues, political beliefs, and religious opinions, French, Irish, Germans, Norwegians, Poles, Indians, Negroes, and Chinese, is pursuing the even tenor of her way, each individual enjoying the fullest liberty to make the best of himself, and enjoy the privileges and immunities of civil life in a free land, while the South with practically but one alien race, and that thoroughly imbued

Mode Hunting?

with her traditions and beliefs, and bound to her by ties of mutual dependence and contiguity, should be torn by race prejudice and bloody strife, one half of her people disenfranchised and denied even the common decencies of civil life, her population sluggish and dormant, having never found out except by northern enterprise that there was coal in Tennessee, land in Georgia, and iron in Alabama; her leading statesman boldly declaring that in the leading periodicals of the day that the Negroes not only do not but shall not have their rightful share of government, — this vast difference, not to be explained away by any subterfuge of inferiority, is nothing more nor less than the oft remarked difference between the James and Plymouth rock, between the Puritan and the Cavalier, between King Charles and Cromwell; it is the uniting of Society and State and the fatal consequent illusion that only the class socially highest can rule, — one of the worst forms of the aristocratic idea, and utterly at variance with the United States constitution. I have been brought to see this not only by my own experience, by the writings of such men as George W. Cable, but by your own article; you tell us that the Southern Negro has been taught to be inferior, as that as long as he is content to be inferior, so long will there be peace and quiet. Which is very true, and since there is such wide spread and continual disturbance, we are forced to the truth, that the Negro is not content to be inferior; that though the mountain presses sore upon the giant, it is not that hurls forth the sparks and flames of eruption, it

Too long. Cut?

33-4-65

is because Enceladus is turning on his side,
nay, "he is rising" and presses against the stubborn
mountain that hinders him. The race question in
the South is rapidly becoming the determined struggle
of a peasantry and aristocracy for a principle,
the one for their legal share of Government and the
right of civil life, the other for entire Race Supremacy; and the whole struggle is complicated and rendered more dangerous to the Republic by one fact: ignorance, widespread and appalling ignorance in oppressors, and especially in oppressed, compelling the educated and Christian to countenance and defend breaches of the laws of God and man by the ignorant and vicious, because they are the logical outcome of the principles they themselves hold and inculcate. It is a mistake to think that the race battle today is fought on the same grounds as yesterday. The line is continually yielding, - it must yield. Yesterday's Danville was caused by an "impudent nigger"; to day's by a determined Negro mob raised to capture a "stuffed" ballot-box, and desisting only after four or five of the white "stuffers" had been sent into eternity. In the Negro today we have a people who are feeling the first flush of strength, and instead of being as you cheerfully tell us in your peroration "happy, contented, and satisfied," he is, on the contrary, as you with characteristic consistency affirm in your exordium, making "unending complaints" and keeping up a continual "agitation touching his rights and status"; and Sir, he will continue to do so until his rights are gained; you may complain and blaster, read him

33-4-66

v.

33-4-67

out of humanity, philosophize him into a chimpanzee, sick & transport him to Africa, South America Kansas, or Heaven, flop the Tiare crow of race war in his face, and try any other expedients, which your feeble imagination may invent, and yet the Negro will continue more and more to demand his rights, and more and more to back that demand with his strong right arm. If, Sir, you think that with the 10 or 15 millions of the coming generation of Negroes in the South you can continue your present shot-gun policy of repression, then, Sir, I shall be compelled to believe you have learned the history of the world's mistakes in the public schools of Louisiana.

That during the reconstruction period there should have been difficulties and friction was but the inevitable result of your two centuries of voluntary blindness. The negroes were ignorant and incapable of government, and between the carpet-bagger and southern aristocrat he was ground almost to powder. Still, in spite of his wrongs, he has not been premature in demanding his rights; he was ready to be tutored, - eager for education. Suppose the South, accepting the broad Christian Democratic idea, the foundation stone of our government, had bent their energies to assist and uplift this down-trodden race; suppose they had endeavored to educate him, to help him up into the pure light of Truth; had joined hands with Northern philanthropy, instead of turning their backs and hindering it; suppose they had removed the premium upon licentiousness by wiping the disgraceful black laws from the statute book, how different would have been the history of the last 25 years! And would the advantage

Compared.

33-4-68

have injured only the Negro? Is the Negro the one that suffers most from your injustice? Is it he that is most harmed, for instance, because he is cheated out of every cent of the money which the United States appropriates for Agricultural colleges in the South? Is it he that suffers the blackest ignominy when some poor Black wretch is strung up to the nearest sapling for looking "cross-eyed at" a white woman-of-the town? Sir, the effects of your policy for the last quarter century, have been vastly more harmful to yourself than us: We have learned unity and independence which argues ill for the future Kaklux: you have begotten among yourselves habits of lawlessness, cruelty, dishonesty, and immorality which will blacken the record of the 20th century. Granting even, against reason, that the Negro is your inferior, your conduct has been one of the most short-sighted policy.

The second cause of Race antagonism, though of minor importance in comparison, yet and is of vast moment to the Nation, and its correction is all they can do to correct the first cause, if the Southern people refuse to correct it themselves. It is the neglect of the Government to adequately provide for the education of the Freedmen, a work repudiated by the South, and far too vast to be accomplished by private benevolence. The South was not only too aristocratic to educate the white masses, but, even if willing, was financially unable to cope with such a great work as educating the Negro. The wide-spread illiteracy in the South gains a much deeper significance in a nation whose very life depends on the intelligence of the masses. As far as the government is concerned, neither military force nor laws will solve the race problem

The only corrective for oppression is the strong arm of the oppressed; the question now is. shall this corrective be applied intelligently or in ignorance and crime? If intelligently, I see an easy solution of the race problem, for oppression will decrease in inverse ratio to the intelligence of the Negro. It is then imperative that the government should take immediate steps in the shape of a Blair bill, or of other like measure, to supplement a school system which is a disgrace to a civilized community and a fearful menace to a Republic. To refuse is to commit political suicide; to delay is to vastly increase the danger; ~~If on the other hand this corrective is applied in ignorance~~ for the American people must remember that a generation of Negroes is coming on the stage who, like myself, know nothing of slavery in America and the fearful drama in which it closed; if this generation of young men and women, trained in ignorance, outrage, and crime, shall learn to hate a white face, then, Sir, you and yours have a future fearful to contemplate. Fort Harrison and Hayti should have taught ere this that seven millions of people are not to be hurled into Eternity by a stroke of the pen as you seem to imply by your flippant allusions to a race war. No! Ethiopia has stretched forth her hands unto God; we the transplanted Sons of Ham are the promise and potency of one nation to be, and if on the soil of our enslavement and debasement we must finally perish, our dying grasp shall mingle with the blood of the oppressor, mine with yours. A word in conclusion. You, Sir,

33-4-69

Arguments should prove not assert.
You should show either that the U. S. acted unjustly,
or that it acted unwisely, & you should support
your statements by Scriptures, by references to
matters of personal knowledge, & by the use of
statistics.

If you will come home in the closed alone
when I begin to meet the class again, I shall
be glad to explain myself at length to you. Yr
comments make me believe that
you can do better work than this.

By all means hear all of the Freeman
Lectures Halsey before the long thesis
is due.

This should be
placed on lines as it
must be printed if
in a book.

can see no result to this intricate problem: nor, Sir, will you or your people, until abandoning your false stand you make liberty and Union one and inseparable. So long as you continue to temporize and excuse yourselves, so long will this question confront you to harass your footsteps and blight the brightest flowers of your progress. We are not content to remain "inferior", and yet we do appeal, Senator Eustis, to the magnanimity of the Southern people in the Name of God and humanity to pause and consider whether they are not making a fearful mistake. And I appeal to you, Sir, in the name of the people you despise, if you will not help us, do not hinder us. For now on the threshold of life, I am looking toward the morning when my people can sing in truth in the words of that grand old interlude to the rythmic chant of the old slave paean: "Shout, you Children, Shout you're free, For the Lord hath bought your liberty."

Respectfully yours,

W. E. B. Du Bois, '90.

Harvard University, Dec 3rd 1888.

33-470.

W.E.B. Du Bois, '90

C-

The main value of this French lies in its clearness, though this characteristic is in a way responsible for some of the faults of the work. At times it carries you into ambiguity, and questionable assertion.

As English this French is very poor. You over-crowd your sentences & produce confusion. You tend to run into fine writing; your vocabulary you use inaccurately & with no precision. I should strongly advise you to take Sophomore English, or English 12. You will find either course beneficial.

As an argument, this French rambles in treatment, & its purpose is not clear. The movement of the argument is not clear. You seem for many pages to forget that you are put down trying to find a definite answer to the question heading the paper, & that you reply to Senator Euston only as you treat the main topic. Your thesis is rather an earnest, honest defence of the Negro, than an attempt to consider the question which you chose.

In the last few pages you have grown a little more argumentative. (over.)

PHILOSOPHY IV NOTEBOOK

PHIL. IX.

Dr. Bois

33-1-107

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$45^\circ\ 8'\ 12''$

$60^\circ\ 20'\ 22''$

4 hrs 5 min $\frac{8}{15}$ sec.

p. 195 — Mass. &

Spencers 1st Principles Relativity of Knowledge

2nd Half-Year.

Martineau's Study of Religion.

Conclusions from 1st Half-year.

James believes in conscience as a separate faculty as a fact but claims that upon its dicta as to conduct are not alone to be dependent on: we must appeal to the canon of consequences. An abstract System of Ethics (subjective) are then impossible. Conscience in different men substantially agree but not in the manner the intuitionalists hold — it is not ultimate. The man is with the conscience in the man that is in earnest — strenuous, cares. Conscience is therefore a great factor in Human affairs. Maintain the analogy between the Intellectual and Moral. We must experiment in Morals. We live under the Sword of the Future — in physical things, Science, and Morals. Why cut off the Moral and metale an infallible conscience in its stead. There is almost an insanity in the love of abstract rules formulas &c. To make a moral rule consult the founded wisdom of the World, in proverbs &c. & brother breaks these — sometimes successfully. The authority I recognize in animals, Man, and God. You have no a priori right

to exclude any sentient being. "The satisfaction for the demands of the greatest number" is the best Utilitarian rule. Theology greatly modifies Morals (Sturmons v.s. easy mode) Obligation is psychological only and should not be made the basis of an ethical system (impentiveness is a larger genus that moral) An authority is such because you make it such. I am a theist and hold God as an authority. (Read Chap IV, Bk I,)

Martineau, lesson I

Bk I Ch IV

Martineau admits the possibility of Skepticism but faith in them is the wiser stand Will cannot be driven out from Science, any more than from Phil. (Read Herbert Spencer in First Principles "Relativity of Knowledge) The whole question of knowledge rests on a teleologic postulate: that it is our duty to know. this is a prejudice of our common sense. Skepticism is a suggest that our mind may be incompetent of performing the function it ought. There are two kinds: an Affirmative and Suggestive. The first does not deny the reality of certain experiences and holds fast to certain rational principles, but finds that Experiences contradict each other or the logical rational principles or even

that the rational pi contradict each other + this it concludes dogmatically in so far as reded to our faculties reveals itself in a self contradictory way and is a paradoxical unsoluble thing - this is dogmatic positive skepticism claiming Reason can't handle the World (finite-infinite; chain of cause-first cause +c) This Skepticism seeks to get out of skepticism by reason of possible. Kant sought to do this. This Skepticism is the drawing-wheel of Philosophy, always defending a retreat (Hinton on 4th dimension of Space) (Lotze's Logic, on "Skepticism") Agnosticism might be a better word. The other kind of Skepticism is that we are always liable be wrong at any moment, that we are always fallible, and cannot come to any conclusion. This is an absolutely irrefutable skepticism. (Hume makes this the dominant mode of his life) This mode cannot dispossess or be dispossessed. Therefore we postulate that our minds are true and trustworthy things.

Lesson II

These two sorts of skepticism must be called the Specific (with definite reasons) and the professional (dumm) By continuing to think we only postulate that by pushing ourselves on the offensive we will ultimately come nearer the Truth that by giving up in despair. There are two notions of Truth: one the Common-sence (Realism), the other that it is the ultimate Way of Thinking by intrinsic destiny (Idealism) In either way of regarding it the practical distinctions of the True & False remain unchanged. Suppose now (Agnostic) that the real world is unknowable as non-mental — how shall we combat this stand of skepticism? Says Lotze (Metaphysic §88)

"Knowledge expresses a prejudice: viz. that our ideas have the task of copying the outward objects from whose action on us they arise ..... It is a prejudice that the Universe prior to the existence of the Inner world was already finished & that the Mental life of spiritual beings was added is but a sort of superfluous addition by which the content of the universe is not increased but only once more duplicated. On the contrary the fact that by the influ-

ence of Things upon Minds a world of ideas is awakened in these latter is of itself one of the most important events of the entire universe: and until this event has happened the content of the U. is not only incomplete but lacks its most essential characteristic. More briefly: the ideas of mind are not intended to mirror Things — things themselves are intended by their influence on mind to awaken a train of ideas which has an independent end in itself and not merely in being a mere duplicate of the Things: e.g. we reproach our senses with showing us colors and sounds which do not exist outside but are only our internal affections: they deceive us we say because they don't let us see the light & sound wave which the objective reality sets in motion: I reply the fact is undoubtedly so but color & sound are not inferior things because they are only our affections: we should rather guard them as the proper purpose which outer nature wished to reach with her ether and air-waves but which all alone she could not reach and for the attainment of which she had to invoke the mind in order

that the beauty of the light and sound ought to be realized in the mind's sensations. .... It is not then that our knowledge is incapable of reproducing things but rather that the things ourside which are incapable of producing their own nature — only the addition of our thought makes that possible.

The Scientific mind plants itself on the postulate that the mind's duty is to mirror. The Poetic, to Feel. Suppose Homo Mensura true (Read Theaetetus) an ethical standard comes in to replace the standard of Truth (Truth - Better)

Lesson III

When we come to inquire into Cause it is a vague notion: hence the Humian postulate of antecedent & consequents gained many followers especially since all the results of Science can be expressed in Hume's terms. Hume says the word cause covers the word law and not entity and this is the boast of modern Science. Though we find in Modern scientific writing the word Force, Cause, &c., yet contrary to the usage of Metaphysics its words are just

defined and an empirical definition given." "The aim of Science is to predict Phenomena" say the men of Science. I would say that strict Science could confine itself to the Human view, & seek to give a functional account of Nature and thus make a surface map which would unify nature (Read Hume on the Idea of Power)

Lesson IV.

Dowen on Coincidence in gleanings of literary life.
Bain's Metaphysics
Chauncey Wright's, discussions
Lewis, Problems &c
Open Court 1888 Oct 4, 11,
Read those on "cause".

We always have before us one object & always will — my. Berry - the Universe. This unity of our perceptions is the basis of the category of Substance and all after statements & researches is the differentiation of this. Martineau's account of mutually resisting causation is not original by common to Bain, Spencer, Brown, &c

O perception spontaneity cause of cause. Martineaus account.

reduces to mans first active recognition of cause. Evil rather than God really awakens

the mind & idea of Cause.

God Will Man

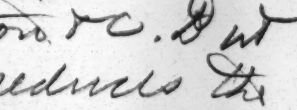
These will may be made into one Will or divided into a number of smaller wills What?

Lesson V

All science needs is the Human doctrine of cause. It seems more mysterious to make antecedent and consequent eternal & unchangable but the mind always necessarily interprets a being together as a belonging together ~~by a sort of necessity~~ However we ought not to disparage the Scientific stand for it enables us to obtain the facts of the world. Cause is as it were an altar to an Unknown God — an inquiry for rational ground upon which to base observed sequence. This ground may be (1) Uniform sequence, (2) Identity (3) Force! The first is Hume's stand. The best exposition of the second is in Lewis (see supra) & Riehl (Philosophische Cultureromm, Vol II, Pt I, P. 236.) It is the logical explanation of cause i.e. A contains B ∴ A causes B. We prove A is B by A is M M is B & Physics reduces the world to movement i.e.

Friction causes Heat causes Expansion
or " " is " is "

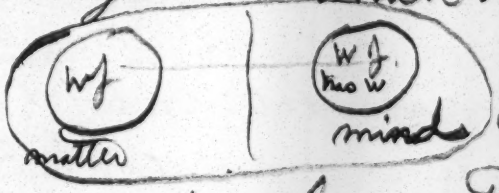
This is the logical explanation and it is a sufficient one if we could reduce every fact in the universe to identity i.e. movement of molecules, to different phases of which we give different names as heat friction &c. But the movement to which the physicist reduces the world is an abstraction and many important facts of the universe are left out. The whole mental world is to be explained



and in this the inefficiency of this method. Of Joyce: this means nothing more or less than Desire - A causes B ∴ A desires B. Cause in philosophical discussion is nothing more than desire.

Lesson VII

Royces argument for idealism is an original argument which I cannot shake.



Now is the mind W.J. to correspond with the other W.J. except as an over-soul comprehends them as objects & makes them by thinking - this provides for truth & error. If this is our test of

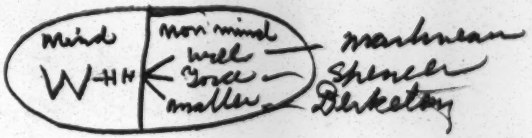
knowledge then the greatest evolution of our minds is to obtain to the universal mind. Suppose the words of a sentence have minds then yours are the universal mind &c. [but how about the error of the U. mind?] By this cause & effect is a thought-relation: as Vir Bonus; alter Bonus & Bona vir is changed — thus causal nexus is a logical or rational nexus. Love is the cause of the materialistic world, Reason &c of Idealistic.

Lesson VII.

Martineau makes a common blunder in regard to Royce's theory (p 213) This is not R's theory. A 3rd mind is necessary to find error. Royce's argument is: the error can't exist unless the third mind is there — for the very constitution of error a third mind must be. The world is the dream of the Infinite. Royce is a type of Absolute Idealism (as objects of thought & ways of thinking identical) The principle of causality is different from the law of cause: one on which the intelligibility of a universe is explained, the other an empirical generalization. Idealism is a path of progress, or we can fall back on the Jumble or on Materialism.

Lesson VIII

When we admit even that there is a determining will back of the Universe the broader & more pregnant question remains, What kinda of a will is it? Is it a Moloch or a Jehovah? The common sense idea of cause is only connected with hardness & keenness. When we question these we decide first they are only manifestations of Matter: But Berkeley swept this away and (Spencer) we say they are but the manifestation of force



The Martineau says what is force? why not how more or less than will; here we have come thing we know — we can conceive it & cannot of work from analogy with ourselves until we cease to take an anthropomorphic view & then the idea of an Absolute Will is beyond our imagination.

Lesson IX.

Schopenhauer's and Hartmann's wills are examples of a Will which is by no means God. Schopenhauer is a pessimist Hartmann says the world is an ill-advised attempt will sink into nothingness they with Martineau join hands vs. Materialism

Men say [W → mechanism → EFFECT] and bungle in materialism

say this is absurd a ~~blind~~ Will

If Will is invoked for an Orderly Universe should we not invoke one for a Disorderly Universe — I say Order for Order Chaos for chaos as Cause. Anaxagoras supposed an νοῦς superadded on chaos — but you must explain chaos & that as an effect must logically have as well an intending Will. The whole theistic argument of intending Design (Paley's watch) is founded on the supposition of a coexistent chaotic power — it is really a polytheistic argument

You must logically put a god back of each of these worlds

If from some peculiarities in the Universe we reason to a god this god must be a god of these peculiarities ones more other.

Lesson X.
Vol 1. PP 254-271

Brief: If will answers to causality there must be will in the whole world, ~~and~~ though we may not be able to understand it in all places, we must judge it by our marks. Taking then the first mark Selection we ask are there any indications of it. According to Darwin present forms are due to accidental variation & the survival of the fittest. But mere surroundings cannot cause the variation it must be either ended in the primary cell as a divine idea or as an Idea without limiting the cells. Nor would chance explain it for the chance is too great in time & end and, too, the successful variations should be in the minority instead of majority variation is brought in to explain change & turned out to be types.

Great difficulty in believing accidental variation in Darwins theory is very great and while most naturalists while they believe in evolution differ as to the method (Cope Smuds, Conn, Wallace, Gilton, Cope & are authorities) The attitudes of the difficulty depends on facts not theory. It makes no difference what we call the First Cause ~~chance~~ Will fact — we must determine what it is by empirical considerations. If it was

Will can we get more out of it than out of Chance
If we take a certain principle we are logically
bound to give it the credit of all the facts of the
world; uniformity & all. Logically therefore I
don't see but that absolutely Will Chance Nec-
essity &c are synonymous terms. Really
when we argue for a Will we vote for it with
our hearts. The question is not Does Nature force
us to believe in a God or Does N. ~~believe~~ permit us
to believe in a God which really we cannot
deduce from the Phenomena logically

Lesson XI PP. 271-302

Br.- There are numerous examples of in-
tention in the world. 2nd mark is com-
bination. This is exemplified by Cuvier's law
of Correlation of Organs but explained away
by evolutionists as correlation of growth by
which one variation affects the whole organism
but while this might explain the symmetry
of a crystal but can it explain the hoof &
stomach of a cow, or why an alteration in
teeth makes an alteration in thigh & claw?
or does it explain the preparations made for
unborn young. Again how is the atmosphere & light
combined with the ear & eye? Evolution cannot
explain this without presupposing a readiness
to adapt themselves in the two. Again there is com-
bination between different creatures. 3rd mark
is gradation of ends. This abounds in the world

beginning with life thought consciousness, higher life, human life, moral life.

Thus we find the three marks of unfolding thought in nature by a line of inductive argument.

Before Darwin's theory we must believe in design upon contemplation of the wonderful harmonies of nature (Read Paley Natural theology) (the ligament of the hip-joint) The presupposition was that the general laws of matter tended against contrivance & combination and thus there were ends & a creator in the midst of a mechanical power & make those ends. All this was before the subtle enlargement of these late years. Modern & ancient views of life — vital → ← mechanical, candle flame All the problems of animal life are explainable by purely mechanical theories. There is always a possibility that the mechanical view of life is false even the printing-press would be explained by this view. However though a conceivability it is a question is it true? The Argument for Design rests in the same place. Even if however by a fortuitous concourse of atoms a being was formed whence came this world cats Men & printing-presses; yet a God might have created the atoms or may have existed from eternity but created or fabricated we have been ground out by mechanism therefore there is not antithesis between God & mechanism this was the older view of one which we are cut off by modern thought (my coat — machine — man — universe — god.) If we can conceive a God who use this

This means, all right.

Lesson XII P 302-317.

Drew: objections to teleology, 1 Denying the validity of our reasoning; 2nd Denying the truth of its statement. Kant says because Reason is in nature it can't be its cause - ~~ergo~~ but the opposite proposition is as tenable & if this true, ergo - we can't look for causes & if there was a god he could not reveal himself Kant finds the argument from design inadequate because it presupposes pre-existent matter but this matter might have been created & thus would have to be a condition - means as well as end could be intended God is limited by our conception of him & this has been made the basis of the charge of anthropomorphism; yet here Tyndal is anthropomorphic for man does not create.

(Dawson's "Theism" 2nd edition "Teleology" + " + "Conservation of Energy")
(Lotze Bk 9 in Microcosmos)

There are three ordinary argument for Theism, viz: Ontological Cosmological & Physico-Theological. (design) (Cos. = First Cause. Ont = being, existence) Kant sought to prove these arguments were not valid Not Physics & Logic but Ethics argues a god
(Wallace's Kant Vol II P 502(?))
Hume says we have no right to infer a god better than this world.

We must admit that this Design argument is not coercive to a perfect god. The cosmological argument is groundless for the Religions - unless you bring to it Faith in a Redeemer. (Martineau does not see the problem of Evil as many do) If by faith you believe in a god any world would be compatible with your faith. Any details are compatible with the Religions God — However the Possibility of a Divine Universe does remain (Gott sei Dank!)

Lesson XIII. P. 317-337

Basis.-

Mansel in "Bampton Lectures" after William Hamilton denies that in reason we can have any idea of God only in revelation. The discussion as to this was warm in England. It depends on the word "Absolute" - a foolish discussion - no logical connection contradiction in conceiving God. As yet something is lacking in the world and every theory must involve this truth. Tindalls Spinozaism &c objection is scholastic. There are crude

forms of the design argument in early theology (next lesson P357 c) The living god of worship has always been finite - the infinite, absolute, &c is not an object of worship, as really a abso- (Read Arnold as literature Dogma) - lutely selfish being. The question is God is a possibility - can you trust that possibility - can you think of the world more worthily by placing a god back of it. The grounds of trusting this possibility is the object of the course. Faith has been the stand of the Religious man and is bound up with doubt.

Lesson XIV P337-357

It is as dogmatic to say the baby is a means to an end, as men to say men as means & babies as an end - facts are not labelled end and means and generally we by predisposition call this our means & that means. Life is a circle of means & ends - each stage the end of the previous of means & the next & the circle returns to itself (next lesson to P381.) We are looking at the world of facts and supposing because we see them like our ends ∴ Nature is analogous to men and these are human ends; it is an attempt to anthropomorphize the Power behind Nature - However we find that these ends as we call them are mixed up with other things which

we can't call ends, and if she aims at the bare
sanyes affection is valid. ~~If not then~~ and her ways
of carrying out her ends are not analogous
& ours - we find cross purposes ~~and~~ and no
very clear order - goethe's unmoral headlong
meaning-everything she produces nature (walt
whitman) This mood personifies nature as
will - is not mechanical. Martineau disregards
the cross-purposes and sees only the end
we sympathize with ~~and~~ then to fill in he
must bring all the contradiction as surround
ends, and this leads us to the anti-moral
view-pessimism perhaps, or at least
that Nature works on a scale grander
than we can in the least comprehend
While the mind is simple & naive this
theology does but not in the modern
complete ~~maps~~ of thinking; if life is
good death is bad; therefore life cannot
be an absolute end, says ~~Martineau~~ Pfleiderer, and
life is a ~~great~~ moral tragedy, with ends of a
which reconciles Luther's idea of creation good.
death, ~~or~~ the other mixed life is good death
bad but all cling to the good, as the Greeks
did (Iliad) The Jews brought in the ~~Hebrew~~
attitude which made the world a
mirage, a prelude to the future. These are
the three maps: 1 Nature is a chaos 2. it is good &

bad 3. The end is beyond life. In history
men have turned to all these ways & all are logical
Martineau does not take any these
radical methods but regards the world
as one story deep and that this world is the
ends & he tries to unravel order in the
ends of nature. I would prefer to take one of
the radical positions. My position is the 3rd
I can't help but believe that the universe is
2 stories deep. We must find reasons
for taking one of these stands.

Lecture XV pp 357-81

The unbeliever is impugning a world in
which a certain bad thing is necessary. Martineau
on the contrary answers if this single bad
thing was changed the world would be in
confusion - of course it would be: this is the
objection against it. and M's defence does not
really hit the question. Here we have the world
with its + & — and there is ground either to
accept it or protest v.s. it. Martineau does mean
to reconcile one to the acceptation of the world &
faith is a right outcome - this is the religious
state of mind. Martineau takes for granted that
what is is good & reads it into the world.
I believe this world is the best yet & want to
show that the objector's position is really untouch-
ed. Religion is the practical answer to the world

not the theoretical & I doubt if there is a theoretical (Read Reilly's ——— Also review of it in Zeitschrift) (Read a chapt on Relig. in practise & Gurney's Natural relig.) M. keeps making ends within ends. As omnipotent & omniscient on the broadest ~~eternal~~ eternal we complain of god. as not we do not. Martineau discriminates between these two conceptions.

Lecture XVI P 381 — P. 12 Vol II.

(Read Baron chap I & Lotze chap II. in their Philosophy of Religion) The unity of nature is more of an argument than M. makes it. It is not mere unity of continuity in time & space but based on the further fact that there is dynamic interaction in the universe This is the corner stone of Lotze's Philosophy. For common sense the creation of space is beyond thought but this denies god as the creator of the laws of geometry. This seems to put ~~himself on~~ M. on the side of Clark recognizing certain eternal things coeval with God (Reason) Space supplies a numerical other not a intelligible other. If you are going to make a Creator why not have him creator of all. which is put as conceivable.

(W) ⟷ (E)

Will when followed by effect is power: We generally have a notion of some hybrid called Force between which & physical will is desire, and an efficacious will is a will that

has what it desires. This will-type of cause and effect is really partially realized in our own life (raising of hand) and is only hindered by encountering the objects of god willing. This is the theistic conception. This brings us to the conception that the object is thought as much as the will - this is Absolute Idealism (if facts are God's percept the world is intelligible)

Lecture XVII. P. 12 - 33

It is a very arbitrary for an evolution philosophy to say that the end is no more than the beginning of a developement: Thus love is not just sexual desire though it may have started there - so with conscience. So that this objection can not hold against a philosophy of conscience or anything else. I believe in an evolution of conscience M. is right in saying we want an Ideal. Then come in will-faith. - Logic can't coerce and the exercise will, faith is legitimate - Thus the Philosopher can believe and the pious man can believe only the Philosophic however has pursued the right method - is tempered steel I believe in his results thoroughly though I sometimes thinks his arguments for it shallow

discussion of M's argument for God's duration & extent; the argument is that for God to have determination in time & space must argue one who has determined, but this is not so therefore &c but M's argument is that God is self-determining & why couldn't God determine himself to be finite? this would escape the contradiction of an infinite total There is no contradiction in infinite goodness & power but there is in infinite justice bulk & age. we could of course divide the infinite into actual & possible. As regards religion it matters little about finiteness in certain things. This difficulty has not been a stumbling-block to Englishmen but on the continent (Kant Renouvier &c) it has been widely discussed & Kant escaped the difficulty by idealism — the path of least resistance in philosophy. Thus God may determine himself to be & be finite; he may possibly be more & thus is infinite: practically indistinguishable.

Lecture XVIII P. 33-53.

Every man has a sentimental interest — Dr Bettale something and it is not calling the kettle black to ridicule a man because he believes in a God. Martineau's whole argument lies under these

sentimental demands. The purest materialists, Hume, Wright, cannot escape ~~that~~ some of this, and when he says he has he deceives himself. M. says we believe in God because our conscience demand a god just as I believe in a world (as Royce says) because I want to - my sentiments demand a world. "Your can't rule out the will." "There is no objective belief that has more than a subjective guarantee" (Martineau P. 43) "I am bound to believe in myself" (Shaler) There is everything to gain by going on & trusting & nothing to lose. Even the skeptic follows his interest when he determines to act. The religious positions then cannot be shaken. Hedonism's weakness is its disorganization. Shall we take the Absolute or finite idea of God:

Lecture ~~XIX~~. P 53 - 78

Who espouses accuses God: an emotional expression about the world (Carlyle) is better than a rational (Job), and has the last word & a rightful word in the controversy. One of the deepest facts into the uni-

verse is the deep feeling that the world & God are good, but which cannot nearly as deeply be rationally proved. Reason must not, as it often has done, arrogate to itself the superior place to feeling — we must consider our total nature.

In considering God absolute, almighty, there is an essential difference between him & us: we have partial ends and view things as having essential attributes (which they do not) while in looking at the world we cannot see he meant one thing more than another (machine or consequences) & if god is absolute —

Lecture XX P 76-79.

The intellect is the cause of most of our errors & for this reason I said there was no more happiness today than yesterday. We are too "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" to be given over to the abdominal joyousness of the middle ages. Martineau changes from a Conditioned to an absolute God. If he is absolute he is either culpable & incomprehensible or his ends are not the ends we see here. (Hegel, Spinoza, Buddha) C.H. Hinton, Scientific Romances "4th dimension") But there is a fourth dimension in

life every sensible man must say. We have a v.v. moral dimension separating us from animal. Thus we are cut off certainly from the whole universe only part of which we see. But by these enlarging your view what is God? — he becomes non-human. — here is the diff. between the speculative & common sense Gods, and the question is could we retain our religious fervor & the former God? The absolute does not want a world in which even a bed-bug suffer the pangs of unrequited love.

Lecture XX

(Stephenson Septmr 26. '88) You can criticise a system from the outside &

Lecture XXII.

The Spencerian evolutionary philosophy might join hands with Martineau since they say that the fact what has survived is good (German evolution contradicts with english). From this point of view Martineau's view is tautological. It is by no means certain that Peace, Mercy &c helps a race to survive; note the decrepancy between national & private moral. Some virtue are strength giveing, as honesty (moral victory of Germany over France). The Nazies thus Certain sorts of virtue lead to superiority but they are not utilitarian virtue. But when it comes to the aesthetic, the more intuitive the question is do they help or hinder triumph of moralists (France the triumph of aristocratic nation par excellence) Thus we have around two parties: the brutal & aesthetic. And one can't say which is right a priori or a posteriori: the one U.S. Africa China &c the other vice versa. (Carlisle Emerson)

This great fight to day is between the Doubter & Sentimentalists. Now will it end. Nothing is decided; the world is on trial & we must trust & Faith. There is there in modern evolution no guarantee for the survival of virtues - it only avoids friction (England & Ireland; unification of germany & Italy). When a man says Providence guides us he only make a very general statement) the will not go to smithereens: If there is any liberty the world must go wrong.

LECTURE XXIII

Rand the vulnerable. A certain condition on which progress is made & which makes us optimistic & the mechanical evolutionary hypothesis (in which retrogression is as common as advance) is this: as in social progress there is the same diff. which Darwin introduced in geology, Variation - temperament in a certain man & Survival - Progress. As Darwin we give the why of the production of a Luther a Washington & the race is the environment - he may reject or follow him (St. Paul). No one can lend history and leave out individual work: we cant be Fatal Necessists or Providen

tial Optimists. It would brace us to our duty to consider the world with our providence (France + U.S.) & protest against fatalism as our interests are limited + we must strive. Martineau should not so much say the world is going right as it may go wrong + fee-will instead of implying that God is looking out for us implys that we must ourselves look out for the world.

Martineau does not want to accept the world as it stands as God + thus says God transcends the world: is more than the imperfect world. — he makes him transcendent in order to make him more human

Lecture XXXIV (next P 204 PP(2))

Martineaus use of unpledged as explaining his stand: that God can accomodate himself on our free action. For this reason Martineau opposes Pantheism since he takes that this determines them once for all. His attitude thus makes room for interference of God — miracles — since we in exercise of freedom we interrupt the natural order. All that "miracle" means is that something new — if the world

to fatal there are no miracles, if not then no miracles. Yale will means miracles. Salalism, necessity denies possibility If a possibility is a real possibility God does not fore-know but must wait till the p. is settled. The controversy between free will & determinism, transcendency & immanency arises from the problem and Evil — our discontent with this world Radically Moralism & Religion (Providence) are antagonistic. The moralist would say evil is evil & depends entirely on our effort (Renouvier). The Religionist on the contrary would say "Underneath are the Everlasting arms." Martineau seems between these extreme positions, and most men do, and this suits their life best. The ideal philosophy would be a synthesis

XXVth lecture.

The antagonism between the Moral & Religious attitude. I think of the latter was that & mills relaxed the world would go to the devil; by the religionist (Yahoi would say by it & all. A large part of Religious history has been a history the conflict (Begging-Friars & Johnathan Edwards) Such men as radical religionists

think ordinary compromise religion
flat &c (Hicks chuck)

Almost all philosophers, metaphysicians, have believed in determinism
There is not a great philosopher that
believes in free will. The conception of
monism is very strong — the universal is one
fact. They place free will only in God
previous to creation. The only phil. who
strongly believes in free-will is Renouvier
(critique-general, 4 vol.) — a great man
The radical characteristic of mind what
seeks a simple explanation is its great vice.
Necessity makes a thing happen whether you
want it or not — determinism makes a
thing happen because you want it to — it
makes you want. Mill should take in
to account that there is much necessity
v.s. our wants (for instance the love-making
man) Mill skims over evil. Necessity in
the obnoxious can't be weeded out from
the world and as far as those things hap-
pen Determinism is Necessitarianism

Lecture XXVI

My psychology of religion: a voluntary action is one in which we foresee the end and is consequently secondarily and therefore we must have done it involuntarily What then are the involuntary acts? Bain says random, strikes, reflex &c Probably the first are reflex. At birth our nervous organization is great at birth. In ourselves I believe there are many reflex action, probably. These first acts form the basis of voluntary action: a random movement results in pleasure or pain; there upon we have an association of ideas

O - M - P.

either one of which, O or P, may become the occasion of the whole action. This is the process: Idea of end - that - end. Sometimes the thought of the movement may produce the end by willing (crooking the finger) in others we must call up O. How does the Idea produce movement? We are apt to think of a dynamical outgoing of force into the muscle. This is superfluous I am inclined to think that it is an ad-

hasnato that an idea (A) tends to produce a movement. (B) there is a conflicting idea will comes in and the question of its freedom. Does the strongest of the idea prevail or does another power come on, free-will, & decide?

Lecture XXVII

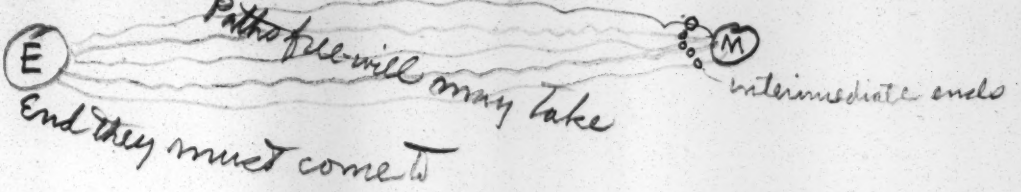
Responsibility attacks & its pre-cause & if this is caused it is absolved from responsibility If one had good grounds for a clear conception of a universal mind it is a tempting path to explain the world by Reason - logic Martineau somewhere explains force - how the phenomena links together. The idealist would would make the link Reason or Universal Nalebranche - direct intervention of god's power. The strongest ground for free-will is not our own consciousness but is the problem of Evil. Martineau make a slip in argument in making god a creature of choice. The reason we make choices is that we cannot have both alternatives: it makes God finite - conditioned to make him a creature of choice. Choice is not the mo-

mal attitudes of the human mill. Still the "common-sense" god is a god of choice - one cooped in by conditions but a good one for worship

Lecture ~~XXVIII~~

If in a necessitarian world so many commit suicide - so many do not. Now introduce free will - an undetermined cause - then we may for practical purposes add as much to one side of our equation as to the other & your ratio remains the same. The statistical method is only applicable in the absence of all ~~united~~ knowledge of conditions. Buckle's statistical argument for ~~free~~ necessity, therefore, applies to both sides. The French Revolution was solely prepared by crime. The criminal is the instrument which executes its will. Constancy of acts in statistics are very much exaggerated by writers - they are not borne out by fact. We do not generally jump with 100 - is about as far as we go & only ideally can we make any assertions

(Renouvier - S de Moore &c) and too much has been built on the argument



Martineau's reconciliation of Prescience & free will

Kant says that in the sphere of phenomena necessity prevails, but in the interests of morality he puts freedom in the noumenal world - "If the ought doesn't carry the can morality falls". In the phenomenal world crime, evil, must be because in the noumenal world I have chosen once for all my character which in the world unrolls itself - hence remorse for the choice (See Miller's Kant P468 et seq) Schopenhauer takes this up. But this rescue of freedom makes an un-provable postulate, i.e the noumenal world in which there is morality. That K & S must thus rescue freedom & morality is a great Argument for free will.

lecture ~~XXIX~~

30

Lecture XXX

Free will.

(Delbœuf + Renouvier) Critique of Kant.

If the world is rational the ought & can must go together. We can legitimately try to reduce the world to a rational order

Lecture ~~XXXI~~

Determinism has several ways of getting over the discrepancy between can & must. One way is the transcendal optimism of many pious persons — that all is good — this is God's world. (Martineau) This ~~is here~~ is temperament rather than philosophy. Other more philosophical say evil will serve an ultimate, higher good. (Hegel - Royce) as for instance: the Dragon under St Michael. In this way we can look upon murder treachery &c as all right. This is one way of out of making the world ~~true~~ rational & being a determinist — but at a great sacrifice. Another way of escape is Agnosticism. Perhaps there are real evils & goods. The contradiction may be gotten over by saying these things are means to ~~moral~~ education of our moral consciousness & we are here not here to do but to learn & we are predestined to learn. These then are the three ways out to make the world rational: temperamental

transcendental optimism & gnosticism

They are rational in a certain sense
In order to make the world rational
I had rather ~~don~~ give up Determinism
than the Integrity of my moral Judge-
ment

The materialists gives us the chan-
ce for making the world rational —
the very point of our starting out.
The 19. cay moral laws are mere subjec-
tive phenomena — there are no moral
things — he leaves the world unmoral.

If we chose indeterminism we must chose it fully. not try and tie a string about the dove's leg. This brings an element of chance in to the world. If you are to hold to the integrity of our moral judgements we must admit free-will. I believe though that exercises of it are much more rare than we suppose.

Lecture XXXII

Criticism to the modern school of romance (Renaissance). Transcendal optimism is of course the ideal philosophy if we can believe it. Only faith cannot sustain this belief, but it has the chilling effect of making us indifferent to the moral strife in the world — it is Indifferentism — in fact cannot sustain it. Determinism without an illogical nexus. I believe in the reality of the moral life. If our wills are free there never can be a coercive demonstration of it — it is natural. What if determinism is true you can say you are tired

tried to believe in free-will – here the argument must end, & you must chose which you will believe. i.e. the Will comes in here. (take to chap III

declined XXXIV. (absent)

(fumbling up Free-will)

HARVARD

Section XXXV

Automatists horribly inconsistent
(Bowne Metaphysics "on what constitutes a being"
The old argument of the simple nature
of the soul is not now mentioned. Its
arguments are all teleologic - he says
this thing, free, which we call mind is
worthy to survive since it's braver than to
ours here. Lotze says" (Met. §245) "that
those things will survive which is best
fitted by the Ends to be eternal. - simply a
teleologic trust - this is the last word of
philosophy to say "Immortality is possible"
(Balfour Stewart "Unseen Universe"
where they prove even there [illegible] may
survive)

Lecture XXXVI

Martineau not a great book but valuable to common man. Before we get disappointed & come conclusions let us see what Philosophy can do. The positivist says it can do nothing. We must give up the idea that Philosophy is a peculiar sort of field and gets its own peculiar results, and that it is a different field from the scientific - different attitude of mind. We only have one fact - man thinking now of facts now of their meaning &c. It can't draw out science from certain things & say all attends to this. Philosophy is only science taken in the largest broadest way. While then Philosophy can't tell you positively concrete facts it can give results in another way & it makes a difference between a world with Philosophy & science & one with only science. Its results then are subjective not objective - ideals passions &c. It however gives nothing which is not already there. It attempts to adjust the claims of these various ideals - the relative authority of these. The peculiarity of the religious & moral claim is this: a question what we can add to a world

of mere physics for the sake of moral & religious demands. On many alternatives one can be neutral, positive alternatives but to decide it is a + or a −, adding or not adding there is ~~not~~ no sinking neutral position; by not voting for you vote against. This question of adding or moral dimension of life is a question of the latter kind a + or −. The materialist vote vs the Moralist for but the skeptic tho' he says he "neutrals votes V.S. for the Religionist wake & shake of the media & the the skeptic refuses to do. The materialist says "you mustn't" add it, the skeptical say "you needn't" but they both vested in the same thing Philosophy pro & that in the world with some religions & some not, the first get uneasy if the materialist and skeptical argument shows up strong & fear catalyzes. Huxley then says "why are you afraid to take the yoke of the world?" aren't these theories manufactured by men themselves & even if they

continue to live under bars of dogmatism
~~make~~ is routed "This is a just rebuke
for ~~Materialism~~ is not true human na-
ture & seek to end it by dogmatism.
The result I wish to reach is this that
Dogmatic philosophy is impossible,
the door of religion is open you can
enter it or not and no one can com-
pel either way. The history of philosophies
shows ~~dogmatism~~ in Religion & in
materialism ~~negative~~ Agnosticism which
reinforces Materialism (Comte & Spencer)
by not allowing you to act on a theoretical
possibility, and finally criticism which
says Moralism may be added to Physical
dimensions, ~~not~~ any absolutely assures
us of it, but admitting it as a prac-
tical possibility ~~&~~ it influence
your life as you will.

Lectus XXXVII. (Alemmi)

Lecture ~~XXXVIII~~

4 ways of approaching Idealism. 1st Phenomenology of Senses. 2nd Continuity & actuality 3rd causality 4. scientific-curiosity (Eskentrics-theorie) (This Royce's & Kant's) (Su Lotze & Baum - interaction. The argument is: if I wish to say something & say "The man" "walks" by logical necessity must follow.

You can't explain the Higher by the lower. You may say the H. was conditioned on the L. but that does not explain the H. The Philosophy of evolution should explain the process. You can't then explain the more by the less for it does not explain contained in it. The positivists give up explanation. We must either do this or explain the Higher from the Higher: if the Higher (God) exists at first we posit all the lower parts as a Marriage means a Man & Woman: if you are allowed to explain the postulate the Higher then you can explain Lowers if though you are only to postulate the lower you cannot explain the Higher, but must make a separate assumptions for each existence Existence must be a pure assumption — ultimate fact.

Lecture XXXIX

There is much evidence of some ideal in the principle But still the God is merely the god of Nature. and then the question is do all paths point to the same God? are the Gods of Religion Science Poetry and Morals the same? Science wants a mechanical god whose world is one fact. Religious men have swallowed this mechanical god & only insisted on an ultimate purpose, or this these two may join hands, even unconsciously & such. Poetry may also in general agree. Thus in general these Gods agree; but when we come to particulars the scientific man finds it hard to be a religious & vice versa. But when we come to details What is that purpose? Every scientific fact must be a part of the purpose & these make God seem diabolical — hell is a dreadful thing upon which to base heaven — and we can't make Gods purposes humane, and scientific men say There is either not god or he is a Devil or irrational. There is no use of making light of this

difficulty — optimistic temperament can't walk around them — and such a religion is hard to get. Again when we consult morals we find again the discrepancy. A man finds many things bad metho & believe the good reg. puzzle — science says no. This is another irreconcilable difficulty Take the first born of the Lelangand & the world is not a unity but a plurality take the other and we lose our peace & set down in an unsentiably irrational world. Here, between Moral Religious & scientific, are great discrepancies. Religion says "Peace" Morals: "a sword" the Harmony is only postulated not found Yummy & history we find religion on the side of science more than of morals

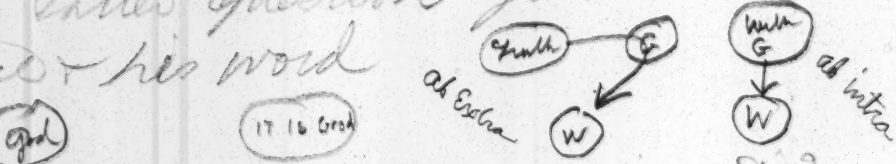
Science	Religion	Morals
Pantheistic (Fatalistic & infinite immutable inhuman world)		Theistic (personalistic finite Individualistic indeterminate free human world)
Spinoza		Martineau

Hegelianism is the only attempt to unify & is sophistical. Other ways are

Mysticism

Lecture XL

Which then is the God we believe in - the All or the Part. Sabatier's statement of the republican character of Puritanism. How can we realize Monism & keep the reality of moral life. Again the question arises did God make Truth & Right; or is there a Cudworthian Immutable realm of Truth above God? When however we ask this latter question you separate his existence & his word



Does God find the affirmation & invents? in either case it is made somehow for the first time & therefore the question is moral The practical question is shall we repeat it - so with Truth & Goods it is a fact & must have begun whether with God or not. This is Royce's explanation Suppose with the Idealists that God thinks a world - can we conceive it - If God thinks the world in infinite particular why should he have an objective reality - God only the

ony creates it be thinking it — according to this mode there would be but one Thinker & this would explain Cause - power &c & so the only this that does. If Religion is pantheistic this explains. But if Religion thinks itself & says how can I think if I & my thoughts and thoughts of God". Hence a paradox. To have subjects it seem that something must escape from God's thinking & exist of itself. So pure Idealism is a beautiful theory & satisfactory until we reflect that the world is not only God object but partially its own subject. The scholastic say the world was created by miracle & stop there & we must write "mystery"

Lectus Amen!

Philosophy gives us the settling of the problem. The partial man, Scientific & goes on his way rejoicing, but the philosophic man is halted and the question of possibles comes up - is it possible that all is Unity and Bad is good, or that good & bad are & plurality is true? She must give up some of her ideals, as Clearness Unity &c and take up a stand believe in it. This is the attitude of Hegel - mysticism which in ordinary life is the peaceful religious attitude & N.O. gas which left on me the impression that our consciousness is but an island in a vast seaflow of consciousness We must then take into account that there is little we know & more knowledge may do away with contradictions All this is open path but not philosophy - which shall we embrace? If we take & we give up Unity but is this sacrilege I think it nothing but an aesthetic demand & has no right to drive out everything else. I find that I must

turn my back on Unity for the sake
of Clearness & though I lose something
— a great deal, I think I gain more:
Goodness, Personality, Possibility, as real
things. I gain to the Unity of Continuity
The lowest possible terms of my universe
are many — it is a plurality — cannot be
written down in one formula. One
another. We thus avoid the contradiction
of Finite & Infinite — by saying there
are first beginnings, new things come,
actual God is limited though possibly
potentially infinite; he may be one
of many Powers — in other words
Polytheism is our attitude — the nor-
mal attitude of the human mind. This
view gives us the reality of the moral
life — Bad things are not good because
he made them — he didn't make them.
Faith & Ordinary Commonsense & ordin-
ary religion. Life becomes a militant
Light v. Bad with a Power to look out for
the good & not responsible for the Bad

The fact then of the world are psychic facts and scientifically don't compell us to believe in a God. We believe in one because our religious nature demands it. There is no coercive philosophy of religion In all our logical dealings with the world we make the mistake of illicit process. Shall then I believe in God? Am I wise in believing any thing beyond the evidence? is Faith in what we wish a legetimate philosophic attitude? But the whole thing of our actively, scientific & enterprise are founded on a Faith in something we want, & therefore the attitude of Faith is honorable & right & is simply the courage to risk life on a possibility & differs much from dogmatic theology, & intolerance This the work be done a Republic The only way to prove an assumption is to act upon science or any other act then on the hypothesis in order to prove God - This is the only proof but the dilemma is Either never know or know the way. This is a place

to know & not to be agnostics. Man
must act. (voluntary actions in atheism
& pessimism)

Summa

15 Wk.

5760 x 7015 lbs. = 4291200 gr. ÷ 700 = 613 1/11 lbs Troy.

1754 1/16 lbs Troy ← 10106 gr. ÷ 5760 = 1754 201/576 Apoth. lbs.

6 lb. 10 ozt. 7 pwt.

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15 | 1291 (13° 25' 0"
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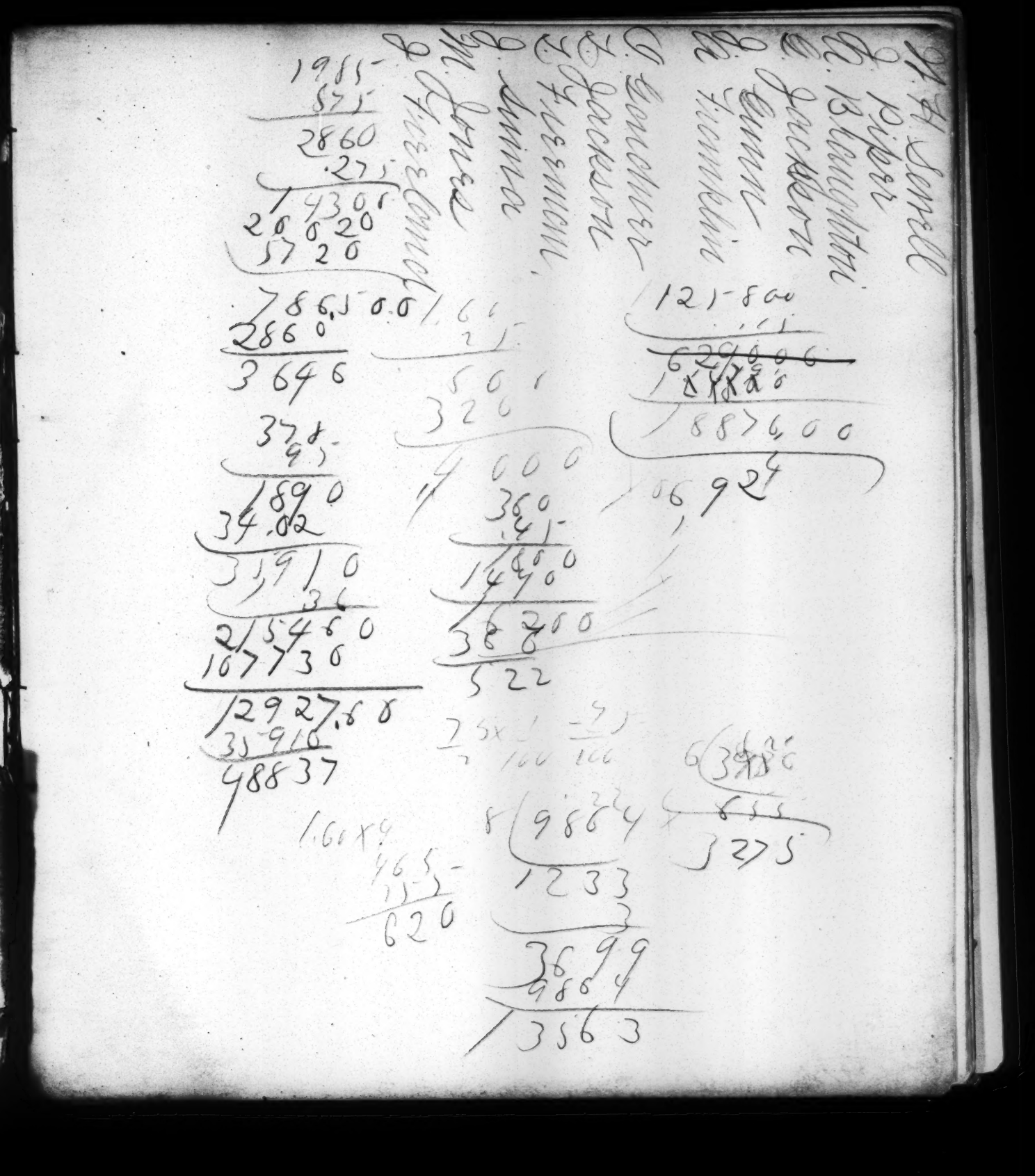

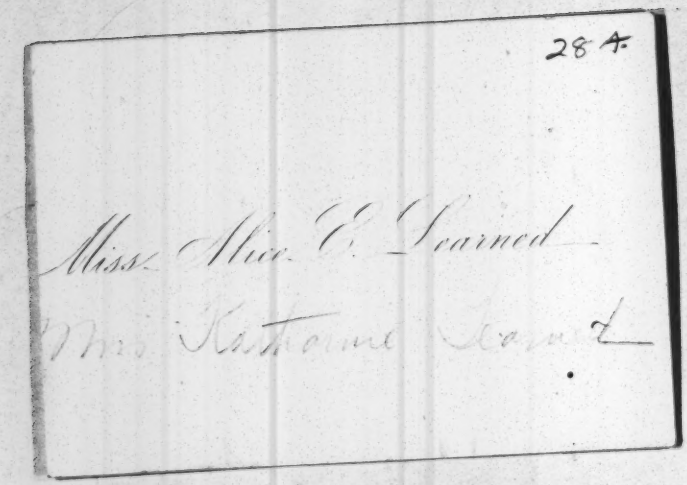
284
Miss Alice C. Learned
Mrs Katherine Learned

~~Hiawatha~~ P 435
Raven
~~Ar~~ Annabel Lee
Ar Elmo
Con ~~A~~ Robert
Jea - Valjean
V P 428

TIME

A , M Pol Econ 1 M 9
~~Pol Econ 4 MA H~~

A 2 H Hist 13 T 12
E A 3 E Phil 11 T 10
A 4 E Phil 6 M 11
A 5 H Phil 2 M 12

Eve
Lions
to Leon

They loved each other.

They hated one another.

Me he restored and him he changed.

For my own part I have ever believed,
noun clause
and do now, (that there are no witches)
verb phrase
You / Let me live a life (of faith.)
You / Let me die thy people's death.)

diag

6 of 65

shall + will

would + should.

N.H.8; May 8, '89.

Insular faunas & floras.

Notice those of the N. Atlantic (Azores &) The evidence is clear & that the continental faunas & floras have had a continual existence from earliest times & present date. On the islands on the other hand we have evidence of groups having worked out an evolution nothing higher than a genus. This shows islands (temporary — volcanic peaks. However in the case of older islands (Azore) we are surprised to find such a small difference from land forms. Island life not favorable to variation. Continents however depend on mountains making; which there life therefore depends on a law of the earth's crust — The shape of the land are intimately adjusted to life. The possibility of human life must either depend on Design or 1 chance in ∞

Re Darwinism Lamarckian Hypothesis.

Note the diff. between these — the influence of Will (giraffe) Lobe & Jay all say various lions are showed back in the off-spring to leave room for variation in after life.

"The will of a creature is a large element in determining its destiny" was what Lamarck meant. The Cats have been determined in great degree by Will. Will the largest element in the success of Man. When the Will begins it is a power in selection. Earlier forms pliable — higher more stable-stiff. With the growth of the will the variation diminish — and man though a vast willer does not vary through the incapacity of the body to vary. Here is then a measure of truth in both hypotheses + the Natural Selection is established. The weak point is that the hypotheses does not account for variation. How far is there back of this selection powers guiding variation. That which we can know is & that which we can not is as 1 to ∞ as the growth of the 6th finger which came from Silurian forms: against the 5 fingered régime the 6th finger has been left as an inheritance + when it comes comes not as the Silurian

claw but as a perfect human finger!
If this cannot be by selection – there
must be vast systems of interaction in
the body; whose outward manifestations
are seized upon by Natural Selection

NOTES

There is an old idea running through the world, a relic of Vandalism, that humanity embodied in government is not to be judged by the ordinary rules of common sense but is something superhuman and can do anything. When therefore when anything is too hard for private genius it is urged put it in the hands of the Government. The government can do something better because it is a larger corporation than any other. When therefore a private enterprise goes wrong We must first ask Why? If it is because the corporation is too small put it into the hands of the government but if it is for other reasons then to put the enterprise in the hands of the government is merely to transfer the responsibility of working out the problem & ~~time~~ more than this to lessen the chances of solution for the larger the corporation the harder to place responsibility. We have before us to day a R.R. problem which it is proposed to settle by putting the R.R.'s in Government hands. Why is this question hard to settle? The railroad is a corporation to distribute produce. Its besetting sin is discrimination; this arises from a misapplication of the law of Competition. Will the gov. apply this law correctly? It did it in Europe, and can from the nature of the case. Therefore the R.R.'s should not go into gov. control But shall corporate monopolies ruin the people. No, they should

49-5-89

be regulated by ~~Govt~~ for this is its fundamental duty: to reconcile conflicting interests; strange & any modern govt have neglected this their duty and ought to get rid of monopolies, ~~& attend their~~ & not regulate them. If you swallow you are not rid of them therefore regulate them

Dr Martineau's theory is that on the presentation of two motives to the mind immediately we get the ultimate & unanalysable notion that one is Higher than the other — is Right; to act upon that motive is best. There are two vital objections to this theory. 1st a man in his moral life asks first not what is Right but is there any such thing as Right? Hobbes said Right was might Mill, Right is Pleasure, Spencer Right is life. This question Martineau's theory does not touch. If however we admit the notion of Right, the question What is Right still remains. Every question of Right can by him be referred to the canon of consequences & by M. own theory either right or wrong as Veracity, who then must settle the question. Thus in these two vital points the theory is unsound & inadequate

49-5-40

Vivisection is one of a genus of questions open to two sort of objections one popular the other fundamental. The first is that the evil done is greater than the good gained. The evil done is a few moments suffering of a brute, the good aimed at is the amelioration of thousands of suffering men and women. Certainly so great an object justifies even cruel means if ends are the criterion, but, and here is the fundamental objection we that Ends do not justify all Means; that the Moral law which forbids harm to helpless sentient beings is an eternal and immutable statute which no, which we petty human ends can justify. This is really a vital objection and can only be answered by saying that Utility has and always will have a place in human morals — no absolute moralist can carry out his scheme; it is therefore only a question of degree: to kill 20000 people to save 40000 would doubtless be carrying the principle too far but to kill a dog to save a world seems perfectly justifiable

49-5-41

years behind the time – at which
rate according to J. Homer, D.D. LL.D.,
the Greeks erected a young hill to
Mr. Schiller – how call was Alexander
Pa? Now I'm constitutionally opposed
to parks, commons, and the like:
they are nuisances – like the rest of
the world – but I must practice
home to my pool – the car is going
and I go.

+ + + +

Good afternoon: I am one of two students of Harvard College (Now you needn't start and look surprised and say with your eyebrows "what Nigger's in Harvard!) who are giving a series of readings the summer to help pay our expenses next year

UNPROPHETABLE

49-5-38

now here I have a very choice article, something unique and entirely new; romantic not to cloy, pacing refreshing, healthy, safe, remunerative and dangerous — you are interested? of course you are. For particulars you may call at my room at any time during study hours when you presumably least engaged, hm! my end

Cuffy Johnsing,
999 Aldworthy.

49-5-37

good day I must leave you here. sh'd get a little fresh air on the common. There now lies Epicurus flat on his back with a "good hit! steal your second! you're out" and a pipe; and here's your John Stuart Mill with a Hurry! Dobytoa is falling sic vita, the Night is coming, O I die Horatio — what cutter-heads. The Crispus Attacks monument — you thank thee, sir, the commemoration mathematic? My dear fellow you are just

1. Should Rail Roads be owned & managed by the State.

—o—

2. The R.R. Problem: In 1828 – growth – History
Discrimination caused by lack of competition

3. The Suggested Remedy

universe - you break the bounds of humanity and become a re-colored man. Again you will not only be a Negro but a Negro in an unthought of and astounding by monstrous old degree. Having in this manner reached an entirely unique and strange position you will be in position to solve in a measure the problems of Introspection and Fourth Dimension, for you will have an opportunity of beholding yourself in your closet and mountain, and beholding to the fact of separated invisible & men, and your view of mankind in general will have a striking resemblance to the view which Mr. Gulch of that land had of Mr Sphere of Lineland interesting. I must mention many other striking advantage

49-5-42

in this vacation-tide lark — but I'll not. I will merely say that I have chosen you for the trip because you in most particulars you fill the bill surprisingly well — you are ~~old~~ enough, you are tall enough you are cool enough — I am sorry you have a distinguished ancestry — other things being equal I prefer a man with no ancestry at all not even a father — I should have been pleased to make the acquaintance of Adam. + + + + + + + + + + + +

You are now sir a negro and let me say my friend did a remarkably good job — you like, of the Sir Walter Scott pretty red poultry variety have gained thickness with color, your hair with becoming modesty has shunk back, cringing, ashamed either of its owner or the its owner's ownership and your countenance which before the

application I prepared lampblack
was often & winning has suddenly be-
come & the last degree repulsive.
you don't feel! Pish! Told you
tongue - your feelings have played but
small part in history. Now sir this
veneer will last just three mos at most
dont withoud feathers ado like the one-
hoss shay it will all drop off just
in time for you & regular, "Harvard
'49" ~~Sept~~ Sept 26, 1849. Presto! away
goes & the street, & the world, & the
world that gaping —— gapes.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

You have your letters of recommend-
ation? ah that's good for know you
my fool your ordinary jackass
may go through the world quite
by your jackass with the fourth
dimension of color why bless you
— it "What is it? Why so? I'm afraid
I can't " keep you over night or

49-5-43

give you a bearable meal of victuals or refrain from telling my how much I did for your People.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +

-21 thro the Derbyshire Hills! we are sitting and the world is flying past O. I love this grimly unconscious old world this conservative old ~~Dated~~ Widower whose son persists in setting ~~Dated~~ night just as it did 6000 years ago & who has never added an extra tint to the rainbow. It is a beautiful day: the rain does not come down in an angry ~~angry~~ flood and is angry with it took it sought to choke the Earth — but it comes lovingly in a drizzle and the parched forests drink slowly and thankfully and only Man is discontented — see now in the west it is breaking away — grey, pink, red, blue — Ah! now comes your sun to dazzle and glare — see my Pet. This is life in a nut-shell

+ + + + + ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Contributions to the Negro Problems
[c. 1891]

We are getting now far enough from the War and its memories to take a more unprejudiced interest in the position of the Negro people in the United States. Probably few questions have been discussed with such an unblushing disregard of facts as those surrounding the presence of this race in America: take, for instance the matter of color-prejudice; it has again and again been said that the repulsion between the whites and blacks is instinctive and that while some illicit and irregular amalgamation has taken place, yet this amalgamation is so exceptional ~~&~~ in its character as merely to prove the rule. ~~When~~

When however we carefully

1/0167

investigate this matter we find that history may teach us much. Everyone knows that the intimacy between the races during slavery, in personal relations and human sympathy was very great. It has generally been assumed however that this intimacy of daily life was a growth from an initial feeling of repulsion, ~~If this is so, how can we explain the fact that~~ and that the fixed relations of the slave regime allowed a large but limited growth of sympathy between the races. Historical evidence does not support this view, but on the contrary tends to prove that there was at first comparatively little race prejudice between whites and blacks in early colonial times, and that the prejudice only appeared after a long period

1/0168

of artificial fostering by the laws of the land. Take for instance the curious legislation of the colony of North Carolina in 1723; it is entitled "An Act for an additional Tax on all free Negroe Mulattoes Mustees, and such Persons, Male and Female, as now are, or hereafter shall be, intermarried with any such Persons resident in this Government"

1/0169

~~1756. 27~~ 1723.

North Carolina:

"An Act for an additional Tax on all free Negroes Mulattoes, Mustees, and such Persons, Male and Female, as now are, or hereafter shall be, intermarried with any such Persons, resident in this Government"

I "Whereas complaints have been made by divers Freeholders and other Inhabitants of this Government, of great Numbers of free Negroes, Mulattoes, and other Persons of mixt Blood, that have lately removed themselves into this Government, and that several of them have intermarried with the white Inhabitants of this Province; in Contempt of the Acts and Laws in those Cases made and provided:

II. Be it therefore Enacted +++++
That all free Negroes, Mulattoes, and
other Persons of that Kind, being mixed
Blood, including the third Generation,
who are, or hereafter shall be, Inhabitants
& Residents in this Government, both
Male and Female, who are of the Age of
twelve Years and upwards, shall, from
the Ratification of the Act, be deemed and
taken for Tithables, and as such each
and every of them shall, Yearly, pay the
same Levies and Taxes as the other
Tithable Inhabitants do, and shall, and
are hereby made liable & pay the
same Yearly & such Person or Persons,
in such Manner and at such Times
and Places, and & be subject & such
Fines and Penalties, as in and by an Act,
intituled An Act, for making the
Sum of twelve thousand Pounds, + + + + +
and for regulating the Taxes; which
the other Inhabitants of this Province, be-
ing ~~the~~ Tithables, are obliged and subject to.

1/6/71

III And be it further Enacted +++

"That from and after the Ratification of this Act, any White Person or Persons whatsoever, Male or Female, Inhabitant of this Government, or that may or shall remove themselves hither from other ~~Parts~~ Parts, that now is or hereafter shall be, married with any Negro Mulatto, Mustee, or other Person being of mixed Blood as afore said, shall be, and are hereby made liable to the same Fines and Taxes as the Negroes Mulattoes and other mixed Blood as herein above is expressed; and it is the Intent and Meaning of this Act, that all and every of the aforesaid ~~ye~~ Titheables removing themselves into this Government, shall pay the Levy and Taxes assessed for the Year they come hither Imediately they come before the Ninth Day of June in that Year"

Collection of the Public Acts of Assembly of N.C. Newbern: 1751.
1723, ch. 5, th 56-57.

Act of 1741 §13 ~~forbids~~ prohibits intermarriage of Black & White by a fine of £50 proclamation money on the White §14 Minister or Justice marrying them ~~fine~~ same amount.

Iredell, 1791, pp 68, 69

Y0173

33-1-127

Harvard and the South:

a Commencement part, 1891,

by

W. E. B. Du Bois, Jr.

Candidate for A.M.

33-1-138

Harvard and the South.

What Harvard has done it may do: I want to tell you how and where.

As we of a later generation look back upon that great central struggle of our history, we must every day come more and more to realize that, with all its complications, it was at core the result of a vast economic mistake: no theories of psychology, climate or total depravity will wholly explain the phenomena. It was the same sort of economic mistake that the world is continually making: that a people may hold the most illogical theories as to their material welfare is no new

33-1-139

thing, and the history of the fifty-first Congress shows that it ~~has~~ has scarcely grown old enough to forget.

The lesson of this to us is that due care today may easily prevent similar mistakes in the future; while then the situation is still open to argument, it behoves the young men who have so bravely started out to build better than their fathers, to see to it that no logical error mars the high moral purpose, which I, least of all, am disposed to deny them.

The Southern problem of today is more than a residue of the problem of the past. It is a local intensification of the great economic problems of the time, with peculiar

33-1-140

complications. ~~There~~ We have ~~there~~ a country capable of wonderful industrial development; an employing class just beginning to realize this, and a laboring class, ignorant but earnest. So far the problem differs in degree only from that in Germany England or even in Massachusetts. This however is not the whole of the Southern problem. With the weight of centuries of ignorance, which they themselves had partly trained, suddenly thrown upon them with full political rights, the Southern people were, with out doubt justified, in some degree, in adopting revolutionary expedients, and suspending republican government in order to have any government

33-1-141

at all. From this, however, has been ~~slowly~~ evolving, slowly an idea which ~~that~~ is perhaps the offspring of the hour, viz: ~~the expedient must be the permanent~~: that the highest ~~go~~ economic interests of the South demand a laboring class without political rights.

The recent history of social reform has, however, shown one thing very clearly. And that is, that the possession of vast political power by the working men has been the very safety valve that has saved us from industrial catastrophe. Every socialist from Lassalle to Hindman has insisted that the working man must use his political power to secure his economic rights. And the working man has been doing this. The result has

33-1-142

been ~~not~~, not anarchy, as some predicted, but the bringing of the great industrial factors to see more clearly the ultimate unity of their interests and to work to that end.

Note then the danger in the South: it is that, in a country destined to be a great theatre of industrial developement, ~~that~~ the ~~very~~ power of the ballot as an economic factor and corrective will be denied to by far the most important industrial class, from a fundamental misapprehension of economic principles.

I do not mean that this is the conscious aim of the South-

33-1-143

ern people — I doubt if it is. I do mean that it is the logical tendency of the present situation. If you will carefully note the utterances of the great Southern leaders you must observe the strange absence every where of any mention of the possibility of the Negroes ever exercising full political rights. The new parallell which Mr. Grady drew between the Whites and Negroes in Georgia, and the capitalists and laborers in Massachusetts, ~~is from being one analogy~~, illustrates the danger of the Southern situation: the capitalist of Massachusetts ~~finds~~ knows that he can ~~through the~~ not ~~long~~ neglect the interests of ~~federal power~~ his employees ~~being brought closer and closer in~~ without having an anti-fine provision

or an eight hour law on the statute book; and, better than that, he is, by this means, coming to see that it is not to his own economic advantage, in the long run, to neglect his employees. Thus through that process of education by legislative experiment, conference, and mutual concession, an industrial evolution has been going on here within the law, which, in the absence of the ballot from the hand of the laborer, must have brought revolution. And not only here, but in all the industrial world the parallell evolution of political rights and social prosperity has been the striking feature of modern history. But today in the south, there is manifest a

33-1-145

tendency not only to ~~temporarily~~ ~~checkmate~~ as a political expedient check this development, but to seek to ~~actually~~ arrest it; a course of action which will if not stopped in time ~~lead~~ wed the South to another economic fallacy as illogical as the first.

In this aspect of the Southern question, it must be noted that the problem is not primarily a moral one. Without doubt the moral integrity of the Southern people has suffered from the institution of slavery and from the extra-legal character of much of their recent history: no people can break their own laws with impunity. And yet in spite of this, if the question were simply How long will the South ~~be unjust~~, I am sure that I should be

not be far wrong in trusting the land of Washington Jefferson and Robert Lee for the ultimate triumph of the right. ~~But~~ The very efforts ~~of~~ looking toward moral reform in the South but serve to ~~[illegible]~~ the dangerous intellectual mistake. The Mississippi convention was a moral revolt against customary illegalities: but it only served to show how thoroughly the people of Mississippi believe that their best interests demand that the most important class of their workmen should be without political rights. And the result of the convention was a compromise between a moral ideal and an economic fallacy.

~~It is not~~ Here is an escape

~~Harvard and the South~~.

— . —

from the dilemma in which many a Northern student of Southern affairs is placed: he wavers between calling the whites rascals, or the Negroes idiots: he cannot decide whether to make out my southern-fellow student to be a case of total-depravity, or me to use a specimen of the anthropoid ape: with as little personal bias a could be expected under the circumstances, I respectfully submit that he need do neither. It does not follow on the other hand that because the question is not primarily a moral one that there is not Southern problem.

So this danger that is threatening the South, there can be but one remedy, and that lies in trained leadership toward

correct economic ideas: and here the present situation is critical: for everyone must have noticed the almost entire absence of the carefully trained thinker in the South. What the South imperitively demands today is the intellectual impetus of the broadly trained university man: that spirit which has characterized the later development of Harvard college. Harvard must conquer the South as she has conquered New England, if the South is ever to be what the South may be. And when I say Harvard I use the word in no narrow provincial sense — I do not mean the Harvard that is bounded by the Charles ~~consists of a boat crew~~, or the Harvard of the

~~dog-tooth~~ Hendrick and the fool: I mean that wider, freer Harvard – that spirit of intellectual breadth and liberty that seeks Truth for Truth's sake: that Harvard which, thanks be to God, in these days is getting nearer to the slums.

In this spirit and in this spirit alone can we build a new South – and yet this spirit is dangerously absent. In a day when the South demands not simply the moral courage to face error but the intellectual ability to point it out; when two struggling peoples are crying not only for men willing to do the right but also for men capable of thinking with their own heads and discovering

what is right, in such a day it is an ominous fact that there exists in the south scarcely a single institution that rises more than two years above a New England High + school, curriculum and those years, years of narrowness and dogmatism. There has been a growing attempt in the South to make the common-school + industrial school, the basis of a system whose fanciful capstone is the university: such an evolution is totally false to nature. The university always has been, is, and ever will be the true foundation stone of any nation's system of education. To seek to reverse the process — to educate the hands before the brains have been taught to think, is to set a superficially educated people to solving the most

~~proof~~ intricate and difficult problems in sociology, is ~~&~~ merely ~~&~~ court catastrophe. The sort of education that is giving the future leaders of the Negro people ten hours at the plow and one at the spelling book may be pretty ~~&~~ contemplate, but it will never settle the Southern problem.

My plea then is for the higher university training in the South ~~&~~ correct a dangerous economic fallacy growing ~~&~~ day and ~~&~~ ward off others — and especially for that training which is best represented in America by Harvard ~~College~~. ~~Education~~ * I care not how it comes — whether present tendencies ~~will~~ accomplish this, or whether ~~or not~~ the time demands a stretching out of the arms of Harvard ~~&~~ half-formed Southern institutions, and by the strength-

enemy of material and intellectual bonds the ~~foundation~~ building of a greater Harvard.

When Harvard has thus infused her love of truth in to the heroism of a people she has solved not only the economic problem but all of the race problem worth solving. If the* Southern people can once be brought to see that it is to their highest economic advantage to have their working classes as intelligent and ambitious and with as ~~great~~ much political privileges as possible, I care not what they or you think as to the origin and destiny of the Negro people.

Finally let me say that Harvard's work will not be thankless. To the men black and and white who come from

* ~~My people~~ can be brot to realize their duties as vividly as they do their rights, I care not how brilliant the color-line may draw it, and if the

the South & these walls, life is not idle plaything: it is worth living and living well; its romance is not all dead - there is enough yet of, its Olympus & inspire its Sinai: there is something behind the world's battles, beside blood and dust; those men are the born enemies of that intellectual provincialism - that colorless dilettantism that is so apt to invade a great university and approach, the apotheosis of the sluggard. And Harvard needs such a spirit - it may not bring beauty, but it will bring strength and its earnestness of self-confidence, tho' dogmatic will outweigh an empty doubt. If Harvard is not afraid of the uncouth - if she does not shrink from getting her hands blackened, she may stretch them Southward and build a nation - and in building, build herself.

[illegible] [illegible] that I will ultimately
prove a blessing to the greatest number
and advantage of the people I aspire.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

Notes

~~Tuition $150~~

see Comte "Three Eras of Progress
Theological, Metaphysical, Positive

"Teleology is impossible"
Covers Brief Gen Chal § 1
Pythagoras founded everything on Number

Aprofos & Socates death saying how about a story in which Death was a trance"

The study of physics is worthless unless we find the spiritual basis of all science
Memorabilia IV. 7 Phaedo P. 97

Were the Scholastics far wrong in placing the Summum Bonum in the great Ultimate End of the Universe?

"Mathematics a guide & a higher Philosophy" Republic V 475 & VI 510 &c

St Augustine" - the highest Apostle. Thales"

Scholastics distinctions - Universalia
ante Rem, U. post R., U in R e
Realism Moderate R, Nominalism.
These questions still exist
vide Littell Living Age No 1578
Cont. Rev. Nov. 1875
Do they a God Spencer's Biology P. 234-331
Mutants gen of spec P264

Alberts magnus distinguished Phil
from Religion

St Thomas aq. made the bounds of
Reason & faith

Truth { discov. & demons. by Reason } Natural
Revealed Super "

Phil and Philosophy proceeds from Nature & God
Theology " " God & Nature
" Freedom & Will as choice & Intellect "

Mental Science

Notes

To take the accomplishments of mind and reason to the nature of their cause.

Philosophy of history or Comparative history as an aid

What are the phenomena of mind?

31-11-21

Comparative Philology as an aid in tracing the development of thought.

If you would know mind study its products.

Go watch your neighbors die.

The watch (as proof of maker) are evolution

There is no God — Jesus lover of my soul

31-11-22

My life is lain on the altar of truth. If it lead me to dethrone the Infinite, I will do it. If not I will thank around him the royal purple of a sole adulation.

Systematic Observation of savages, of children of likenesses of knowledge.

Truth, deep, Echoless!

Experiments in compulsory evolution.

Study Human lives.

Idealism Realism Materialism the same

If thought is force what's the difference.

Impossible? I know not impossible!

What makes joy akin to sorrow,
And Heaven fade to pain?

31-11-23

"O life My life,
Begot in passion & in sorrow born,
By wandering doubts bewildered & torn,
With tumult rife,
Art thou, My life."

O life My life,
By shadows darkly vexed by shadows joyed
Fain hand outstretching & the unconsidering void,
With silence rife,
Art thou, my life!"

Doyeen.
in Independent.

A careful record of extraordinary feats of mind.

Evolution might not imply a lower life growing into a higher but (?) 1-17-88.

Were I but a moment you I might warrant a Universe.

Grades of Evolution are but steps to Infinity. From gorilla to Man, a mighty stride.

31-11-24

Time? O, that depends on where the hands are, now you know from 6:20 - 6:40 is much shorter than from 6:00 & 6:20 isn't it,

In other higher
matters beside religion we
are in doubt — as to whether
beauty is natural or nature
beautiful. — we too have dog-
matism here & revolt. Freedom
or individual opinion — mysticism
or ideal &c we might have
had a church based on
this, but necessity of life
determined otherwise

33-2-173

THESIS:

English C.

H154.1

41-15A2

Does the scientific work of Leonardo da Vinci entitle him to be called the founder of the modern scientific method?

—

W. E. B. Du Bois, '90

a.

Leonardo da Vinci as a Scientist.

Brief:

I wish to prove that the scientific work of Leonardo da Vinci entitles him to be called the founder of modern experimental science; This claim raises two questions: What did he do in science; and Does his work entitle him to be called the founder rather than an intermediate link? In answer to the first question his manuscript notes and the opinions of his students show that he did much in science and laid down the principles of the "Novum Orga-

41-15A-3

num" a century before Dacon. In answer to the second, we find that he has three rivals for the honor, Roger Dacon, Gilbert of Colchester and Francis Dacon; he evidently has better claims than the first two; taking into account difference in situation, merely as an experimenter, he would be a great forerunner of the third; and since besides this he first announced the principles this one elaborated, and followed them out to wonderful results, he rather than Dacon, and consequently rather than anyone else, is the founder of modern science.

41-15A-4

Certainly the contains the idea of a brief; but your language must be simple & yet must show the development by experiment at a glance

Arrange this under headings & with summaries

Leonardo da Vinci as a Scientist

Keep here your opinion of this reading.

41-15A-5

A century and a quarter after Dante had buried the Middle Ages; eight decades after Petrarch had been crowned and Boccaccio with his heart in the past had sought, as it were, to walk backwards into the future; by one generation the herald of Machiavelli, Copernicus, and Ariosto, there was born in the hamlet of Vinci, in the vale of the Arno, a precocious bastard, whom the world has

Is Stark this author's friend?

honored as a great painter, and vaguely revered as a universal genius. I wish to adduce certain considerations to prove that this man was the first-born of the Renaissance — the Father of modern Science.

Better to give the name.

There are manifold causes of error in endeavoring to place with precision the origin of great movements of world-thought, partly on account of the imperfection of human records, especially from the mystery of the human mind which seems prone at divers times and in divers places to give birth to the same

41-15A-6

thought-child, thus ? unsettling all claims of this kind, more or less, both in postulate and conclusion. My claim, therefore, is relative not absolute, not solely based on this or that attributed thought or invention, on mere priority of date or a few detached passages of manuscript, or the desultory by-play of experiment, but rather on the work, temper, and purpose of the man's life as a whole, contrasted with his times, and compared with modern progress.

Rather large binding.

41-15 A-7

In the middle of the 15th century the Athens of the Renais-

sance had gone mad with
culture: Lorenzo il Magnifico,
Prince by the Grace of his
Wealth, had strewed that
grace with lavish hand;
Palace frowned on palace,
gallery crowded gallery, and
library vied with library; lux
ury and philosophy, Beatrice
and Laura, Aristotle and Cicero
— this was Florence, and Flor-
ence was Italy. Yet, though it
was mid-renaissance, the
modern age was as yet in
nowise prefigured: Euphorion
was indeed born — a babe
glowing with health and
promise, — but still drawing

41-159-8

its nutriment from Helena's breast. There was little originality it was not fashionable; the most the world dared was to imitate the new-found Poet; Ptolemy still ruled the heavens; Harvey, Linnaeus, and Bacon were men of a distant age; architecture and painting were yet in thralldom to the past; medicine was necromancy, astronomy and astrology were one, philosophy was logomachy: it was the Age of Accumulation; the Age of Criticism had not yet come. At this time Leonardo da Vinci came upon the stage, and, as I shall undertake to show,

41-154-9

Can you not give some footnote references along here?

turning from the past to Nature herself with indefatigable questioning did much to place Science on her own peculiar throne, and to strike the key-note of modern progress. Great as was his artistic genius, yet from youth up Leonardo "was a scientific man par excellence;"[1] tireless in investigation, acute in observation, and broad in conception, Nature never united in a man fitter qualities to solve her own enigmas. His life may be divided into three periods: the first, of

Agree but what? By construction agree with Nature.

41-15 19-10

[1] N.Y. Nation, Vol. XXXVIII P. 280.

thirty years which he spent at Florence in the studio of Verrocchio, and as an independent painter; the second, (of) twenty years which he spent at Milan under Ludovico il Moro, and which includes the larger part of his scientific activity and the preparation of that vast mass of manuscripts, the fragments of which remaining to us amount to five thousand pages; and the last a period of nineteen years — years of wandering — spent now in Venice under Isabella Gonzago, now as military engineer under the notorious Caesar

41-159-11

Dorgia, now under Louis XII of France, and finally under Francis I, in whose service he died, in a strange land, at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried in the royal chapel at Amboise.

The history of his manuscripts has been most unfortunate: left in the hands of his pupil Melzi, they have been since his death captured as trophies of war, lost, forgotten and separated, until now they are strewn from the Baltic & the Mediterranean.[1]

41-15A-12

[1] The larger part of them are in the following libraries: Institut de France,

"It is due to nothing but a fortuitous succession of unfortunate circumstances that we should not have long since known Leonardo as not merely a painter but as an author, a philosopher and a naturalist" [1] Though these remains of his writings offer us some means of gaining an insight into his life-work, yet even in the study of these we are hindered by the difficulty of access, his peculiar writing and orthography, and especially from the fact that they are

41-15A-13

Paris; Ambrosian at Milan; Louvre, Paris; Ashburnham place, British Museum, Royal, Windsor, and Leicester, England.

[1] Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci, by Dr J. P. Richter, London, 1883; Preface.

not the finished treatises of an author, but the hurried jottings of a scientist at work arranged without form or proper sequence, and often enigmatical and unintelligible; yet withal they have been called "vast treasures in which lay imbedded, as jewels in a bed of quartz, gems of great truths, first thoughts, hints at discoveries, dim revelations of scientific facts hereafter to be re-discovered by others"[1]

The first questions naturally asked, upon the presentation of such a claim in be-

41-158-14

[1] Life of Leonardo da Vinci, by Mrs M. Heaton, London, 1874; P. 102.

half of a man so little known, are "What did he do in science?" and "If he did anything is he not rather a link in the chain than the founder?" To the first inquiry the best answer is the writings of the man himself, together with opinions of those fitted to judge.

I will then first consider a few of the manuscript evidences of his work in various fields of science.[1]

41-154-15

Geology.

In the early part of the 15th

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[1] In the following pages I have chiefly made use of Dr. Richter's edition of Leonardo's Mss, translated into English by Mrs R C Bell, for the text of the passages quoted.

century the question as to the origin of the various fossils found from time to time was arousing inquiry in the awakening Italian mind; Mattioli, after Agricola the German, maintained that a certain "materia pinguis" or "fatty matter" set into fermentation by heat gave birth to fossil forms. Fallopio of Padua conceived that petrified shells had in some cases acquired their form from the "tumultuous exhalations of terrestrial movements;" and to Olivi of Bremona they were "sports of nature". Mercati pronounced

41-157-16

the fossils of the Vatican Museum stones influenced by the stars.* When at last these interminable disputes of orthodox scholasticism became too absurd for further credence, the theologians came to the scene and declared that fossils were indeed the remains of animals, but that they were all deposited at the time of Noah's flood. In the midst of this guessing and dogmatizing the clear reasoning of Leonardo, founded on actual experience in his engineering operations goes straight to the truth: "The shells of oysters

41-15A-17

* Lyell's Principles of Geology, 12th Ed., London, 1875; Vol. 1, P. 27 et seq.

and other similar animals which originate in sea-mud bear witness to the changes of the earth. + + + + This is proved thus: great rivers always run turbid, being colored by the earth which is stirred by the friction of their waters at the bottom and on their shores; and this wearing disturbs the face of the strata made by the wearing layers of shells which lie on the surface of the marine mud, and which were produced there when the salt waters covered them; and these strata were covered over again

41-154-18

from time to time with mud of various thickness, carried down to the sea by the rivers, and floods of more or less extent; and thus these layers of mud became raised to such a height that they came up from the bottom to the air. At the present time these bottoms are so high that they form hills or high mountains, and the rivers wear away the sides of these mountains"[1] It is difficult to realize that this was written three hundred years ago. Again: "The shores of the Salt sea constantly acquire

41-15A-19

[1] Ms. E, Institut de France, P. 4 b.

more soil toward the middle of the sea; the rocks and promontories of the sea are constantly being ruined and worn away; [show] how the River Po in a short time might dry up the Adriatic sea in the same way as it has dried up a large part of Lombardy"[1] Elsewhere[2] he notices the order of deposition,- first coarse, then finer material,- and? that the shells of Lombardy are in four layers.[3] "Since things are much more ancient than letters. It is no marvel if in our day no records exist of these seas

41-1519-20

[1] Bound Vol in Leicester Library, PP. 20a-27b.
[2] Ibid P. 6b [3] Richter II. 993

having covered so many countries, + + + + + but sufficient is the testimony of things created in the salt water and found again on high mountains far from the seas."[1] In another place[2] he attacks current theories: "If you say that the shells which are to be seen within the confines of Italy now, in ours days, far from the seas and at such heights, have been brought there by the deluge which left them there, I should answer that if you believe this deluge rose seven cubits a-

41-15A-21

[1] Richter II 984. [2] Leicester Vol., P. 68.

above the highest mountains as he who measured it has written, these shells which always live near the sea-shore should have been left on the mountains and not such a little way from the foot of the mountains, nor all at one level nor in layers upon layers." "And if you were to say that these shells were created and were continually being created in such places by the nature of the spot and of the heavens which might have some influence there, such an opinion cannot exist in a brain

41-15 A-22

of much reason; because here are the years of their growth numbered on their shells and there are large and small ones to be seen which could not have grown without food, and could not have fed without motion"[1]. On other places he has minute observations as to fossils showing that he had minutely studied them[2]

41-15A-23

References.

Botany.

In Leonardo's work on painting, (Chapter VI, Manzi edition, Rome,) we find a plant physiology, and his researches upon the form, parts, and

[1] Leicester Ms p 9.b. [2] See Richter under "Physical Geography"

symmetry of leaves and branches, and the construction of the bark and wood have led Vzjelli[1] to claim for him the founding of the science of construction and grouping, hitherto claimed for the Englishman Drown (1658). The Codex Atlanticus[2] contains many of contributions on this subject. A few notes will indicate his careful observations. In a letter to his steward, Zanobi Boni, [Ember,] Dec. 15th, 1515, he says: "the stem and the leaves draw in from the air the matter necessary for the perfection of the grape." Plant

41-15A-24

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[1] Sopra Alcune Osservazioni Botaniche di L. da V., Gustave Vzjelli, 1869.

[2] Vol. so called in Ambrosian library, Milan containing various of Leonardo's Mss.

Bert 15 fait Fate in a foot-note.

respiration was not discovered until the next century.

"These leaves (Whut!) have four modes of growing one above another, the first of which, the most general, is that the sixth always originates over the sixth below; the second is that two third ones originate over two third ones below; the third way is that the third above is over the third below."[1] (The fourth mode is indicated by a sketch)

"In general almost all the upright portions of trees curve towards the South ++++ and this occurs because the sun

41-15 A-25

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1. Ms. G, Institut de France, P.33 a.

draws the sap."[1]

Astronomy.

At Leonardo's time the Ptolemaic hypothesis of the Universe held the world with so firm a grasp that twenty-four years after his death the author of "De Orbium Coelestium Revolutionibus"[2] was regarded as an arch heretic. "Ever since the publication by Venturi in 1797, and Libri in 1840, of some few passages of Leonardo's astronomical notes, scientific men have frequently expressed the opinion that they must have been based on very

41-1579-26

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[1] Ms G., 36 b. [2] Published by Copernicus in 1543.

important discoveries, and that the great painter also deserved a conspicuous place in the history of this science"[1] Leonardo notes[2] that he must "construct glasses to see the moon magnified." Again he explains how a second globe of water will re-invert the image thrown by the first; and many subsequent observations lead us to think that he invented a telescope a century before Lipperhay and Galileo. He says[2] (before Copernicus): "The earth is not the centre of the sun's orbit, not at the centre of the Universe,

L2-691-14

[1] Dr Richter, P. 135, Literary Works L da V.
[2] Ms. 7, Institut de France, P. 41 b.

but in the centre of its companion elements and united with them" He had a distinct idea of the rotundity of the earth, and again says:[1] "the Sun does not move." He speculates as to why the moon does not fall to the earth and approximates Newton's law of gravitation by saying,[2] "As this does not happen (the falling) it is a manifest sign that the moon is surrounded by her own elements, +++ +++ and that thus of itself and by itself is suspended in that part of space, as our

41-15A-28

[1] Mss in Royal Library, Windsor, P. 132 a.
[2] Leicester Ms. P. 2 a

earth with its elements is in this part of space, and that heavy bodies act in the midst of its elements just as other heavy bodies do in ours;" and also in his many researches upon tides he says[1]: "Look whether the sea is at its greatest when the moon is on the meridian," and "whether the ebb and flow are caused by the sun or the moon, or are the breathing of this terrestrial machine". Leonardo, and not Kepler and Mostlin first explained the earth-shine on the moon in the following passage[2]: "When

41-15-49-29

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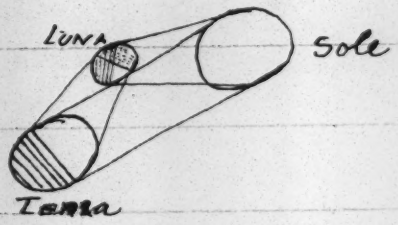
[1] Leicester Ms., P. 17 b. and Codex Atlanticus, PP. 162 a & 482 a [2] Leicester Ms. P. 2 a

the eye is in the east and sees the moon in the west near the setting sun it sees it with its shaded portions surrounded by luminous portions: and the lateral and upper portions of this light is derived from the sun and the lower portion from the ocean in the west which receives the solar rays and reflects them on the lower waters of the moon and indeed affords that part of the moon that is in shadow as much radiance as the moon gives the earth at midnight." He has the

41-159-30

following figure to explain his meaning:



He explains the reason the sun and stars look larger in the horizon, as that they are seen through a curved medium[1]. In regard to the stars he says: "It is in fact their great distance which is the reason of their diminution, for many of them are very many times larger than the star which is the earth."[2] He had clear ideas of eclipses

41-15A-31

K.

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[1] Mss. A, Institut de France, P. 64.b.
[2] Ms Y, Ibid, P 5a.

and the cone of shadow cast,[1] and speaks of "the shadow-side of the moon which is never seen"[2]

Rather vague writing.

Optics.

As an introduction to astronomy, (for he intended to collect his notes into regular treatises), Leonardo treated quite extensively of optics, a field scarcely entered at his time; and naturally "so attentive an observer, careful in experiment, and keen in induction, was able to make in brief time great and unexpected progress"[3] His invention of the camera obscura,

41-15A-32

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[1] No 7, Institut de France, P 86.
2 Fragment "libro di Pittura" Library Lord Ashburnham, P. 19a
3 L. da V. in Science and Literature, C.C. Black, 1874, P. 134

long attributed to Giambattista della Porta, overturned the ancient theory of vision, i.e. an outgoing virtue from the eye. In Manuscript D, in Paris, he says: "I say that if a side of a building or a piazza or a landscape which is illuminated by the sun have opposite to it a house, and that in the side of the house not opposed to the sun there be made a small round hole, all the objects illuminated will send their similitudes through this hole and will appear on the opposite wall of the house which should

41-15A-33

be whitened, and will be there accurately and upside down. The reason is this: we know clearly that the hole must transmit a certain portion of light into the house, and that the light transmitted by this means is caused by one or more luminous bodies. Thus we may say the eye also acts." A statement which anticipated by many years the great Cardan. He had carefully studied the eye, made an artificial one, and knew the use of the retina and crystalline lens[1] His treatment of the

41-15A-34

[1] See Richter preface to "Optics" in lit. works &c. also Black as before mentioned

pyramid of sight, laws of perspective, and vanishing point, is unique and simple, and shows a vast amount of careful experiment.[1]

Physics, Mechanics, &c.

In this field Leonardo's genius found especially congenial employment and he has left many evidences of deserved preëminence. He is said, and the assertion is well-supported, to have founded the sciences of hydraulics and hydrostatics.[2] His notes show, he was slowly but surely making his way to the idea of

Do not report as heading.

41-15A-35

[1] See his Book on Painting.

[2] See Dr Herman Grothe: Leonardo da Vinci als Ingenieur und Philosoph, Berlin, 1874. also L da V. als Natur Forscher, by Fritz Raab.

the correlation of forces, as: "Of Force as a cause of Fire. – If you beat a stout iron rod with frequent blows between an anvil and hammer on the same spot, you will be able upon the spot so struck to light a match."[1] Again: "Just as a stone flung into the water becomes the centre and cause of many circles, and as sound diffuses itself in circles in the air, so any object placed in the luminous atmosphere diffuses itself in circles and fills the surrounding air with infinite images of it.

41-154-36

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[1] Quoted by C.C. Black[illegible]?

self"[1] He notes the tendency of water and other liquids to take the spheroidal form, "but of this quality I can see no method by human ~~by~~ intellect to give a clear explanation other than by saying that even as the load stone attracts the iron so this virtue is a hidden property of which infinite numbers exist in nature"; Newton saw no other explanation. He was familiar with the phenomena of capillary attraction, and anticipated[2] Pascal in perceiving the laws of hydrostatic pressure.

41-15A-37

References.

[1] Fragment A. Institut de France, P. 96.
[2] Grothe, P22

His figure is:

He asserts that the falling bodies are affected by the rotation of the earth; he found the velocity of sound and explained the burning-glass[1] Especially note worthy are his observations on the candle-flame which are wonderfully, clear, and anticipate Doyle and Lavoisier by a hundred years[2] He, instead of Lange, invented the Argand lamp.[3] His plans and experiments in architecture have gained the unqual-

41-15A-38

2 Grothe, P 41 et seq.
3 Black, P. 172.

1 Most of my information in this section is from Leonardo's Mss. as quoted by Grothe, in which unfortunately the no. of the Ms. is not given.

admiration of all his students. Henri de Geymüller says that his scientific treatment of the stability of walls, causes of cracks, and the like, was the first of the kind in the world; and that "the project for the mausoleum alone would suffice to rank him among the greatest architects who ever lived." One of his plates shows the beautiful line adopted sixty years later by Michaelangelo for the dome of St. Peter's. Without doubt Leonardo succeeded fifty years before Huygkens in applying the pendulum to clocks in some

Reference

41-15A-39 V.

manner or other; he has
numerous drawings to indi-
cate this and distinctly says:[1]
"Divide an hour into three thous-
and parts, as may be done by
a pendulum." His mechanical
inventions and improvements
are numberless[2] as: a lathe, a
surgical probe, the wheelbarrow,
a universal joint (like the one after
ward invented by Cardan), the
turbine water-wheel, chemists still,
diving-suits, steam cannon, and
so forth. His chief work in mathematics was its application
to mechanics, and possibly the
invention of the signs + and −.[3]

41-154-40

Well managed.

Anatomy, &c.

We could not in justice

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[1] Last note on Astronomy, Richter's edition.
[2] See last pp. of Grothe. [3] so claimed by Libri,
in Histoire de Science Mathematique.

3rd Refers to heading.

pass over this branch of study in which Leonardo was among the earliest investigators, and made and approximated many of important discoveries. The humanism of Dante was a divine Beatrice, — of Leonardo the care dissection of "more than ten human bodies destroying every member and removing the very minutest particles of the flesh by which the veins are surrounded" [1]. One represented the Renaissance of Art, — the other the Renaissance of Science. He is the undoubted founder of the science of descrip-

41-15A-41

W. closely impressed.

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1 Leonardo, 4th Bk on Anatomy, Royal Library, Windsor; P. 167 a.

tive Anatomy,[3] as his numerous drawings attest. William Hunter, the great physician of the time of George III., said after seeing these drawings: "I saw with astonishment that Leonardo had been a general and deep student." Blumenbach, the great German naturalist, says: "The penetration of this great painter and depicter of nature had already paid attention to things which centuries afterward remain unnoticed"[2] Leonardo compares the water in the mountains to the blood of animated be-

41-15A-42

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1 Letters of Dr Hunter, London, 1784 PP 37-39. 2 Medacinische Bibliothek, Vol III St. 4, 1795, P 728

3 Ueber M. A. della Torre & L da V. die Begründer der Bildlichen Anatomie, von C. F. A Marx, 1849.

41-15A-43

rings "which always moves from the sea of the heart and flows toward the top of the head. + + + + + The blood which returns when the heart opens again is not the same as that which closes the valves of the heart + + + + + there veins thicken (speaking of some disease) and prevent the passage of the blood." [1] Harvey published his "De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis" in 1628, one hundred and nine years after Leonardo died. "The body of anything whatsoever that takes nourishment constantly by lies, and is constantly renewed". His manuscripts are

[1] Ms 2, Institut de France, 91 a; 3rd Bk. on Anatomy, P. 167 a.

full of minute observations on the comparative anatomy of men, horses, lions, birds, and so forth, with various remarks on physiology and ~~Hygiene~~ Hygiene.[1]

Thus the first question "What did Leonardo do in Science?" is answered, very briefly and superficially perhaps, but, waiving all disputes as to priority in this or that particular invention or discovery, even granting that in some cases we may be liable to read modern thoughts into obscure passages, yet I am sure that every candid mind must

[1] See Richter under "Physiology".

41-154-214

You will find a little here.

acknowlege that Leonardo da Vinci did a great work in science; that few lives even in modern times have been more completely given to empirical investigation of nature; he stands before us unique among contemporaries and predecessors. His method is wholly inductive, — scarcely a single proposition can be found in his manuscripts which is not supported by a fact which "I know," an experiment "I have done" or an evidence "I have seen." We might question, however, how far these experiments

41-15 A-45

formed a part of a connected search for Truth, whether they were a part of a recognized philosophical system, and how far they were, as has been charged, the undirected curiosity of an overgrown boy. Leonardo himself answers this best: "First, in the treatment of a scientific problem, I make an experiment because my intention is to place and to know the reason behind the phenomena on account of which the bodies are forced to act in the manner noticed. This is the method which man

41-15A-46

must observe in all research upon the phenomena of nature. It is true that nature begins as it were with reason and ends with phenomena but it is also true that we must take the opposite way: as I have already said, we must begin with experiment and by this means come to the discovery of Truth" [1] says Dr Hermann Grothe [2]. "Is not this the same idea that Francis Bacon laid down in his introduction to the Instauratio Magna?" Venturi also mentions this passage, saying [3]: "Leonardo

41-15A-47

References

[1] Quoted by Grothe, P. 22. [2] Ibid.
[3] Essai sur les Ouvrage L. de V., Paris, 1797.

enunciated this idea a century before Bacon". Many other notes repeat this principle, as:- "Wisdom is the daughter of Experience"[1], "Experience is the interpreter between formative nature and the human race;" "Many will think that they may reasonably blame me for alleging that my proofs are opposed to the authority of certain men held in the highest reverence, + ++ not considering that my works are the issue of pure and simple experiment which is the one true mistress. These rules are sufficient to enable you to know

41-15A-48

[1] See "Philosophy" in Richter's work.

the True from the False."

From these passages I think it will be clearly seen that years before Bacon's birth Leonardo clearly apprehended the essentials of the principles which the former enunciated more specifically and philosophically, and, more than that, following those principles, (he) attained to great results in geology, botany, physics, mechanics, engineering, and painting.

The second question now remains to be answered: "Does his work entitle him to the position of founder of the

41-154-49

Certainly one does tell a page or two back to [illegible]

scientific method rather than that of an intermediate link or forerunner?" Let me repeat that questions of this kind can be but approximately answered: the measure of any man's greatness in this or that field is but the length of his step compared with his predecessors. ~~for instance~~ Nor does it in any way reflect on those predecessors' work, and so in pushing Leonardo's claims I would not be thought as wishing to disparage the work of those whom the world has long honored, but merely to establish the

41-159-50

K.

fact that the stride of this man's mighty intellect was so vast for his times as to justify the assertion that he beat a new path in which the world has since been travelling. The honor of having done this has been given to several persons, especially to three different men. Düring[1] virtually claims this place for Roger Bacon, the great thinker of the 13th century. This claim, though undoubtedly, in behalf of a man considerably in advance of his times, is hardly borne out by the facts[2]. Though having

41-15A-51

[1] Kritische Geschichte der Philosophie, pp. 192-and 149-51.

[2] See Schneider: Roger Bacon, Eine Monographie. These two books I have been unable to procure. (1+2)

some idea of the worth of experiment to Knowlege yet he was hampered by his own scholasticism, as his erudite "Opus Majus" shows; only one of the seven designed parts in this work was devoted to empiricism proper.[1] To Bacon empiricism was but a branch of the tree of which philosophy was the trunk.

41-159-52

Have you found out the Gypsies practice this Lady meets the Objection

Dr Prof. Tait of Edinburgh, Lecon Gilbert of Colchester, (1540-1603) finds a defender as "the originator of true experimental science";[2] on the strength of his researches upon magnetic

[1] The parts are I Error from Authority &c. II Relation between Philosophy and Theology III Grammar IV Mathematics V Perspective VI Experiment VII Moral Science.
2. Lectures on Physical Science, London, 1876; P. 12.

phenomena which he published under the title "De Magnete." Here we have a man who, as far as we know, achieved considerable results in one branch of study, but there is nothing to indicate that he had any such broad grasp of the philosophy of empirical science as Leonardo da Vinci. As Roger Bacon was more of a scholastic philosopher than a scientist, so Gilbert was more of a mere experimenter, with little breadth of conception, or broad generalizing powers.

41-15A-53

Here you have negative assertion of fact.

By far the most deserving

claimant of the title, and the one to whom it has most frequently been given, is Francis Bacon, the great philosopher of empiricism. To seek to institute any rivalry in the claims of two such transcendent geniuses as Bacon and Leonardo would, perhaps, seem idle, for the difference would seem too little to engender dispute.

For many reasons, however, it is interesting to note the difference in the work of the two, not only that we may give due honor to each, but also as a study in metaphysics it would be far more prof-

41-154-54

Don't we touch on Leonardo's theories here?

stable to notice the interaction of these two great minds than any appeal to inner consciousness possibly could be. There are striking differences in their lives which affected their work: Leonardo was one of the pioneers of the Renaissance, — Bacon one who profited by the dead Past which it exhumed; Leonardo lived in an age of imitation and accumulation, Bacon in an age of creation and criticism; Leonardo lived at a time when individual influence could be but indirectly felt, because the human mind, but half-awake, could

41-1517-55

but slightly comprised a
Dante or a Machiavelli, ++
Bacon lived when it needed
but a flash of genius to set all
England aflame — the age of
Shakespeare, Raleigh, and
Spenser. Thus it has happen-
ed that the work of Leonardo
seemingly fell as a dead-
weight, while the name of Ba-
con is on every school-boy's
lips. There is also a marked
difference in the character of
their work: Leonardo's must
necessarily have preceded
Bacon's, by the latter's own prin-
ciples, as the empiricist pre-
cedes the philosopher; if now

41-15A-56

You might also
easily see
from this
how by
illustration.

Leonardo, like Gilbert of Colchester, had been merely an experimenter, his place even then would have been a high one: but since not only did he in tangible results, from the application of Bacon's principles, so far out strip him that "the labors of three centuries have hardly sufficed for the elucidation of some of the problems which occupied his mighty mind;"[1] but also had a clear idea of those principles and their use in the service of ~~of~~ Truth, we must name him not simply the forerunner of Bacon, but the Father of the

[1] Richter, Preface

41-15 A-57

Here is just the place upon which you should dwell.

modern scientific method,
whose great and pregnant principles
Bacon afterwards elaborated
and gave to the world. It was
eminently fit that Science and
Letters should begin their mod-
ern journey hand in hand
at the home of Romulus and
Rienzi.

41-15A-58

I do not stand entirely
alone in my estimate of the
scientific work of Leonardo da
Vinci: his contemporary students with
singular unanimity attest
his greatness, though unfor-
tunately these have hitherto
been few. Geymüller, Black,
Brown, von Gallenburg, Grothe

Venturi and Libri, speak of his genius in highest terms; Alexander Von Humboldt says: "He was the first to start on the road where all the impressions of our senses converge in the idea of the Unity of Nature;" and Richter, one of his greatest students, suggests that Humboldt's own epitaph would also serve the great Italian:

"Majestate Naturae Par Ingenium."

Finis

—o—

References

41-15A-59

It seems true that you influenced especially Vida in your treatment of Roger Bacon. You admit that he used Empiricism, & pass on this with an assertion. This will not do

A more mechanical brief would have helped you greatly.

W.E.D. DuBois, '91

You will on the examination have closely thought out your answers. I must see your work. Show your work. Get this work.

C

154-68
8/6/41

Your answers on this piece of work is very great. For the first forty-five pages your work is admirable. Whenever, however, you come to the formal argumentative portion you fall off badly. What you say of Gilbert of Colchester & Roger Bacon is decidedly inaccurate. The Francis Bacon question

You are not sufficiently detailed in consideration. You should make more use of long quotations, showing by sequence & where you have found them. You do not ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] that you do not precede him in time but in philosophy, aside from his more general learning & sympathies. In a word, you are trying to much in considering the Bacon matter.

Your English has fault unpressed. Do not overcrowd your sentences.

The booklet with the last part of Science that you do not Keep closely before

W.E.B. DuBois

Exact print about 12 pt.

THESIS: ENGLISH C W.E.B.DuBOIS '90

Does the scientific work of Leonardo da Vinci entitle him to be called the founder of the modern scientific method?

W.E.B. DuBois, '90

a.

LEONARDO DA VINCI as a SCIENTIST

BRIEF:

I wish to prove that the scientific work of Leonardo da Vinci entitles him to be called the founder of modern experimental science; This claim raises two questions: What did he do in science; and Does his work entitle him to be called the founder rather than an intermediate link? In answer to the first question his manuscript notes and the opinions of his students show that he did much in science and laid down the principles of the "Novum Organum" a century before Bacon. In answer to the second, we find that he has three rivals for the honor, Roger Bacon, Gilbert of Colchester and Francis Bacon; he evidently has better claims than the first two; taking into account difference in situation, merely as an experimenter he would be a great forerunner of the third; and since besides this he first announced the principles this one elaborated, and followed them out to wonderful results, he rather than Bacon, and consequently rather than anyone else, is the founder of modern science.

Leonardo da Vinci as a Scientist

A century and a quarter after Dante had buried the Middle Ages; eight decades after Petrarch had been crowned and Boccaccio with his heart in the past had sought, as it were, to walk backwards into the future, by one generation the herald of Macchiavelli, Copernicus, and Ariosto, there was born in the hamlet of Vinci, in the vale of the Arno, a precocious bastard, whom the world has honored as a great painter, and vaguely revered as a universal genius. I wish to adduce

43-4-113

6.1.34

43-4-114

43.1.10

certain considerations to prove that this man was the first-born of the Renaissance - the Father of modern science.

There are manifold sources of error in endeavoring to place with precision the origen of great movements of world-thought, partly on account of the imperfection of human records, especially from the mystery of the human mind which seems prone at divers times and in divers places to give birth to the same thought-child, thus unsettling all claims of this kind, more or less, both in postulate and conclusion. My claim, therefore, is relative not absolute, not solely based on this or that attribute thought or invention, on mere priority of date or a few detached passages of manuscript, or the desultory by-play of experiment, but rather on the work, temper, and purpose of the man's life as a whole, contrasted with his times, and compared with modern progress.

In the middle of the 15th century the Athens of the Renaissance had gone mad with culture: Lorenzo il Magnifico, Prince by the Grace of his Wealth, had strewed that grace with lavish hand; palace frowned on palace, gallery crowded gallery, and library vied with library; luxury and philosophy, Beatrice and and Laura, Aristotle and Cicero - this was Florence, and Florence was Italy. Yet, though it was mid-renaissance, the modern age was as yet in nowise prefigured: Euphorion was indeed born - a babe glowing with health and promise - but still drawing its nutriment from Helena's breast. There was little original - it was not fashionable; the most the world dared was to imitate the new-found past; Ptolemy still ruled the heavens; Harvey, Linnaeus, and Bacon were men of a distant age, architecture and painting were yet in thralldom to the past; xxx medicine was necromancy, astronomy and astrology were one, philosophy was logomachy: it was the Age of Accumu-

lation; the Age of Criticism had not yet come. At this time Leonardo da Vinci came upon the stage, and, as I shall undertake to show, turning from the past to Nature herself with indefatigable questioning did much to place Science on her own peculiar throne, and strike the key-note of modern progress. Great as was his artistic genius, yet from youth up Leonardo "was a scientific man par excellence;"[1] tireless in investigation, acute in observation, and broad in conception, Nature never united in a man fitter qualities to solve her own enigma. His life may be divided into three periods: the first of thirty years which he spent at Florence in the studio of Verrochio, and as an independent painter; the second of twenty years which he spent at Milan under Ludovico il Moro, and which includes the larger part of his scientific activity and the preparation of that vast mass of manuscripts, the fragments of which remaining to us amount to five thousand pages; and the last a period of nineteen years - years of wandering - spent now in Venice under Isabella Gonzago, now as military engineer under the notorious Caesar Borgia, now under Louis XII of France, and finally under Francis I, in whose service he died, in a strange land, at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried in the royal chapel at Amboise.

The history of his manuscripts has been most unfortunate: left in the hands of his pupil Melzi, they have been since his death captured as trophies of war. Lost, forgotten, and separated until now they are strewed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.[1]

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1. N.Y. Nation, Vol. XXXVIII p. 280

1. The larger part of them are in the following libraries: Institut de France, Paris, Ambrosian at Milan; Louvre, Paris; Ashburnham place, British Museum, Royal, Windsor, and Leicester, England.

Leonardo da Vinci

43-4-116

"It is due to nothing but a fortuitous succession of unfortunate circumstances that we should not have long since known Leonardo ~~as~~ not merely as a painter but as an author, a philosopher and a naturalist"[1] Though these remains of his writings offer us some means of gaining an insight into his life-work, yet even in the study of these we are hindered by the difficulty of access, his peculiar writing and orthography, and especially from the fact that they are not the finished treaties of an author, but the hurried jottings of a scientist at work arranged without from or proper sequence, and often enigmatical and unintelligible; yet withal they have been called "vast treasures in which lay imbedded, as jewels in a bed of quartz, gems of great truths, first thoughts, hints at discoveries, dim revelations of scientific facts hereafter to be rediscovered by others."[1]

43.1.12

The first questions naturally asked, upon the presentation of such a claim in behalf of a man so little known, are what did he do in science? and if he did anything is he not rather a link in the chain than the founder? To the first inquiry the best answer is the writings of the man himself, together with opinions of those fitted to judge.

I will then first consider a few of the manuscript evidences of his work in various fields of science.[1]

Geology.

In the early part of the 15th century the question as to the origen of the various fossils found from time to time

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1. Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci, by Dr. J.R.Richter, London, 1883; Preface.

1. Life of Leonardo da Vinci, by Mrs. M. Heaton, London, 1874; p. 102.

1. In the following pages I have chiefly made use of Dr. Richter's edition of Leonardo's Mss., translated into English by Mrs R C/ Bell, for the text of the passages quoted.

was arouding inquiry in the awakening Italian mind; Mattioli, After Agricola the German, maintained that a certain "materia fringuis" or "fatty matter" set into fermentation by heat gave birth to fossil forms. Falliopo of Padua conceived that petrified shells had in some cases acquired their form from the "tumultuous exhalations of terrestrial movements", and to Olive of Cremona they were "sports of nature." Mercati pronounced the fossils of the Vatican Museum stones influenced by the stars.* When at last interminable disputes of orthodox scholasticism became too absurd for farther credence, the theologians came to the rescue and declared that fossils were indeed the remains of animals, but that they were all deposited at the time of Noah's flood. In the midst of this guess and dogma the clear reasoning of Leonardo founded on actual experience in his engineering operations goes straight to the truth. The shells of oysters and other similar animals which originate in sea mud bear witness to the change of the earth. + + + + This is proved thus: great rivers always run turbid, being colored by the earth which is stirred by the friction of their waters at the bottom and on their shores; and this wearing disturbs the face of the strata made by the ~~wearing~~ layers of shells which lie on the surface of the marine mud, and which were produced there when the salt waters covered

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* Lyell's Principles of Geology, 12th Ed., London, 1875; Vol. I, p. 27 et seg.

43.1.14

43-4-118

them; and these strata were covered over again from time to time with mud of various thickness, carried down to the sea by the rivers, and floods of more or less extent; and thus these layers of mud became raised to such a height that they came up from the bottom to the air. At the present time these bottoms are so nigh that they form hills or high moutains, and the rivers wear away the sides of these mountains".[1] It is difficult to realize that this was written three hundred years ago. Again: "The shores of the ~~soil~~ sea constantly acquire more soil toward the middle of the sea; the rocks and promontories of the sea are constantly being ruined and worn away; [show] how the River Po in a short time might dry up the Adriatic sea in the same way as it has dried up a large part of Lombardy"[1] Elsewhere[2] he notices the order of deposition, first course then finer material, and that the shells of Lombardy are in four layers.[3] "Since things are much more ancient than letters it is no marvel if in our day no records exist of these seas having covered so many countries,* * * * but sufficient is the testimony of things created in the salt water and found again on high mountains far from the seas."[1] In another place[2] he attacks current theories: "If you say that the shells which are to be seen within the confines of Italy now,

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1. Bound Vol in Leicester Library, pp. 20a & 21b.
2. Ibid P b.
3. Richter #. 995
1. Richter #984.
2. Leicester Vol., P. 6b.

43-4-119

43.1.15

in ours days, far from the seas and at such heights, have been brought there by the deluge which left them there, I should answer that if you believe this deluge rose seven cubits above the highest mountains as he who measured it has written, these shells which always live near the sea-shore should have been left on the mountains and not such a little way from the foot of the mountains, nor all at one level nor in layers upon layers." "And if you were to say that these shells were created and were continually being created in such places by the nature of the spot and of the heavens which might have some influence there, such an opinion cannot exist in a brain of much reason; because here are the years of their growth numbered on their shells and there are large and small ones. to be seen which could not have grown without food, and could not have fed without motion".[1] In other places he has minute observations as to fossils howing he had minutely studied them.[2]

BOTANY.

In Leonardo(s work on painting, (Chapter VI, Mazzi edition, Rome) we find a plant physiology, and his researches upon the form, parts, and symmetry of leaves and branches, and the construction of the bark and wood have led Vzielli[1] to claim for him the founding of the science of construction and grouping, hitherto claimed for the Englishman Brown (1658). The Codex Atlanticus[2] contains many contributions on this subject. A few notes will indicate his careful observations. In

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1. Leicester Ms P. 9b.
2. See Richter under "Physical Geography"
1. Sopra Alcune Osservazioni Botaniche di L.da V., Gustave Vzzielli, 1869.
2. Vol. so called in Ambrosian library, Milan containing various of Leonardo's Mss.

43.1.16

43-4-128

a letter to his steward, Zanobi Boni, December 15th, 1515, he says "the stem and the leaves draw in from the air the matters necessary for the perfection of the grape." Plant respiration was not discovered until the next century. "These leaves have four modes of growing one above another, the first of which, the most general, is that the sixth always originates over the sixth below; the second two third ones originate over two third ones below; the third way is that the third above is over the third below."[1] (The fourth mode is indicated by a sketch) "In general almost all the upright portions of trees curve towards the South+++ and this occurs because the sun draws the sap."[2] 1

ASTRONOMY

At Leonardo's time the Ptolemaic hypothesis of the Universe held the world with so firm a grasp that twenty-four years after his death the author of "De Orbium Collectium Revolutionibus"[2] was regarded as an arch heretic.x "Ever since the publication by Centuri in 1797, and Libri in 1840, of some few passages of Leonardo's astronomical notes, scientific men have frequently expressed the opinion that they must have been based on very important discoveries, and that the great painter also deserved a conspicuous place in the history of this science" [1] Leonardo notes[2] that he must "construct glasses to see the moon mag-

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1. Ms.G.,Institut de France, p.55a.
1. Ms.G., 56b.
2. Published by Copernicus in 1543.
1. Dr. Richter, p. 135, Literary Works L da V.
2. Ms. F., Institut de France, p. 41 b

43-4-121

11.1.47

nified." Again he explains how a second globe of water will re-invert the image thrown by the first; and many subsequent observations lead us to think that he invented ~~xxx~~ a telescope a century before Lippershay and Galileo. He says[2] (before Copernicus): "The earth is not the center of the sun's orbit, not at the centre of the universe, but in the centre of its companion elements and united with them" He had a distinct idea of the rotundity of the earth, and again says:[1] "The Sun does not move." He speculates as to why the moon does not fall to earth and approximates Newton's law of gravitation by saying,[2] "As this does not happen (the falling) it is a manifest sign that the moon is surrounded by her own elements, +++ +++ and that thus of itself and by itself is suspended in that part of space, as our earth with its elements is in this part of space, and that heavy bodies act in the midst of its elements just as other heavy bodies do in ours;" and also in his many researches upon tides he says[1] "Look whether the sea is at its greatest when the moon is on the meridian," and "whether the ebb and flow are caused by the sun or the moon, or are the breathing of this terrestrial machine." Leonardo, and not Kepler and Moestlin first explained the earth-shine on the moon in the following passage.[2] "When the eye is in the east and sees the moon in the west near the setting sun it sees it with its shaded portions sur-

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2. Ms. F., Institut de France, p. 41 b.
1. Mss in Royal Library, Windsor, p. 132 a.
2. Leicester ms. p. 2a
1. Leicester ms., p. 17b. and Codex Atlanticus, pp. 162 a and 482 a
2. Leicester ms. p. 2a

43-4-122

43.1.18

rounded by luminous portions: and the lateral and upper portions of this light is derived from the sun and the lower portion from the ocean in the west which receives the solar rays and reflects them on the lower waters of the moon and indeed affords that part of the moon that is in shadow as much radiance as the moon gives the earth at midnight." He has the following figure to explain his meaning:

He explains the reason the sun and stars look larger in the horizon, as that they are seen through a curved medium.[1] It is in fact their great distance which is the reason of their diminution, for many of them are very many times larger than the star which is the earth."[2] He had clear ideas of eclipses and the cone of shadow cast,[1] and speaks of "the shadow side of the moon which is never seen"[2]

OPTICS

As an introduction to astronomy, (for he intended to collect his notes into regular treatises), Leonardo treated quite extensively of optics, a field scarcely entered at his time; and naturally "so attentive an observor, careful in experiment, and keen in induction, was able to make in brief time great and unexpected progress"[3] His invention of

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1. Mss. A., Institute de France, p. 64 b.
2. Ms F., Ibid., p. 5 a
1. Ms F., Institut de France, p. 6 b.
2. Fragment "Libro di Pittura" Library Lord Ashburnham, p. 19 a.
3. L. da V. in Science and Literature, C.C.Black, 1874, p. 134

43-4-123

of the camera obscura, long attributed to Giambattista della Porta, overturned the ancient theory of vision, i.e. an outgoing virtus from the eye. In Manuscript D, in Paris, he says: "I say that if a side of a building or a piezza or a landscape which is illuminated by the sun have opposite to it a house, and that in the side of the house not opposed to the sun there be made a small round hole, all the objects illuminated will send their simillitudes through this hole and will appear on the opposite wall of the house which should be whitened, and will be there accurately and upside down. The reason is this: we know clearly that the hole must transmit a certain portion of light into the house, and that the light transmitted by this means is caused by one or more luminous bodies. Thus we may say the eye also acts." A statement which anticipated by many years the great Cardan. He had carefully studied the eye, made an artificial one, and knew the use of the retina and crystalline lens[1] His treatment of the pyramid of sight, laws of perspective, and vanishing point, is unique and simple, and shows a vast amount of careful experiment.[1]

43.1.19

PHYSICS, MECHANICS, &C.

In this field Leonardo's genius found especially congenial employment and he has left many evidences of deserved preeminence. He is said, and the assertion is well-supported, to have founded the sciences of hydraulics and hydrostatics.[2] His notes show he was slowly but surely making his

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1. See Richter preface to "Optics in Lit. works &c. also Black as before mentioned.

1. See his Book on Painting.

2. See Dr. Herman Grothe: Leonardo da Vinci als Inge and Philosoph, Berlin, 1874. Also L da V. als Natur forscher, by Frity Raab.

43-4-24

43.1.20

way to the idea of the correlation of forces, as: "Of Force as a Cause of Fire - If you beat a stout iron rod with frequent blows between an anvil and hammer on the same spot, you will be able upon the spot so struck to light a match."[1] Again: "Just as a stone flung into the water becomes the centre and cause of many circles, and as sound diffuses itself in circles in the air, so any object placed in the luminous atmosphere diffuses itself in circles and fills the surrounding air with infinite images of itself"[1] He notes the tendency of water and other liquids to take the spheroidal form, "but of this quality I can see no method by human ~~by~~ intellect to give a clear explanation other than by saying that even as the load stone attracts the iron so this virtue is a hiuden property, of which infinite numbers exist in nature"; Newton saw no other explanation. He was familiar with the phenomena of capillary attraction, and anticipated[2] Pascal in perceiving the laws of hydrostatic pressure. His figure is:

He asserts that the following bodies are affected by the rotation of the earth; he found the velocity of sound and explained the burning-glass[1] Especially noteworthy are his observations on the candle-flame which are wonderfully clear,

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1. Quoted by C. C. Black
1. Fragment A. Institut de France, p. 9 f.
2. Grothe, p. 22
1. Most of my information on this section is from Leonardo's Mss. as quoted by Grothe, in which unfortunately the no. of the Ms. is not given.
~~2. Grothe, p. 41 et seq.~~

43-4-125

43.1.21

and anticipate Boyle and Lavoisier by a hundred years[2] He, instead of Lange, invented the Argand lamp.[3] His plans and experiments in architecture have gained the unqual admiration of all his students. Henri de Geymüller says that his scientific treatment of the stability of walls, causes of cracks, and the like, was the first of the kind in the world; and that "the project for the mausoleum alone would suffice to rank him among the greatest architects who ever lived." One of his plates shows the beautiful line adopted sixty years later by Michaelangelo for the dome of St. Peter's. Without doubt Leonardo succeeded fixty years before Huyghens in applying the pendulum to clocks in some manner or other; he has numerous drawings to indicate this and distinctly says:[1] "Divide an hour into three thousand parts, as may be done by a pendulum." His mechanical investions and improvements are numberless,[2] as: a lathe, a surgical probe, the wheelbarrow, a universal joint, (like the one afterward invented by Cardan), the turbine waterwheel, chemists still, diving-suits, steam cannon, and so forth. His chief work in mathematics was its application to mechanics, and possibly the invention of the signs + and −.[3]

ANATOMY &c.

We could not in justice pass over this branch of study in which Leonardo was among the earliest investigators, and made and approximated many important ~~inventions~~ discoveries. The humanism of Dante was a divine Beatrice, - of Leonardo the ~~care~~ dissection of "more than ten human bodies destroying every member and removing the very minutest particles of the flesh by which the veins are surrounded."[1]

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2. Grothe, p. 41 et seg.
3. Black, p. 172
1. Last note on Astronomy, Richter's edition.
2. See last pp. of Grothe.
3. So claimed by Libri, in Histoire de Science Mathematigue.
1. Leonardo, 4th Bk on Anatomy, Royal Library, Windstor; p.167 a.

43-4-126

43.1.22

One represented the Renaissance of Art - the other the Renaissance of Science. He is the undoubted founder of the science of discriptive anatomy,[1] as his numerous drawings attest. William Hunter the great physician of the time of George III, said after seeing these drawings: "I saw with astonishment that Leonardo had been a general and deep student." Blumenbach, the great German naturalist, says: "The penetration of this great painter and depicter of nature had already paid attention to things which centuries afterward remain unnoticed."[2] Leonardo compares the water in the mountains to the blood of animated beings "which always moves from the sea of the heart and flows toward the top of the head." The blood which returns when the heart opens again is not the same as that which closes the valves of the heart these veins thicken (speaking of some disease) and prevent the passage of the blood.[xl] Harvey published his "De Motu Cordis et Sanguirus" in 1628, one hundred and nine years after Leonardo died. "The body of anything whatsoever that takes nourishment constantly dies, and is constantly renewed." His manuscripts are full of minute observations on the comparative anatomy of men, horses, lions, birds, and so forth, with various remarsk on physiology and hygiene.[1]

Thus the first question What did Leonardo do in Science? is answered, very briefly and superficially perhaps, but, waiving all disputes as to priority in this or that particular invention or discovery, even granting that in some cases we may be liable to read modern thoughts into obscure passages,

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1. Letters of Dr. Hunter, London, 1784 pp. 37-39.
2. Mediconishe Bibliothek, Vol. III St. 1795, p. 728
3. Veber M./A. della Forre & L.daV. die Begründer der Bildlichen Anatomie, von C.F.A Marx, 1849.
1. Ms F, Institut de France, p 1a; 3rd Bk on Anatomy, p. 16r a.
1. See Richter under "Physiology".

43-4-127

43.1.23

Leonardo da Vinci

yet, I am sure that every candid mind must acknowledge that Leonardo da Vinci did a great work in science; that few lives even in modern times have been more completely given to empirical investigation of nature; he stands before us unique among contemporaries and predecessors. His method is wholly inductive - scarcely a single proposition can be found in his manuscripts which is not supported by a fact which "I know," an experiment "I have done" or an occurence "I have seen". We might question, however, how far these experiments formed a part of a connected search for truth, whether they were a part of a recognized philosophical system, and now far they were, as has been charged, the undirected curiosity of an over-grown boy. Leonardo himself answers this best: "First, in the treatment of a scientific problem, I make an experiment because my intention is to place and to know the reason behind the phenomena on account of which the bodies are forced to act in the manner noticed. This is the method which man must observe in all research upon the phenomena of nature. It is true that nature begins as it were with reason and ends with phenomena but it is also true that we must begin with experiment and by this means come to the discovery of Truth"[1] Says Dr. Hermann Grothe[2] "Is not this the same idea that Francis Bacon laid down in his introduction to the Instanralia Magna?" Venturi also mentions this passage, saying[3] "Leonardo enunciated this idea a century before Bacon". Many other notes repeat this principle, as, "Wisdom is the daughter of Experience"[1]. "Experience is the interpreter between formative nature and the human race". "Many will think that they may reasonably blame me for alleging that my proofs are opposed to the authority of certain men held in the highest reverence,++++

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1. Quoted by Grothe, p. 22.
2. Ibid.
3. Essai sur les Ouvrage L. da V., Paris, 1879.
4. See "Philosophy" in Richter's work.

43-1-24

43-4-128

not considering that my works are the issue of pure and simple experiment which is the one true mistress. These rules are sufficient to enable you to know the True from the False".

From these passages I think it will be clearly seen that years before Bacon's birth Leonardo clearly apprehended the essentials of the principles which the former enunciated more specifically and philosophically, and, more than that, following those principles, he attained to great results in geology, botony, physics, mechanics, engineering, and painting.

The second question now remains to be answered: Does his work entitle him to the position of founder of the scientific method rather than that of an intermediate link or forerunner? Let me repeat that questions of this kind can be but approximately answered; the measure of any man's greatness in this or that field is but the length of his step compared with his predecessors ~~for instance~~ Nor does it in any way reflect on those predecessors' work, ~~So~~and in pushing Leonardo's claim I would not be thought as wishing to disparage the work of those whom the world has long honored, but merely to establish the fact that the stride of this man's mighty intellect was so vast for his times as to justify the assertion that he beat a new path in which the world has since been travelling. The honor of having done this has been given to several persons, especially to three different men. During[1] virtually claims this place for Roger Bacon, the great thinker of the 13th century. This claim, though undoubtedly

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1.Kritische Geschicte der Philosophie, pp. 192 and 149-51.

43-4-129

43.1.25

in behalf of a man considerably in advance of his times, is hardly borne out by the facts.[2] Though having some idea of the worth of experiment to knowledge yet he was hampered by his own scholasticism, as his erudite "Opus Magus" shows; only one of the seven designed parts in this work was devoted to empiricism proper.[1] To Bacon empiricism was but a branch of the tree of which philosophy was the trunk.

In Professor Fait of Edinburgh, Gilbert of Colchester, (1540-1603) finds a defender as "the originator of true experimental science",[2] on the strength of his researches upon magnetic phenomena which he published under the title "De Magnete". Here we have a man who, as far as we know, achieved considerable results in one branch of study, but there is nothing to indicate that he had any such broad grasp of the philosophy of empirical science as Leonardo da Vinci. As Roger Bacon was more of a scholastic philosopher than a scientist, so Gilbert was more of a mere experimenter, with little breadth of conception, or broad generalizing powers.

By far the most deserving claimant of the title, and the one to whom it has most frequently been given, is Francis Bacon, the great philosopher of empiricism. To seek to institute any rivalry in the claims of two such transcendent geniuses as Bacon and Leonardo would, perhaps, seem idle, for the difference would seem too little to engender dispute.

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2. See Schneider: Roger Bacon, Eine monographie. These two books I have been unable to procure. (1 & 2)

1. The parts are I Error from Authority &c. II Relation between Philosophy and Theology. III Grammar IV Mathematics V Perspective VI Experiment VII Moral Science.

2. Lectures on Physical Science, London, 1876; p. 12.

Leonardo da Vinci

43-4-130

43.1.26

For many reasons, however, it is interesting to note the difference in the work of the two, not only that we may give due honor to each, but also as a study in metaphysics it would be far more profitable to notice the interaction of these two great minds than any appeal to inner consciousness possibly could be. There are striking differences in their lives which affected their work. Leonardo was one of the pioneers of the Renaissance - Bacon one who profited by the dead Past which it exhumed; Leonardo lived in an age of imitation and accumulation, Bacon in an age of creation and criticism; Leonardo lived at a time when individual influence could be but indirectly felt, because the human mind, but half-awake, could but slightly comprehend a Dante or a Machiavelli. Bacon lived when it needed but a flash of genius to set all England aflame - the age of Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Spencer. Thus it has happened that the work of Leonardo seemingly fell as a dead-weight, while the name of Bacon is on every schoolboy's lips. There is also a marked difference in the character of their work: Leonardo's must necessarily have preceded Bacon's, by the latter's own principles, as the empiricist precedes the philosopher; if now Leonardo like Gilbert of Colchester, had been merely an experimenter, his place even then would have been a high one: but since not only did he in tangible results, from the application of Bacon's principles, so far outstrip him that "the labors of three centuries have hardly sufficed for the elucidation of some of the problems which occupied his mighty mind",[1] but also had a clear idea of those principles and their use in the service of Truth, we must name him not simply the forerunner of Bacon, but the Father of modern scientific method, whose great and pregnant

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1. Richter, Preface

43-4-131

principles Bacon afterwards elaborated and gave to the world. It was eminently fit that Science and Letters should begin their modern journey hand in hand at the nome of Romulus and Rienzi.

I do not stand entirely alone in my estimate of the scientific work of Leonardo da Vinci: his ~~comr~~ students with singular uninimity attest his greatness, though unfortunately these have hitherto been few. Geymüller, Black, Brown, von Gallenburg, Grothe Venturi and Libri, speak of his genius in highest terms; Alexander Von Humbolt says: "He was the first to start on the road where all the impressions of our senses converge in the idea of the unity of Nature", and Richter, one of his greatest students, suggests that Humbolt's own epitaph would also serve the great Italian:

"Majestate Naturae Par Ingenium".

Finis

—O—

43:27

STUDENT PAPERS

Harvard University - English 12 (1890-91)

Essays

1/0133

Something about Me.

For the usual purposes of identification I have been labeled in this life: William Edward Burghardt Du Bois, born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, on the day after Washington's birthday, in 1868. I shall room during the present twelve-month, or rather nine-month at number twenty Hagey street, Cambridge. As to who I really am, I am much in doubt, and can consequently give little reliable information from casual hints and observations. I doubt not that there are many who could supply better data than the writer. In the midst of personal uncertainty I can only supply a few alleged facts from memory according to the usual way. I believe there was nothing unusual about my birth. I "found with kindly" to no long line of distinguished ancestors — indeed I have often been in a

1/0133

quandary as to how those revered ones spent their time. From this circumstance I naturally prefer men, other things being unequal, who have no grandfathers. My boyhood seems, if my memory serves me rightly to have been filled with incidents of surprisingly little importance, such as brooks with stone arcs, grass, and gate posts. In early youth a great bitterness entered my life an kindled a great ambition. I wanted to go to college because others did. I came and graduated and am now in search of a Ph.D. and bread. I believe, foolishly perhaps but sincerely that I have something to say to the world and I have taken English twelve in order to say it well.

English 12

W. E. D. DeBoer, Jr.

Yourmight by theme I

3 October '98

Your last outline
thoroughly good. If you
could make the rest
of your work half as
fine & flexible, the
theme would be excellent.
Best at least one topic
out of your two is
unique & attractive
point. To be effective,
then of this theme must
radical alteration in the
omission of needless matter
& the insertion of useful

A Vacation.

33-1-127

33-1-127

THE MOTIVE. 1. As the sun of Harvard's class-day
Slowly sank into the West,
Sank so slowly that one fancied
Each old building it caressed,
2. She whispered, "Where's your outing?"
He answered, with a smile,
"Scarce know I where, this summer,
"I shall the time beguile."
3. "Know you Derkshire?" asked the maiden,
"Berkshire — Berkshire — Derkshire?" he,
"O Berkshire is in Lenox
"no Lenox is —" but She:
4 "Never mind. I live in Derkshire
"'Mid the hills that speak to me;
"And Derkshire — dear old Derkshire,
"Is a right full fit to see!"
5. "Go carol at Bar Harbor,
"Dance at Newport, by the sea,
"But as the season wanes, dear,
"In its gloaming, — come to me!"

THE START. 1. Hurried down Dorchester street, rushed thro' Park square,
A man with a grip, thro' the hot August air,
To the B. and A. depot: "Damn this slow car!
"Train at ten-forty, and only so far!"

2. They rushed from the station in hoarsely-voiced glee.
They rushed from the city, they fled from the sea.
They fled thro' old South End, they rushed by Back-Bay,
They greeted Fair Harvard's tall tower by the way.

3. Then onward thro' Brighton they fly with shrill yell,
Spurn the dust of the city like a fiend 'scaped from [Hell.
Pause a moment for breath, leave their steed-laden heart,
Then joyously speed to the breeze-laden West.

4. O'er town-dotted hillocks — thro' meadows and downs,
From Worcester to Springfield, their whistle resounds
They swim the Connecticut, dodge it shy rills,
Then bound they away to the ~~Old~~ old Berkshire Hills.

5. Have you seen the low battlements trimming the sky?
Have you seen the tall sentinels towering on high?
Have you seen the broad vales which the golden-rod fills?
Have you seen God's own gate to the fair Berkshire Hills?

6 He saw it and felt it, this lounger at last,
He saw it and smelt it on each laden breeze.
Saw the Summer's fair harvest, and marvelled its yield,
His soul leaped & tackt when the guard cried "Pittsfield!"

33-1-128

OUTING I. Pittsfield.

Spirit of Wade, great Jove's own son!
Or has thou ever battle won
Or lands explored or sire adored,
Lend me thy song.

1. O Pittsfield, that a hundred springs,
Have failed to weary thy strong wings,
That now thou be a city fair
To Wade be land!

2. And yet no smoky factory town,
Lies neath Pontoosuc's smile and frown;
The city proud, in beauteous shroud,
Sleeps in the vale.

3. A dairy she — as dairy gold
Amidst of purest rays enfold,
So fair Pittsfield, gold of its field
Of Wade surrounds

4. With hill and dale, and lake and view,
And elm-enfolded avenue —
Hast pressed thy feet on old South street?
Sweet way of God!

5. "Farewell, Sole city of the vale,
Farewell! Thy fortune never fail.

33-1-128

Adown the valley now I rally."
The lounger goes.

OUTING II. Lenox.

No benison, crave I, of heathen mute.
Pray to the living not the mythic dead:
Shall I, Rudyard, my liberty abuse
If, to thee dedicate, I my verses wed?

Part A. 1. To thee, O High and Mighty Prince, I bow,
Great Fashion, who in Lenox, site enthroned!
Than thou no greater potentate I wow
As reigned 'neath whose fell rule great na- [tions moaned!
2. No wayward butterfly art thou, Dread Heart!
Nor woman fair and coy, O Born-to-rule!
Tall nervous sandy-moustached man thou art,
Thy premier Folly, Genius bold, thy Fool, [child,
3. Nick not thy wary clown, who envied Fashion
That the slim king be more than thought consumptive,
Lest ken thou blush before the breezes mild,
When flaming Vice be found the heir-presumptive.

Part B. 1. O fair is the road that trips thro' wood and glen,
The tiny depot with the town to bind
But fairer still the sweet-hued hamlet, when
To Cuties' inn the groaning stage wind!

33-1-129

2 O Lenox, fair & lack on, sweet & see,
Dalmoral fit for Fashion's Autumn rule,
Should we whose purses small reach not to thee,
Envy the purse of higher training-school?
3 If Wealth has taen a necklace fair & see
To set with jewels fairer still & keen,—
If Wealth has girt the hills of Lenox free,
With costly cot and lordly manor, then
FINIS All hail thee, Wealth, King Fashion's K.C.B.,
Whose kinder might! If & usurp should & wish,
They cannot mock! Sire Adam fathered thee,
With sweating brow, & old and Nouveau Riche!
We since fled the lounger with full many a sigh,
With lingering thoughts one more steamed down the Glen,
Behind him left that Berkshire hill-town's tie,—
Whoer sees Lenox aye comes back again.

—o—

~~Outings II - IV & Conclusion~~
~~did not last for lack of space~~

OUTING III Lee.

In every heaven's a little hell,
& pray the Devil & sing this well.

1. See, Lee! O Hell!
I guess
Here man did littles
And God did lees!

2. A stingy town with stingy street,
a stingy park with never a seat.

3. A spirit dead, a past unloved
A bow un-bowed, a hand ungloved.

4. and yet I must not be too harsh —
Not aye was Lee in such a march.

5. Some Lee-and have fought and some [tried, have
Dot thee-ah me! — have, mostly, died!

6 Now Lee consists of a paper mill
a row of stores and irish hill.

7. One thing alone redeems its ills —
It lies among the Berkshire hills.

8. O Spirit of Mind-your-own-business fly
O Genius of Public Improvement, hie
to Lee —
Yee!

O —

The Lounger comes, the Lounger goes,
The Lounger deserves bad death throes!

— o —

[Outings IV-VII and Return
are not here for lack of space]

33-1-130

English 12.
W. E. B. Du Bois, Jr.,
Fortnightly Theme,
Oct. 17, 90.

An ambitious effort. Were demands for higher finish than pure; & style does not so much as approach it. Delicacy of sentiment, for one thing; delicacy in a nation, for another; in any case, an exquisitely skilful turn of phrase might make your general notion effective. But you are by no means accomplished enough to attempt so ambitious a kind of writing as this. Detailed criticism, in such a case, would merely waste time.

I notice from my window that the leaves on the little elm opposite have begun to turn. Those in the middle are yet quite green, and hardly so dull or dusty as one might imagine from the character of the street. In the outer leaves, however, one can see the first signs of death. Below the leaves are flecked with yellow spots, some vivid and pretty, some dull and rusty. As the eye mounts higher and higher, the spots become more frequent, the yellow more vivid, till at last at the very tip of the two little branches that stood highest, the leaves have been transformed into one mass of gold, which glistens against the pale blue of the sky. How beautiful is this glory of death, so beautiful indeed that we scarce dare to ask a resurrection — a beginning, after so grand an end.

1/6/34

English. 12

W. E. B. Du Bois, Jr.

3 October, '90.

Autumn Leaves -

Painstaking - Commonplace -

Copy & erased

~~I write you this about the room (1885?~~

My room is, for a college mans abode, very ordinary indeed. It is quite pleasantly situated – second floor, front, with a bay window and one other window. The door is on the south west corner. As you enter you will perceive the bed ~~at the right hand~~ in the opposite corner, small, and decorated with floral designs calculated to puzzle a botanist. It is a good comfortable bed however and my landlady keeps it neat. On the left hand is a bureau with a mirror of doubtful accuracy. In front of the bay window is a stand with three shelves of books, and on the left of the bureau is an improvised bookcase made of unpainted boards and uprights containing most of my library of which I am growing quite proud. Over the heat register, near the door, is a mantle with a plaster of Paris pug-dog and a calendar, and the usual array of odds and ends. A sofa, commode trunk table, and chairs, complete the floor furniture. On the wall are a few quite ordinary pictures. All On this commonplace den I am quite content.

1/6/74

Eng 12
W.E.D. Dr Bors, Gp.
18 Oct. '90

My Room

Listing description.
Careful. Exp.

All these from W.E.D.
(Burnett)

Last Sunday I took a trip to ~~Hal-~~ Wakefield. It was not a particularly charming day for a visit, but my alternative was a day shut up in my room, and so I went. A street car on a rainy day may not be the most uncomfortable place on earth, but it is very uncomfortable. The dampness of the air seems to permeate one spirits and lead to unpleasant anticipations of the journeys end. Arrived at Dowdon square I was compelled to walk to Haymarket square; I always have a dread in threading the winding streets of North End, and was pleasantly surprised to arrive at the depot without losing myself in the maze. It was a defiant journey, reckoning the flooded meadows, and watching the white-capped bay, as the rain pattered, chattered, and clicked against the windows. A clash, a call, a lunge, a song, — the visit was done. Then again the wild rain sounding more dismal in the darkness, the deserted streets - the crowded horse car, and I was home again.

Eng. 12.
N.E.D. Dr Bk, gr.
21 Oct. '90

33-4-21

Sunday Recursion-

Suggestion - Circumstantial.

There is nothing that gives me such a feeling of vigor and freshness as an hour's work in the gymnasium. I generally go over at four, a time of day when I find myself most listless and tired. Entering with that confused feeling in my head of incident & mental work, I don my jersey and trousers & the chest weights. It take but a few moments & moves my blood and before I know it a half or three-quarters of an hour have been consumed by my various exercises. I then take a sponge bath and a good rubbing, and dress myself and leave. I feel like a veritable giant & my swollen blood vessels run & communicate their increased vigor and activity & my mental images, and in the half hour that remains between exercise and dinner, I am able & do some of the best work of the day.

Entry 12.
M.C.D. DuBois Jr.
29 Oct. '90.

33-4-22

Exercise.

Coherent Movements

Last night I listened to reminiscences by several professors and instructors of the methods of teaching history here in former days. One said that the only course in United States history in his time was Eliot's History of the United States. There was no reserved-book system, and consequently little collateral reading. The method of study was to commit the book to memory. another told how he used the Student's Hume in English history, and that the only way to "say an X", that is, get a high mark, was to recite the lesson in the exact words of the author. The instructor often descanted on the "elegance of the diction" and so forth. Freeman's Outlines had succeeded in driving interest in history almost entirely out of many. One had a list of dates three feet long hung on his wall while "cramming" for the examinations. He said he now remembered but two or three of them and those he had learned since. On the whole I got a very vivid idea of the revolution in Harvard historical methods during the last decade.

Eng 12
W. E. D. Du Bois, Gr.
3 Nov. '91

Methods in History

Specific - Interesting

On Justice.

"Though Justice against Fate complain,
"And plead the ancient Rights in vain,
"But those do hold or break,
"As men are strong or weak."

Marvell.

33-424(in)

33-424(in)

Judge Many with his big hands crowded far down in his pockets was rewing his slippered feet thoughtfully. "I don't like," he said, "to consider Justice as something compulsory, or as a law with a penalty. You can't say that the strong man owes the weaker a debt which he ought to pay. ~~Justice~~ ~~is~~ It is rather the beauty of strength that without compulsion, without served process for debt, it will help the helpless; and this is Justice. Justinian, (and Justinian was the good Judge's sole authority) gave but a shallow definition when he said 'Justitia est constans et perpetua — perpetuum' — er — the broader, deeper, Justice is not merely giving a man his own, it is giving him your own, in order that he may better

grasp the opportunities of life." The Judge sat some moments musing over this thought, and watching a feeble blue flame in the grate, which burned & have small chance of life amid the black coals. "Then men must be more than strong," he said at last," if fortune is not & vainly to plead with fate: they must be willing, without recompense, & lend a hand."

~~The Judge's wife sat over by the window~~

"My dear" said the Judge, suddenly," I have started a new venture today" He was addressing his wife who sat by the window, and whose life work was & look pretty and appear interested in her husband's talk. "I have always tried & give men their dues; I have paid my debts, obeyed the laws, given a little in charity, and tried especially & be just on the bench. Why there's that thieving Bill Stokes; he ought & have had five years if a day; but some how I could not for get the cost of home that was allowed & educate him for citizenship, and I only gave him a year, hoping

Eng. 12.

Fortnightly Theme

14 Oct. 1890

Do you really consider the Tolstoy, as your critic remarks, is really the first book showing [illegible] in its main conception, I think this book is much weakened by the highly sentimentalized character of the judge. I doubt if anybody would sit down so deliberately: at all events, he is not pleasant. A man can't be that of things would make a better effect: e.g. the judge really wants help he knows a boy who could like the girl but does not need it, his benevolence leads him to advertise for a needy one & your catastrophe follows

Du Bois.

Eng. 12.

No 35

Fourth ~~Third~~ Fortnightly Theme

14 Nov. '90.

33-4-24

33-1-123

In the summer of 1884 I graduated from a small college in a class of five, two boys and three girls. We of course knew each other intimately as schoolmates always do, but, owing to ~~from~~ our separate fields of work, we have never met since parting. Last summer I wrote to all of them and asked them to write me a letter addressed to the class, ~~which~~ in order that I might read the collected letters to all in turn. All the letters have come to hand except one, and I have been surprised to see how successful the plan has been. Though no member of the class has consciously sought to unfold his inner self, and all have recounted the commonplaces of three years, yet I feel that I have through these epistles met the class again more closely than as though I had shaken hands. Each letter ~~showed~~ not only, ~~as~~ upon the individuality I knew so well but also plainly indicates the lines of development ~~& characters~~ during absence. I wonder if my letter will tell them as much.

Eng. 12.
N.E.D. Du Bois. 90
30 Oct. '90

Letters -

Profile. Signatures

33-1-126

33-1-126

There are five men in the room with me. The farthest one has his back toward me. I can just see his glasses and the edge of the volume he is reading. He sits very still. The man next him has his side toward me. He is tilted back in his chair meditatively scratching his eyebrows and scanning the volume stretched upon his knees. Now he changes his position set his book on end and pulls at his mustache or turns a page. On this side sit a man with his head leaning against his hand. He has two books open before him and from the bindings on one I should judge it a book of reference. You are at the same table that I am. One has curly hair and a rather amused face. He studies with his whole body; his lips, hands, eyes and feet are continually in motion, and once in a while he scratches his throat in an explanatory way. The last one has his hand securely propped against his cheek, and alternately smiles and scowls. He is turning the leaves of his books rapidly & found something. How busy we are!

Entry 12.
N.E.D. Du Bois, gr.
Oct 31. '90

In my Room

Pen. photographs -
Minute. Observant.

I met two girls last night whose characters seemed to combine a whole world-philosophy. Both were good looking, high-school graduates, and of good average ability. One had a certain energy about her which ~~you~~ would never suspect at first acquaintance. She had been South and taught school, she had helped her mother sew, she had worked at stenography in the city, and finally had procured a position as proof reader and already had had several promotions. She had a most ~~exhilarating~~ effect on every one she met. The other seemed at first sight the more vivacious and energetic and somehow nothing she turned her hand to ever prospered. She had slowly and painfully dragged herself through school. She hesitated at leaving home, she dabbled in dressmaking, she failed at typewriting, she made a mess of her music, and finally, at the age of twenty one is about as discouraged and dispondent and individual as one could meet in a month of Sundays. The philosophy which explains the difference between these two girls, has, I fancy, the key to the world.

Eng 12
M & D Dr Cors, 9p.
6 Nov. 90

33-4-23

Two Girls.

Specific. Suggestive.

My last summer's vacation is intimately associated in memory with two hammocks. One was large and commodious and had, I hope, seen better days, for now it had a way letting the unwary through the numerous gaps in the bottom & his great discomfort. It was fastened to a large apple-tree on one side and a rather rickety picket fence on the other. The tree bent it branches over it in such a way as to make an excellent canopy & shield one from the August sun. Over the little house opposite one could catch a glimse of trees and blue sky. Through the gate was the railroad with its frequent trains, and generally with its ~~frequent~~ groups of children scampering up and down the rails, & the torturing anxiety of some mothers, and the supreme indifference of others. Opposite the gate was an old barn, and through the fence one could catch glimses of the village stores and marketmen. There also was a small boy who always wanted the hammock when you were in it, and a large girl, who didn't, but could be prevailed upon to share sometimes.

Env 12.
WED Du Bois, Gr.
24 Nov '90

From my Hammock

Specific. Almyt.
District.

41-15D-3

33-1-65

A recent visit from some old classmates, and the singing of the Chapel bell, bring back to my memory the old chapel in Livingstone Hall. It used to look quite large when I was there, though I suspect it will seem smaller when I see it again. It was a great square room, with gaunt iron posts running in a double row down the centre. In the middle isle thus formed were a row of settees reserved for the college men. The rest of the floor was covered with desks occupied by boys on the left and girls on the right. On the large platform in front the faculty sat in daily exhibition presided over by the white whiskered president. At one end of the stage was an organ a piano and the rudiments of an orchestra. But the singing is what makes chapel memories so distinct. It was no "choir and congregation" affair, but the united voices of five hundred young people with good lungs and average ear for harmony. I have heard the Handel and Hayden society, but — well it didn't have the same effect.

Eng. 12.

W. S. Du Bois, Esq.

12 Dec. '90

Chapel -

Distinct. Natural.

A little cruder -

Yesterday as I was coming out of the recitation in Political Economy 2, who should I see standing before me but two old Yale school mates. One was quite tall, almost lank, with a perennial smile on his big face, and that awkward that one always feels like taking his hands and feet and putting them in place for him, and saying: "There, sir!" The other was fat and rather short with a round face half-way between the stolid and good-natured. A third had gone up to the office to enquire for me. He was more polished, with a visible coating of veneer, but never theless a jolly fellow. We all went together down to my room and romped about talking over old days and prospects for the future. Finally at four they left for the city, having been warned in regular style against Boston streets, and having given me an hour full of enjoyment.

Army. 12.
W & D Div Corb. Gr.
2 Dec. 90

33-4-25

Old Friends,

Specific. K.

I took supper in the city last night. It was at a hotel where a few friends ~~are~~ stopping. Opposite me sat a chummy dame, married of course, whom I tried to get to talk politics with out indifferent success, but who ~~succeeded~~ in course of the meal, ~~to~~ disgorged a very respectable sermon on atheism. At my right sat a good-looking fellow, who had quite an original of pranking thro the bill of fare, and astonishing the waiter with, for instance, an order for fried oysters after dessert had been served. At my left sat a nervous young lady full of bangs and reminiscences, who succeeded in impressing it upon me that she wanted to "see the city" presumably at my expense. Next to this lady sat a gentleman who indulged in no superfluous conversation, but nevertheless made a great impression. Two young ladies on the other side of the table apparently did not notice me, being engaged in loud and mirthful conversation.

The supper was good and I enjoyed it.

Enq 12.

W.E.D. Dec Bard. Gr.

3 Dec. '90.

33-4-26

As Supplies

Stimpson

In course of a little thinking on Economic subjects I have come to some conclusions on the subject of value which I am going to try to express. Why are we willing to pay a high price for some things and not for others, even when the low priced thing is the most useful? For instance, why am I willing to pay a dollar for a bushel of potatoes while I wouldn't give a cent for a bushel of air? Surely the air is more necessary to life. Well I think this is the reason: in order to get potatoes I shall under any circumstances have to give up the gratification of some other wants as love of ease and the like; in other words I must labor. Now the value of any thing is the comparative worth I set on certain gratifications which I must sacrifice, in order to enjoy the gratification in question. Or to state the same thing more abstractly: wants conflict, i.e. in order to satisfy one you must sacrifice others, and value is the measure of the conflict of wants. In getting air almost no want is sacrificed, ergo, air is valueless. To get potatoes however means toiling under the sun: ergo, potatoes are valuable.

10/35

Eng 12

MED Dec Bus Op.

5 Dec '90

Value.

Seemingly obvious.

Lengthy.

33-1-66

I used to boast that I never had been cheated out of any money. I don't now. I was coming from Chicago to Boston once to make my first visit. It was night and I was sleepy, and I didn't have a sleeping car ticket for weighty reasons. We stopped at Syracuse some time along in the middle of the night, and I was politely awakened by a gentleman. He was a small, young fellow, with ordinary clothes, ordinary face and ordinary carriage. He was very sorry to disturb me but he wanted, you know, to send off some money by the train and he had ~~not~~ a ~~twenty~~ number of small bills could I accommodate him by giving him a twenty dollar bill or two ten dollar bills for them? yes? O he was so much obliged — going to Boston? Charming town Boston — well acquainted — wrong change? a thousand pardons, how careless, let's see two, four, seven, nine — here a dollar more ten very much obliged — must get this over-coat — good night. And the train moved away. When I came to my senses I found I had exchanged twenty dollars for ten.

Eng. 12.
W. E. Du Bois Gr.
6 Dec '90.

Cheated.

Circumstantial.

Coherent.

VIII

Eng. 12
6 Dec '90

I used to boast that I never had been cheated out of any money. I don't now. I was coming from Chicago to Boston once to make my first visit. It was night and I was sleepy, and I didn't have a sleeping car berth for weighty reasons. We stopped at Syracuse some time along in the middle of the night, and I was politely awakened by a gentleman. He was a small, young fellow, with ordinary clothes, ordinary face and ordinary carriage. He was very sorry to disturb me but he wanted, you know, to send off some money by the train and he had a number of small bills. Could I accommodate him by giving him a twenty dollar bill or two ten dollar bills for them? Yes? He was so obliged---going to Boston? Charming town Boston--well acquainted--wrong change? a thousand pardons, how careless. Let's see two, four, seven, nine---here a dollar more, ten. Very much obliged---must get his overcoat---goodnight. And the train moved away. When I came to my senses I found I had exchanged twenty dollars for ten.

How charmingly definite a set of old records are. I have been grubbing among numberless old manuscripts and in some respects it is really the most interesting literature. The artless manner in which a proposed law against pig-stealing, or an order to recover some knives which widow Smith's son lost in the slave-trade is made to outweigh the greater interests of the universe, is quite diverting. A short while ago I ran across a characteristic touch of human nature: the royal governor was complaining of a certain Mr Starkey. He affected humility, the governor asserted, and wore shoe-laces and no wig, but for all his hypocrisy he was an fiery ~~ardent~~ republican, and seditious mischief-maker in general, opposing his Majesty's royal grants. "Shoe laces" and "Republican"! Why, now, to mean the same thing, we must needs say "patent-leathers and "aristocrat" and will surely excite the ire of the sovereign-masses. Surely in these guileless commentaries on human nature is a type of the highest literary art, i.e. reality.

Eny 12
MED Dr Europ.
8 Dec 70.

33-4-27

Records.

Specific.
Rather heavy.

33-1-125

Were you ever at Rye ~~Beach~~? Not Rye beach, remember, but Rye, ~~Beach~~, for thereby "hangs a tale." I discovered the little hamlet one summer when I and a chum were inflicting a series of readings on the public-at-large. I walked three miles to get there, and attacked a benevolent looking old minister. He immediately licensed us to have us come there under the auspices of the Sunday School. I went back to our head-quarters and had some touchingly beautiful cards printed announcing forth in the most seductive way the treat in store for the people of Rye, and sent them to the pastor. The night arrived and I came down post-haste from Portsmouth with visions of cash in mind and got off at the little depot a couple of miles from town. A disreputable looking character eyed me suspiciously and finally brot me my cute little package of advertising matter, remarking that the pastor had said this was "suthin that blonged" to me, and that I could ride to Rye with him. Arriving at the hamlet I sought the church where we were to hold forth. Lighted? Why that was the darkest church you ever saw. I went to the minister in some trepidation and in a tone of mild remonstrance asked when our entertainment was to be — he said that he didn't know.

Enj 12

MC B. DeBarr

9 Dec '91

That Entertainment.

Circumstantial.

Coherent -

Facts movement

33-1-124

The experience of my chum on the night that our entertainment at Rye got lost, so to speak, was more tragic even than mine. He came down on a late train than I and made the terrible error of mistaking Rye for Rye Beach. He therefore rode several miles beyond the proper station and alighted at Hampton. Here he politely inquired for the entertainment. Entertainment? What entertainment? He'd not heard of it. Rye? No, this is the station for Rye Beach; but a hack would take him over (four miles) for two dollars and a half. Now this sum was entirely out of the question, and my chum fearful of being late and having the bag with the books with him, started out on foot in the gathering darkness. Well, he walked — say did you ever try an unknown country road after dark? If you have, further explanation is unnecessary; if not, it is impossible. He found Rye at last, but he didn't find the entertainment. He started to hunt for me. The first one said O yes I had been there seeking lodging, but they had sent me to the Jones'. The Jones' said I had gone down the street to the little store. The storekeeper said I had gone to the house opposite. The people there refused to open the door. Well, he did at last find me. I was eating supper. And do you know, he wanted to be mad about it.

Envy 12

WE & Dr Cook Op.

16 Dec '96

That Last Entertainment.

Bright. Specific.

Massed.

33-4-28

As I was coming to breakfast the other morning my attention was attracted by the excessive merriment of a crowd of boys on a corner. They were undoubtedly very happy. And why shouldn't they be I thought for after all the shadows of life are but a kind and careful commentary on its sunshine. As I drew near I saw they were coaxing a large black dog toward them but he only sniffed at the ground and turning sped away. A hurried consultation was held and suddenly with a yell two of the crowd started up the street toward another dog, with that effortless sort of run which seems to be a boys natural mode of travel. As I was by this time at the corner and rather curious to know the cause of the sport, I peered in- to the crowd. On the brick pavement sat a little grey mouse, its body swollen, its head drawn in, ~~its sides~~ panting for breath. You could almost see the wild despairing look in its little bright eyes. There was no escape. On every side stood mirthful, pitiless tantalizers, and death was coming down the street. Poor little mouse, I thought, thus, once, trembled a nation.

Eng 12.

M.E.D. Dr Corp, Gp.

11 Dec. 90

33-4-28

Hunted Nurse

Sympathetic, Massed

Rather Prolix.

Initiation?

Have you ever, when attempting to eat a large, luscious, orange, been forcibly reminded that it is very hard to grasp the great opportunities of life? It used (& always) bring to my mind that old hymn about "fleeting joys" or some thing or other of the kind. It is different now however, and I want to tell you how to use true art in eating the fruit. Don't, in the first place, attempt to peal it: I am convinced from long (and I may add, in some cases, bitter) experience that many men's lives have been prematurely shortened by such attempts, and many promising voyages ruined. Don't cut it in halves crosswise and attack it with a spoon: this is both unathetic and wasteful. Don't suck it — comment here is unnecessary. Take a knife that will cut, and divide your orange in quarters, shedding no juice. Taking a quarter by one end as a handle, gently loosen the rind from the other end. Apply your mouth here and with a slight ~~suckion~~ suction take a generous bite. This is the whole secret. You will not appreciate its worth until you have tried. Meanwhile let me assure that for true pleasure, economy, and insurance of summer pants and shirt fronts, it is a method unsurpassed.

Envy 12.
W. E. D. DuBois. gr.
12 Dec '96

33-4-29

Eating Oranges.

Worthy of Ward McAllister.
Quintessentially specific.
Entertaining.
Vagueness of 'it'.
Misspelling.

A street-car ride in Boston on a pleasant morning is quite a treat. By varying the time by a few hours you can get almost any sort of company you wish. If you start at six, you go with big-fisted laborers, carrying dinner-pails, and looking very stolid. If even be the hour you meet clerks and shop-girls, who may look a little sleepy, but are quite jolly withal. At eight the bookkeepers and upper ten of the lady clerks, type writers, and the like, surround you. They are more reserved, do not smile for fear of smashing some rule of etiquette, and generally carry a mysterious little filled bag. At nine o'clock you will meet the business men, or at least see signs of them behind the row of morning papers. They are large-stomached important person ages, who read the stock quotations, and skip "foreign news." Yesterday I went on a ten o'clock car, and met still another world: they were the ladies of the house going shopping; good-eyed, well-dressed, decent looking individuals, in pairs for the most part, and possessed, seemingly, of illimitable powers of conversation. It would be interesting and instructive to spend the day on street-cars.

1/6/36

Eng 12.
MED DIR Cns 9r
15th Dec '90

Stud - Car Strata.

Observant. Specific
Interesting.
Style - little
heavy.

I've got the ~~th~~ toothache. To any one who has had like experience I submit the proposition that no four words in any language are more pregnant with meaning than these. To be situated as Stanley was among fierce enemies with momentary prospects of death must be a terrible feeling; to be a lost Emin Pasha has its horrors; and to thread pathless and dangerous jungles with a Dr Parker is ~~not~~ no enviable lot; but to lie awake for one whole night and enjoy the wild exuberance of a rollicking toothache ("jumping" variety) is I believe an experience surpassing these, and one whose honors ~~awards~~ are yet to be adequately portrayed. This toothache of mine is not so intense as pervasive. It is always hanging round. It goes to bed with me, and arises when I do. Together we go out doors and ~~shut~~ shiver at the cold. It has made my day's work in the library far from monotonous and lonesome. It even went to the "gym" with me ~~first~~ & while there and took exercise when I did. From so intimate an acquaintance I shall certainly miss it when it goes, but the pain of parting will not I'm sure get ahead of the present pain

Envy 12
W. E. D. Bond Jr
16 Dec 90

Toothache.

Amusingly hyperbolic.
Specific.
Whimsical.

33-4-30

I wonder what this man here is writing about; I can't for the life of me study, and his incessant scribbling has attracted my attention. He is a ~~plain~~ sort of fellow with black hair and blackened boots. Has a pretty good suit of grey clothes, clean collar and cuffs, and the advertisement of a handkerchief in his ~~coat~~ pocket. He has on ~~his~~ his knee — for he sits cross-legged — a pile of little slips of paper on which he has been industriously writing for half an hour. He writes awhile, swiftly moving his lips ~~like mad~~; then he stops and ~~looks~~ rubs his head ~~as if in pain~~ by placing a hand, now, under his chin, now beside his cheek. Then he goes to work again, turning his head now this way now that until the pencil clears us; his eyes raised from the paper stare across the room and perhaps, finally, out comes a small mutter and a vigorous scribbling runs the next few ideas. I do wish he'd tell me his subject.

Essay 12

MEBDeBerto 9p

19 Dec. '90.

Interesting Winter.

Minutely specific.

District.

Rather overloaded

with details. Might

leave more to the

imagination.

33-4-31

West Stockbridge is, as I remember it quite a pretty little ~~inland~~ hamlet situated in an out of the way nook among the Derbshire hills. I went there first in the summer of '89. On accordance with the purpose of my visit it looked dark and cheerless and I remember wading through mud and doing lots of unpleasant things. Next time I went there I was in a more cheerful state of mind and the single little thoroughfare straggled straight out into a pretty country street which led out through grassy field and sunny hillocks & where great horse chestnuts overhung the road & Stockbridge. My third visit was at night, and I recollect the ~~scene~~ witchery of the gloaming, the drowsy street lamps, the dark houses and my vivacious little companion. I'm going there again & spend Christmas I wonder how it will look this time

Envy 12
MED Dr Cook, Gr.
22 Dec. 90

N. Stockbridge.

33-4-32

Easy. Specific.
Vapor Nitrobenzine

The check I received just before Christmas was very opportune, but the dear fellow who sent it had actually forgotten to sign it. So I sent it back and started home with about two dollars in my pocket, and haunted by the fear that some untoward accident ~~should~~ might leave me worse than penniless. There are more interesting situations than a night ride on a screeching train through a snow storm. On and on we went, peering out at the flickering lights hurrying past, or sometimes catching the dim outlines of a little town. I arrived at Pittsfield. Could I connect for West Stockbridge? No. good heavens if I paid a hotel bill, I wouldn't have money enough to get home! O these railroads, these — Ah, I can connect after all — well and good. I connected.

1/6/37

Eng 12
W.E. & D. v. Bro 9
6 Jan '91

Connected.

Disconnected.
Weak

110138

The American Girl.

When I wish to meet the American boy in its native simplicity; when I wish to realize the world-pervading presence of the Fool; when I wish to be reminded that whatever rights some may have I have none; when I wish, by a course of systematic vulgarity, to be made to forget whatever little courtesy I have; when I wish to be doubly sure that the man lied who asserted that men's dead selves would furnish steps enough for a rise in the world: when I wish any of these things I seek the company of the American girl

Let me partially describe her. Her method of dressing, (and you can guess why I begin here) could only be tolerated by those who had seen no other. Her bonnet is selected with a supreme indifference to size or shape of head, convenience of carriage, or harmony of effect; her corsets can usually be traced in beam-

V0138

tiful outline, fore and aft." Her dress never varies from her neighbors' no matter how much she may vary, and her shoes have no connection with the size of her feet. Her face has generally three or four stereotyped expressions. It is apt to be more cheerful than intelligent, arrogant than dignified, silly than pleasant, and pretty than beautiful. Her carriage is always that compromise between a hop, skip, and a jump, which has come to be the distinctive mode of female locomotion. At the very pinnacle of this girl's character stands a horror of being "mannish", which generally means a constitutional aversion to the use of commonsense. Next comes an ingrained idea that all the courtesy, politeness, and consideration of the world is her own peculiar property and she is always disposed to serve a process on the wretch who keeps any thing back. She is always suspicious, but against

none as much as herself, and woe
to the little female Unintroduced who
comes beneath the eyeglass of my dedizened
and bustled lady of the blear eye. Finally
she has a more less definite idea of certain
rights which she has lost and with
her usual conscienceny taboos her sisters
who have taken the rational method of
demanding them, because they are
"manmuck, you know"

How shall we cure this eye-sore?
"Who would be free, themselves must
strike the blow" 1/0/892

Where my lady wishes to cultivate her brains
instead of her nose let her first: Emancipate
herself from the rule of the Ribbon. Secondly:
get an education on something else beside
the piano; and lastly, go to work.

1/0/89

Eng 12.

Yorkinghilly Theme VII

№ 35.

9 Jan., 91

Synopsis of
Lectures on Rhetoric, in English 12,
During the First Half-year,
1870-1.

—, —

33-4-33

Every written composition has a certain effect upon us. This effect can only arise from the arrangement of certain marks on the page. In order then to determine what arrangement produces given effects we must study these marks or elements of style and their various groupings.

The smallest element, i.e., the unit of style, is the word. Words are arbitrary signs of sounds which people have agreed shall stand for certain ideas. From this definition it follows that only the sign generally agreed upon will convey the idea you have in mind, and if you use an unknown symbol (barbarism) or one which signifies to most people a different idea than the one you have in mind (I mean strictly), you will not be understood. For any given effect in style you must take into account the kind of words need, and

the number of words as variations in either produce specific effects.

The first group of elements is the sentence. This is the simplest composition. The form in which words must be grouped in sentences to convey intelligible ideas is governed by general consent, or Good Use, i.e. Grammar. Grammar is the codification of usual practice. Within the limits of Good Use there are however different kinds of sentences, e.g. loose and periodic, which give different effects. All compositions are governed by certain principles: 1. Unity. 2 Mass. 3 Coherence. Unity prescribes that the sentence be grouped about one central idea; Mass, that the words be so placed as to emphasize the most important; and Coherence, that the relation of the parts of the sentence be unmistakable.

The next group of elements is the Paragraph. The paragraph is to the sentence what the sentence is to the word. There are almost no principles of Good Use governing paragraphs, so that the principles

of composition have full play. They are the same as in sentences, i.e that the paragraphs be grouped about one central idea, (unity), that the sentences be so placed that the most important ones shall be in the most conspicuous positions or occupy the most space, (mass), and that the relation of the single sentences to the whole paragraph be unmistakable (Coherence).

33-4-34

Finally we come to consider whole compositions. The only principles governing them are the principles of composition which are the same, mutatis mutandis, as in paragraphs. The whole composition is to the paragraph, as the paragraph is the sentence, and as the sentence is the word.

Having considered the elements that go to make up a given piece of style, we now come to consider the different qualities of style and the method by which a given quality may be obtained.

The qualities of style may be roughly divided into three: the intellectual quality,

corresponding to the question, Do I understand it? and called Clearness; the emotional quality, corresponding to the question, Does it interest me? and called Force; and, lastly, the aesthetic quality, corresponding to the question Is it beautiful? and called Elegance.

~~Clearness~~ Clearness is the distinguishing quality of a style that cannot be misunderstood. It may be obtained by the careful use of each word in one sheaf of its exact sense: it is therefore a question of the denotation of words, and the careful application [of the tenable of composition.

Force is the distinguishing quality of a style which holds the attention, or "is efficient for the purpose in hand". It may be obtained by using such words as shall suggest ideas which will emphasize and illustrate the idea you are presenting. It is therefore a question of connotation. Figures of speech are devices for this purpose.

Elegance is the distinguishing quality of a style which pleases the taste.

33-4-35

It consists in the most perfect adaptation of means & end. It can never be perfectly attained but it can be approached; here comes in the necessity of frequent and careful revision of all composition.

Compost & animals.
Grain both work so for -

Chapter 4 (cont.)

Specific Remarks.

Words. Often not [illegible] used erratic; [illegible]

& your [illegible] & vague; & often not [illegible] mellifluous notably infelicitous.

Sent. Irregular. Sometimes very effective; again amorphous & a wind, unrestrained.

Par. Again. irregular. Sometimes admirably distinct. Again, confused & incoherent incoherent.

Which. Left to be understood. & ramblingly from the points. ramblingly

Clem. Variable.

Fun. Frequently overwrought.

Gl. Decidedly wordy. Your worth remarks [illegible] perhaps most clearly [illegible] your [illegible] your notable errors of taste.

Unthinking seems to me the word for your style. With a good deal of emotional power, you

Eng. 12.

No 35

Fortnightly Theme, VIII.

21 Jan. '91.

Le Bois

Plays every pretty much anyhow. Occasionally a sentence or even a paragraph, & sometimes even a whole composition, will be fine. Often there will be a nebulous, almost unsphered indistinctness of outline. As for reserve of power, it is rarely to be found. More than most men Man then needs even yet need culture of an appreciative taste for good literature.

B

33-1-122

Really, you know, she just the dearest of girls. Now that letter I received yesterday couldn't be beaten ~~by~~ for open hearted simplicity and bursting good-nature. No, oh no, she isn't pretty — that is - well it depends on what you call pretty. She's young, only fifteen, with the sweetest eyes, a tremulous mouth and a perpetual laugh all over her countenance. Think? O lord, why bless her little heart, she doesn't do any thinking, and then again she does for there were some real bright ~~observations~~ thoughts in that letter. She is contradictory you see that I can't describe her, for no sooner have I said she's this than I in quite sure she's that. There's a little devil-may-care look that peeps out of her eyes every once in a while, but at the same time all the rest of her face is filled with ~~the most~~ such an innocent yearning, that it ~~is touch~~ makes one hesitate as to whether he'd better name the picture Mephistophelia or Madonna. Who is she? O, a cousin of mine.

Eng. 12

M.S. Du Cane. 91.

21 Jan' 91.

a Fire.

Vivacious. Easily
colloquial. Readable.

33-4-36

where were standing in the farther parlor by the bay window. The bride did not seem particularly jolly, and be my somewhat diminutive was literally buried in a mass of something or other which I suspect was an ~~astute~~ specie of dress known to theatrical fame. Cheap plush

He looked tired – even bored. I squeezed through files of society veterans who with lusting valor yielded not an inch, bowed to the newly married couple with a vague consciousness that my hands were out of place and a vivid consciousness that I had absolutely nothing to say. Escaping finally with a dignified mumble and an engaging smirk, I found myself with a crowd of strangers with my friends all on the other side of the room. Supper now saved the rescue and the whole company thawed out. We laughed and ate, and ate and gossiped; then danced a bit and departed at twelve having had a delightful time and having given the bride a lovely start in life.

W. E. D. Dec Cards 92

Feb 10, 1894

Eng. 12.

Wedding Reception.

Shifting point of view.

First half more specific and distinct.

Cheap phrase.

33-4-37

It is rather pleasant out this morning; not cold enough for an overcoat, not too warm for vigorous exercise. One has to stop and look at the sky twice to see whether it is over cast or not. It is covered for the most part by large fleecy clouds which here and there fade almost imperceptibly into the blue. The sun shines dimly most of the time, but now and then it bursts forth as if to reassure us of its presence. A slow wind is buzzing through the trees, and I can hear the steps of passers-by, the coal falling into someone's bin, and the twittering quarrels of the Chippys. The snow on the ground looks rather out of place, for if I look out this window where I cannot see it, I can easily imagine it to be early spring, but the scene this way takes on quite a wintry aspect. I hope those clouds will all clear away and that we ~~shall~~ may have bright weather, for a time.

ENG 12.
W.E.B DuBois. Gr.
12 Feb. '91.

Mild Day.

Descriptive. Conventionally
Specific. &c.

Lee is not just the sort of town we call charming; it is straggly and irregular, not old enough to be ~~interesting~~ picturesque nor new enough to be interesting. It has several paper mills and other small establishments which serve to scare off summer boarders and reduce taxation below what ordinary public spirit would demand, and at the same time fail to make the village a business centre. Yet withal there is a certain quiet attractiveness about the place. A lift in the Berkshire hills lends given some natural beauty ~~to the place~~, and there is a modest, almost blushing, attempt at a park, and the main street has the not unnoteworthy merit of preserving quite a varied aspect along its course; first it comes down a rather steep hill to the northward past some factories and hovels and crosses the Housatonic on one of those gems of modern invention: a bridge giving an unobstructed view of the water. The passes the hotel, turns ~~west~~ at a right angle and passes the village stores, runs into and narrowly escapes demolishing the little park and finally with a mother thank turns passes some pretty ~~residences~~ homes and goes on down the valley. On the whole one wouldn't mind spending a summer week here or even a week at Christmas, but to live here — O no, it would never do.

33-1-121

Eng 12.
W. E. Du Bois. 1st.
Feb. 14 '91

Lee

Conversational tone.

Specific. Concrete.

Sluggish movement.

33-4-38

The meeting of the Conference in American History last evening was both interesting and instructive. Professor Channing presided, and there were present, beside the twenty members, Professors Emerton and Hart, and Mr. Ropes, the historian. The first paper was a review of Mr. Bosmeis recent book entitled "Anglo-Saxon Freedom." The reviewer praised the book as a whole though he disagreed with parts. The chief paper was "an Inside view of the Confederacy" by Mr. W.G. Brown '91. This was very suggestive. Mr. Brown spoke of civil life principly though he touched army life. He mentioned the literature of the subject told various anecdotes, and gave incidents of the devotion of the Southern women and the trustworthiness of the slaves. A discussion on secession as a principle, and the present attitude of ex confederates, followed, and was participated in by Mr. Ropes, the several professors, and various members. The conference adjourned at 9:15 p.m.

Eng 12.
W. E. D. DeBoro Jr.
Oct 24, '71

Historical Confusion.

'Trimmer'. Clear.
Fairly interesting.
RE -

33-4-29

This girl I'm thinking of is either one of the strangest or one of the most common-place mortals, I ever saw. Which she is depends on whether an ordinary amount of consistency has or has not a place in the make up of an ordinary ~~mortal~~ bit of humanity. The first night I met her she was the doughtiest little skeptic you ever listened to, and she proceeded to attack my orthodoxy in a manner that sorely tried my skill in dialectics. After a few more visits she gradually changed into a defender of abstract almost Platonic ideals. No sooner had placed in my philosophic alcove in this rôle, than I became aware that I was dealing with veriest little pessimist I could well imagine. I have finally tried to settle things by deciding that she is a thorough ~~th~~ trifler in philosophy or — a still better explanation, perhaps. (with due apologies to the Washington Convention) — a woman.

Eng 12.
W.E.D. Curb. Jr.
Feb. 26, '91.

Chameleon Thought.

Descriptive. Sentences
not well formed-
Lively.

Early Mss. Student
writings, 1890-95

33-4-40.

In order to ask What is Education? We must first ask: What is life? Suppose some being from another world should stand on Washington street, and see the busy hurrying crowds, the loaded street-cars, and the filled shops. Suppose he should go tonight to a hundred places of amusement and see the merry crowds, to a hundred hospitals, morgues, and jails and see the sorrow and crime; suppose finally he should visit a million homes from Back bay to Salem street, and from Brookline to East Cambridge; and then returning from his journey should ask you what is the meaning of all this? Why all this strife, all this sorrow and happiness, tears and laughter? One might answer it is the effort of people to live: but this is a ~~true~~ paradox, for why should men strive to live a life simply to live it? Why do men want bread and butter, clothes and shelter, warmth and light? to live to be sure; but why do they want to live? To fulfill their longings for the True, the Beautiful and the Good: to know what is, to know What is pleasing, and to realize the pleasing in the true: this is life, and education is the development of the man to appreciate and use the accumulated experience which the world has had in its long ~~weary~~ weary, but fruitful search.

Eng 12.
M E D W Case 92
March 3rd 74.

Life & Education.

Big subject.
Readymade definitions.
Lessons.

38-4-41

After all, what is a college? I know what it stands for in popular tradition, a horde of jolly devil-may-care boys who are engaged in getting rid of their fathers' surplus cash and cutting ~~ca~~ citations. Every one knows the college man on the street: if anyone else should do the things in public which he does he would be called a newsy but it seems to be thought real cunning in him; he can dress in the flashiest manner and not be a dude, or he can stamper thro' the streets not dressed at all, and not be rude. In fine popular imagination has painted the college man as a privileged fool, who has to have some allowances made for him now, but who will eventually "come to his senses" when he comes in contact with that mysterious entity - the World. But in this generalization as in most all generalizations, there is a Forgotten Man: he has few of the characteristics of his hilarious brother; he isn't recognized on the street, his college expenses are very low, he doesn't spend his time in seeing how much work he can shirk, and he is a gentleman. I suppose that out of every thousand collegians there are from five to eight hundred Forgotten Men.

Eng 12.

WED Outlook, qr.,

March 4, '91.

Unrepresentative Men.

Effective, if not very fresh. Polemic.

23-4-42

I have had indigestion now and then this year but have not noticed it much. I'm getting a little scared though now, as I see so many fellows going off with peritonitis – three, I think, have died, and one still very sick. I tell you it has made me hustle about a bit; I frequent the "Gym" more often, eat like a confirmed dyspeptic, walk untold distances every time I get a chance, and go through an Indian war-dance before going to bed and upon arising. Really, you know, I'm not quite ready to depart from this paradoxical little world of ours yet, with all its sorrows, disappointments, and dyspepsia.

Envy. 12.
W. E. D. Du Bois Esq.
Mch 16, 91.

Frightened.

Repugnant. Serious
under-current-
Specific.

33-4-43

The "Boston Courant" that's the name of the sheet. On the first page it has in large headlines the announcement of a club dinner at the Quincy House with several dyspeptic effort at oratory. Then there's an essay on "Character" which is very flat. On the inside page are editorials on "Our Government's Mistake" and "Mr 50 and 20's "Bugle-blast." Some writer, bearing fame, has signed the name "Betsy Gimlet" to a column of "Topical Allusion" Then come the local letters: Cambridge "news" West Newton "notes", Haverill "happenings" - and so on — the editor evolving from his fertile imagination "Chit-chats", "Domys", "straws", "briefs", "Snips", "items", "whittlings", "bits", and "paragraphs" of news. There is a short column of local intelligence, a half-column telling "where the Courant may be had," and a column of "worthy grands" and "grand highs" who rule the destinies of the Knights of Pythias. Finally there are numberless advertisements starting with hair culture and Montezuma oysters and ending with home-made bread and a leading soprano. Quite an ordinary small newspaper. O yes - and by the way, my name is mentioned.

Eng. 12.
W. E. B. DuBois, 92.
Mch 17, 1891.

Boston Common -

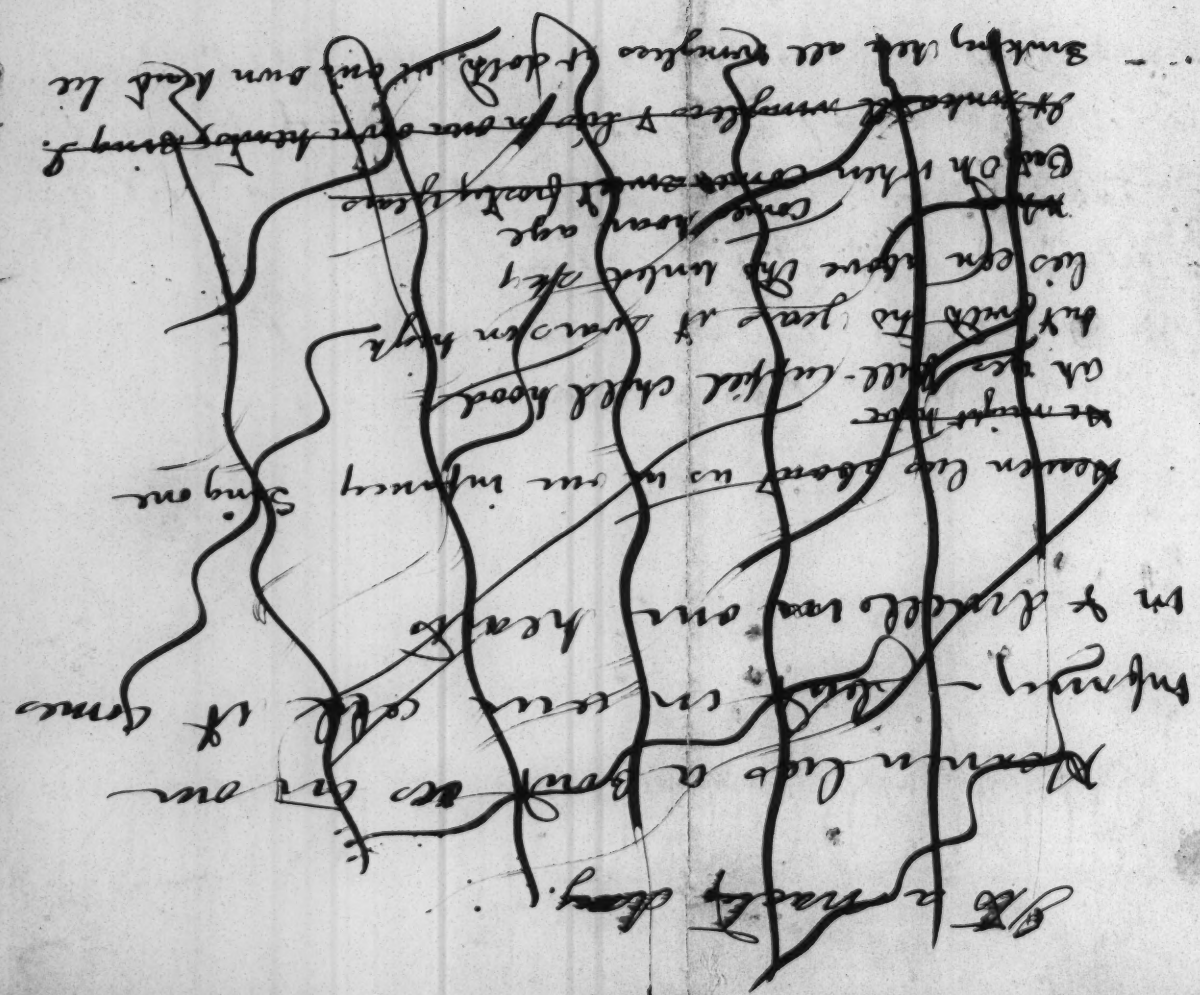
Specifics. Light.
Amusing term -

I went to a "young men's congress" last night. It was an ideal affair. Mr. Smith of Arkansas was always jumping to his feet with a "Mr. President" Mr Jones of Washington was always interrupting him with a point of order, while Mr Sims who invariably forgot whence he was accepted the floor every fifteen minutes with a 'question of privilege' that generally turned out to be a disquisition on some question which had little to do with the universe much less the subject in hand. The "Speaker" got angry every ten minutes, and thumped the table, made sarcastic remarks about "gentlemen", and ~~put~~ invariably put the main question before the amendment. O it was rich — almost, I fancy, as Reed's own.

Eng 12
M D C Boys
10 Mar '91

Debating Club-

Realistic. Amusing-



33-4-44

Alexandria, Tennessee, is a little town in the corner of De Kalb county. It is not altogether pretty, and yet its homeliness is interesting. I used to walk to it from my schoolhouse, through the bed of a brook which was dry most of the time, but sometimes became quite a torrent. The houses are methodically arranged on either side the main road and on a few branch roads. None are very pretentious, although which is a fortunate circumstance for the village aristocracy. There are three or four stores, several churches (the Methodists Baptists and "Camillites") and a "White" and "Colored" schools. The town is built on little rolling hills, and on all sides you can wander out into the picturesque country, or run upon towns with such names as "Liberty" or "Prosperity." The whole town and country is epitomized in the gaunt hard-faced horse-back rider coming down the road, a land-poor ex-Confederate, who votes the Democratic ticket "straight", and knows there's which "he likes better than" Yankees." ..

Eng 12
WEDuBois 95
16 Apr. 1895

DeKalb County.

Good description.
Specific
Interpretative.

Emily Wss. Student
writings, 1890-95

33-1-120

I notice the buds are coming out on the trees, and in spite of the fact that I have seen the process year after year I find myself intensely interested in the process. I see every morning, as I start out, the brown stiff branches I am used to, turning into a faint green, then into a fuller green; indeed on one or two trees the leaves are quite out and are beginning to rustle in the breezes. Now I am beginning to look for the flowers.

Eng 12
MBL Dr Bost. Op.
25 Apr 91

Spring.

Sympathetic
Tea

33-4-45

I have been seeing a person at intervals for some time. He was so dignified that I grew interested in him and came to watch for his face. I do not mean, you see, a rebellant dignity, but an air of self-respect and conscious worth that rather attracted than repelled. At last I met him, along with other people, and wondered when first introduced how long it would take him to drop fifty-per cent in my esteem. But he did not drop – he rose; he had a peculiarly taking unaffected manner which I had never suspected could consort with dignity. This very absence of what I expected to find made his former bearing of more worth to me. I am really quite interested in him.

He is a girl.

A Constructive [redacted] of Wages Theory

by

[redacted]

(1) Preface

(2) Introduction { the Problem
the method of treatment

(3) Part 1. Sketch of the development of wages-theory, and present theory.

P. I.

(4) Part 2 Exposition of My theory by groups

(5.) Part 3 Comparative Critique

P. 2.

(6.) Part 4 Restatement of the fundamental principles of political Economy

(7.) Part 5. Statement of the wages problem & suggestions for final solution

33-4-46

I have been copying a thesis all this week in order to get it in by the first of May. Now I candidly submit the question to the intelligent reader — Is there ~~any~~ variety enough in such a week's work to furnish six daily themes, especially when you've written the thesis yourself? I therefore respectfully ask~~ed~~ to be excused from saying any thing that has either point, originality, or pathos — pathos? Well now I might get a little of that into a theme, as any thesis-writer knows. But I haven't.

Eng 12.
WES Dr Boro. Gr.
29 Apr. '91

Jades -

Slight Recursaber.

33-4-47

The Political Economy library looks deserted just now – only three men here, including myself. I hear a jingle of keys – ah! here come the library boys to arrange and count the books. The fellow over by the window is that sleepy-head who worries me so – he happens to be awake now and really appears to be studying. That little red-headed page tramps about on his heels and shoves chairs about in a charmingly irresponsible manner. The pretty young man who presides over reserved books is carrying armfuls of books here and there, with his usual dignity. The fellow opposite is not disturbed by the clatter apparently. He doesn't look over-intelligent but he's busy. His hair is divided in the middle and brushed out over his forehead like an awning. He's got on a red necktie. There those library folks are beginning to count the books – oh!

Eng. 12.
W.E.B. DuBois, gr.
30 Apr. '91.

See the Library -

Specifn. Same descrip-
tive terms -

33-1-119

The alleged Scottish impenetrability by jokes sometimes extends to the Dutch neighbors. The fellow who sits at the end of my table tells me an illustrative story: he was relating a thrilling incident to an Oxford friend, and in regard to the critical moment facetiously remarked "I thought each moment would be my next!"

His friend stared and said "O-ah - you mean your "last", now don't you?"

Essay 12.
W. D. Roberts 9/r
2 May '91

British Obtuseness.

Amusing anecdote.

Tea.

33-1-118

Last night I tried to show a friend a little of Boston. He had come late in the day and must leave early in the morning. We sallied forth and found the Crispus Attucks monument, but I had to wander about considerably before I could find the Soldier's monument. I started then for the Public Garden and missed the path there. I at last found the way to the Washington monument, but on starting back to Charles we again became entangled in the maze of paths. Going up Beacon St I pointed out certain parts of the Common but soon found that my points of compass were all wrong. I told him that we would ~~then~~ walk through to Washington St. and look at the crowds, but in endeavoring to get through I ran into Music Hall. Then I tried after reaching Washington St. to cut across to the United States Hotel, and — well, I don't know where I went. It will be broad — very broad — daylight when I act as guide in Boston again.

Essay 12.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois Jr.

4 May '91

Blind leading the Blind.

Slightly colloquial.

Cumulative.

33-4-48

There was quite a crowd present and most of them were trying to look intensely "literary". It was hard work, for they were young; and the girls were pretty, and the boys — well the boys were boys. The lady president, who was persistently addressed as "Ma. President", tried heroically to preserve the dignity of the occasion. The "business" went with approved roughness, interspersed with a little latter now and then of an uneasy squirming in the seats. At nine the "literary" exercises ended, there was a scamper and a hubbub, and they danced and chatted and — played "post-office".

Their parents are so pleased to have them engaged in "improving their minds"

Eng. 12.
W. E. B. DuBois, Jr.
5 May, '91.

Literary Club.

Ironical. Not distinct.
Some suggestions -
Sp -

33-4-49

I am terribly curious to know what the workmen mean by taking up all that sod north of Thayer; if they merely want it to grass over some naked spot, why don't they take some less conspicuous position? If they want to make a road why do they keep on ruining the grass after they have plenty of room for the widest road? I've watched them day after day and still they go digging and scraping away with apparently no object. It's a regular "Lady and the Tiger" affair to me.

Eng 12.

W. E. Du Bois '92

11 May 91

Blind work

Observant - Inquisitive.

Specific.

God love thee! first home of my boyhood,
Great Darrington, land of my fathers!

Vale of the sweet apple blossoms,
Vale of the timid arbutus.

By the sweet winds that stroll o'er thy bosom,
By the verdure that nestles upon thee,

I charge thee, Great Darrington, I charge thee!
Thy self sing the song I sing of thee

Eng 12

21 May '91.

Verse

Summer and cruder —

33-4-50

In the wild wet air
With rushing hair
She ran

and the world laughed loud
O the world laughed long
But the tinted cloud
Ran ame the throng

In the wild wet air
With hot dank hair
She died

And the world —
Pitied her.
And the world —
Moralized.
And the world laughed on.

Envy 12

25 May '91

Somehow I am afraid I shall not like the new gate - that is the newer one. The other solves rather well, I think, a difficult problem, i.e. to build a suitable entrance to a place without making one feel that the place is all entrance — that the door is more than the house. In the latest gate I fear the problem is not so well solved. So far it looks heavy and like the entrance to some vast combe castle rather than to a light airy yard. Perhaps however I am critical ahead of time and the centre gate will redeem the rest.

33-1-117

Eng. 12.

[illegible], Jr.

21 May '91.

- The New Yale -

Suggestion - Clear

11 11

A Vacation.

The Notice

As the Sun of Clear Day, Hannah,
Slowly sank into the west
Sank so slowly that one fancied
Each old building it caressed,
She whispered "Where's your outing?"
He answered, with a smile,
"Scarce know I where the summer
I shall the town beguile."
"Know you Berkshire?" asked the maiden.
"Berkshire? Berkshire? Berkshire?" he,
"O, Berkshire is in Lenox, —"
"No, Lenox is —" but she:
"Never mind. I live in Berkshire
"And shall be glad to see me
"And Berkshire, dear old Berkshire
"Is a right full fit to see.
"Go canoe at Bar Harbor
"Dance at Newport by the sea,
"But as the season wanes, dear,
"In the gloaming — come to me."

+ + + +

They rushed from the station in hoarse crowd
They reeled through the city they fled from the sea.
We fled thro' old South End — they raced through Back Bay
They greeted Fair Harvard's tall tower by the Charles way
Then Onward thro Brighton they flew with shrill yell
Spurn the dust of the city like a fiend escaped from hell
Paused a moment for breath, heaved in chilled breast
Then joyously sped to the breeze laden west.
Thro' town & over ~~dotted~~ hillocks ~~& dales~~ through meadows & dales
~~And past they clamored & hillocks all dotted with towns~~,
From wooded & Springfield, then wildly wounds
They swam the Connecticut, dodged its shy rills
Then bounded away to the old Berkshire hills
Have you seen the low battlement looming the sky?
Have you seen the proud sentinels towering on high?
Have you seen the broad vales which the goldenrod fills?
Have you seen Gods own sod & the fair Berkshire hills?
We saw it and felt it the lovinger at once
We saw it and smelt it on each laden breeze
Saw the Gods bale summers fair harvest — he marvelled it yield,
His heart leaped with joy when the grand crowd bawled "Pittsfield"
he knew sure

Outline I

Spirit of Trade, great Jove's own son
Or hast thou ever battled on Orlands explored or dimadred
Lined me the song.

For the was England's Empire found
On which the sun never knocked the ground, America send, Spain bend,
at thy command.

O. Pittsfield Pearl a hundred springs have
× have fasted & meanly thy strong wings that now thou be a city free
to Lords be land.

And yet no smoky factory town [Teens should
lies neath Pittsfield's mild brown, the city pruned in beau-
sleeks in the vail.

33-1-109

A dairy she — as the dairy gold
Arcadey priest may unfold, so fair Pittsfield, gold of the field
Of Earle enamels.
with hill and dale & lake & wood
And elm-unfolded avenue — had fenced thy feet on old [Echoed?
Sweet way of God!
"Farewell Sole city of the vale
"Farefell thy fortune never fail, adown the valley now I sally"
The Lounger goes.

Outing 2. Renop

No benizon crave I of heathen muse
Pray to the living not the mythic dead,
Shall I, Rudyard Kipling, my liberty attune,
If to thee dedicate I these verses wed?
+ + + +

C.

1.

I 1 To thee, O high and mighty Prince, I bow,
Great Fashion, who in Europe sittest enthroned
Than thou no greater potentate I vow
Has reigned wealth whose harsh rule great nations moaned
2 No wayward butterfly art thou, dread Fiend,
Nor woman fair and coy, O Born-to-rule!
Tall nervous sandy-mustached man thou art,
+ Thy premier Genius, Folly bold thy Fool.
3 Wish not avaunt down who envied Fashion's chief
That the pale King be more than ~~thought~~ consumptive
Lest ere thou pluck before the breeze unfold
When flaming Vice be found the heir presumptive

II 1 O fair's the road that trips thro' wood and glen,
The tiny depot & the town & kind
But fairer still the soft-hued hamlet, when
Its cuties's inn the growing stage wend.
2 O Lenox, fair & look on, sweet & see,
Yet Balmoral for Fashion's autumn rule
Should we whose purses small reach not & thus
Envy the peace from hoyden tramway-school?
3 If wealth hath taen a necklace fair & see
To set with jewels fairer still & keen,
If wealth hath gart the hills of Lenox pee
With costly cot and lordly castle, then

All hail thee, Wealth, King Fashions K.C.B.
Throne's kinder might – if to usurp shouldst wish,
Men cannot mock – one Adam fattened thee,
with his own sweating brow, O nouveau-riche.
Aeneas fled the Lounger with full many [a sigh
With lingering thoughts, one more gleamed down the
behind him left that Berkshire hill town's tee
Who'er sees Lenox aye comes back again.

["To be continued in our next."]

Portsmouth Square.

A @ 1000 [illegible]
B ——— [illegible]
C ——— [illegible]
D ——— [illegible]

1000
1010
1110
1200

1000
990
900
800

100

STUDENT PAPERS

1890's

a

Statement of the Fundamental Principles of Economics

Pt. 1. Every living being has certain wants as for instance the want to live, to eat, to be clothed, to be sheltered to be at ease. &c, &c. By the constitution of the world however these wants conflict: that is in order to gratify one want, another the anticipation of must be sacrificed: as for instance if the horse would eat he must sacrifice his love of ease, a man eats bread by the sweat of his brow, to get fruit the boy must climb a tree. And thus all the world wants more or less conflict. Civilization is the systematic

33-2-13

attempt to lessen the conflict of wants. Of such attempts men alone are capable to any great degree: Economics is the science which investigates the laws which govern this process. Now it happens that every man must in his mind balance his different wants against each other and thus establish a certain hierarchy of the value of his different wants, i.e. of the sacrifice he is willing to undergo in order to gratify any particular want. For instance the hierarchy now of the world stand as in (1) after as

33-2-15

In (2) &c

1	2	3
life	honor	Happiness of others
food	life	honor
clothing	Clothing	life
shelter	food	food
ease	happiness of others	literature
literature	&c	art
virtue		ease &c

Now Economics can only be a science (1) in so far as there as on the whole a general agreement in these hierarchies and (2) in so far as each want can be measured. As to the first point it is generally conceded that there is a general agreement as to the needs wants of men. As to the second point we have an approximate accurate measure in the sacrifice which one is willing to make to gratify the want in question if the largest sacrifice that A will make for a coat be 10 da. labor then we know that the ~~value~~ of the want of a coat will be measured by some quantity of labor between 10 da and 10 da + 1 hr. or in other words that the want of a coat is just a little more urgent than the want of ten hours of leisure. Thus with individual men there must arise in every day life a certain balancing of gratifications. This gives rise to the phenomena of value. The value of any gratification is its relative position in the individual scale of wants: ~~as to individuals~~ there is an exchange of wants but there must always be an an advantage on one side: when I exchange the gratification of want a for the gratification of want b the situation is not want a = want b, but want a < want b

~~The relation of~~ The value of any particular want to the ~~want~~ gratification which will be sacrificed for it under any particular circumstances. Value therefore has no necessary connection with the height of any particular want on our scale of ~~wants~~ wants except that the position of the want forms the upper limit of value. There is no lower limit, i.e value of a want very high in the scale may be 0.

The object of exchange is as I have said before is to reduce the conflict of wants - i.e to reduce values as nearly as possible to 0. The two great methods of do this are (1) Division of Employments and (2) multiplication of time. The first takes advantage of the fact that tho the sacrifice required to sacrifice a particular want of one individual's want yet by a comparatively small increase of that sacrifice this same want might be gratified for a large number of people thus greatly reducing the aggregate sacrifice. By carrying this about the circle the conflict of wants is much reduced. The second method takes advantage of the fact that if all are compelled to make sacrifices at present to gratify certain wants that by making this sacrifice for a little longer period they will in the long run reduce the conflict of wants very much. To illustrate (1) take the case ~~of which should mention of how making~~ of raising potatoes and pigs: If A raise enough potatoes for himself it may take him in all 50 da labor: but by 75 da labor he could raise enough for himself and B, thus saving 25 da labor. To illustrate (2) a man by working 1 da could get enough to satisfy ~~his wants for 2 days~~ the wants of 2 days, but by working 3 da

he could satisfy the wants of ~~him~~ 10 da— by doing this then he will earn 2 days labor.

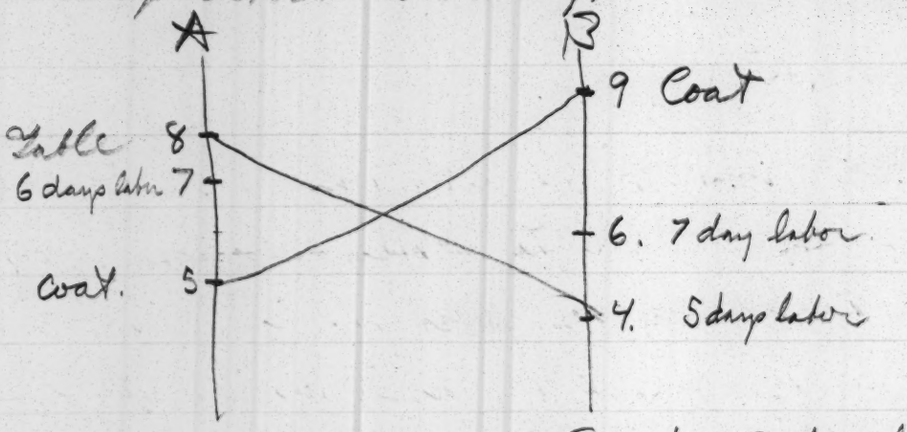
In a community where there is division of labor and multiplication of time, the problem of value becomes much more complicated. There must be in every ~~problem~~ case of exchange a double valuation and a correspondence. i.e. A must ~~must~~ balance two wants 8 and 9: he is willing to sacrifice the gratification of want 7 for the sake of satisfying want 8. The value then of want 8 to him is ~~8~~ 7. Now ~~the only thing~~ if by any method he could satisfy want 8 by any sacrifice less than 7, by 5 for instance, he would jump at the chance for this would lessen the conflict of his wants, i.e. reduce values, which is the object of all civilization. But how could this happen? Suppose there was another man B. who had a want 9 which he could satisfy by making a sacrifice a want valued at 6. Now suppose, the service rendered or the article surrendered by this latter sacrifice would satisfy ~~the~~ A's want 8. And suppose a gain that by A's sacrifice of want 5, the service rendered or article sacrificed would satisfy B's want 9. Immediately an exchange would arise and the services or articles exchanged would be said to have such and such a "value", tho' we can see that this cannot explain the whole problem. Let us put the above case in concrete terms: Suppose A wakes ~~up~~ at ~~front~~ table and was willing to work 6 days for it; he has a coat which is worth 8 to him

33-2-15

that by sacrificing the gratification of want 4,

& cannot make 6 days.

less than 6 days labor. Now suppose B wants a coat and is willing to give 7 days labor for it; he can make a table in 4 days. An exchange will immediately take place if A & B know of each others wants, and B will give A a table for his coat, thus saving B, 2 days labor, and saving A, the difference between his estimation of a coat & 6 days labor. Or to diagram the same:

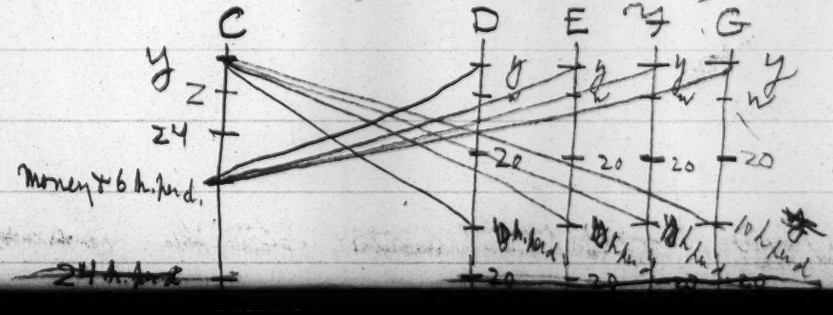


This Law of Exchange is the fundamental law of value and the above is the typical case. There may be almost infinite variation and complication but all can be generally reduced to this typical case. For instance suppose that the exertion of a coat was to A equal to the exertion necessary to make a table. Then there would be no inducement to him to exchange: if he did it would only be a matter of accommodation to B. Again suppose ~~B did not want~~ that A offered instead of a coat, a ~~some~~ medium of exchange which could purchase several different things: then B's comparison would be between the number of days labor just with the table i.e. 5 & the largest ~~want~~ or wants in which the money would ~~give~~ purchase satisfaction: to make it an object to B to exchange A must give him enough money to satisfy a want or

wants higher than he could satisfy by his own 5 days labor.

Now in division of labor it must always occur that exchanges of this kind will be very profitable to relieve the conflict of wants: for by the constitution of nature any body who has made a certain sacrifice to satisfy a certain [illegible] 2-1-33 satisfy that want for others is less additional sacrifice than they themselves; moreover there may be an advantage additional to this in acquired skill and natural ability.

An additional cause for exchange comes in Multiplication of Time. Here will often occur sacrifice for the ultimate satisfaction of common wants of all, yet now these wants are non-existant and what is the measure of value? This introduces a complication, but one easily explained. The wants that regulate these values are the existant wants of the capitalist, not the wants of the buyers of the product. C wants horses, houses, carriages, social position home &c — a conglomerate of such wants and urge people to acquire values which we can collectively designate as X. Now the case is this: C sacrifices certain the gratifications of certain wants by giving away money & a certain number of hours services &c. D E & & G want Bread, meat, Clothes Rooms conveyance &c. = y

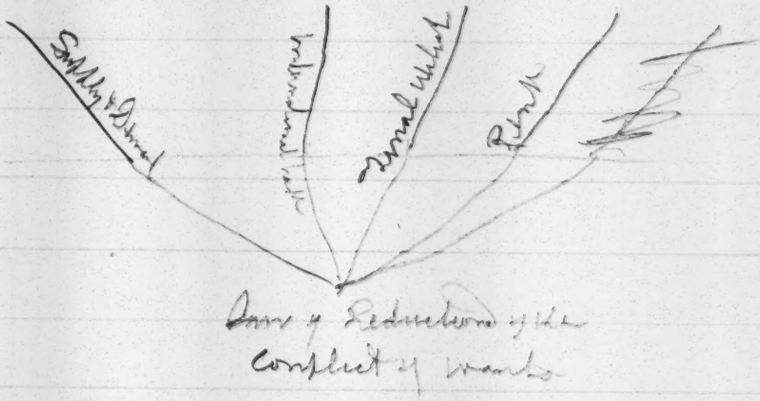


The laborers could not satisfy their wants at less than the sacrifice of 20 hrs per d: labor, if at all. The capitalist could not satisfy his wants at less than 24 hr work a day if at all. But by the laborers ~~working 10 hrs for~~ the capitalist working 6 hours & furnishing a certain sum of money the laborers wants X may be satisfied: and by the laborer working 10 hrs for the capitalist, his wants X may be satisfied. But how? The laborer gives the capitalist not things to satisfy wants X by some so many bales of cotton-cloth. How can these satisfy his wants? By being sold which brings in another problem of value. Thus the rate of wages which laborers D E F G get is not a simple but a double problem of value or indeed may be in case there are a long number of services ~~for~~ unfinished material be a score of cases of value. ~~Wages~~ Services if wages are paid in advance there is but one problem of value but in the case the prices of the products do not determine wages but the employers estimate of (he not the want actually gratified but the want the emp. thinks will be gratified) How prices. Of course this estimate will be based on previous prices & will in the long run be approximately ~~accurately~~ appraised: but nevertheless in the present the employers estimate of the price will absolutely determine the size of the money & services ~~advanced~~ fund one — or in other words of the Wages fund: if it ~~will~~ he thinks it will not satisfy all the wants X but only wants Z then he will not give so much & vice versa. On the other hand the laborers are similarly placed: if their wages will not satisfy wants Y but only wants W, and if they think the sacrifice of 10 hrs labor too much for them they

would stop work.

P*5

This is as I conceive it the law of value and wages. It has a very close resemblance to some well known laws: viz Supply and Demand Rent, laws of International trade, Final Utility; I think the real relation of these laws is this



33-2-17

I believe that these different laws are at bottom one & have only been different points of view of the various parts of industry. The real fundamental law as I have tried to enunciate, viz: the law of the reduction of the conflict of wants It may of course be possible that future facts will show laws more fundamental than this: at present however I conceive this to be best and simplest statement of facts. I don't think there is a single theory among those heretofore enumerated into which this would not fit in the main; and by this reason it seems to me the theory if not proven is at least approximately so. Worked out in greater detail it would explain rent and interest, and by the careful application of history and facts lead to interesting and valuable results.

[c. 1893]

The Present Condition of German Politics

1892 ?

It is the omnipresent soldiery of Berlin that first catches the American visitor's attention. The whole city seems to have a half military stride, all Prussia rushes pell-mell to the window to see the ever-passing regiment, and German ideals from king to lover appear at first sight to be clad in spurs and shoulder-straps. The military spirit appears not to be confined to the army, but is largely to permeate society. The American sees it in the stiff bow of the students, in the perfect rage for uniforms in all classes, which enables both postman and chancellor to carry their histories on their backs; above all this spirit pervades the political field. The all-pervading government works about and around the new-comer, with a ...tary precision and careful attention to

1/0/105

trifles which is calculated to make a Bostonian uncomfortable, and take a New Yorker's breath away.

As the stranger begins to wear his new tongue more easily and thus to bring his ears to aid his eyes, he finds that the next most noticeable thing in his surroundings is the deep dissatisfaction of nearly all Germans not only with Germany, but with the world as an institution. An all-pervading restless pessimism exhibits itself now in a beautiful impractical idealism, now in a carping cynicism. The whole nation in spite of excellent qualities seems largely to lack that robust faith in itself which builds men and peoples.

1/6/06

It is thus that the American comes to realize that this new federation of the old ~~world~~ world is starting its history from premises diametrically opposite to those

from which the old federation of the New world, started. Instead of a boundlessly optimistic state founded on individual freedom, we have a restlessly pessimistic state founded on obedience. Directly he comes clearly to see this, he naturally inquires: What is the political machinery by which such a government as ~~this~~ Germany's is maintained, and how does it compare with America.

1/5/07

It has been my good ~~fortune~~ to witness from Berlin a political campaign on a question which went to the very root of German politics, and furnished evidence as to the present political condition of this newest European state, which the political and historical student must regard as invaluable.

What may be called the political paradox of Germany is so well-known that

it is apt easily to be forgotten. Yet it is a fact of so great importance that the student of German politics must never for a single moment lose sight of it. Briefly stated it is this: Germany is a nation, whose unfortunate geographical situation in the very midst of the European nations, almost entirely without natural frontiers, renders a strong military monarchy absolutely indispensable to her integrity. On the other hand the extraordinarily developed intellectual activity of her people urged on by a growing industry and the example of all civilized nations has set in motion a democratic movement in the land fatal to monarchy and militarism alike.

It is only by grasping this basic paradox that the endless complications of German politics can be understood. If Germany had indeed for hostile neighbors an internally divided Austria, or a reasonable conservative England, the paradox would

be
less baffling; but as long as her chief foe
is led by the whims of the Paris mob, and
half-wild
as long as the Russian bear lies poised on
the Urals ready at the most unreasonable
hour to roll down and push Europe into
the sea, so long there is but one thing
for Germany to do, that is to be prepared for
war on two fronts, and to be well-pre-
pared, knowing that in spite of the Triple
Alliance, the bankruptcy of Italy, and the
internal anomalies of Austria, will furnish
but doubtful aid in the crisis. For such
military
readiness, only a monarchy by the grace of
God, is fitted. The German knows that, however
respectable the fact, only that unbending Prussian
militarism that won it, can hold the blood-
bought national unity, the ideal of centuries,
and lead thereby to a sturdy national develope-
ment. We Americans with a continent
practically to ourselves, can afford to tumble
in the slough of democracy for the sake of
that individual liberty dear so prized by us.

1/6/109

For Germany, however, to trust to the anomalies of party government, would, with the almost total inexperience of her people today, be simply committing political suicide.

In spite of all this however the Germans writhe under the restraints and tutelage of such a government. The examples of England France and America have been watched with eager interest, and the spirit of modern democracy, somewhat melamorphosed by the national character, is a steady strong force in the land. Especially is this the fact in industrial circles; for Germany, though striding forward, is still a poor country, a land mighty, but hungry. She needs a period of rest and freedom for careful natural industrial developement. This her form of government to a great extent hinders. Not only is the best talent of the land drawn into a salaried ~~beam~~ bureaucracy, which looks with a certain contempt on mercantile life, but also the military taxes, the withdrawal of

16/110

able-bodied young men, and the continuous uncertainty and gambling spirit which a standing army always engenders — all this depresses and hampers the industry of the land and feeds the opposition to the present situation.

Thus between the devil and the deep sea — driven on the one hand by European politics and on the other by growing radicalism, the German government has taken the one middle course and embraced socialism to escape democracy. If the modern socialist would design to look back a bit from the future into the present he would see that Germany is a great socialistic state. Not merely in socialistic industry has she outstripped the world with her railways, tramways, factories, water works, gas works, telegraph and telephone, newspapers and books, theatres and universities, with her old age, accident, sickness, and death, insurance, and her almost limitless regulation of private industry and competition — not merely here, but far more in the underlying conception

of the State has the approached radical socialistic ideals. German logic, which never stops until the very last consequences are drawn, has, under the pressure of circumstances, gone from political & social unity — from the idea of the State as the ~~geographic~~ military guardian of the physical ~~State~~ boundaries, & the idea of the State as the guardian and leader of the social and industrial interests of the people. As the army cares for the national fortresses, so the wonderfully trained bureaucracy is & care for the people: & protect, guide, and educate them; land is confiscated and given them, work is provided for them, ~~all~~ great industries so far as possible are taken by the state, and others regulated down & minute particulars; colonies are developed not by private companies but by the State. The people are & be helped when unfortunate — not the individual but the government provides for the "rainy day" — they are & be applauded when successful, & be amused at public expense, and & be petted when sulky. Only that is & be left & individual enterprise and to the

1/6/112

much decried "competition", which in the nature of things an almost omnipotent bureaucracy cannot do.

This is the idea underly the modern German state — I do not mean for a moment to say that this idea is in all directions carried out to realization, I merely affirm that this is the tendency and ~~goal~~ aim of her policy, and that it has been brought to fuller realization than elsewhere in Europe or America.

What has been the influence of this policy on the liberal movement? Far from checking it, it has rather increased it and rendered it even more dangerous by rendering both its leaders and its rank and file men almost entirely without experience in practical politics, or actual social reform. The change they about the german politicians and reformers is that he is apt to be a pure theorist and doctrinaire without practical ~~to~~ knowledge — a balloon without ballast. ~~Let~~ To realize this let us look at the actual ~~movements and~~

1/5/113

constitution and aims of german political parties.

Although there are at present between fifteen and twenty political parties, groups and associations in the field, they may be regarded as falling into three great groups. In the centre stand the moderate governmental parties, who recognize the necessity of a strong military monarchy "von Gottes Gnade". These parties are three in number, the Imperialists or Free conservatives, the Conservatives and the National Liberals. They ~~were originally~~ were for some time united under the celebrated "Kartell" agreement, when they acted, to all intents and purposes, as one party. This was broken up in the election of 1890 by the united radical opposition, and the three act now as entirely independent parties. The first, the Imperialists represents the military and higher officials and is the stalwart government party. The conservatives are composed of the great land holding nobility who, though unwaveringly patriotic, are apt to support the government ~~support them~~ as long as the

1/6/14

They represent the aristocratic and privileged classes.
Government supports them. The National-liberals are the party of the upper-middle or well-to-do bürger class. They have an honorable record running back to '48, but proved too moderate for the advance wing which separated from them and joined the radicals. The party is respectable and conservative and desires through the strong monarchy peace and quiet for industrial dev and social developement. These three parties have in the present Reichstag a united strength of 148 in a house of 397 members.

1/6/15

Against this group stand two strong wings of opposition. A right wing of ultra-socialistic tendencies, and a left wing of individualistic, democratic, tendencies. The right wing consists of the Agrarian associations, ~~and~~ the Antisemites, and the Social-democrats. The first though not an organized party, wielded great influence in the last election. This is explained by the fact that Germany is today in somewhat the same position as England was shortly before the repeal of the corn-laws. The Agricultural interests of

the land are clamoring for protection a-
gainst Russian and American competetion,
while her growing industrial interests de-
mand cheaper bread. This natural opposi-
tion of interests is intensified by three facts:
first: the Government has for a long time
past favored agriculture from political and
military motives; rather at the expense of in-
dustry. Secondly, the poverty-stricken german nobil-
ity depend largely on their landed posses-
sions & eke out their scanty official incomes. Thirdly,
German industry is largely in the hands of the
Jews, and this brings into the strife something
of class and race antipathies. It was thus
natural that the great Conservative party fell
an easy victim to the blandishments of the
great Agrarian league, even with its dem-
agogic program demanding a high tariff
on agricultural imports, less taxation of
land, bimetalism, more credit, and a
general interference with the stock-mar-
ket and trade.

V6/116

The conservatives however did not stop here, but, by a sort of natural inertia, embraced, along with this program, the tenets of the second of the groups of this ring, viz: that of the Antisemites. It may surprise ~~a stray~~ one at first & see a recrudescence of anti-Jewish feeling in a civilized state at this late day. One must ~~remember~~ learn however that the basis of the neo-antisemitism is economic and its end socialism. Only its present motive force is racial hatred. It must be ever remembered that the great capitalists of Germany, the great leaders of industry are Jews; ~~more over~~, moreover, banded together by oppression in the past, they work for each other, and aided by the vast power of their wealth, and their great natural abilities, they have forced citidel after citidel, until now they practically control ~~the~~ the stock-market, own the press, fill the bar and bench, are crowding the professions, ~~and~~ — indeed there seems to be no limit to the increase of their power. This of course is a menace to the newly-nationalized country, and a thorn in the side of the exclusive German aristocracy. One can easily see that on this

1/31/17

legitimate race question, it only required a little demagoguery and credulity, to enable Socialism, by cloaking itself under race hatred and antipathies, and joining hands with aristocratic and democratic suspicion, to pile on the shoulders of the Jew, all the evils ever attributed to capitalism. All that Marx, Blanc, or Bellamy ever laid at the door of capitalism, is, by the German Antisemitic party, charged upon the Jew because the Jew happens to be the great capitalist of Germany.

1/6/118

With this party the great Conservative party stooped to join hands, only however soon to repent of its bargain; for naturally, although the Antisemitic movement has the central rallying-point of hatred of the Jew, it has absolutely no other point of agreement. No two of the party ever agreed as to the legitimate aim of the party. Thus the party drifted to the only goal to which it could drift, viz: Socialism; for only recently Dr Dockl one of its foremost leaders, after denouncing "Judenthum" to his hearts content, threw a bomb into

the camp of the allied conservatives, by declaring "christian" capitalism as bad as Jewish.

This brings us to the third of the opposition parties of the right wing, the Social-democrats. The first thing that strikes an American student is that opposition to capitalism should be about the last thing of German movements. The want of the land is capital: capital to develope new industries, capital to extend & grow my trade, capital to open up the new colonies, and, as to check, capital to be taxed to support the vast army. Yet here is a great movement against capitalism, in a land with comparatively few capitalists, and in one where great fortunes are almost unknown. This paradox is explained by the simple fact that the socialistic party is not so socialistic as its name implies. I was at first puzzled by the frequency with which the words "Workman" and "Socialist" were used as interchangeable and synonymous.

"There was a small vote there" said my neighbor in a political meeting, "because it is not a workingmans quarter"; and again when I once went to Pankow to attend an advertized reunion of two hundred workingmens singing societies, I found myself to my astonishment in the midst of 10,000 socialists! ~~Shoddy~~ They were, however, scarcely the American ideal of socialists, but rather a typical Coney Island throng — perhaps a bit less independent and self-assertive, ~~but~~ and a bit poorer, but withal the same good-natured, curious, happy, dirty and enthusiastic ~~throng~~ crowd of every-day working people. I asked a neatly dressed and harmless-looking little maiden with whom I danced: "Are you too a socialist?" "O yes!" she replied; "And why?" She looked a bit puzzled and then answered half-timidly: "Because my father is." I danced with her again.

I have come to realize that the ~~Socialism~~ politics of the German Social-democrats is democracy far more than socialism. It is the same old time-honored

story of the awakening of a great mass of people to a realization of their own importance and power, ~~and thus too~~ in a land where mediaeval, aristocratic, ideas have lasted longest. The party is socialistic in theory because German professors have preached socialism, German popular leaders have deified it, and the German state has practised it, until all German reform movements take on a more or less socialistic form as naturally as the Anglo-Saxon movements take on the individualistic form. The great mass of the party however bother themselves little over theory, and the "future state" but are party with enthusiasm over their new-found practical power, and higher responsibilities, under the present State; and in so far the phenomenon is nothing more or less than a late wave of the older democratic movement in Europe*.

We thus see that the socialistic wing of opposition to the moderate parties swings around and joins the wing of demo-

* see on this point the excellent little essay, by a theological student, Paul Göhre, on "Drei Monate Fabrikarbeiter" Leipzig, 1891. Especially chapter V.

cratic opposition. Let us then turn to this wing and note its composition. What we have denominated the ~~Left Wing~~, ~~all present~~ comprehend those forces in German politics which oppose both the centralized military monarchy and ~~both~~ mild and ultra-socialism. Among these we have three groups, the Particularists*, the Religionists, and the ~~Radicals~~ Democrats. States-Right though discredited by the events of '71, nevertheless still lives in Germany. Not only are there close political groups like the unhappy Poles, the bitter Danes and Hanoverians and the homesick Elsassers, but there is also throughout South Germany still a strong State-rights spirit. This spirit has found it chief strong hold hitherto under the cover of a religious movement, which has finally developed into a strong democratic agitation. The great Roman Catholic party, the Ultramontanes, sit, one hundred strong, in the centre of the Reichstag, and are popularly known as the "Centrum." They were originally both a sectional and sectarian party, representing

1/10/22.

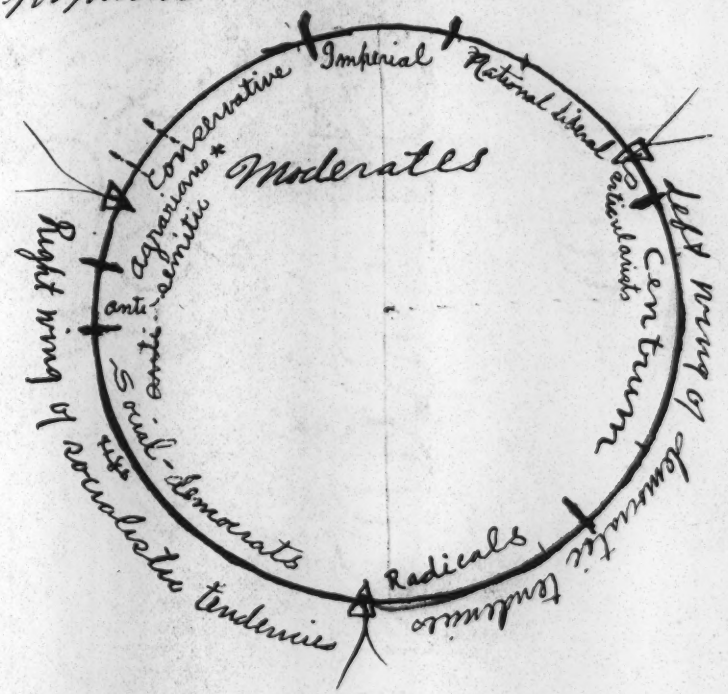
* German dubbed as "Particularisten" those who stand State rights and decentralization as against a strongly unified government.

particularistic, Catholic Germany as against centralized protestant Germany. Their stronghold is in Bavaria, Baden, the Rheinlands, and ~~southern~~ southern Silesia. Under the leadership of Windthorst they became a mighty party, against whose tactics Bismarck thundered in vain. What the Kultur-Kampf could not accomplish however, the development of liberal political thought has; and the influence of the Catholic nobles and the priests in the party has since 1874 visibly declined, and radical democratic leaders come to the front, until, in the last election, the democratic Lieber completely ousted his rivals as leader of the great party, which is now decidedly democratic in tendencies

The party of German democracy, par excellence, is the Radical party of north Germany and the allied Peoples party of south Germany. This is the party of trade and industry which is impatient of the restraint of monarchy, and longs for unfettered competitive development. It is of course the stronghold of the Jews, and also of those Germans like Professor Virchow, who look upon England as a model both in parliamentary government

and industrial development. The American is apt to find himself largely in sympathy with the aims of this party, but the German hates it in just such degree as he fears the advent of democratic party government in a state which is military by necessity. #

Let us now in a word review this political field. If we represent it by a circle, the the different parties and groups of parties would occupy segments as follows, according to the popular vote in 1893:



The strength of the various parties in the various Reichstags from 1871 to 1893 is as follows:

* Part of the conservative strength was due to Agrarian & Antisemitic votes

Strength of Parties in Reichstag 1871-93.

	1871	1874	1877	1878	1881	1884	1887	1890	1893*
Conservative	57	22	40	59	50	78	80	68	74
Imperial	37	33	38	57	28	28	41	18	24
Liberal Imperial	30	3							
National Liberal	125	155	141	109	47	51	99	42	50
Liberal Union					46	67	32	68	12
Progressive	46	49	35	26	60				24
Centrum,	61	91	93	94	100	99	98	105	96
Poles	13	14	14	14	18	16	13	17	19
Socialists	2	9	12	9	12	24	11	36	44
People's party	1	1	4	3	9	7	0	10	11
Elsaessers,	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10**
Danes,	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1
Hannoverians	9	4	4	10	10	11	4	10	7
Antisemitic,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	16
Belonging to no party:	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	9
	382	397	397	397	397	397	397	397	397†

Radical

† → military bills

Historical events influencing various Elections during this period.

- Liberal opposition to Kartell parties
- Fear of war
- 1st Election after law v.s. Socialists, &c
- Election following attempt on Emperor's life
- Kulturkampf – election following height of agitation
- 1st election after war of 1871 & unification of New Germany.

* These figures are subject to slight changes through bye-elections, double-elections, etc.

** Of these 3 voted for the bills.

~~† No. members in R., not necessarily total of columns~~

This ~~then~~ was the situation with which the imperial government had to reckon, when it decided, early in the year, that a thorough reorganization and increase of the peace footing of the army was absolutely necessary to Germany's safety, and the insurance of European peace. The silent growth of the mighty armaments of Europe in late years has been enormous; and the only great continental nations who have lagged at all in the race are perhaps Austria and Italy, Germany's allies. This has increased the danger of Germany, for now both the Russian and the French armies singly outnumber hers,** while her allies have rather fallen behind. Then, too, dangerous influences, in both of the threatening countries seem uppermost in the government. For these reasons, after long and careful consideration, the Federal Council agreed to present to the People in their legislative capacity the now celebrated Military bill of 1893.

The ~~present~~ peace footing of the army, at that time, according to the law of 15th July 1890, was, including officers paymasters bands and privates, 486,983 men.* Adding to this surgeons,

* annual average

** See next sheet (22½) Note

1/8/12

Note.

The peace-footing of the French army during the last three years has averaged 519,000 men; for 1894, 532,631 men.

The peace footing of the Russian army was in 1889, 926,000 men; in 1893, 1,020,000 men, of which only about 100,000 are in Asia.

In case of war between the Triple Alliance and France and Russia, it is estimated that in 1893 the latter could have immediately brought 27 more infantry divisions, and 6 more calvalry divisions than the former, to the field of conflict.

10/727

smiths and various assistents, we have a grand total of 511,885 souls. ~~The new proposal was~~ This represents already a great increase since the well-known von Roon increase. By the law of March, 1887 the peace foot ~~regt~~ was 468,409 men, by that of July 1890, 486,983. Now a further increase to 570,877 was asked making a grand total of at least 600,000 war-buzidd men. This was to ~~cost~~ entail an immediate extra outlay of 68 million marks, and a future outlay of 64 millions. The service of the infanty was to be in general two years, instead of three, although this remained to the discretion of the officers.

8/1911

The proposal was no sooner made public than an almost unanimous cry of disapproval came from all parts of the nation, from the press, from the industries and from every single political party except the Imperialists. The bill manifestly went to the very bases of Germanys political situation.

~~revealed that situation in a peculiarly clear light~~

The paradox of German politics immediately became painfully evident. This great nation, kept systematically – perhaps necessarily – almost entirely ignorant of self-government, is armed with the Almighty Ballot – a concession which even a Bismarckian absolutism dare not deny modern liberalism. Thus it happens that a mass of theorists and inexperienced politicians are from time to time called to pass judgement on technical questions of governmental policy, which go to the very heart of Germany's existence. The reason and the only reason that this economy does not lead to even more dangerous deadlocks and anomalous results than it has, is because the German ~~voted~~ voter though armed with the ballot, is largely denied the results of that power. The popularly-chosen Reichstag may indeed reject a government bill, but the governing ministry is not responsible to the Reichstag but to the Kaiser, and the Kaiser to the Lord. If then an Opposition rejects a bill

it cannot assume power and pursue a contrary policy; it can only continue a fruitless strife with a thoroughly organized and determined government, and finally either gain the unenviable notoriety of a mere obstructionist party or rouse the country to more or less revolutionary measures. Thus the government always appeals to the "patriotism" of the voters as against the opposition. Twice has the Emperor in the last campaign stigmatized the opposition as unpatriotic. This naturally takes the very wind out of the sails of opposing parties and leads to a new system of parliamentary government, viz.: Bargaining. The parties form a sort of circle about a central stable and independent government; they do not go into downright opposition, but bargain to sell their support for the largest amount of governmental concession to their programs possible. Hence the infinite number of groups and parties in Germany — a thing that would rapidly disappear before responsible party government.

The appearance, however, of such widespread opposition to the military bills, revived the

~~opposition of the Reichstag liberals~~
radicals in the Reichstag to make the most
strenuous efforts to defeat the bills, in the openly
expressed hope that such a defeat would
be a step toward a ~~freer~~ freer parlia-
mentary system. Notwithstanding, however, all
the seeming discontent, and the daring leadership
of Eugen Richter, the opposition had uphill
work. The nation faced the situation with
a strange helplessness, the parties wavered and
bargained, and ~~until~~ five minute before the
deciding vote it was impossible to predict the
result with confidence. Finally however both
the original bills, and an ~~as slightly~~ amended
form, were rejected in full House by the seem-
ingly by decisive vote of 210 to 162. The mi-
nority was composed of the moderate parties, supported by Anticemites, Poles and a few Radicals. ~~Following~~
I says seemingly, for the results of
following this vote ~~and the consequent dissolution of~~
~~the Reichstag~~ showed that the vote was most
indecisive. No sooner was the Reichstag dis-
solved and the constituencies appealed to
than nearly every one of the great parties
went into internal convulsions over ~~to stand~~.

1/6/13

the issue. The Conservatives hastened to save themselves from catastrophe by embracing agrarianism and Antisemitism with all their demagoguery and socialism. The Radical party through the very vehemence of its opposition split with the two sections which originally founded it, one section reluctantly accepting the bills, the other determined to continue the opposition. Finally, to the open-mouthed surprise of all Germany, ominous rumblings were heard in that tower of strength, the Centrum. Nobles and priests backed by the Pope desired to use the party's support to bargain with the Government for the return of the Jesuits. The thoroughly democratized rank and file would have none of this, and so fierce was the strife that the party-program dared not announce the attitude of the Centrum to the sole issue of the campaign. Only two parties remained firm from the beginning: the stalwart Imperialists being ready to accept not only these bills but more, and the Social-democrats, determined to yield no single inch.

10/132

Thus the campaign opened and lasted till June 15, on which day the official election was fixed. There was a certain listlessness about the battle which would surprise an American who did not remember that Germans are not used to carrying ministers in their pockets, or see electing kings, and being so accustomed to see politics take care of themselves in an orderly and decent manner, they are with difficulty aroused in a crisis. The votes of the campaign were first struck by the appearance of the party programme, or better announcement of attitude, in the papers — generally short logical and clear documents. Then the names of the various candidates appeared — an average of four or five for each of the four hundred constituencies. Finally meetings began to be held, announced by pink placards on the bill boards.

The party machinery by which all this is accomplished has reached no such elaborate development as with us. There being nothing of the caucus system, but campaign funds, and nominating conventions. Each district

170/133

has an organization of each party, half-political half social. The work of this association is done by a committee generally self-elected. The Reichstag deputies of the party form the central committee which binds the different local associations together, issues party announcements and the like. Candidates are selected either by the local committee or by the deputies and there is as yet little friction or wire-pulling in the matter, a well-known man being generally selected by common consent. Once in two or three years a "party-day" is called when representatives of all the associations meet and adopt a general party programme, discuss the situation, etc. As in England candidates offer themselves anywhere irrespective of their dwelling place. The character of the candidates has hitherto been exceptionally high, men like Virchow, von Bennigsen, Wagner, Richter and Liebknecht representing high ideals of self-sacrificing public service. On the other hand there are some signs of falling away from the old standard, as, for instance, the advent of the demagogue Ahlwardt into unenviable notoriety.

1/6/134

The chief methods of agitation are ~~the~~ the Press, meetings, pamphlets and handbills. The democratic torchlight procession has as yet found no place in the dignified German proceedings. The Press, though widely read, hardly wields the political influence of ours. The articles are rather too discursive, and then too the country has not as yet realized that in politics they are addressing the masses and not the learned world. Consequently articles and speeches are apt to fly above the real readers and listeners and leave the public confused as to real issues. The meetings are ~~apt to~~ quieter and more intellectual than ours and partake, none of the character of our "stump" ~~oratory~~ assemblies. Carefully reasoned arguments, statistics, and general social philosophy is most often heard in the ~~assemblies~~ rallies. These meetings do not take place very frequently — each party having from three to six in Berlin and fewer in the country. They are fairly attended but women are never present, except with the socialists. We would scarcely call them enthusiastic.

1/0/135

The part played by our closing rallies is supplied here in part by handbills or "Flugblätter" as they are called, which are distributed just before the election and are generally pretty shark pieces of literature not without their share of demogoguery and lying. As I came out of a lecture one morning I was met by a handbill urging me: "Go by all means to the second voting District, and help the warmly patriotic Professor Wagner to beat the cold stoney rector of the University, Professor Virchow; pay the rector back for saying ~~that the German~~ that the German youth of today ~~lack~~ have little idealism because they do not rally to the standard of (Jewish!) liberalism!" Further on I was warned: "Citizens! never again should we vote for a candidate whose vote against the military bills was loudly applauded in all France as a deed of love for that land." In the last open Radical meeting, a hand bill was distributed saying: "Continually more soldiers, continually more taxes! what are we coming to? The whole

1913/14

state will be militarized! military hangers-on shiny from the barrack like mushrooms. The recruit-spirit of tame submission will fill the people: 'Pay your taxes, become soldiers, and keep your mouths shut,' will soon be the life program and citizen dignity of the German."

Election-day, June 15, differed little in outward appearance from other days. Only small groups of ticket distributors at the various booths gave signs of anything unusual. All resident citizens of German States in full enjoyment of political rights, and at least twenty-five years of age, have the right to vote and be voted for. The Empire is divided into 397 election districts each of which is to return one deputy, a proportion of about 1:125,000. The district division was made some twenty years ago, and is already disproportional, the Conservative country districts having a great advantage over the Radical and Social-democratic cities. Berlin with her million and a half souls has but six deputies in place of the dozen or more to which she is entitled. Each voting district (Wahlkreis) is divided into precincts of 3500 voters or less. A commission for the district and for each

1/2/137

Precinct is appointed by local authorities to superintend the voting, which is secret and direct. The voting lists are published sometime before hand, and corrected at request, and then as the voter votes his name is checked. The ballot is a simple piece of white paper with simply the name of the candidate, without that of the party, written or printed thereon. "Blanket" ballots are never used - indeed seldom if ever do elections for different offices fall on the same day. The voting lasts from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and of the perhaps 10,000,000 ~~entitled~~ legal voters, about 7,400,000 voted in the last election, or 74%*. Considerable difficulty is caused by the legal provision that an absolute majority of the votes cast is necessary for election. This bids fair in future to make Germany a perfect paradise for wire-pullers and political manipulators. Even now, and especially in the election of 1893, the first vote loses its real significance in a vast number of cases, and becomes a mere testing of party strength. Only 217 of the 397 members were definitively elected at the first ballot, leaving 180 elections to be decided at a second ballot when only the two candi-

1/2/136

* This is only a fair estimate. Official figures for Bavaria alone are at hand: 728,746 out of a possible 166,625 voted, or 62½%. Elsewhere the proportion was larger.

dates ~~can~~ highest on the list can be voted for. Thus the second ballot becomes a system of trading and the party with the best organization is apt to reap the greatest advantage. Anomalous situations often occur through abstentions, ~~etc~~ (when, e.g., a Conservative has to choose between a Radical and a Social-democrat) which may lead to the election of a candidate by a smaller vote majority than his opponent received at the first ballot; then too questionable combinations take place, as when many of the moderate parties united with the Social-democrats in Berlin to defeat the Radical Professor Virchow and send the typesetter Fischer to the Reichstag.

The night of the election showed more excitement than hitherto. Unusually enthusiastic meetings of all the parties were held where results were announced, speeches made, and beer drunk. Extras were hawked on the streets by men, women, and children, and crowds made their way hither and thither for the latest bit of news. Indeed Berlin came as nearly being excited as I ever saw it. The results* of the election were as follows:

1/130

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* Some slight changes in these figures will be made by double elections, etc. Then too the parties [Settlers] [are all so in short that changes of from 3 to 6 in strength often occur in case of a

Parties	Elected on First Ballot	Elected on Deciding Ballot	Party Strength in Reichstag '93	Party Strength in Reichstag 90	Gain	Loss.
Conservative	49	25	74	68	6	
Imperial	11	13	24	18	6	
National Liberal	15	35	50	42	8	
Radical people's	0	24	24	68		32
Radical Union	3	9	12			
Peoples	4	7	11	10	1	
Centrum	81	15	96	105		9
Hannoverians	0	7	7	10		3
Social-democrats	24	20	44	36	8	
Poles.	12	7	19	17	2	
Antisemites	3	13	16	6	10	
Danes.	1	0	1	1		
Elsassers for the bill	3	0	3	10		
" vs. the bill	6	1	7			
without party	5	4	9	6	3	
Totals	217	180	397	397		

The popular vote* so far as ascertainable at this time was:

Against the Bill		For the Bills	
Social-dem.	1,734,000	Konservatives	985,000
Centrum	1,270,000	Imperialist	410,000
Radicals people's	352,000	Nat. Liberals	960,000
Peoples	165,000	Antisemites	340,000
Partic. groups	200,000	Radical Union	397,000
	3,721000 votes	Poles	300,000
			3,392,000 votes

* This can only be regarded as a rough estimate.

These figures do not give the whole truth as there was some cross-voting, and for the vote of the independent is not accounted for. It would seem, however, that the people cast a narrow majority against the bill, while the ~~deputies~~ distribution of the deputies gave a small majority for them, as follows:*

~~For the bills~~ Against the Bill		For the Bills	
Centrum	91.	Conservative	68
Soc.-dem.	43.	Imperial	27
Elsassers	8	Nat.-lib.,	52
Radical-p.	22	Centrum	2
Peoples	10	Poles	18
Hannoverians	4	Radical. V.	13
Independents &c	9	Conservative	16
	187 votes	Independents &c	3
			198 votes.

Majority for military bills: 11, in house of 397.

On the whole the result of the election, from all points of view, is rather disappointing and puzzling; it can only be explained by assuming that the German nation quibbled with the real question at issue,

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[The majority for the government at the later ballot rose to 16.

* This was the vote on the first decisive division after the assembling of the new body.

and wasting their strength on the political fads and heresies of the day, returned a confused and nearly unintelligible answer which almost accidentally resulted in the passage of the government's important measures. The danger in the situation lies not in the narrowness of the majority, but in its wavering and undecided character. It would have augured far more for the future of the land if a decisive No had been returned, ~~instead~~ even in the face of the colossal danger of such a situation, than that a great nation should shrink from attending to the serious question of the hour, and go chasing political and social Will-o-the-wisps. As it is the German government is strangely placed. In a house of 400 deputies, after a campaign in which the Emperor himself went electioneering, an amended form of its proposals* were passed by a dozen majority, and that majority, too, resting on Polish

* The law as passed provides for an increase of the peace footing ~~(military effective)~~ from 486,983 to 557,093. ~~(or, call it a few thousand more)~~ at an immediate outlay of 60 million marks, and a future outlay of 55 million.

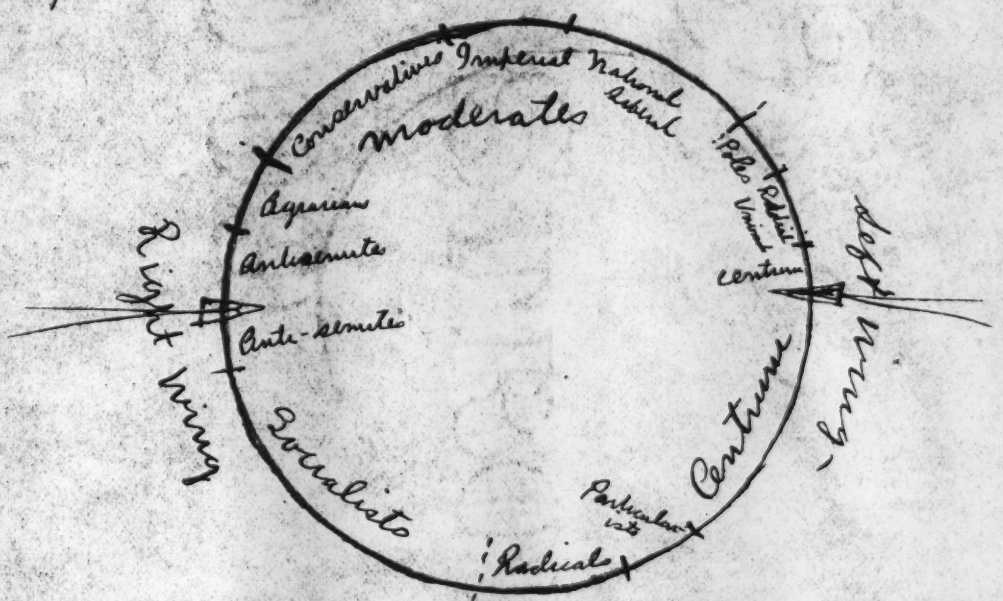
particularists, agrarian paternalists, and anti-semitic socialists — a rather doubtful basis for a ~~centralized~~ military monarchy, by Divine Right.

~~Further~~ One clear note, however, was sounded by this election, viz: that the democratization of the German masses is proceeding at a rapid rate. The vote of the Social-democrats reached the enormous height of one and three-quarter million, being thus the largest vote of all the parties, ~~and~~ being a half million higher than that of its next competitor, and nearly three times that of the Conservative party. Add to this other democratic, ultra-radical, and socialistic votes and we may justly conclude that fully half the votes cast come under this catagory. The personell of the Reichstag itself begins to indicate this vast movement, in the large number of new men elected, the disappearance of such old leaders as Ballenstrem, Bamberger, von Huene, von Stauffenbach, etc., and a decrease from the last Reichstag of 20% in the number of the members of the nobility in the chamber.* ~~from the~~ This is a situation to be carefully studied. If we return to our circle

* Bavaria has but one noble in her Diet & he is a Socialist.

1/0143

of parties, we may may see that the right and left wings of opposition appear both to be splitting, the smaller parts of each, ie the Agrarians and better class of Antisemites on the right; the Poles, and Radical Unionists, on the left, tending toward the moderate parties; the large parts of both wings seem then to be uniting in a democratic opposition:



1/6/94

This has been brought about by internal dissentions in the Centrum, Radical, and Antisemites parties, which have all resulted in rifts along this line. If this development continues we may expect to see two great parties arise out of the multitudinous groups, a moderate and a Radical. The character of the radical party depends on the development of the German pos-

ple. If the by a larger and larger participation in practical political life and self-government they lose something of their theoretical airiness and tendency & doctrinairism, this opposition sobered and ballasted by responsibility will be nothing more or less than time honored liberal democracy. If however either through the necessities of European militarism or through aristocratic prejudices, the German nation shall continues to be kept in political leading-strings under a benevolent paternalism, then this opposition will certainly take on dangerous and extreme forms

It is thus plain that the political leadership of Germany for the next fifty years will require talent of an equal if not higher order than that of the last fifty. Indeed & this great task the genius of no one man, Bismarck or other, will suffice: it calls for the genius of a nation.

W. E. B. Du Bois.

10/14/5

1896 ~~1895~~

1 1+1 white + yellow double sheet

1895
1895
LD

The Socialism of German Socialists

33-1-35

When one hears that the vote of the socialistic party of Germany rose from 312,000 in 1881 to 1,725,000 at the last election of the Reichstag, the question naturally arises, What is the true significance of this? ~~and~~ How far have the economic theories of Socialism really penetrated the masses of Germany? Such questions are apart from the more usual inquiries as to the scientific soundness of the official manifestoes of this party, or the personal aims of Bebel, Liebknecht or von Vollmar. Nevertheless the inquiry into the real economics beliefs of the nearly two million German voters usually classed as "Socialists", is certainly of deep interest to the Sociologist and Statesman

33-1-36

During a sojourn in Germany, I have met and conversed with Socialists and their opponents in many sections of the empire, have watched an exciting political campaign, and while I am sure that my basis for induction and conclusion, is, in spite of this, dangerously narrow, yet some observations, given with all reserve, may be of ~~some~~ value to students.

I distinguish, roughly, about seven classes of socialists in Germany. The first and lowest class is that anarchistic semi-criminal proletariat, which always, in all countries, attaches itself to the most radical party. The socialism or anarchism of this class has, naturally, little theoretic unity. They are only united in desiring change; fretting and chafing under the strict police-system of the Hohen-

zollern regime, they stand ever ready & foment disorder by deeds of violence, and even crime. There are among them some earnest men who thoroughly believe that the foundations of modern society are so rotten that any crime for its overthrow is justified. This group has sometimes sought a separate organization and propaganda from the Socialists, and at no time have they been fairly representative of the great mass of the Social-Democratic party.

33-1-37

The second group of socialist, and ~~the~~ a more important one so far as economic theory is concerned, is composed of those industrial classes who especially feel the intense pressure of those vast economic changes through which Germany is now passing; they are the men who in every such change pay the cost by lower wages, or entire lack

of employment; they ~~bear~~ bear more than their share of economic losses, and less than their share of economic gains. Thus in Germany, which in spite of its Rhein and Schwarzwald, is industrially younger than young America, the agricultural laborer, the small handicraftsman, the common factory hands, and the like, have, in the period of sweeping economic change since 1870, found themselves pushed to the wall. They have been displaced by the American farm, outbidden by the factory and stock-company, or left to the tender mercies of the sharpest industrial competition. In the face of such facts their economic creed is as simple as powerful: they maintain, in action if not in words, that any organization of society which forces a few to bear the economic burdens of all, is rade-

33-138

cally false and wrong. While this line of ~~attack~~ reasoning has not as yet driven all of this class into the Socialists arms, yet they have long formed the most promising field for proselyting. ~~Not only are they a positive addition~~ They are, not only a positive numerical power in the Social-Democratic party, but also a well-nigh irresistible ~~to~~ negative force: they are living examples of the economic ills of society, before which the older Economics can, in the nature of the case, have little to say, and at which the Socialists may rave with powerful logic.

The third class of Socialists, belong, strange to say, to those who on the whole have been benefited by the use of the new Industrialism; they include the great laboring classes, especially the skilled laborers — the Fourth Estate. They are men

33-1-39

33-1-40

who are earning fair wages — not so much as ~~an~~ American or ~~an~~ English artisans, but much more than their fathers earned, and enough to secure them a decent livelihood. While, then, they may be favorably compared with most similar classes in other countries, they differ from others in occupying a position in the political and industrial ~~world~~ world, which is new to them. The changes of the last two decades have aroused and fired them, and their new aspirations have far outstripped their moderate material betterment. These ~~They~~ form the pith and marrow of the great Social-Democratic party, because, being suddenly thrown together in the great cities and manufacturing centres, they have just awakened to class-consciousness, and realized their almost irresistible power ~~as~~ as citizens and voters; from country-districts where

33-1-41

almost mediaeval class distinctions still exist, they have been thrust into communities where the Emperor himself is freely criticized, and where men of their own class sit beside Freiherrs and "vons" in the Reichstag. Thus the German laborer, today, is flushed and enthusiastic over a new-found consciousness of power and ability. Here however is nothing new; this is the same democratic movement, which, with natural modifications in time, place, and method, has played its role throughout the civilized world. I realized vividly as I moved about amid an assembly of 10,000 socialists at Pankow, that German socialism, as there represented, though it has new phrases, catchwords, and object, is in substance an old movement under a new name.

That there lies a deep signifi-

glance in this name is not to be denied; not that it means that the German workingman is a strict follower of Marx, La Salle, or the Fabians: it merely indicates the more or less faintly defined ideals which he has set before himself. At present, his economic creed is apt to be more simple than logical: He holds that the ~~fact~~ present state of affairs ~~is~~ is unsatisfactory because the ruling ~~powers~~ classes have usurped the power rightfully belonging to the people, and use it to their own advantage; the people therefore ought to have more power. Upon this simple democratic argument, is then superimposed one more socialistic: the capitalists, ~~and~~ and the official and leisure classes, by gaining possession of the products of labor, retain for themselves an undue share of these, and thus

33-1-42

rob and oppress the laborer; therefore these rulers of the industrial State should be deposed, and — with a dextrous swing back to the original argument — the people made the rulers of the State, where then would be Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood. These two almost opposing arguments of Democracy and Socialism are to be heard thus combined in the mouth of the mass of this class of German socialists: As was printed on the Pankow program; they declare in one breath:

"Nun kommt der Freiheit grosser Tag,
"Nun soll die Arbeit siegen."

Further the workingman is especially attracted to the Social-Democratic party by its shrewd leadership, its superb organization, and its growing success. They ~~feel~~ feel it

33-1-43

to be their party, and take pride in it, and are in no little degree flattered by the attention and notoriety the party has gained in aristocratic Germany. Small wonder that "Arbeiter" and "Sozialist" have become almost synonymous terms in Germany: my neighbor, at a great political meeting in Berlin, remarked: "The socialistic vote at X was small, because there are few workingmen there."

33-1-44

Manifestly, however, this sort of socialism holds within itself the seeds of its own decay, and its developement will be watched with interest. It is, of course possible that strong leaders may infuse the economic doctrines of socialism into this class to such an extent, that their energies will bend themselves toward a realization of the Zukunfts-staat. On the other hand

33-1-45

it is more probable that they will find the spirit of Democracy which they have evoked by their Freedom-cry, too strong to be long attracted by the machine-like organization of a socialistic State; indeed recent developements in the ~~social-istic~~ party seem to point to this latter outcome. Many measures looking toward the amelioration of the condition of the masses, and the increase of their political and social activity, are to day advocated by a branch of the Social-Democratic party, which, although democratic enough, are ~~are~~ by no means regarded by other leaders, as germane to orthodox socialism. Democracy and Socialism have too diverse ~~objects~~ goals in view for both long to remain the practical objects of one political organization; and so far as the mass of German workingmen is concerned, Democracy would seem at present to hold out the stronger

33-1-46

~~but~~ allurements.

As leaders of these nominal socialists, and as men who, by reason of their economic beliefs, more nearly deserve to be called real socialists, come the fourth group. They are composed of the lower middle or burger class, who feel not only the material, but even more keenly, the moral revolution, which the new Industrialism has precipitated. The hard commercial bargains, the sharp competition, the higgling of the market, and the whole idea of reducing human effort to a mere money basis, is peculiarly bewildering to the slow-going good-natured German burger. He ~~also~~ finds his economic calculations all awry, and cannot easily adapt his productive efforts to a ~~world~~-market, instead of to the wants of a small village community. When now the young men of

33-1-42

this class start out into life, with little if any capital, and with ideals and prejudices somewhat strange to the counting-house and factory, they soon find themselves crowded back in the competition. An unlooked for result of the Prussian educational system, renders a man, who can read, write, and cipher, no rarity, and here again is a cause of increased competition among the young men of the lower middle class, whose commercial training otherwise has been limited. For this reason one meets all over Germany young men, of honest parentage and good character who are unsuccessful in the new business life of the land, and barred out by birth from other avenues of advancement, and who on this account have turned toward Socialism as a panacea. My kindhearted old landlady down in the Rheinpfalz pointed

33-1-48

out to me such a struggling young fellow, who was vainly trying to subsist as bookkeeper in a cotton factory, on a salary of 70 Marks per month: "Do you blame our young men from becoming socialists?" she asked indignantly.

Undoubtedly, lack of capital and business sense, together with the irresistible competition of shark, and sometimes unscrupulous, Jews, would explain much of this misfortune. The young German burger, however is beginning to explain it differently. He considers the present low standard of morals in industry anomalous, and in need of ~~saying for~~ reform. He expects this reform to come as most social reforms do, in the enlargement of the number of those whose advancement is to be regarded as the Summum Bonum of the State;

~~Reason. Reason of the State~~; as, now, the tale of the century has been ~~the~~ toward the idea of government for All and not for a Few, so we will rise from the idea of an industrial system for the Few, to that of industry organized for the benefit of All. As to the exact way in which this momentous change is to be effected, there is great diversity of opinion, but most of this class would probably believe that much could be done immediately, and that the whole revolution could be accomplish in a quarter-century. These opinions are not generally based on very thorough investigation or deep thought, but come rather from limited observation, guided by political discussions and socialistic literature. Many of these young men are detered from openly joining the Socialists, from social and political motives, and yet they share in these

33-1-49

opinions, and give countenance & their spread.

33-1-50

While we finish, with the last class, the catalogue of those who openly identify themselves with the Social-Democratic party, or even acknowlege themselves & be socialists, yet there are other classes in Germany, who, in my opinion, deserve & be classed under that head. The foreigner must never forget, that no German gentleman can identify himself with the Social-Democratic party; that all means of rise or preferment in commercial, political, or social life, would be immediatelly closed & such a scape-goat. Consequently the boast, I am a Socialist, is never heard above the lower middle class, and yet, aid and sympathy for the movement come from higher classes, and where socialistic doctrines have many converts. In only one career, can

some modifications of extreme socialistic doctrines, be held without danger to holder's advancement; and that is, in the academic world. In a land where an aristocracy of intellect vies in authority with that of blood, it is natural that the student class should be large and influential. If this was true of Germany in the past, it is more so to-day, when the universities are crowded, and, as a disgusted Ober-regierungräthin informed me: "Everybody is a student!" Naturally one looks to such a class for radical doctrines, and although it would be wrong to think that any great part of the German students are declared socialists, yet it is certain that they are so largely tinged with socialistic doctrines as to deserve a place as the fifth of the socialistic groups I am considering.

33-1-51

33-1-52

The natural bent of the German mind to systematize all human knowlege, has always given the doctrine of state socialism an irresistible charm in their eyes; this added to the crowded condition of the learned professions, and the consequent discontent of the aspirants, (to many of whom this is the sole avenue of escape from the disadvantages of birth) has opened the door to radicalism of various kinds. As pure theory, Socialism has, in this class, made ~~perhaps the most~~ many converts. Nevertheless the socialism of the students is in general radically opposed in many ways to the socialism of the Social-Democratic party, by the fact that it is thoroughly aristocratic. The most socialistic of students, cannot overlook the difference between the educated and ignorant or embrace any theory of the State which assumes their equality. The Social-Democrat

on the other hand, assumes that Socialism and Democracy may be identical; in case of conflict, however, he clings to Democracy, and at all times regards a socialistic Aristocrat, with suspicion. In the Zukunfts-Staat of the student, the great, and to him the only theoretical difficulty, lies in securing the leadership in the hands of an aristocracy of learning: this point settled and he has little doubt of the efficacy of Socialism to cure nearly all social ills. He has in common with all the upper classes of Germany a fine contempt for commercial pursuits, and consequently his socialistic State, too, rather neglects its economic basis, to compass the higher aims of society.

Some Quixotic efforts have been made to unite the student socialists and the Social-Democrats, and some alleged conferences of German socialistic students have been held in Switzerland. While the

33-1-53

strong arm of the government, would of itself preclude any such union, the natural antagonism of the two parties, would, in its absence, probably keep them apart. A curious hand-bill argument for such a union, was circulated during my residence at Berlin and itself illustrated the futility of the attempt; it declared: "Capital has made merchandise not only of the labor of the manual workman, but also of the labor of the brain worker. This injures both producer and product — the producer being the Scientist, the product Science. Only by the overthrow of Capitalism can Socialism bring this unseemly situation to an end; therefore, ye brain-workers, especially Students, it is your duty — so long as free, true Science, is your hearts desire — to come to this meeting and inform yourselves in regard to Socialism"

33-1-54

Above the mass of immature young

students comes the sixth group of socialists, composed of young doctors, ~~to~~ tutors and professors — the spiritual descendents of the Socialists of the Chair. Few of these are avowed socialists, and mutual contempt and suspicion generally exists between them and the Social-Democrats. Indeed, little or no tinge of Democracy taints the professorial socialist; in a day when a Hohenzollern monarchy has built a new Germany, most thinking Germans are monarchists "von Gottes Gnade." The work of the Kathedar Socialists, and their followers, has been to formulate an economic theory which would suit the industrial conditions of New Germany. That English economic philosophy, which so admirably generalized the economic situation in England during the first half of the century, was, naturally, inadequate, mis-

33-1-55

leading and wrong, when applied without modification to the new and unusual conditions in Germany. Social philosophers and Statesmen hastened to stem the tide of liberalism, which insisted on applying English individualistic, free-competition, philosophy, to all men, everywhere, at all times. They succeeded, and today no German economist defends the laissez-faire system as more than a passing phase of development. On the other hand the economists have not succeeded in uniting upon any socialistic theory of the State, although nearly all seem inclined to some such solution. One has only to note the sort of omnium gatherum character of new text books like Wagner's Lehr- present unsettled und Handbuch to realize the situation of the professors. ~~and their attitude towards Socialism~~ A distinct, clear note

33-1-58

on the attitude of the learned world toward Socialism has, in my opinion, been struck by only one group, the so-called "Younger Historical School", lead by Schmoller of Berlin, and followed by a large and increasing number of younger men. This school does not very clearly announce any ulterior theoretic aim, further than the preservation of the essential and indivisible unity of all sociological inquiry. They confine themselves, in practice, to careful statistical investigation of the history and development of present economic conditions, and social phenomena. From this gradually increasing basis of scientific facts, they attempt to recommend remedies for certain more obvious social ills, but to go no further, in such recommendations and generalizations, than a careful interpretation of the facts at hand justifies.

33-1-57

They contend, however, that there is a frightful amount of injustice under the present individualistic regime: to correct this is their great ethical object.

"The practical outcome of the work of this school, and of the other followers of the Kathedar Socialists, has been economic and social changes in Germany, carried out on such distinctly socialistic lines, that Germany has with reason been called, the great socialistic State of the day: its vast and penetrating army system, its searching inspection and factory laws, its press and public-meeting regulations, its employer's liability laws, its old age, accident, and work-ingmen's compulsory insurance, its state and municipal industries, its governmental interference in industry, politics, and society — all this makes the school,

33-1-58

33-1-59

which, since the Franco-Prussian war, has more and more persistently promoted this sort of legislation, rightly deserve to be called socialistic. These social-philosophers themselves do not pretend to be able to prove that all ~~this so-called~~ these experiments are successful; nor do they contend that radical and complete Socialism is a panacea for social ills. On the contrary, they regard its practicableness unproved and improbable. They think, however, that facts so far, tend to prove, that an organization of industry far more socialistic than at present, would, in most civilized countries, conserve greater social justice.

For such a movement in the learned world so completely to capture the German State as it has, it was necessary that the Statesman of the empire be in sympathy. Since this was the

33-1-60

case, I venture, in spite of the apparent irony, to class the leaders of the German State as the seventh, and final class of German socialists. It was a rare specimen of opportunism that warded off 18th century Radicalism, and 19th century Democracy, by transforming the 17th century Paternalism of the Hohenzollerns into 20th century Socialism. This master play sought to stem the rising tide of Liberalism by the bulwark of social reform on socialistic lines. Curiously and yet naturally, the greatest foe of this socialistic state is the Social-~~ists~~-Democratic party of today; and this for the sole reason, that Germany today, in spite of reform, remains at bottom paternalistic and aristocratic. The opposition does not lie in the socialism, but between Democracy and Aristocracy; ~~both are~~ of the State, under the veil of Socialism, seeks to im-

press the idea that the conscientious government of the Few for the Many is the best possible government; the Social-Democrat declares, that only by the rule of All can the interests of All be preserved. Here lies the true antagonism which to day cleaves the German State in twain. German statesmen stand for the increase of the power of the State, and are socialistic in many of their schemes for the common weal; but they are as far from Marxism, as the Social-Democrats are from their ideals of aristocratic social reform.

Finally, let me again say that the foregoing conclusions lay no claim to finality — they merely state the results of my limited observations.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Ph. D.

83-1-61

Schulden der Südstaaten durch Ernten-
verpfändung.

[Allgemeine Berichte aus Hilgards Report on Cotton production in the U.S., 10th census.]

30-1-92

Briefe aus verschiedenen Theilen der einzelnen Südstaaten, gaben, im Jahre 1880 folgende Zustand:

Im Staat Virginia (3 Gafschaften):

The system here prevails to a great extent, sometimes consuming the total cotton crop.

North Carolina

Prevails to a considerable, but not to an alarming extent.

South Carolina

Prevails to a considerable extent

Georgia

Not widely prevalent, and decreasing.

Florida

Prevails in many regions to a "ruinous" extent

Alabama

Debts of this sort very large in the cotton regions

Mississippi

Debts of this sort consume $\frac{1}{2}$ or more of the crop.

Tennessee (westlicher Theil)

Debts of this sort common, and often consume $\frac{3}{4}$ of the crop.

Missouri

Prevails to some extent.

Arkansaw

Prevails to a very great extent

Texas.

Prevails in some parts of the states, and consumes $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of crop.

— o —.

Tabelle N° 22.

Arbeiter-Lohn, Pacht-Verhältnisse, etc.

Südstaaten.

30-1-23

Arbeiter-Lohn.

pro Monat in Dollars.

	1866	1869	1875	1879	1882
mit Kost	11.56	11.21	11.25	9.28	10.09
ohne "	16.72	17.11	16.48	13.31	15.10.

In der Ernten-zeit:

1 bis $1\frac{1}{2}$ dollars pro Tag ohne Kost.

$\frac{3}{4}$ " 1 " " " mit "

(Ausser Kost Mehl und Fleisch oft gegeben)

Pacht-Systeme (nach "Shares")

Eigenthümer giebt:

Land
Wald
Häuser
Werkzeuge
Vieh, und,
Futter

und bekommt
$\frac{1}{2}$ bis $\frac{2}{3}$ der Ernten

Pächter giebt:

Arbeit

und bekommt
$\frac{1}{3}$ bis $\frac{1}{2}$ der Ernten (Roh-Ertrag.

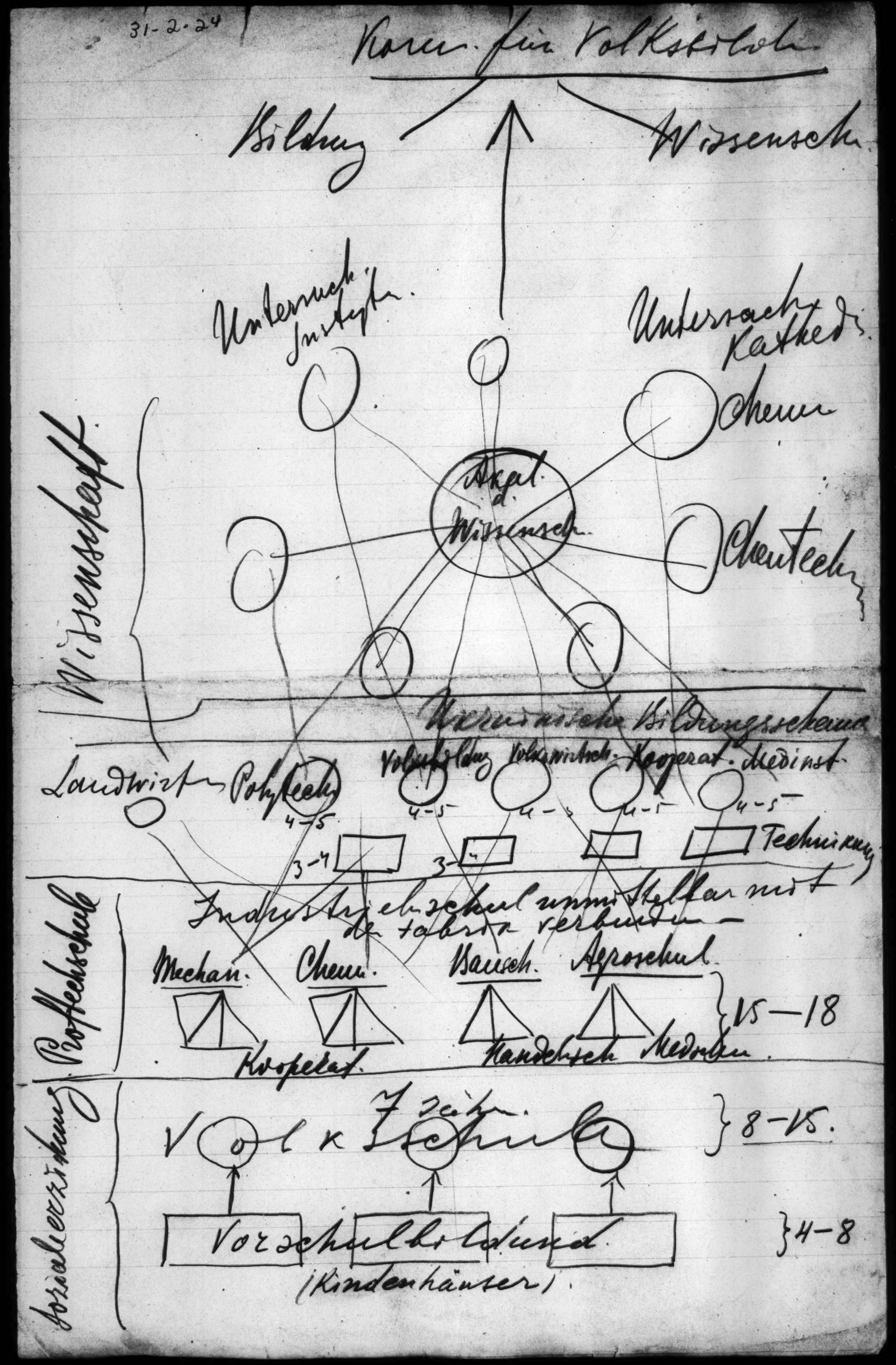
(wenn Eigenthümer auch Samen giebt so ist das ersten von Ernte angenommen)

Pacht Systeme für Geld

"Rent" = $6\frac{1}{2}$ bis 10 Dollars [illegible]

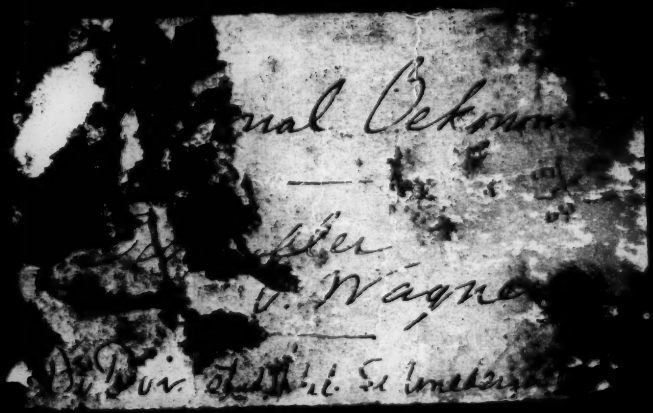
31-2-24

Karte für Volksbildung



ECONOMICS NOTEBOOK

c. 1893-94



Teijke

33-4-731

~~W.E. Burghardt Du Bois, Ph.D.~~

A.M., Ph.D.

Dr W.E. Burghardt Du Bois

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

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Walther

Meyer

Döring

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v. Mangoldt. grundl. d. Volksw. l.

A Heldt.: " d. Volkswirtsch.

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* Hermann (Deutsch Ausgabe) Staatswissenschaft.

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* Schürtheys Lehrbuch 1ter B. 3te Ed.
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Different Countries

English	French	German
Smith	Physiocrats	Rau
Ricardo	Say	Hermann
Thorne	Bastiat	List
Malthus	Sismondi	Roscher
Mill	Newman (Dict)	Hildebrandt
Marshall		* Knies
	Cauwès	Schäffle (Ges. v. Leben)
	Le Play	Menger
Ogden	Blanc	Rodbertus
Thomas		Marx
		Engels
		La Salle

Psychology of P.E: Wöffling, Wundt.
Ethics " " Spencer, Wöffding Paulsen, Gizycki

3 drei Aufgaben
in theoretische d. Pract. P.E.

What 1. Theoretische: Die Feststellung der Feststellung constellation der Condition
How 2. : Die Ermittelung der Gesetzmässig
Why 3 : u Erklärung der Zusammenhänge (condition cause
What this practisches: Beurtheilung des Erscheinung
Why this practisches weiths der

What about
How to g

Punkt 2. Punkt ——: Aufstellung eines Ziels
" 3 " : Der Weg d. Wissen z. Ziel

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* Mill: Logik (Essentially Logic der geistliche Wis.)
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Wundt

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Kapital 1. Katallaxie: v. Böhm Bawerk.

-Werth-

§ 134 in Wagner.

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Ricardo (cost of production

Hermann

Rau

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Carey: Principles of Political &c

Bastiat: Harmonies Economiques 5 cap 'Werth'

Bebel.

6 Arnaguelt
3. Davies
4 Daw
7 Schäffle
10 Wagner.
14 Newman.
9. Roscher.
15 Cohn
1. Herrmann

8. Rost
2. v. Thunen.
13 Schonberg Wanderbuch
12 Conrad's "
11. Waldebrunt.
5. Rodbertus
16 Lasalle.
17. Marx

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Wirkerman Die Sclaverei 1860
Thurman Arbeit & communism in Alterthum

*Dallon Histoire de la Esclavage in l'Angleterre

Knapp: Vorlesung über S. in Colonien
Baum Archiv für Soz. Gesetz B. III

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Olmsted: Slave States

Cairnes Slave Power

Derb eingeschaltet

Sauerheim Ges. der Selbstmorde in Europa 61

Koeckler: zur Gesch. — Grundbesitz in Russland

aber auch wo die freie Arbeit Vorzüge hat vor der unfreien Sklaven-Arbeit in allen Ländern dichter Bevölkerung. Zunächst unveränderte Gewohnheit an altem, dann grössere Intensität mehr die Gewohnheit, grössere Intensität mehr die mechanische Vervielfältigung. Manche bei die wesentlich mitwirkend, das wichtige ist doch

dass die formelle rechtsgleichheit
die ungleichen nicht körperlich
u. geistig gleich machen konnte
und dass in jeden grösseren ge-
meinwesen stets, eine reihe von
sozialen schichten neben einander
stehen, die nach abstammung, wohn-
sitz, nach den ersten

20 verschiedene elemente liefern,
dass die einen mehr zu gleichgül-
tig anderen mehr zu leidenschaft-
licher arbeit auffassen, und dass die
möglichkeit machen auf gegensätze
die begabten aus den unteren
klassen an diesen thatsache nichts
ändern. Es kommt dazu dass die
starke bevölkerungs zunahme im
ganzen & ganzen immer breite

bewerbern als Mahnung stellen
vorkommen sind, und dass in Folge
Ueberung diejenige welche ~~[illegible]~~ ohne
Vermögen sind, und sich nicht
durch besondere Eigenschaften, zur Arbeit
und Geschicklichkeit befähigt gemacht haben
Kapitalien zum Erwerben durch mensch-
lichen Lohn-Arbeit.

---

eine ungleiche ~~[illegible]~~ Vermögens
vertheilen unter gleichen Menschen
ist unmöglich.

---

gewerbliche Arbeit.

Die ältere gewerb. arbeitstheilung
war an eine angeborene besondere arbeiter
deren jeder in sich einen art
akathigen gewerblichen Bildung gezeugt
hat, eine weitere arbeitstheilung
in sich ausschloss; man zählte
zu anfang nur einige wenige

Statut 20-30 und Dutzende mehrere hundert unter verschiedene gewerbl. treibenden. Die betreffenden waren ursprünglich Chefs fremder und eigener Heere vornehmer welche die betreffende Kunst als Gewerbe betrieben; Chefs die Mitglieder der unteren Classen, die je nach den alten ihren Kunst und Ihr emporkam, je nach ihrer social organisation in verschieden Stelle einnahm

---

Die neuere gewerb. arbeits theilung hat nun nach 3 allen meisten consequenzen gezogen:
1. Die haben die Zahlen der beschäftigten ausserordentlich vermehrt von 20-300 arbeiter bis 3000-5000. in einem Staate. Die Theilung der

Industrien & und eine steigende Anzahl von Zwischenerzeugnissen — Halbfabrikaten — geht dieselbe Produkt ganzer Reihe von verschiedene Betrieben nach einander bis dasselbe erreicht. Es existieren z. B. heute in Deutschland allein 13 verschiedene Art von Betrieben die Stahl weiter verarbeiten — 50 Spezialitäten in der Feder verarbeiten 50-100 m. abmessen und so ist wieder in dies fast 4 Fällen weil so oft die Vorstellung Leute gelten gemacht wird als ob alle arbeits Teilung zwischen Leute innerhalb der Grenzen Industrie vollziehen

von 100 workers (exclusive family members) there are in

Gerade Staaten	Staats, Munic. Gemeinde Beamte	agriculture + Viehzucht	Bergbau	Steinbrüche	Industrie, manufacturing, building	Handel u. Verkehr	Freiberufliche Angestellte
Denmark '82	5.4	46	5.2	0.[illegible]	36.3	8.9	2.3
Aus. '80	4.1	5.8		0.104	22.2	4.2	9.7
Ungarn '80	3.8	—	67.2	—	12.1	2.8	14
Ital. '81	4.3	62.	0.26	0.32	22.4	6.0	4.3
Schweiz '70	3.2	4 5	0.38	0.08	41.9	7.6	1.4
Frankr. '81	8.1	44.9	1.45	—	31.7	13.7	—
Eng. '81	6.2	13.6	6.08	0.31	54.5	15.8	8.1
Scott. "	4.4	16.4	0.32	2.21	54.8	8.2	6 2
Ire "	5.4	48.3	0.01	0.53	23.0	8.2	14.
U.S.A. '80	4.4	4 7.	0.6	0.25	24.4	12.4	11.5

Mines + Quarry

N.
E.
D
9.
S. U.
9
Nw.
Un
Sw.

Editor D. Resch. Neue Zeit

B. 3

Es entstand die Arbeits Theilung innerhalb der größeren Betriebe, die Werkstatt vergrößerte sich wie wir sahen über die gelernte Arbeit Frauen Kinder und ungelernte Arbeit Heran, der Werkzeuge vermehrt sich, die Maschinen wurden immer weiter, die Getheilt es konnten so die verschiedenen Arbeitsmittel von der besten Art & Weise benutzt Fabriken wurden entwickelt und der Heranziehung gliederung der Arbeits Kräfte immer so die einzelne Arbeitsteilung immer in sich

Maschines

Wir sahen der Arbeits Maschinen nun dann wir. Mit an bestimmten Punkten die Arbeits Werkzeuge Hand Thätigkeit der Menschen besiegt und aufgehoben, in dem sie in Stoffe und Kräfte wesentlich nur die Aufgabe

des rohstoffs die überwachung der
maschine und die abnahme des
fertigen produktes für die meisten
übrig bleibt, aber es hat damit doch
ein ende, jeder arbeit [illegible] und
geschicklichkeit hört und die
angeblich wichtigste industrie ist die arbeit
überflüssige und skilled labor allerdings
an einzelne maschine nicht an
werkzeug noch weniger gewerbe
jedenfalls ist die vorstellung das die
maschinen [illegible] sämtlich aller arbeiter in
irgendeinem [illegible] sogenannten sog.
freien arbeit [illegible] habe eine
sinnfällig falsche

Der dritte einwand liegt auf
dem boden der natürlichen [illegible]
der gemeinschaft und in zusammenhang
damit der [illegible] produktion. Jemand

entstand by allen wolken
mit der bedingnis von gewerbe
und handel nach localen con-
centration der gegen satz von
stadt u. land die locale gliederung
wobei einen stadt und städtische
markt mit den entsprechende
Handwerken den ausschliesslichen
mittelpunkt eines lokal begrenzten bezirks
für alle alltäglichen wirtschaftlichen verhältnisse
war deshalb die rechts ordnung im
verhältnis von stadt u land d.h. über
u. den lokalen production zu gewerbe und
handel der mittelpunkt alle wirtschaftlichen
lichen schichten.

---

wir wo waren werken stadt und
wo etwas gebaut wurden konnte finden
eine sammelnd arbeitsteilung zwischen
benachbarte gegende stadtfrieden — & wo
was für a long time confined & small

Jahrhunderts waren – & begann in Europa erst
seine 15te century. Dies interlocal gewerbliche
arbeitsteilung wurde die industrie
einiger städte & vermittelt handel & verkehr
begann die verhältnisse der alten gewer-
blichen immunitäten der städte & begann
die zeit derselben gegensätze und
städte in konkurrenz kampf & streit
wie by one the little cities. Der neuere
Zeit hat die interlocal theilung unsere
ordentliche gestaltung & kommt from
the begriffen & steuern artikeln & from
gewerblichen & landwirtschaftlichen
products. Und wie steht nehen die
interlocale die internationale arbeits-
theilung gestaltet. Der folgedessen hat
sich alle bisherige handels politik
um die grosse frage der inter-
locale theilung der arbeit entwickelt

der einzelnen Staaten in die Internationale, das wichtigere ist jedenfalls, dass wir immer stark genug sind, jeden drohenden nationalen Bruderkrieg wenn nicht ganz von Deutschland abzuhalten, wieder aber das Ziel ist die Welt umzugestalten. Unsere Partei und auch unsere Fraktion steht

Ihnen

wenn alle Arbeiterbewegung und die verschiedenheit der Menschen und von der Erwartung eine Kraft der Starrheit angeübt, zu gehören zu einem Prozesse durchführung durch stets noch eine Reihe von Bedingungen. Es muss die spezialisierte Tätigkeit sich dauernd und regelmässig ausüben lassen. Der Betrieb der Betriebsmittel müssen gattend zugleich gesichert werden müssen. Das bedürfnis

noch größeren und breiteren Produktion
eines Riesenstaates Kapital zu beschaffen
und wenn Kapital und alle diejenigen
irgendwelche Gruppe von Arbeit unter
einander stehen, müssen entweder
direkt neben einander stehen, oder
sich durch weitere Operationen erst
kommen. Vor allem aber müssen
wirtschaftliche
ihren Lebens unterhalt garantiert.

Dies kann geschehen indem durch
eingliederung des arbeitslosen gelegen
in einer Fabrik
zu großen soliden Farbenfabrik
und durch Schaffung [illegible] organ-
isation leidet dort Fabrik ihre Kunden,
und daher mit steigende ausbildung der
modernen Produktivität, zugleich der zunehm-
mende absatzes in größeren Zahl

verbinde zu funktionieren – was allerdings
dem Sozialismus einst obliegt da nur zu
Traumen gewagt notwendig in seinem Ausbau
allen verbaut zu werden: die alle
gliedern alle vorallem in natura zu messen.

---

27 June '93.

Wenn deshalb alle Nationen auf
den Völker die erblichkeit der stellungen
der ämter der Beamte beseitigt und
damit der Entwickelung der einzelnen
Persönlichkeit eine sehr viel breitere
Basis liegt darin gewiss ein grosse
Fortschritt und eine tiefe veränderung
in der organisation der Gesellschaft
aber die Statistik ist noch damit
aufgeschoben dass die allermeisten menschen
in den classen und sehr viele in
arbeits beruf ihre eltern verbleiben
es ist nun die möglichkeit

das die fabrizierten Lasten
empfindlich drücken, dass die umfabrizierten
Waaren herabsinken und wenig
Verdienst in Ehre und Besitz zurück
behaupten können, die geschlossen
Rente der Stände über nicht ihre
Existenz.

—

Sehr viel hat zur Verschärfung der
Classen-Gegensätze bei uns auch
bei den einzelnen Classen sich neue
gruppiren oder neue Organisationen gebildet
die
die Kaufleute
Wie existirt die bäuerliche und der
gewerbliche Mittelstand nach einer
solche
Statistik und sie vielfach
ernennt, und wie heute von allen
Stände anstrebt Wo in Altern
geht die
Industrielle Stand
eine auflöste, auch auf der modernen

Stadt — &c

Eine wesentliche Veränderung der bestehenden Klassen gegenseitige liegt in der erblichkeit alles Innerlichen, wie dieselbe sich in Zusammenhang mit unserer familien verfassung & Z. recht ausgebildet hat. Es kann kein Zweifel unter worfen sein dass die Abschaffung a great Einschränkung dieses Interesses über Stamberg Class entnommen von Lesern or Stud. Der Grundsatz verlangt die aufhebung diese erblichkeit nach analogie der Aufhebung der erbliche Lehns &c stellung; aber eine andere andere ware wurde Also die Stabe strongest motive for work but also family life & Tod

Hope of Parent & round them children
permanent, die anspielung des
Turnens würde bereitstehen die Exer-
cirung und die Leistungen des mittel-
standes und höheren classen zu
fragen stellen und damit die
jenigen kräfte beseitigen auf denen
Cultur staats und volkswirthschaft
doch absolut abgewiesen sind.

Zu grossen und zu unnatürlichen
massige classen unterschiede und
classen gegensätze ergeben die
Kl. Kämpfe und soziale revolution
öffnet dies dem volk solidarität
moralität & Gerechtigkeit wenn ihre
Form und Verfassung und gelungen
gelungen sie, so ist die letzte innere
Ursache eine hervorragende

allbekannten Thatsachen auf Grund des kindlichen Glaubens und naturwüchsigen Gefühls stimmen die einsichtlichen Forscher mit zum Theil entsetzlichen Empfindungen reagiren über das Verbrechen über die Classen gegensätze und Kluft.

Dousson: Versuch über Ehe
Riehl: Bürgerliche Gesellschaft
Adolf Wagman: Gesetze der Sozialpolitik
Arnold:
Denson: Die Proletarier
von Stein: Socialismus & Comm. in Mund
System der Staatswissenschaft
II Gesellschaftslehre

Spencer: Socialism
Eichoffe: Das Andere
Gumplowicz: Der Rassenkampf. * 1883
Engels
Wagner
Schmoller Wesen der Arbeits Theilung &c
Vol 14 Schmollers Jahrbuch.

Werth.

alle Entdeckungen alle Werke
all .. entwickelung selbst den
Werth voraus & sind nun Werth
bekommen, der als einer Ergebniss
der allgemeinen Physiologischen Vorgänge
anzusehen ist. Jedem Vorhandenen Werth gesetzt, die die
Werte gesetzlichen Entwickelung zu
Werte beurtheilen werden. Jeder vorbedachte
dung, d. v. Handlung oder Person und
nach Lust u. Schmerzgefühle
Lagen auf den möglichen Nutzung
oder Nachtheil Andern derselben

---

all value is subjective, from relating
on the movements, needs of the Judging
person. Y

Werkung v Einkommens.

Samtliche Familien

	1048 M.	3045	784 S.	18,286 M.
	I	II	III	IV
Nahrung	58.90/0	54.6	46.5	31
Kleidung	17.4	13.5	17.7	15.7
Wohnung	14.	21.2	26.2	41.4
Heizung	6.3	4.8	5.4	4.8
Reinigung	2.5	3.4	6.9	6.9.
	Arbeiter	Bauern	Handwerker	Beamten

all belong to middle class.

	Sachsen family Corner	middle	rich farmer
N.	62	55	30
K	10	18	18
W	12	12	12
H	5	5	5

On Method) Winter Semester 93-4

Schmalle in Semina

Lecture 1. There are different kinds of knowledge all believe some some believe some many deny — as in religion. The bottom of science is the order brought in the world by the Unity of consciousness. Science is a right image build of the world — it must be embellished in grammar — that is the allerst beginning. This is even more true in moral & mental & affair than in Physical matters in regard to which the stand steadily gleichgültig (See Dilthey) Between Kant & Herbart or apperception (Herbart: Vorstellung als Kräfte in sich die Kämpfen mit der schon in ihr stehende Vorstellung) Must we have the fiction of a thing as a Whole then

Durch Abstraction wir discover neue facts in the whole. Die world war before the analysirung reason came to discover it hart.

Mit unserer Sonn customs & rule & regel-sammlungen. Wir came interpretation of these regel-sammlungen. Wir came doubt & new rules. Kopf called all older religion zoological subtleties sammlungen in quasi-unterhaltung getracht. Into this development in all religion &c all science is a melt-anschauung. Dis does not of course mean dass all these are true — dass sie, as a historic development wir dulden nicht mehr eine sonne-um-die-Erde welt anschauung &c Dis science stand on an einheitliche grund & not on an empirische. Parallel stands on wirth & wirth an Weltanschauung, an glaubens. Empirische science geht von analytics to einem Standpunkt aus

aber die Welt that asked for methods das Ganzen erklären & so Bruchstücke von überall Welt-anschauungen to ergänzen. The age of science tried to do away with this vergebens. z.B. "Der Welt ist ein mathematische Maschine"

Lecture 2

Der Positivismus: Comte one of the greatest of the modern thinkers & really had mastered & come to stand the science of his day. He said all Science has a Theological, a metaphysical & a Positive stage. But it is false to say that all Welt anschauung aufhört when the Positivism is secured. Thus Mills Logik is only a Logic of natural science not of the Geisteswissenschaften.

[For Comte read J. S. Mill on Comte & the Positivism] When once the final stage should sein at the threshold of Social Reform only a "Geschehen" stellen

conform such a "Sollen"? — What is done before is ideals? My school tries as far as possible to leave the "sollen" for a later stage and study on the "geschehen" as other sciences have done. ¶ The Herbart psychologie seek to gather ethical ideals & gather & explain duties from them. See for instance the idea of Freedom, Justice, Equality & c in 18th. cent. These ideals were summaries — historic practical rules for a certain limited age — and not practised as ideals — then sollen could be completed Freedom & c exist. No later such as ideal & declared is real right induction — the induction is: given men with such ideals & surrounding such & such will happen &c. From Moral Universales, seventeen deductions cannot be made because there are ideals and moral truths

The abuse today Between schools of P.E. is but a recurrence of old

schiefes between men & one time & def-
finieren in "glaubensystems" so Mercantilists
Middle ages & a one & be ashamed by the
"welt anschauungen of the time.

Lecture 3 Inside only criterion of truth is
that ~~cont~~ repeated observations & observations
of different persons always lead to the
same result. all science is an isolation
& an abstraction & some extent — this
must be. The abstraction is harder in
the geology Chemical sciences than in natural science
Development is the power & able at
will as factors in a problem & so to remove
them. Thus Government the boarder in G.
Sc. is still not impossible — Hy: in
history & government. Common sense in
practical Development, becomes very great
scientific Only where in empeline in present
hinders on teaching he does not know, is he
false generally. The geleitete scientist & getta
these Empeloren & he is predjudiced by his observation
in unklenkbeit

lecture 4

History & Statistics are the fields wherein Economics draws its material.

lecture 5.

A word is a growing changing spontaneous thing that ever von einem concreten Anschauungen ausgeht. Es ist immer eine condensierte Synthesis, gerade wie ganze Welt-Anschauungen. Das wort kann an neue neue verschiedene Bedeutungen bekommen & dies macht die wissenschaftliche Zeit stellen der Bedeutung sehr schwer. Die abstrakte Begriffe (es ein das kein einfaches anschauung hat) sind von wo Concreten aufgesammelt. Die summe der worten u. unendlich stehen gegen über symbol der Vorstellungen & deren Combinationen die wissenschaft muss

Clemmen — ohne dass es präcise Denken unmöglich. Aber eine definition setzt voraus eine vollendete Classification der Erscheinungen — in welcher Wissenschaft aber ist solche Vollendung vorhanden? und ~~eine~~ der Inhalt einer Vorstellung festzustellen ist sehr schwer — man muss analysieren bis wir die einfache Elemente — und dies nicht nur Beschreibung sein sondern wirkliche Feststellung durch wenigen Handlungen

Dann auch die worte muss wir definition brauchen muss selbst definirt werden so eine vollendete definition (der eine definit wissenschaft &c voraussetzt) ist nie möglich. Dann müssen wir die thätsächliche heutige Bedeutung des wortes nehmen. Reelen definitionen sind unmöglich. Herbart sagt die allgemeinste begriffe sind die ~~bekannte~~ und ausgelassen: dies ist nicht ganz wahr. Allgemeine begriffe

und gerne nach Bernhardus mit gt der
wirklich – doch sind die Begriffe (allgemeine)
Nominalist – Realist. Wir
Come Times when dispute – more and
wanted. So was the time in Germany when
Kant + Reinhold worked. So after much
empyric work is done another
period ought to come – but the definition
should not always be in the first rank.
[Neumann was a Begriff-Untersucher]

Denkst: der wandern in meinung und stimmen in that
Engländer: dies " " " that " " " meinung

Winter 97-4

Extra Lecture Seminar

Wages

Adam Smith - Smaller.

At the bottom of all Social Philosophy lies the question as to the cause of social classes. This runs thro all history: It is found in Indian Theocratic Phil., in middle ages (Read Ashley) & the return of all class theories until the middle of the last century was the contempt for the under classes.: They were kept starved &c. and were always to remain so. So that lowering of wages, & make bread dear was thought to be the best way & increase the fleece of the under classes. This was the theme of all writers of the time (Dewitt of Holland &c) This was not altogether wrong.

When with Physiocrats & Smith's began increasing sympathy with the underclasses.

Referent [A childlike piece of work by a Herr Teacher] Discussion and

+ turned + this 5 fronts of difference in
wages.
Schmoller reminds us of Smith's "natural
laws" + harmonies
[4] Dec — D v Bais

Vortrag N° 2. 1-1 en

an

[abweisen]

Vortrag N° 3. Wer D a Währungsstadt Gold-
verfassung &c als vor-frage der Währungs frage.
(Work hustling with facts which the author seems
to waste)

SKETCHES

1889-1896

40-Sd-6

Dambs by Xyl.

For a thought - would as ours I have often found them importunately. Old thoughts worth thinking do not linger at hand but scuttle off & flash away before we know their real worth & then all life is sad: for Earth holds for me no greater sorrow than a lost thought. If then I write a long manuscript - a novel or an essay - what is it long useless stumpy words with only rare there & like thoughts for which I care a snuffer. Here then what have I done? I have down my thoughts in reckless profusion as they come, lest I lose, O lest I lose them. Like some of the rich tangled woods of lesser nature they may seem when standing beside the labors of the landscape gardener. Then said I what shall I call them? Not Thoughts - they are but greasy thoughts, not sketches - whose raw so wild and disorderly a sketch? Dambs then let them be dambs aimless shackles whose lawless rays would rashly pound & every pound in the great Circle. Go thoughts - my masters did you ever think of I?

1860

~~It was a world ceremony~~

They were marching by the thousands

The G.A.R.

Out of the South came a ~~sigh~~ cry
out of the North comes a ~~day~~ sigh
Lo but a Jewish mother
who has made her marching have
now his marching with the volunteers
His marching to the grave

1870

Out of the North came a ~~day~~ sigh cry
Out of the South comes a ~~sigh day~~ sigh
Lo the Nation - this our mother
who has seen her sons stand brave
State troops marching with the volunteers
state troops marching to the grave

[1889 - at Harvard]

Daubs by Xyl.

In a thought-world as ours I have often found that, unfortunately, the thoughts worth thinking do not linger and expand, but vanish and flash away before we know their real worth and then all life is sad: for earth holds for me no greater sorrow than a lost thought. If now I write me a long harangue, a novel or an essay, what is it but long useless strings of words, and only here and there the life-thought for which it was written. Here then what have I dared? To throw down my fancies in reckless profusion as they come lest I lose them — O lest I lose

33-2-3

my children and the World's.
Stark protects against Heaven's
first law let them stand, like
some of the wild tangle woods of
their nature amid your land-
scape gardening. Then said I
what shall I call them? Not
Thoughts — they are but pieces of
thoughts; Sketches? no, whoever
saw such meaningless blot-like
sketches? Daubs then, let them be
daubs — aimless splashes whose
careless rays vainly would point
to every point in the Circle. Go
thoughts, since named; O my
masters did you ever think as
~~I~~ I?

I am thinking of a little

33-2-4

street – did you ever see it? A quiet little nook – the stables from the great mansions on the Avenue line one side; there's one dull red one, corrugated iron with faded green doors and blinds. Next comes a piece of tall yellow brick wall, which like my brothers started bravely out in life, but got discouraged. Over the wall one can see the bare back of the mansions – like many other things in this world of ours, not meant to be looked at. ~~Next~~ Next to the wall is a smart red stable with arched windows: first floor Dot and Jess, mistress' favorites; second floor Coachman's housekeeper, ~~his~~ wife; ales hay. Then comes a pretty little cre-

33-2-5

33-2-6

cession of discouraged cottage, rickety fence, bold vine and palisaded back yard. That's one side of the street: inhabited by horses principly. On the other side there are houses - some better and some worse than those on the other side: people live here. Now this house is rather pretentious: brick, three stories - no, four with the first one half underground and brown steps inviting visitors & the second story here live a grocer, a tinner, a fool and an auctioneer. Now this on the other hand is but two stories and plebeian wood, very ordinary, manifestly inhabited by the Masses. And so on. The street? O I like the street - let's see: its lined with trees, not stark sentinels so many paces

apart but here and there, demonstrative and cosmopolitan; there are two maples, here's an elm and next to a stump that has finished life, poor child. Farther on is a horse-chestnut (which always reminds one of jack-o'-lanterns and pipes) and beside there are two other trees — I'm sure I know not what they are. There is a layer of cobble-stones, quite old I should judge by the nuts and acorns, and the weeds squeezing thro' near the old side-walk coping. This is Spring it, just the prettiest — no: no! for this world of ours, this dear little world has no superlatives in spite of all fiction to the contrary. The prettiest nooks like the prettiest girls are found in heaven and novels. On earth they are every-

33-2-7

where. So now if you would see a real quiet pretty little street, not so long as to shock nor yet so brief as to be asinine, why just saunter thro' this nook which runs across the narrow world, so that one cannot miss it.

33-2-8

It is nine o'clock at night — Christmas night? O no! all things do not happen then: any night. It has been going to drizzle all day but it hasn't gotten to it, so that all nature has a hard, drawn look, an unrelenting scowl with no Lords prayer in it.

He was a nigger. He stood at the end of the street and looked back on the city that sank into a little starry vale behind him. And his face was hard — no, troubled, — no, oft almost yearning — O how was

that swarthy countenance in the swarthy night? Have you ever heard dear old Hugo tell of Waterloo? How the battled surged to and fro under the sun, till with a supreme effort a crested wave burst high in air- "vive l'Empereur" - it burst against the quartzyte ledge. All this I see upon this human face. In this Waterloo, too, Self is crushed. You remember that little brown wooden house we looked at before? He stands now before it - he stands in Narrow Hall. She has rushed from the back room at the sound of the opening door, her close curled hair long untouched, her dark face drawn and pinched. Then she stood at bay in the darkness half-lighted by the kerosene lamp, and wildly, fiercely

33-2-9

the incoherent defiance. Who was he that mocked in her sin? She had sinned and she was glad of it, I yes, she said with a shuddering laugh she was glad very glad of her degradation - but why did he wait - go! go! Christ if he touched her babe - then she paused; paused for the wondering awe the calm moon softly lingering on the field of waterloo. The fierce look grew frightened and despairing she tottered to the window and sank beside it. "John she pleaded "# John, O God, don't look at me that way - don't judge me too harshly, I was tempted, O, sorely, sorely" and her voice died away in a great sob, and as it died he sank beside her at the window

33-2-10

and drew the hot face to his shoulder
nor chided the clinging arms. And
he said "Who am I, that I should
judge this, Mary, my wife." Two
wistful faces looked out upon the
breaking clouds. And the wind
rose, grieved and shrieked, fell
sobbing like a tired child, and
sank into the eternal night.

33-2-11

She stood by the window haven, pale, & defiant: her hair ~~dark~~ flying, her gown almost tattered, and in her eye the look of a wild fierce doe at bay. He said not a word but with his eyes bent on the floor slowly yet resolutely the murderous words rose in her throat till she gasped in agony the sweat rolled down her cheeks but mingled with no tear; tighter yet tighter she grasped the knife in the folds of her dress — she bent forward —— his hand was extended: a piteous look of despair, a death pallor and she sank cowering in the corner. He covered beside her. They clasped hands. And he said "Who am I that I should judge thee Mary, my wife". ++++++ your blinded eyes looked out on the desolate, storm-swept ~~dead~~ landscape. And the East wind rose shrieked, fell, sighing like a tired child and sank into the bosom of the Eternal Night. And the sun rose.

Finis.

33-2-12

An Ode to Baby

Now ~~on the~~ Harold the first began to reign on
all our dominions on the 17th Jan. 1872 in
the first day of his life. Right kindly too
did he rule nor lived there man woman
nor beast within his realm that dared with-
stand his imperious mandate. Right hale
and hearty was he tho' in course subject to
earthly ill then & now, and his voice
had thus sing this blessed to reach his
subjects hearts. O lightsome king what wit
thou thou Solomon this heeding well thy
flowing self ouldst tell th world as old
& new a tale. ~~Right~~ Royal thou art and by
dowmet right for thou holdest the latest
communion of the beyond

33-2-138

Plot for a story

Faded ~~Shattered~~ Ideals

A young man, (X) born in Gt Barrington Mass, U.S.A., loses a little play-mate. Early left an orphan, he goes into business in Boston at the advice of his sweet-heart father. His business (Dry goods) prospers and he enlarges. Just as it becomes necessary to hire a type writer for the position a colored girl (Z) applies for the position, he hesitates but takes her on trial. His white clerk girls object but he promises to keep her strictly in the office and they somewhat unwillingly accept. Z proves valuable aid, he make money, but fails in health. Finally he goes to Gt. Barrington to woo his child love but she has outgrown her youthful fancy and kindly but firmly refuses him. Grieved and hurt he returns to work, but nearly breaks down. By Z's faithful work and kindly care he partially recovers, and in his gratitude determines to defy public opinion, marry Z and become a merchant King by developing the South American trade. To his surprise Z refuses him, ~~says~~ says that while she highly respects him she can never love a white man, & that moreover the alliance would most unfortunate

1/2/64

for both. She then tells him of her plans: she was born in the South and attempted teaching but she saw the need of a leading aristocracy & race her people. This she thought could be begun by her if she were wealthy. Stanleys work turned her attention to Africa and she thought she could help civilize Africa, raise the American Negro and make money by embarking into the Africantrade. She had carefully studied trade & sought to make capital at type writing. He promises to further her plans, but his health again failing a trip to Europe is advised. Here in longing & study his old thirst for knowledge & old ideals revive. He sees the cheapness of American democracy. He determines that the last hold of Romanticism is in Africa & that he will be a crusader. Wide solitude & study can there go hand in hand & there I can surely marry him. Meantime the head bookkeeper of his store marries & he orders I installed in her place at increased salary: his clerks strike & he orders colored clerks. His customers offend — his business fails. He still lingers dreaming, when a dispatch announces imminent failure. He rouses himself, returns & plunges into business

1/16/93

He finds that he must dismiss his Negresses & hire white girls: they refuse & come
orders 2 goes - he cannot afford to keep her as type writer
and must dismiss her. The little sum she has
saved keeps her while she seeks another position
which she finds not, & at last in despair takes
a position as servant-girl. His business revives
- his bookkeeper falls in love with him and
he marries her. As he spends a summer at
Narragansett Pier with wife and children, the
head waiter speaks of his wife accidentally -
she comes in sight with her baby boy - it is Z.
They look and part forever.

7 Dec '92
Berlin.

[1893?]

IX

Holland

Harvard University.
Cambridge

Holland is an extremely neat and well-ordered mud-puddle, situated at the confluence of the English French and German language. My first ~~eleven~~ memory of my first sight of it is exquisitely interwoven with a smell of clover. It was after a two weeks sea-voyage — pleasant to be sure, fascinating as the changing-changeless sea ever is, but two weeks — that I came on deck one sunny morning to see long low green fields, cleanly little farm houses, long spires & decent cows & stolid windmills and cows. So far as landscape is concerned I never saw sweeter else in

8+/01

and had I (god babid) followed my first inclinations I should have gone away from this dear old nook with the usual uninteresting tale. I stand a week or so, and I am very glad. There is to be one a certain rawness about the homely country — a slowness which makes an American gasp and sometimes swear, and yet the very mouldy way of the country, the low dogged hum of its simple life has to the centre a charm I can only liken, that which the old back yard of my New England home. The Dutchman is in no hurry; he sees no necessary connection between the new and the good — rather the contrary; he is wonderfully honest, and he is guileless of any thing savouring of personal vanity. Moreover he is doctrinally

next — why do you know I thought my soul they would send every splinter of the little Dutch steamer I crossed in, off into the ocean; this before we made port. They counted morning, noon and night; then they watched and waited; then they hunted; and when we we that next we danced merely beside ourselves, we discovered them coming up some the funnel inorder to hunt again. In the cozy little hotel where I stopped in Rotterdam I have yet to get a good glimpse of the chambermaid — but Oh! her work! clean linen, and fresh water offered by magic; modest screw and trim candles mysteriously climbed the candle-stick; at twilight the window curtains were decorously closed — or possibly closed themselves; and I dared during the day to rumple my bed, its frigid

110/780

and unusual appearance when I returned warned me against a repetition of the offence. And all I saw of the mind ~~which~~ was now and then the vision of a white bedrulled head there. Out of doors, too, the case is the same; no Dutch tree ~~stands~~ seldom stands in the shameless abandon of an American tree — either it is the modest and regular member of a row of two or three hundred of its fellows sketching ~~their~~ shades along a ~~street~~ wall like the ~~of~~ of a feather. But the glory of Holland is its windmills: none of your little hopping skeletons of painted wood — but just what a Dutch windmill should be — short, stumpy, stolid and stone; with great beams and canvas sails, and covered with story and history. Then too I must not forget the Dutch cows; the ~~Dutch~~ calm ~~and sweet eyed~~ Contented ~~black and red~~ Dutch

cow, whose life ~~would it~~ in a
little green island of Justice, Peace and ~~Harvard University~~ Cambridge contentedness
I know my that ~~it~~ butter will
not be coloured or even salted
but served in nine fresh dabs
for breakfast — oh me! such
a life very nearly approaches
the ideal heaven of my sun-
days-several days; and I could
even now make my elf wishing
that instead of being a black and
white American, I was a little
black and white Dutch cow.

Rotterdam.

If Rotterdam had been
any but a Dutch town I
should not have seen it —
nay, nay. I mean more than
nothing: you see, if Dutch business
methods had not been so exas-
peratingly deliberate as I take

10/75

ere days & get a shot on
Daring Bros. cooked, I should not
have spent even a night at
this interesting place. As it was
I was entrusoned for nearly
a week in the town, in daily
terror lest mine host should
present his muddy bill before
my extremely scant purse. And
I liked it: a nice place in its way.
To be sure I must say I never saw
such a poorly-tailored town
in my life. I saw very few persons
whose clothes seemed to have been
made with the slightest reference
to the bodies, except the house maids.
Or maid servants Rotterdam has
apparently revived the ne plus
ultra. Elaborately be ruffled caps,
immaculate white stocking and
slippers, dimity gingham dresses
and roundly healthy homely
faces, made them most pleasant
figures to meet on the immense

Rotterdam as a city has a certain lack of individuality which is in itself characteristic. You see it lies in the midstream of Dutch commerce with the great world and the current has dazed it a bit. It has almost forgotten its native tongue — so used is it to jabbering English French and German, and it has a general uncorseted sort of air which would make a Lizzie nervous. Docile picturesque, but only makes the Rotterdamites a well bred Lutheran

1868-1893. IX

Berlin, Germany, Oranienstrasse N° 130 A.

PROGRAM
for the
Celebration of my twenty-fifth birth day.

Birth day-eve.

7-9 - Music.
9-10½ - Plans
10½-12 letters to { Grandma, Mabel, ~~Emonea~~
12. Sacrifice to the Zeitgeist { Mercy - God - Work }

Birth day.

7-8-9½: Breakfast - old letters
Reflection { Parent, Home } Mem'ls
Poetry
Song { Steal Away, Jesus Lover of my Soul, Amenka }
9½-11. A Wander.
11-1. Art.
1-3 Dinner
3-6 Coffee in Potsdam
6-7 Seminar
7-8. Supper { Greek wine, Cocoa, Rinden, Oranges }
8-10. year book
10-12 letters to { C.B. Carrington, ~~Mrs Green~~, Florence, ~~Fobb~~, ~~A Smith~~, ~~Reformbessen~~ P.C., ~~Hoot~~, ~~Herald~~

W. E. D. Du Bois.

This programme was very pleasantly carried out. I arose at eight and took coffee and oranges read letters thought of my parents sang, cried, &c (O yes – the night before I heard Schubert's soulful unfinished symphony, planned my celebration and wrote, wrote to grandma and Mabel and had a curious little simple ceremony with candle, greek wine, oil, and song and prayer. Then I dedicated my library to Mother.) Then I wandered up to the reading room, then to the art gallery, then to a fine dinner with Sonderhof over a bottle of Rudesheimer and cigarettes. Then went to Potsdam for coffee & saw a pretty girl. Then came back to the Sennen, took a wander, supped on cocoa, wine, oranges and cake, wrote my year book & letters — and now I go to bed. After one of the happiest days of my happy life.

10/20

night – grand and wonderful.
I am glad I am living. I respire
as a strong man to run a race.
and I am strong – Is it egotism
is it assurance – or is the silent
call of the world spirit that makes
me feel that I am royal and
that beneath my sceptre a world
of kings shall bow. The hot
dark blood of that black fore-
fathers – born kings of men – is
beating at my heart, and I know
that I am either a genius or a
fool. O I wonder what I am –
I wonder what the world is – I
wonder if life is worth the struggle

I do not know — perhaps I never shall know: but this I do know: be the Truth what it may I will seek it; on the pure assumption that it is worth seeking — and Heaven nor Hell, God nor Devil shall turn me from my purpose till I die. I will in this second quarter century of my life, enter the dark forest of the unknown world for which I have so many years served my apprenticeship — the Chart and Compass the world furnishes me I have little faith in — yet, I have none better — I will seek till I find — and die. There is a

1/0/82

a grandeur in the very hopeless-
ness of such a life - life? and
is life all? If I strive, shall I live
to strive again? I do not know
and in spite of the wild <u>rebel-</u>
<u>sucht</u> for Eternity that makes my
heart rush now and then - I shut
my teeth and say I do not care.
<u>Carpe Diem</u>! What is life but
life, after all? Its end is its
greatest and fullest self - this
end is the Good. The Beautiful
its attribute - its soul, and Truth
is its being. Not three commensura-
ble things are these, they three
dimensions of the cube — Maybe

Y0163

God is the fourth, but for that very reason incomprehensible. The greatest & fullest life is by definition beautiful, beautiful, — beautiful as a dark passionate woman, beautiful as a golden headed school girl, beautiful as a grey haired hero. That is the dimension of breadth. Then comes Truth — what is, cold and indisputable: that is Height. Now I will, so help my soul, multiply breadth by height, Beauty by Truth & then Goodness, Strength, shall bind them together into a solid whole. Where-~~to~~-fore? I know not now. Perhaps Infinite other dimensions do. This

is a wretched figure and yet it roughly represents my attitude toward the world. I am striving to make my life all that life may be — and I am limited that life only in so far as that life is incompatible with others of my brothers & sisters making their lives similar. The crucial question now is where that limit comes. I am too often puzzled to know. Paul put it a meat-eating, which was asinine. I have put it as the (shortsighted) life-ruin of Amalie which is cruel. God knows I am sorely puzzled. I am firmly convinced that my own best development is

10/85

not one and the same with the best development of the world and here I am willing to sacrifice What sacrifice is making for the multiplication of (Truth X Beauty) and now comes the question how. The general proposition of working for the world's good be comes too soon sickly sentimentality. I therefore take the work that the Unknown lay in my hands & work for the rise of the Negro people, taking for granted that their best development means the best development of the world.

This might be fore my life after I relocate, what my head has

10182

[p 8-10 missing]

I remembered how when wandering in the fields I chose the realm of mind for my territory and planned Harvard and Europe. My loves — O my loves, how many and how dear, she the beautiful whom I worshipped, Ollie the lowly, Dicky the timid, Jenny the meek, Nellie the wavey child. Then came a commencement when hundreds applauded — Nell carried my diploma — I then I left for the North west. Then came Harvard — scholarships, high mark, commencement Boylston prizes when Cambridge applauded, commencement when

1/2/87

the Harvard applause awoke
echoes in the world — then broke
where the heart of my child-hood
beat from the hard iron hands
of America has beat again in
the great breathing air of a
world culture. I only know
Germany — the Rhine or memories,
the München or gemütlichkeit,
the Dresden or Art the Berlin
with its music & militarism
These are the five and twenty
years of my apprentice ship.

These are my plans: to make
a name in science, & make a
name in literature and thus & raise
my race. Or perhaps & raise a

1/10/88

rubble empire in Africa tho' England, France & Germany.

I wonder what will be the outcome? Who knows?

I will go into the kingdom which is not according to the law & if I perish — I Perish.

1/6/89

—25.—

Year Book

1868-1893

—

Quarter-Centennial

Celebration of my life

May 22 '13.

A woman.

She stood beside me way up in the amphitheatre of the Comic theatre of Berlin — dark-clothed with curled black-brown hair down her back. Not pretty to know — for her features were irregular & on her hands large & her figure ordinary. She was tho' strangely human & when she turned her great eyes on me I knew not what they said & their beseeching, a third haughty a third bold. I watched her fearlessly the opera — it was Wagner's Götterdammerung, beautiful but fearfully "Langweilich". And suddenly I saw her eyes were all full & running over with tears. She saw I was looking and swallowed a sob & stared

1/6/14

straight at the stage. I wondered who she was there all alone at a Wagner opera — evidently she didn't understand it. She was neither lady born or bred. She disappeared in the crowd afterward & I saw her no more. Poor child — one of the sorrows of Berlin

Mar 22. '92
a woman

Harvard in Berlin [1893?]

The American contingent of student exiles, two hundred strong, have scarcely settled down to their year's work although Christmas, and a German Christmas at that, is in sight. Our vocabulary is yet a most delightful conglomeration of unintelligible "Deutch", and unintelligent English. Nevertheless light is gradually breaking in dark places, intricate jungles of sounds becomes passable, and strings of gutturals resolving themselves into clear ideas. Our Berlin academic halls, too, are getting hard and solid, losing that sort of ~~cathedral~~ ethereal sheen which, to the fresh American envelopes every thing European.

4/190

German Universities used to have a way of opening whenever the various students and professors thought best. These delightful days are now past and by the law of the land lectures begin somewhat more promptly, generally about the last week in October.

To be a bit chronological, the first ordeal of the student is to matriculate — a ceremony of no mean proportions in Berlin. I remember we used to make certain sarcastic remarks over Harvard "red tape," but it was because we had not seen the deeper crimson of the Berlin quality. I consumed three mortal hours (one of which was my lunch hour) in the process of getting my name on the official rolls of the university. There we shivered and waited, outside the mystic

1/10/91

room 33, the Americans spending their time in discovering each other, talking shop, and — football. Here I learned my one infallible rule for picking out an American in a German crowd. Look at his feet — the two style of shoes have absolutely nothing in common. Finally about 12 o'clock (my entrance card said 10) there came a rush, and a hundred or more students sallied out of the holy of holies, and a like number crowded in, myself among them. It was a large room, with high ceiling, and a row of four windows on one side in the deep recesses of which stood busts of Berlins famous professors. The centre of the room was occupied by chairs, in which the students seated themselves; at the rather end of the

10/97

was a long table about which perhaps a dozen official were grouped. Near the left end was the present year's rector magnificus, the widely famous Rudolf Virchow, doctor of medicine laws and philosophy, city counsellor and member of the ~~imperial~~ Reichstag. He is a meek and calm looking little man, white haired and white-bearded, with a kindly face and pleasant voice. At smaller tables ranged before the windows, were the deans of the various faculties

The method of procedure was thoroughly, and, I think I may say, painfully, German. First the chief secretary at the side of the magnificent rector was invested with the pile of gymnazium diplomas and

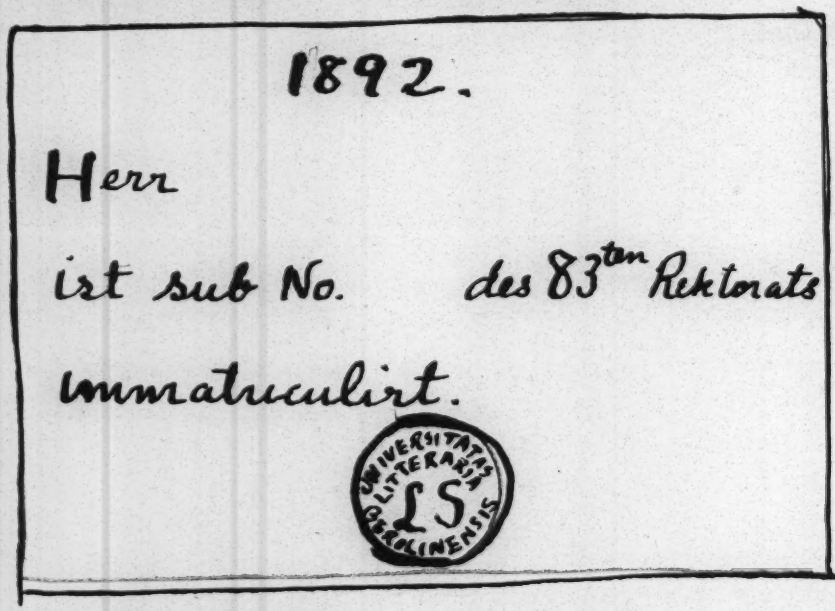
1/10/93

passports we had surrendered in the ante-room. Then he slowly read out the names, and as a student heard his name he disentangled himself and approached the table. Recognizing with some difficulty my Germanicized name I presented myself with some trepidation at the bar. The stiff secretary (it's quite the thing to be stiff in new Germany) with my help more clearly deciphered my name, ascertained under which faculty I wished to study, firmly declined to examine any of my sheepskins, and passed me over to the rector; rector Virchow smiled benignantly, made some remark as to my faculty, and after filling out the blanks with some remarkably

10/94

poor writing, presented me with a large 24 by 18 inch sheet of paper: this stated that a certain Guillelmus, two i's, had in the general goodness of his heart endowed the present Mr. Virchow with various powers; among these was that of making me (who was described with some infelicity of phrase as a "most ornamented young man") a legalized and licensed Berlin student. This was well printed on fair paper, and I shall, eventually, have it framed. Armed with this I was introduced to magnificent No. 3, who wrote my name in a ponderous and sinister looking volume, together with an unnecessarily large amount of elicited information as to my previous history

and the personell of my ancestors. I was then shoved on to secretary of the secretary: this one furnished me with another deploma for my particular faculty; that one with a card with the inscription:



[This card the student must always carry]

[Facsimile - 1/2 size]

The next filled this out with my name and number. Meantime I was getting weary of this prolonged ceremony and very full of suggestions for improvement; also hungry. I was still

gently urged on — a bit more willingly now as I had almost completely encircled the table and felt morally certain that much further progress would necessitate architectural changes in the room. The last official after prolonged calculation relieved me of fifteen marks, and added to my load of sorrow a rich and varied assortment of literature, comprising among other things, rules and regulations (O, workbook!), library commands and demands, blanks for the quaestor, recipes against moral turpitude, etc., etc. Before and behind me the line of students continued the dead march, in a manner that strongly reminded me of Mr. Thompson's Chicago hog parlors. Nor was the end yet; ~~with~~ with the easy German

1/6/57

contempt of time I was now piloted to the dean of the Philosophical Faculty, to whom I laid siege being armed with enough signed and sealed printed matter to have enabled me to achieve brilliant social success any where west of Buffalo. Down my name went again, and down went another autograph on my diplomas. Well, he was the last man; I gave a polite little sign of relief, and — was informed that I must now resume my seat, ~~it~~ till the whole line behind me were through, when the rector would hold a hand-shaking. Being peaceful and law-abiding I sat down; ~~I~~ if I had had ~~the manners enough~~ the ability to have told a straight lie, I don't know what

I might not have attempted. I am quite certain that many of the ~~sun~~ German students disappeared and escaped the honor. As it was I lingered, and, finally, all being duly labelled and ladened, the rector arose and addressed a few words of fatherly advice — something about being good and studying, etc., — and then we all filed passed him, bowed, shook his hand, and departed to give room to the next hundred lambs. So great was the labor necessary to becoming a full-fledged Berlin student.

The next business before me was that of finding a room — a work, more than ordinary difficulty in an unknown tongue. There are numbers of American students who come

to Germany and go into American board-
ing-houses, talk and walk with
Americans, and leave having missed
the true poetry of student life. Imagine
a Harvard student boarding at Youngs
~~or~~ in and spending his leisure in
Newton! The correct Berlin method
is to hire a nook in a flat, from
three to five stories up. There with pipe
and bier, coffee and black bread, he
lives not like a king, but as a free
and easy viking bound to the student
world by his kneipes (drinking bouts)
his duelles, and — possibly — his lectures.
The student quarter of Berlin — so far
as a dormitive quarter can be assigned
them — is the old latin quarter. In
an ordinary city this would be the
slums, but Berlin being a most ex-

extraordinary city with no visible proletariat, this quarter is merely narrower and darker than the rest of the Berlin world. Here you can hire a comfortable room for $5 & $10 a month. Morning coffee costs perhaps $1.50 per month extra, and heat 7 or 8 cents a day. O yes, I must not forget to say that boot-blacking is thrown in and the most impecunious student may always have a faultless polish. My room is roomy and four flights up; here is comely little with books, papers, and her picture — of course! There is the wardrobe and bureau with mirror & match, lounge and table, screened bed and commode, and a ponderous institution called a stove. I am patiently awaiting the advent of

10/10

a domestic Bismarck, who shall
make some compromise and transfer
the wild and seething heat of the Ger-
man feather-bed-covering to the coldly
plaid and beautiful tile stove. My
floor is uncarpeted, my walls are
but scantily adorned — in fact this is
not a shadow of a Harvard dormitory
room, and yet I live here in remarka-
bly freedom and contentment and
feel somewhat disposed to sneer at
the effeminate luxuries beyond the
sea. My coffee with two fat rolls
and butter, I take at eight. About
ten if I follow the example of my
fellow Germans, I stalk through the
academic halls, respectively munching a sandwich
to ward off starvation. I find the custom
much better for study than one; ah!

How often have I groaned in a nine o'clock recitation under the weighty exuberance of a Memorial breakfast! Germans are compelled to dine at 12, because their language calls the meal "Mittags-essen" (midday-meal) while "diner", which could come at six, is - ach weh! - French. We all dine in restaurants. I generally pay about 21 cents including beer and tip. Coffee comes again at 3, and my abend-brod (supper), I take in my room from my private larder - my landlady warms up the tea. Thus my total expenses, including theatre once or twice a week, a Symphony now and then, and other good music galore, together with various other recreations, cost me about $200 a term or $400 for the year. If more economically minded I might make this $300,

1/2/03

J

Monday

Wednesday in Berlin

It was a beautiful shiny day with a glow of sunshine & a sky gray blue at the edge + deepening & an infinite azure at the edges. All the stores were closed & the streets at eleven was crowded with the Berlin holiday crowd — a queer crowd it is of awkwardly dressed women & strutting men, all a bit restrained in demeanor & yet delightfully curious & ebe - & bent - faces are always arm in arm — perhaps even hand in hand - they flock under the closed curtains of the Bazaars, stare at the cafes & the lounges in an idiot enjoyment. The Brandenburg Thor is the Mecca of Berlin on a holiday out of which the vast city pours its living tributes into the beautiful Thiergarten & street & gossip & promenade. I first strolled into the café Bauer with its Realistic wall pictures. It was well filled & I took

27-31-11

a glass of Pilsener & the Times & read & stared. The bar maids were decidedly pretty, the waiters natty & the crowd interesting. One couple was quarrelling quietly by themselves & the stupid face of the woman beside the fat stolid & somewhat non-descript man was very interesting. Then there was a family — father mother & a whole shoal case of children tramping in & find a table alone. Then two ladies alone of doubtful demeanour — some gaudily dressed dandies — in the whole a very refreshing crowd — for I find that on a holiday & Sunday and when Berlin stays at home. I went home & read Journal of Generations, but reading would always give me an unpleasant feeling as tho' I was turning away God's face & enjoying the sinners which I know is much false & yet —

When I went to the Ilmgarten
& sat down facing Wilhelm strasse
not far from Goethe statue &
watched the passers & walked them
watch me.

27-31-12

23 May 43

Wednesday in

Berlin

The Spring Parade.

The great spring parade of the Berlin garrison took place on the Tempelhofer field a few days ago. I met the two Belgians on the corner of Leipzig & Friedrichstrasse — a beautiful spring day — at 8. There were crowds lining the street on both sides. It really curious to see the Berliners wish to see a relic of soldiers or a bit of royalty — even grasses them as much says. We took a a cab & a decent respectable 2nd class droshke & trotted toward the Halle-Allmee Platz. Here came prancing black horses — a screen of royal livery in black & white & a prince or the like surrounded. Finally the Duke of Connaught riding of the King of Italy passed — a frail looking young man almost hidden under a enormous helmet

10/76

on the Brilliantly appointed staff officers
marshal hurried on horse back & the
crowds became thicker. Such a
field is a vast affair & would
if fruitful & more beautiful were since
a fine crop of potatoes I fancy. The
great centre half of the field as far
as the eye could reach, + further was covered
with Army of soldiers — foot calvary
+ artillery. To the right + more and-
Army of foot stretched & beyond with
their standards. Back of them the Artillery
& to the left the waving Army flags &
the uhlans & Grenadiers with enormous
Colbert & the royal party rode on the
enormous chest bodies & looking as calmly
unconquerable, but as a Gallop, the
Emperor with his suite of "of course"

welcome & the greetings of the foreign officers, ~~French~~ of all nations. Then began the reviews, the a tedious monotonous and wearisome only men and then could one spectacle dis- tinguish the female sex before the far-off Royal Stand. File after file marched ~~marche~~ once like un- 1/6/27 table clock work — the white limbs waving & falling with such precision Then came the cavalry the ~~strong~~ White cuirassiers in shining helmets & breastplates & Hungarian dress — the blue & red uhlans — with their peculiar lancers swinging hats; then the artillery — All by this time we were tired & we wandered up & the mountain on the Kensington & then ramblered about

the streets ogling girls until the royal
dusties rode past & files of delighted
soldiers marched to their quarters.
And lain in one body what did I see
but one of mine own — a bald-headed
& comely Negro standing with Precision.
Look out Germany or you too will have
a little nigger in the fence.

Berlin, Germany,
Oranienburgerstr 66 III R.
23 February, 1894.

My Dear Dear Dad.

This is my twenty-sixth birthday — a fresh cold sunshiny day spent most in my regular routine of work and musing. I did not rise till after nine — found three letters of congratulation by my plate, from Minna, Amalia, and the Schaefe girls; then the Frau Räthin came and kindly congratulated me — and so did Frau Ernst. When I strolled down to the University by way of Friedrichstrasse half intending to take a long stroll but finally ending up in the Seminar library, where

1/19/3

tilted back in my chair I spent the time until two over Schmoller on Schulze-Delitzsch and Lasker, and on the "Rhinow-page. I came to dinner half-wondering if they all knew this was my day - as I reached the room there lay a cunning little wine glass, a puppet-toy and a letter from America. As I came to the table Franklin Braun rose and greeted me, and all spoke their good wishes - it was very pleasant. The meal ended with a big "Torte" in my honor. After dinner I lounged a bit straightened up my room, etc., then drank coffee and went to the reading rooms and read the times. Finally via Friedrichstrasse I came home and here I am. Tonight I meet Amalie

1.9.14

So was the day — now for the gen. I confess I am not altogether satisfied with it tho' it has been in many ways wonderful. I have finally proved to my entire satisfaction that my race ~~found~~ bore slight impediment between me and kindred souls — that in spite of negro=ation curiosity, I am here free from most of those iron bands that bound me at home. Therefore I have gained for my life work new hope and zeal — the Negro people shall yet stand among the honored of the world.

1/1915

In the spring vacation I & a wonderful journey — the old Dance towns, Hanover and the Hartz

with the Brockers and Coders that and finally lived long pleasant days at Cassel where a dear girl met and loved me. When I came back there were long days of anxious waiting for my second appointment as scholar — it came finally and I was happy. I took a 4th floor room on the Ufer and had a pleasant airy summer, with work, flirtation, &c. On August first I started on my great journey and saw old Nuremberg again, then Switzerland, and with dear Dollar. went to Columbus' home, and by the leaning tower & the Eternal city, and then & the

1/15/6

"dolce Napoli", & the Beautiful City,
& the City of the Sea and & Wien
and Budapest. There my dear
boy left and I wandered away out
& Krakau and threw by Breslau &
Berlin. I could not bear the thought
of living alone again and so
I entered the Braun pension where
I have had most pleasant companion-
ship and family life — and the
opportunity & teaching an American
family what a "Nigger" is. I've
had love affairs of course (a great
adventure!) a little society, and
a deal of work. However the
theirs does not suit me and
the three semesters were not e-

1/19/17

rough, and here I am in doubt as to my course, ~~but~~ a bit disappointed but — I will have a Philosophiae Doctor from Berlin!

I feel at times as tho' after all I had done little, as tho' my apprenticeship were all & long and ~~the~~ works & the master hand all ~~too~~ slow — but dogged shining and eternal faith in Him shall get me ~~a~~ man worthy of my race and my fathers.

W E B Du Bois

1/19/18

Friday
7:30 p.m. In my room.

—26—

Year Book.

1894

A Pilgrimage

I. Berlin to Nuremberg.

At last I'm started from Berlin. I'm glad. This morning I arose at some unearthly hour with a ~~start~~ jumb that almost gave me a headache. Meditatively gnawing a piece of black bread and butter I waltzed off to Professor Schmoller with ~~chid~~ my explanation and Anmelde-buch . It was a beautiful morning walk through the Ufer, Kleis and Kurfursten Strassen. This done I returned gulped down my coffee, put the finishing touches on ly luggage and was off by street-car after ~~sweet~~ good-byes to my homely old landlady. The Irishman was down to see me off, and at 8 A.M. away I went. My companions in the coupe of the train were as follows: opposite a poorly tailored bejewelled gray haired man-fat and happy. Next an ordinary gentleman. Then a well-bred girl-good looking, and her parents.

41-9-292

First we passed through a sandy pine-tree track, with a wind-mill here and there, a village or an isolated farm-house. Soon however the land became richer and better cultivated, deciduous trees and villages more numerous. Once ~~thought~~ me caught quite a pretty view of meadows fringed with highlands.

We came to Dresden about eleven and for a long time circled about with the towers of the town before us. On landing I went straight up the Prage street like a native. At the bridge I took a peep at the Elbe, broad, low and swift, lined with a pretty fringe of green and crossed by mighty stone bridges. Toward the north-west were visions of wooded hills and toward the south east a pretty vista ending again in hills. Then I went to the gallery and saw again the girlish innocence of Ribera's Magdeline, Corregio's Madonnas and above all the mother of God coming out of heaven with the Wonderful baby in her arms. The charm of the Sistine Madonna is marvelous. I cannot look at anything but first those two faces-the mystery, the faint but terrible realization of an unknown glory that is to be-the awful sweetness of the riddle of life; Then I note the saintly woman below in her sweet ecstacy. I could wish the Pope had been replaced by something more human-still he is not so bad. Then I saw Reni's thorn-crowned Christ, Vecchio's waxed like women, some charming landscapes by

Ruisdael and Holbein's master piece, the bearded burgomeisten. There was Rembrants' Sacrifice with its audible prayer and his portrait of himself and his ~~sweet~~ wife, Saskia. ~~Then~~ I went upstairs to the modern pictures. There was ~~first~~ of all the picture of Christ in the temple-and the face of the Christ, a wonderful idea. There was too a great Christ on the cross,- and a Holy Night really ~~white~~ noble in conception: a bare poor stall, wondering mother and wearied father; three old men and children singing helped by the angels. Next I took dinner at a pretty but not over-clean restaurant on the Elbe, and then went to the Green vault. Here was the usual jumble of excellent works of art in ivory, gold, silver and precious stones, but I only remember the green diamond and the crown, and sceptres of poor Poland. I was too late for the celebrated Porcelain collection, and walked about the city-from the pretty terrace to the Saxon place, and the great barracks, and by the Gardens to the depot.

41-9-293

We went at five, " snellzug" at twenty to thirty miles an hour, or two hours. A pine country-first narrow valley, with high trees-clad rocks and busy ~~factories~~ factowes and mines, though widening into carefully husbanded fields, deep thickly peopled vales, visions of nestling villages-one of the prettiest bits of Germany I've seen. Then came the many manufacturing towns, the largest of which, Chemintz, had a busy, almost American, air. In spite of everything work is work the world over, and one working town differs from another chiefly in language. At Reichenbach we changed cars and then rode through gathering darkness which revealed hill, vale and flickering lights in mysterious outline. By Planen, we rushed on in decent speed to Hof- catching a glimpse of the red rising moon amid grey-black cloud. I stopped at the Kaiser-hof and was entertained at supper by three stringed instruments, a lady with an impossible voice and chorus of a company ~~but of time~~ out of tune. Aroused from interesting dreams, I took the 5:05 train for Bamberg-a " Personen-zug", O heavens! -but a German slow train is swiftly maddening. I understand the difference between an express train and passenger train. Now: one spends ~~his~~ its leisure on the road the other at the stations. This again is a very pretty country, well cultivated with factories, rolling hills and ~~dole~~ dull forests, and now and then a vista of a village, and old town with church and ~~old buildings~~ ruins.

0 0 4 9 4

We loll in great fashion-about as fast as I could dog-trot. There are ~~great~~ deep wooded ravines succeeding meadows. At the Junction for Baireuth we halt a quarter of an hour, then go on. What a fuss the people make getting trains. Here is a woman who calmly consumes ten minutes getting on the train with God knows how much baggage-and then finds herself on the wrong train and the conductor blusters and fumes! Kulmbach is a fine old town ~~place~~ lying in the midst of the precipitous ~~old~~ black hills. Here the past and present kiss each other-on the mountain an old rambling brown castle, below smoking factories and brewies. The view of the dark mountains as we leave is fine.

And then Nuremburg-dear old Nuremberg, with its mighty walls, its noble houses of God, and the dark friendly eyes of the waiter-maid at the ~~Bu~~ Eich horn. I wandered through the town half Baedekerless, looking at the great rose-window in the Lawrence church, at the decorated front of the little Frauen-kirche, at the bronze goose man and the beautiful fountain. The past the the Rathhaus I came to the bridal door and went by the Dürer house to the Castle. I wandered through the promenades about the walls. And what walls they are-great bastions, huge towers, and smaller towers, towers on towers, little watch nests and sharp ~~corners~~ corners- and below all, the thick grim wall with its century of secrets. Between me and the wall runs the moat wide and deep; here planted with flowers, there with gardens and every where with green trees.

The towers are fading away in the distance and I sleep to Augsburg, tired to death, with a glorious headache, only peeping out to see the blue Danube as we cross it.

41-9-294

OBSERVATIONS ABOUT GERMANY

DATUM Monat	Tag	Namen der Reisenden	STAND oder Gewerbe	Bemerkun

33-2-174

Kassel — coming - depot — home - Marie Mother - Tom Knapp - the child - grocer (mrs) — Bellevue Cafe — gallery - museum — Wilda - Wilhelmsroehe Bernhard — Kellnerin — towers - trees — Löwenburg - Napoleonic room — the East walk

The girl on the train - Kneipen — See — garden the Market - The Hotel, the women - the town — the Kids, — the houses the Ruth house & coffee room — the Kaiserdom - the dom, the wall walk & towers -

To Hamburg — the long street - the blue eyes, the Bremen angel — the train — the walk to Bremen; the 'the wood & meadows the brook & trees, the sheep across the Bridge, the quite wild the beauties

the 2nd smaller town — the dark way - arrow - tired resting arrow, the stream under arrow - first emerging & view — the drink from the brook - the long climb & first view — "Kein Spruch" - no trees — the long run — Bremerhaven tired potatoes, tea & evening bread, the ½ fl. hammel. — the sunset & moon - the trees the castle, the windmills etc - dimmen — the resting spot - the station keeper.

~~Hamburg~~. 4.

At Hamburg we enter the great modern trade world — what a contrast to old Lübeck. It is a modern city — only now and then does one catch glimpses of old brick fronts & venerable mansions; even then they are only a century old — not more, at most. On the whole it is a modern city of massive brick & stone with irregular but determined streets & a business hum & air. It consists — & name its three characteristics absent — of the Rathhaus, the Börse & the Harbor.

32-1-55

Sunday afternoon I wandered by the harbor out to St. Pauli and came to the Rathhaus. It

was a scene to be remembered: on
different squares & streets were all
sorts of curious arrangements, Merchants
Assembly Rooms, Theatres, panorama & the like
Next I came on a massive merry-
-go-round whose blatant hand organ
was distracting Irrelevance with that
of the nearest theatre over the way. Then
a fair looking lady in tights was
performing on a large ball & a delighted
audience of children. Then there were
booths gaily colored, shooting galleries &c
I wandered on the str "Derby" a wide
square and stopped for a quarter hour
thoroughly to enjoy a Punch & Judy
show, & and the little children laughed
heartily over the show until I was self
ashamed of myself & moved on fol-
lowing the crowd into a large & crowd

beer hall. There a crowd of very german looking blond "Hofbräus" were discussing music & a large crowd of people with their hats on. They were working class people, pleasant but soundly jolly and seemed to enjoy the mere being of their fellow beings. I went into several such beer halls, (entrance cost 10 M. now free) and the same scene was repeated — save one colored man in a family circle. I finally ended up by going into a dance hall. The women I should judge were mostly servant-girls & the men sailors, workmen. The dancing consisted of swinging around around in a circle, while a crowd of men in the center looked on clapping & a crowd of women sat about. There was much much enthusiasm

37-1-56 mus

9 room left. (D)

The Börse I visited today. Two halls filled with a low roar of voices & a slowly moved mass of black coated excited figures with gleams of white collars & white papers. They were making figures on papers, talking together, more earnestly than casually, coming into & talking, talking, talking. The building was large — the first floor with the two large halls & passages between the pillars, the second floor with balconies from which I watched the excited scene & various meeting rooms, wardrobe, reading hall &c.

The harbor is a busy sea of masts & small boats. The English & german flags & every where & there are great ships & small ships, endless

32-1-52

some dances, busy cranes, little
tugs & barges skidding uneasily
about, great row boats clumsily dawdling
along, and around & about all the green
& eager sea. The wind was blowing
briskly as I skimmed about in one of
the little darkeen steamers landing
here & there for passengers, whistling
uneasily, and dodging other craft. It
is indeed a rare expert & see the myr-
iads of masts and & think how they
bring the great wooden world together.

Hamburg has too its small tremendes
broad and airy & well laid out. One
notices in all great german cities the new
imperial post-offices - fine large building
full of fantastically shaded design but
solid & well built. I think Berlin or Liebeck

the best I have seen. Hamburg is very good. I walked about the promenades, visited the small but well stocked zoo - saw a colored - brightly colored - girl in the aquarium. The streets are as crowded as Boston but broader - I was always getting lost & frozen. The most impressive buildings are the endless red brick blocks of warehouses on the harbor. The Binnen Alster is a fine big water square. On the whole Hamburg struck a very modern "Handel" city - "gemütlich", well-to-do & fairly good looking.

I left H @ about 4:30 hrs 4½ & had a

G

peculiarly peculiarly interesting ride. In the compartment with me were a soldier, a young Italian officer just returned from the army, a Jewish commercial traveller, ~~a Frenchman~~ and a Frenchman who had been a employé of ~~employé~~ "employé" "under officer" & was peculiarly rather aristocratic, & remained ~~many~~ many ~~indifferent gentlemen~~ & ~~many~~ ~~education~~ & ~~just~~ his manner. When the young middle class gentleman who disclosed no family secrets & would have gone unlabelled. Did & became a subject of conversation & comment; being of some extent noticed by the ~~third~~ party, & the young officer came in his shoe. He was about 21 & had served some years before offered himself for service but when called decided

(H)
A be wizzing & fondly wandering
about the world (German world) Edmund
up in Warnsburg & casually offering
himself for service again was taken
so suddenly that he had no time
to leave the office once for home. The sol-
dier was detailed & take him & the barracks
in Bremen. The Jew was rather gleeful
over the matter & gave the fellow a re-
gular retailed anecdotes. The old darky
went into the anecdote business &
stayed there. While the ex-under-of-
ficer looked at his nervous & worked
until the conversation turned & there
he talked machine machines. The soldier-elect
was a doubtful looking character - as
devil-may-care as is allowable in
Germany, & a fine model for a bow-
legged tramp in America.

(1)

Well about 5½ I reached Bamberg got a lovely room & wandered out. The Doctor's warning electric cars kept AXLAGEN attracted me, & wandered round the Anlagen with the Chemist. with modern looking shops. (even foot balls & tennis rackets for sale — ye gods!) Then I came into the market place & caught a dim glimpse of the Dom & the fine old Market Rathaus & then — Any then of course I made a dive for the great "Keller" A long low vaulted hall with cellars tables smoke, women, men, talk & laughter. On the right great casks with carved heads; & on the left a row of alcoves filled with merry parties; further on another square room with weird merchants & the like at tables, frescoes &

mattres on the walls. — Then a dark cellar with mysterious old casks round with asbestos &c & a certain stored rose &c — and stumble the whole with wine — wine — such good wine O my — This is the Bremen rath kellar. I believe one is supposed & have certain disenfranchisement, but the laughter of the girls made one so lonesome, and the wine made one so happy & the incessant gabble made one so "VERRÜCKT" "verrückt" that if I had any disenfranchisement I forgot them.

This morning I arose at ½ 7 had a fine bath & good coffee. It was a glorious day — almost Sept. And after a long walk over the place what have I to say of Bremen? A most in-

teresting little city (K) I started on the morning
when the sun was shining down on
ideal spring day. Walked down to
the wiese & watched the swimmers & the
sea — it's a beautiful river here, broad
& majestic. Then I met a company of
peasants carrying hams & market
big baskets — mostly girls, & as the
hams were heavy & repeated dressed and
undressed them as they stopped & rested me
couldn't pleasantly at each other & I
should like to have known the healthy
kind better. Then I wandered thro'
~~streets the Lundgerstrasse~~ & the Markt. This
is truly a fine market place. The
peasants were out in holiday
in Lübeck, but the buildings were in fine
effect. First there was the Rathaus
with its fine gables (^^^) The middle

one especially fine — the lovely carved ~~[illegible]~~ columns. The great hall was entered by a wandering old wooden staircase leading from the rather darker & prison-like lower hall & the great door above. O such a room to see! lofty and dingy with dark carvings, wonderful in wonderful leather all about, the various doors leading to offices and out of which a common servant would bring books of-dread name & which seemed one of the 19th century. The wall were especially old Spanish models, & brass chandeliers like those of the old "schiffers" dance in Lübeck. There were one good modern Austrian & a few old dandies on the dark walls — one being the last likeness of a certain unfortunate Infanta known in the court annals by her

and

Dec 65-126 321-58

The two ~~stone~~ oriel windows & stone seats &, leading to the great middle bay window, a particularly fine old carved staircase. ~~One~~ The ~~roof~~ ceiling was of curious Jacobean strapwork, old & white, with pendaloons of the old emblems. On the middle the intersection of the ribbons was one of peculiarly ancient grandeur & complexness. &

On front of the Market was the great Roland ~~statue~~ statue — a homely stone figure with a big sword whose claim to fame was its association with the Tree. ~~It was~~ On the south east side of the square was the new Bürse — a peculiarly effective modern building; whose arched passage way & assembly hall are particularly notable. The assembling hall was not so large as the old Bourse,

Dec

(M)

of course, but much finer. Around it ran a gallery with striking frescoes of recently various standard commodities, from gold & coal. Opposite the entrance was a large painting of the coronation of the old-fee Prince by the Queen — how proud those old fee towns are of their heritage & well they may be — it was truly true.

The Bremer Anlagen ANLAGEN are as pretty as any I have seen, broad & winding with dell ducks & water, Wasser now & then an old wind mill & a few fine statues — particularly the Simpte SIMPLE over which was memento, a statue of a young soldier with a flag & a pretty fountain. The railway station is very imposing & compare favorably in size & appointment & Hannover station.

Well after all my wandering,

I came back & my nice little hotel & sat down to a course dinner & the time of a half bottle of Rudesheimer which was fair. I can eat a course dinner & perfectly well & neither get fat or ill. We had the usual dinners — the talkative women (which I always miss) the cuff-less country gentleman & family, the man-of-the-hotel (an improvement on the man-of-the-world) the taciturn man who did break out once on the weather prediction a storm that did not come.

Bremen is a very interesting clean & busy town.

Then for Hanover at ¼ 4 and another interesting country. I wondered that I did not create the usual flurry when I entered my compartment. This was soon explained by the fact that all

Mus 32-1-59

were german Americans returned on a visit after some five years away from home. One was a pleasant girl with whom I talked some & who was very much interested. Two others were very homely girls with hard hands & no particular views. Then there was a young man "Fonty", who had been a barkeeper at the remarkable wages of $10 per wk & who dilated on the wonderful $ ism of America. There was an elderly Fool who spoke a horrible german dialect, had been settled in Iowa Territory & was convinced everything in germany with a comma & the astounding disadvantages of the Fatherland. The cleverness of the team was his great grumble. Was he going back — "natürlich", what should he do in Germany — "steuer bezahlen." With

a "gleichstrom reise" (P) I left Hannover
Cassel in Hannover about 7 AM on the
29 March.

32-1-60

Hannover is dirty & noisy & rickety
with many interesting old & some fine
new buildings. On the whole I like it
least of the cities of this trip. The people
are curious, about me at cafes as at Sibenik
but a bit annoying. The streets are filled
and are also loony & god knows too
too crooked & tiresome. I never thus
if I keep track of where I'm going
— just wander till I'm tired & then
return by trolley. You see this is an manufacturing town & one immediately feels
rather than sees the difference between it
& a residential. It's hard to get any thing
accurate — anything peculiarly European
in a manufacturing city. Where are the

one soon might serve old sheds with towering stones and old church or two & which lend enchantment - but the houses look dangerous from a position & ~~engraved~~ architectural point of view & the churches are void of engraving interest. There are no antiques - which is a great pity - the lime avenue & Remembrance Day are only true signs in the way of dark streets. The Market place is good & the building spacious & well constructed. The debt is well - built again. The Agricultural Show is a thoroughly regular city type good sport & lined with stalls of all traditional individuality & shops another of too much. I think the best thing in Stanmore is the man statue ~~to~~ a fine idea - especially the LION lions and the broken shear on its side. ~~On the~~

and

32-1-43

Lübeck is a (R)uin ruined Hanse town looking away across the Baltic & above the Gothic & crowning Germania. Next comes the Rathaus ~~[illegible]~~ its side elevation remaining one of the richest HANSE towns, but on the whole not nearly so interesting. Then I saw a palace again — I wonder which a palace on a salary, a great endless pile of square cold cheerless rooms full of most ill-taste articles. The Rathaus of the old Hanseatic town was chiefly remarkable for its show of some inlaid floors which were really grand.

Once more in Hanover as in South Germany not a few signs of German particularism — Hanover clings jealously to her title of "royal

residence, excites a big statue & her
King ~~Egypt Angel~~ ~~[illegible] her Statues~~ and I start
into some feeling of her old kings.

In the afternoon I wandered to
Memenhamen saw the great statues
& sat in the garden of the Georges
looking at the bad statues & the green
grass.

I rose this morning at the
altogether heathenish hour of 5 a.m.
or rather sunk out of the midst of
a heavenly dream which I dont re-
member into a dreary cold room, to
response to a thundrous summons "Fünf
Uhr." I answered with a loud "yes"
which troops that I still dream in my
mother tongue. The fellow who awakes
me lied for it was at least 10 minutes
past the hour & the transvestment to ~~Ba~~ Si. 38

Cairo

32-1-62

To dress in a hurry on being suddenly awakened is — well it's not pleasant. The corner had I shudder out with the ball when Alroy comes the house ser- vant for his fee — accidentally of course. I never have been able yet to dodge a house servant. I may stay two days in a house & never see but the very last day & minute he always "accidentally" appears, right in my path — & he's not invited. Well I ought to have — one can't cross a German train — & started on my journey which had 2 remarkable occurrences. We were crossing country & when looking out the left hand window I saw a rock about a foot long running thro' the bis- cuited tree tops about as fast as we were going. The rock I noticed it lengthened & broadened out & it assumed my interest. Still it stuck

on. The tide of the Ulverstone became low
— the Mayadown & Kenyaheem & green beyond
common: then were descended into a
cut & as we rose again the red
~~eagles~~ body came out on the bowsprit
it shrieked & grew until the second & soon
many about the bowsprit looking like the
darkness of stars. The sides were bright
red & the equator darker crimson streaked
with dark cloud rings. Redder, brighter,
& green, then yellow, blue & glorious &
could no longer watch it & it was full
day.

There
~~We arrived~~ was a pretty village
Nauenburg
via Nauenburg, a most romantic jumble
of towers & windows — whose only fault was
that it was new.

Göttingen ~~is~~ a perfectly charming
nestled
little town, ~~seated~~ in a broad plain

with Blue mountains for a background.

~~What is the old town with~~

So at last I came back to Berlin
and my work

37-1-63

~~Diary of my Steerage~~
~~Trip across the Atlantic~~
~~The Embarkation~~
~~June 2, 1st Day.~~

34-4-43

Dollar, dear old boy had not the slightest idea that I was going steerage and prattled timely about "selecting a cabin" & all that. We whiled about the depot, watching the crowds, edified by Dollar's explanations of the station until finally I entered the carriage bade my good friend adieu & rattled off. The carriage was sickly cushioned, the travellers easily & all seemed bent for a journey. I had 5 companions a huge bundle & a child. Two with the child were evidently man & wife and the were a study in human nature — quite evidently Londoners, the man a helpless sort of good natured fellow in his seedy best clothes — the wife a woman all over, so common that she naked the baby & stared out

Cotton

$$\frac{2\,y}{\frac{7}{2}}$$

$$\frac{12}{168}$$

$$180$$

2.40

the window & hear what was
eaying on the next carriage.
She said goodbye about 30 time
& her friends, fell on their necks
cried & then plunged in the cabe
& after we'd started found she'd
lost her purse with 2 sovereign
she grieve awfully & the man
looked helpless. When she found
that the "byby's" shawl had not
been unpacked &c. She last
I've seen her the road, talking to the collecter & accusing the
mild young man in the shawl that
she sat opposite of stealing her pocket-
book. We stopped at Southhampton
in a sort of flurry, nobody not
even the guards seeing to know
what we were do next. as we
stood helplessly on the platform
the guard suddenly screamed
"2nd cabin passengers this way" &
leave us steerage people alone. Finally
they called us & grabbing our luggage

we followed our guide who led us thro' the street in one long line & a small brick shed about a mile off, where we deposited our baggage in the ante room & entered. Within the walls were white-washed bricks, the ceiling wooden & iron & wooden columns in the center. At one end thro' was an alcove where several cook were busy & distributed thro' the room middle long wooden tables & benches on which clean & neat oil cloth table cloths were spread. It was a most miscellaneous crowd: men, women, children girls, husbands wifes, English, german, Jews negroes — and as I should judge a bout an even mixture of honest people & rascals. Let me describe some types about me: opposite a good natured honest red bearded English mell dressed — paper collar silver ring &c. tells me he's been in America before & talks sensibly

34-4-20 Copy

Beside a stout bull necked candidate for state honors drunk & sleeping with his head on the table; on the other side an ill smelling old man with chin beard greasy goods good natured & a bit stupid. Yonder is a tall girl — rather good looking, a bit tawdrily dressed. — afraid for her fortune. There is a motherly old lady in black with a look of sorrow on her face — how funny — how she turns her face the wrong way. Reine eating now — gulping thing & swilling tea. I'll away my bags before & commence on the repast.

— Well there we sat in that great bare room that obstacle after room; the ship would not sail till the morrow & we must of course sleep there unless as the steward gently hinted, we went to a hotel. By careful manoeuvring I secured a doubles compartment alone and a rather ill-smelling bunk a rather useless

thought it was however the smell the noise of the drunken roisterers & the thoughts of the wild trip I was about to take. Two of the roisterers came staggering in about midnight, muttered my compliment for theirs, staggered about guffawed hiccoughed & joked & at last managed to tumble in to bed. Then I was awaked again by one of them crawling thro' the hall on his knees seeking a penny which dropped with a frightful crash — not exactly a comfortable exhibition in a dry wooden house. Finally my troubled misty dreams were mingled with the sounds of the beer which his poor stomach refused longer to hold. This was too much — I could not eat breakfast but rushed out of the foetid atmosphere of the crowded hall into the wet misty atmosphere of Southampton. It was early sunday morning & all

shops were closed — oh what a dreary lonesome feeling that was. At last I bought an inefficient breakfast for 10 pence and then returned to the "barracks" to find that we would not sail before afternoon. On destroying I started off again & succeeded in finding a more interesting wondering. Southhampton is in many respects a true old town with its downtown gates & old bits of town wall and I enjoyed this all thoroughly. Finally I returned & dinner — a jam & a crowd in which I joined with loathing. Then came a baggage van & away we struggled to the quay amid the undisguised amusement of the inhabitants — and it was a picturesque & laughable crowd young & old lame & well, rags & fine clothes, canes & beds, Jews & gentile, Russians English Americans Poles Germans, French, Greeks Austrians, women men & children

24-4-72

34-4-23

all hurry running & waddling along
ah it was funny & yet sad thes
great throng of hopes & longing of disap-
pointments & sorrows, of hastiness &
crime about & how closely unlike American
at the quay was more hemmed in
by ropes for a space a half or three-
quarters an hour & big red tag
with the stamps of the U.S. Consul
attached to our bags certifying that
he had inspected us which was of
course a lie. Finally in a thrashing
seeking crowd we showed our
tickets & came on board. In a
few minutes, the tugs started
with us in tow & we had
embarked.

34-4-74

"Eat plenty!" said the Steward as he passed the stew the first evening "'cause you won't eat much tomorrow!". I'm not myself of the seasick getting kind but I must confess that the next morning as I felt the ship sway & fading away under my feet & rolling from side to side with something more than ordinary enthusiasm — I felt a certain settled melancholy which compelled me to confine my first breakfast to an orange & rush in rather undignified haste from the dark dungeons below upon into the wet & dirty deck. I was not sicken than this — missed no meals & gave up no free offering to the sea: but I tell it was a trying stance. The sea was very choppy even a bit stormy when we additions & that the health & cheerfulness of the people about me with

34-4-75

the small amount of deck room — that was enough to cause the stoutest stomach to revolt even on land. And the people were sick — o so sick, it was pitiable to see them & yet at the same time so laughable. In spite of the efforts of the crew it was well nigh impossible to keep the deck clean every where lay unsightly messes — as one fellow said as I told of the good dinner we'd had: "yes I saw a lot of it when on deck. One can hardly realize how sick it is possible to get. Some of the pale drawn faces looked as if death-like & a whole tone of melancholly hopelessness that pervaded the whole crowd was most remarkable. Some made one attempts at first to come on deck and after a few days I was continually surprised by the appearance of new faces which would then have lain dormant in the cabins below.

It was by no means an unusual sickness, altho sometimes think the young fellow beside me might have held his bed something less than a week if he'd wanted to. Such a sort of unpleasant sickness however is a strange ~~developments~~ opportunity to meet human character. Three 350 human being so accidentally thrown together learned to serious each other best amid pain & suffering & the little friendships made there the little deeds good & bad went sank deeper into their souls than usual. It is perhaps this unusualness that gives a sea voyage its most peculiar flavor — its beginning of physical ailing

24-4-43

Copy

22-4-23

A days Programme.

On this our floating island the world is much simpler than usual. For it consists of us — the trembling puffing vinely world of cabins decks masts & chimneys. When there a great circle of dark blue waters stretching away away evenly in a circle until meeting with the sky in the dim & misty distance it becomes one with the sky world and its clouds & pale day moon. Our ship is a fairly large one not very swift & a bit old — the "Chester" of the American Line with all told some 800 souls aboard My first work in the morning is to get a slight bath — a thing of no ordinary difficulty for Atlantic passengers. I generally get up on deck at but early — say between 5 &

34-4-78

I hasten to a small faucet at the side of the forward deck & letting on a small stream of salt water proceed to bathe — dress in my pockets for soap towel comb brush & mirror. The faucets command & are fairly well crowded, but not so much as one might suppose since numbers of my companions dispense with this little bit of civilization. A bell rings and I hasten down two rickety flights of ladder stairs - that is two stories below the deck where our cabins are. This is a long room — perhaps 15 yards long & as wide as the ship. The sides are taken up with the bunks leaving a clear perhaps 15 ft in the middle through which a long narrow table of planed boards runs lengthwise. Beside this are narrow stationary seats with back boards. The whole room is lighted by only a half dozen small

34-4-40

Port holes & kerosene lamps smoking giving it a rather gloomy appearance It is fairly well ventilated, considering the depth below the world. We range ourselves by the tables easily managing the utensils delivered to him by the steward at the beginning of the trip, viz a tin plate cup & spoon, & a knife & fork. The breakfast consist of rather poor coffee (with milk & molasses already in) plenty of good bread & fair butter, and good porridge or stew: a breakfast which in spite of the noise the broad talk & the very primitive table manners of my neighbors, I generally enjoy. The next duty is to wash your own dishes for which a can for slops & a can hot water — The dish cloth &c being furnished by the passenger. As usual some omit even

Cabin

this bit of trouble and have apparently not washed them [illegible] since starting. Then I come up stairs again & the deck. We have of course the lower deck — or rather the forward end of it & a [illegible] in front of this is taken up by the engine room cook room &c. We have in reality 2 pieces of deck each perhaps 30 by 40 ft — by no means a superfluity of room & indeed a decided paucity of seats which compells me to write this sitting on a barrel cushioned with coiled rope. On pleasant warm days this deck is in spite of all inconveniences of crowds dirt & grease a pleasant place to sit — but when the wind blows and above all when it is wet cold & misty I can imagine no comfortless places than this two sheets of deck — almost as uncomfortable as the cabins below. So I spend the morning on deck reading, writing, talking, walking or lolling. At 12 comes another rush.

34-4-81

below for a dinner of thin soup
fair beef and potatoes along with
a dessert of rice or some mysterious
pudding. Then on deck again:
some play a few games, sometimes
the accordion is played & a few dance
Generally however all sit about
& gossip or in a few cases read
Supper comes at 5.30 & consists of
tea bread & butter & hash or stew.
About 8 or 9 I go to bed; the bunks
are in compartments each for 20
sleepers 10 above & ten below they
are fairly comfortable if one
happens to have as I have a pleasant
neighbor — we have conversation of the
walk & a gentleman Australian —
a pleasant combination. Then I
sleep awakened by the trample &
racketing of my companions — on the
whole pleasantly till 5 or 6 &
then the same old day begins
again

34-4-20

Types

34-V-82

The Evangelist

~~Small~~ Short slim sheeted & dressed a bit smutty. He came into the big Emigrants house at Erith-hamilton with Dot & swing which suggested the "modern" young man. He could evidently talk at length if not fluently & seemed deeply interested strongly in himself. The crowd of comers into is just the usual one & often religious discussion ~~&~~ commences as it does Catholic Greek, Jew, Protestants of all sects & free thinkers & the inevitable rapper in large numbers. One day I found him singing religious hymns lustily with a small number of companions; a thing that would have done very well had it not been for a certain indefinable pharisaism about the thing — a shade of that sort of religious advertisement which is so often

defended as "courage of one's opinions."
On sunday he raised storms of
all sorts by discussing theology
quoting the bible & holding prayer-
meetings in the cabin. He informed
one troublesome opponent that if
he (the evangelist) were unmolested
he would certainly thrash him
&c. I felt a certain duty for
the fellow — he was young &
~~educated~~ earnest & yet just one
of those half educated bigots
who do so much mischief along
with good in the name of religion.

The Rovers:

I find so many world wan-
derers here — globe trotters, but in
a different sense than one generally
understands under that name which
always savors of roaming mobility
riches and ennui. Here however
are numbers who as common sailors
tramps & adventurers have wandered right

34-4-83

with the ends of the earth. One sat beside one last night as I talked German & some companions & informed suddenly me that he spoke 207 different languages. He was a tall fellow & not very distinguished appearance & yet evidently a man of some education. He was a he said the son of a German & an English woman and had travelled all about especially in Spain & North Africa where he was retained in the Melilla Wars between Spain & the Moors. Another had travelled all over the South Sea Islands, among the Hawaiians & Fiji cannibals & spoke well of the dark natives but told cruel tales of the enslaving whites. A third had been thro South Africa — Cape Town & Matabele land — spoke the Kaffir tongue & told what fine fellows they — gave indeed a good account of the progress of

the blacks; he had been to in New Zealand Australia &c, and told of the success of some native races & the debauchery of others. I have here keenly realized how wide the world & that the wanderers restlessness knows no bounds of rank or condition

---

The Jew.

In spite of all I have seen the Jew remains a half veiled mystery to me. I should be the last to join in any injustice against him both from principle & from the acquaintance I've had with noble individuals in his race. Yet there seems to fail so far as I've seen that strong middle class which in every nation holds the thrift of culture. Here on the I have seen the noble aristocracy of the race and the low mean cheating "hübel" — but seldom the ordinary good hearted good intentioned man. I suppose this is to convince the

result of their unions trusting what
very [illegible] heredity must have decided
& unfortunate results. On board
we have various specimens [illegible] more
of a very interesting character. There is
the sweet-eyed quaint girl whom
I silently admire, the little talkative
one with her innocent ways & broken
English: the others however I shun
there is in them all that slyness
that lack of straightforward open-
heartedness which goes straight
against me. Here is one who has
been in America & knows every-
thing & yet always is trying to find
out what you think you know.
There is the little crooked imagin-
ignant one who goes snuffling about
& tho' I may be wrong, gives me
a sort of Shylock impression. Even
his little long-handed son sneaks
rather than walks about. Then there
is the young English Jew with his
accent & his swagger — which out-
Englands England. There are Polish Jews

34-4-84

in abundance as dirty and rough as the Poles themselves yet here again replacing the Polish innocence & greenness with a sort of overbearing slyness. I have great hopes & great admiration for the Jew people only I see that their national development is ~~their~~ over widely different obstacles than those of my nature.

The Negro.

There are two full blooded Negro aboard & (including myself) 3 ~~mulatt~~ mulattoes. We do not go together — indeed have not all spoken together but I think all have had a pleasant voyage with little cause & complain of any prejudice. Of course ~~the~~ we awakened more or less curiosity little some & I fancy something of distaste mothers: yet I find ~~them~~ us all talking to the women & one

31-4-85

especially from his good Landedness & him seems a general favourite, in fine in a graded line of individuals here the Blacks would by no means stand at the bottom of the row. What I noticed in them (what is of course in the others 4) is their goodheartedness — their straightforwardness. There is not a trace of deception & deceit & injure or envy others traceable. A people with such hearts do not deserve annihilation.

The Russian Role.

~~You~~ One always finds the Roles huddled together in one corner sleeping and Joking, "wie Junge Hunde" as the german said. The are for the most part well built blonds with the broad faces big nose & mouths of the Slaves. They are dirty & lousy & happy — yes I think a bit lazy. Yet they seem

to me to have the making of a nation in them. It will take of course long years — they have evidently been trained & dirt + wallowers; yet they have not been perpetually debauched and they have the apprehensiveness of willingness of the learner...

Society.

What happens when 350 people ~~are~~ of the lower classes are for 9 days thrown together with very little outside government? The answer to this can be seen on this voyage & is most interesting. We have here of course all grades of society but a majority of what must be called lower. Yet I think that the better classes here, the better & more orderly elements though merely greater in numbers has been decidedly more influential. The experience has known in a degree what I have always thought, that the number of "estates" is unlimited in a sense: the is a # "ties that" a 4th 5th 6th &c — one can merely bring any sort of a crowd of people together without finding a large number of distinct classes. Then again the number of estates is quite limited

34-4-86

for the several classes here develo
differences here in no great degree
from the classes elsewhere in the
world — it is the same old strife
of finer souls against brutality

We have of course strange divisions
here: that of Education, of course; that of
wealth, that of life ~~&~~ effort, that of
nation, & that of ~~color~~ language &
that of color. ~~There~~.

There is here a great number
of half educated men — men who
for lack of opportunity or perseverance
have but tasted the fountain springs.
They are men whom ~~great~~ dogmatism & conceit
must interest men, & in all cases
studies in human nature. They are
often compounded of opposites & intellectual
acumen & desire & learn with low habits
& even brutality; then again there are
ambitious cranks; the man who sets out
to invent & discover do this or that
because it was dangerous & he fearful
but some case or other-

CONCERNING THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

Ye Ds Berkshire Hills. I am sitting on Pluck and the world* with its joys and telegraph poles is flying fast. The day is — O Hell! how stale flat is and unprofitable is this our every day language and how divorced from fact! Wherefore should I tell you, fool that on that on this mark the thumb did back him in the sun and how forth his joy & soul, when you never say a thing & know* and in truth I never did my self — why should I call yon hillock beautiful when every school girl calls her husband with the same; Ray has fresorth a mustache the same loveliness as a sunset sky Then hencefort I will hereto in unconventioned terms & shun the barn of famous Robin Hood lest per chance I use senseless chatter. It is a watery day and for the particles suspended in air I can scarce see the other rail road track. The ground is thick

33-2-103

and the water does not come down in
thundering ~~torrents~~ cats masses but slowly
and carefully & let it drink its fill:
those days I love - days of plenty rest
and reverie when nature does not laugh
but smiles and every thing is contented
except the fat man in front, the ner-
vous woman on the other side the
aisle and the whole world of humanous
malcontents who twist and grunt and
feel wet and pray for perpetual Sunglare
— there it comes in the west - grey pink
ed, blue, — O I love this grimly un-
conscious old world; the ~~conscious~~ old Whig widower, who can persists
in sitting & night with no more grace
than six thousand years ago and who
has never even added a simple line
& the rain bow to celebrate the entrance-
ment of Centuries Stupidity. My fool,
this is a nutshell of a universe.
(whose fool is called philosophy)
+ + + +

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY

33-4-28

"Key in hand I escape from the crowded chapel and go to my cozy recitation room, outside the door of which the German class is congregated. "Guten Morgen, Herr Professor!" they say, and soon we are gathered round the table, and the day's work begins with its kaleidoscopic changes. Young bright eager mischievous faces — that's 1st year Latin; older and shrewder know-alls, with eager emulation and an eye for a joke — that's the Caesar class. Then comes the little group who are marching up with Russ against the great king at Babylon, sedate but interested. Next 1st year Greek a bit puzzled and chary, but half-inspired and eager. Then — and, my soul! but by this time I am weary — a struggle with Antigone's struggles by mine and spectacled Butts, all fading away into a dull headache and the bell for noon chapel.

[illegible] now allowing the interstate trade now forbid

a period of vacillation in legislation
while the legislators were endeavoring
to hit upon the economic stimulant. Finally
the legislation ends in steadily
without let or hindrance the inter-
state trade and in regulating and
inspecting it. The legislation of S.C.
and Ga will illustrate this

(with legend)

The act of 1824 may be
and the have closed the penal
legislation of the U.S. on the
slave trade, and I shall now
speak of the enforcement of these acts
and the foreign slave. ~~In 1821~~

In 1821 Sec of the Navy re-
ported that some slaves had been
imported, ~~several~~ 5 or 6 slavers captured;
~~and~~ no "great" attempts at illicit
trading were reported outside the
Chesapeake Romney with 250 Africans
on board. From Africa the Rev. S
Dacon reports that the ~~the~~ trade
carried on briskly near him,

c 1896

33-4-77

The bit of day that comes between my last recitation and dinner is a source of great anxiety to me: I dislike to waste it and yet I can find little to fit in there except making my bed or taking a short walk. I eat dinner alone, before the crowd arrives and run a gauntlet of greetings back to my room. Then comes the coziest hour of the day: in my tilted arm-chair, with the daily paper and a red apple [redacted] I lose myself until the bell brings me back to Wilberforce. After that I drum the piano a bit, write a page and then immerse myself in Grote's Greece till supper.

William Henry Carter

Not many decades ago, William Henry Carter was born amid the Berkshire Hills of Western Mass. on a bright shining morning at 9. He could scarcely have chosen a sweeter valley for a birthplace, for at Great Barrington, the great Taconic range of hills humps itself into a fine great show, and then half ashamed rolls down across the yellow winding waters of the of Housatonic & finally crossing the valley in peace hides itself in the undulating waves of the Taconic hills. Between these two mountain ranges lies a demure town, with nice nooks & crannies, yet with such hill ordered and handsome streets, with jolly village schools, and and travelling circuses each summer, as to make a well-bred New England boys mouth water. Down half-way between country & city, where the wild roar of the outer world broke across the valley as into a mysterious echo, William started life as a pron boy with great aims, a bit dreamy and fairly healthy. Since he was with the long recesses and & noontimes, and the rubbing together of brought into contact on recitations, he could have more genuine fun in school than and, he stayed in school and was accounted promising. There were rare days: with moonlight skating on Mans field pond, coasting on double-runners down castle-hill (with a railway & occasional trains to lend the advice of real danger) or in summer

[illegible] to the yellow Housatonic [illegible]

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

Department. Teacher.

Name , Date 189

Subject 2. , Percentage %.

33-2-139

on the mighty stocks of old Horace. Dearest of all things was the little yard in front of the house with its tiny walled-in brook, & the Binns blue eyes & frilmy dresses of the landlady's niece, who used to play house with him & house, with whom he swore to be married as soon as ever he "got rich".

But such days must end & Will's dead only one blustering March when his mother kissed him & kelled asleep, and was put in the long black hearse (with the one with the big plumes) and slowly carried down to the old graveyard & laid close beside the weary father. Before his tears were all dried, the landlord looked Will over:

"Well, sir, how old are you, sir?" said in a gruff breathless manner, for he was accounted a shark lawyer & esteemed & go the legislature

"Sixteen" Faintly.

"H'm — humph — hmm What are you going to do?" which being just what Will had nearly bursted his brains out on all night, elicited no intelligible reply, & brought a dreadful frown on the lawyer's face.

Well you must do something!

Yes sir — I - I'd like — if I could — & perhaps go to college, that is

ALDINE EXAMINATION PAPER
PUBLISHED BY
W. B. CHEW, XENIA, O.

"college? College? What for? & play football and study Greek, and learn Latin? I never went to college — but I saw it's simply out of the question because you haven't the money. Now Jane has left you about $ 500. My advice is & invest this & go into some small business — you may be a rich man some day."

38-2-140

Jay Gould's keen eyes this shadow of disappointment in Dot's heart & to find a life learning & knowing seemed for a moment infinitely beyond getting "rich" but it was only a moment & then the vision of A.T. Stewart & Vanderbilt & Jay Gould had whirled his head down a golden street toward a diamond sea, & he said eagerly

"Do you know of any way I might invest my money?"

Yes Lawyer Grey knew; for his troublesome Doctor cousin had a trunk store & to the lawyer was heard of refusing & drove him away — here was a partner for him and off he hurried Will & Dot as junior partners in Grey & Castle, Men's Furnishing Goods, 315 Washington Street.

Not however before Will Burk met the [illegible] skirts & blue eyes again

"I'm going away, Dot!

What for?

"To make my fortune"

O that's nice — make lots & it won't you and then

But Dot!

Yes!

Dear

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

Department. Teacher.

Name , Date 189

Subject 4 , Percentage %.

Dot — dear Dot - will you — marry me!

Ha ha ha! o yes yes — that is if you're very very rich. And then the train rolled jauntily away from the hills, yellow stacks with a whistle & a clang, and smoked up the valley, having hard work as all thought in keeping the keeping from running into the hills, the river & the highway, & dodging that breathless from the one & over & across the others, that it made the weary horse sick & quite dreary. Then came Pittsfield & there he boarded another train & was dashed along past great mountains & silent valleys, thro' murmuring towns & across blue rivers

ALDINE EXAMINATION PAPER
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W. B. CHEW, XENIA

28th BIRTHDAY

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Department. 1896 Teacher.

Name ..... Date 189

Subject ..... Percentage ..... %.

1/21/2

Again a birth day — 28 years I have lived in this queer world and God knows it never puzzled me more than to day. Here it is late February — hesitating weather, yesterday clear cold, & day grey & soft and yet always with a far away smell of spring. Things were moving on quickly with us: the german class were essaying a little conversation & would be able to take up Lessing's Brant before the Spring final exam: the young Latin class had made heroic efforts with the declentions & conjugations & with a little sifting can grapple with the subjunctive & so everything seemed progressing finely even & the last forensic I had ordered for the Rhetorical Domain — Oh on Does the End Justify the Means? — when suddenly it came — the Revival. Now I'm a Christian — that is with some mental reservation I find my self quite in accord with the objects & methods of most church folks. I believe & in revivals — somewhat that is I suppose that are ask times when all earnest workers in any cause need re-consecration & then I doubt & wish & gain coworkers. So far so good — and yet do you know I've been Almost a prisoner in my room for nearly a week, drawn almost & distracted by the wild screams cries groans & shrieks that rise from the chapel below me & reduced now almost to mental imbecility by this revival? God it is an awful thing & feel driven & stand stubbornly set against this effort to the Good. I know there's good — that is, most of them.

From WEBSTD (Personal)

ALDINE EXAMINATION PAPER,
PUBLISHED BY
W. B. CHEW, - - XENIA, O.

Family Docs

Ida Bass - Personnel

96
82
1981
1926

NOVELS

Chapters III-X
pp. 7-19, 1-5, 1-24, 1-2

BETHESDA A. M. E.: A ROMANCE OF NEGRO RELIGION

Unpublished manuscript - c. 1928-29

[Cr 1-6 missing]

Jasper was left in charge of his family. Nearly all the white men had gone. Fiercely and with every ounce of strength and loyalty, Jasper protected the white women. And then returning home one night he finds Aunt Esther sitting in the midst of the cabin with Marianne Maddox Diggs, a year-old child, across her knees. He seizes the child and in a frenzy rushes to restore it. Aunt Esther only laughs. He does not dare to bring it back openly, but tries and thinks that he succeeds in laying it unnoticed back in its cradle. Next day two thunder strokes overwhelm him. The city is captured by the Union fordes and the Emancipation of slaves proclaimed. While, on the other hand, Marianne disappears and is never found. Reconstruction comes and re-organization of Bethesda Church. It is separated entirely now from Grace Church and Colonel Diggs thankful for Jasper's protection of his family, deeds the old warehouse to him. Marianne is believed to have been lost in the fright and confusion of the surrender. Jasper continues to preach and to restrain the hotheaded among his people. He refuses to vote; he sneers at political power, but he accepts the schools. ~~In 1880 Aunt Esther drops dead~~.

41-1-240

Chapter III.

Of the second marriage of Jasper Diggs and of his descent into Hell and of the mercy of God which built a new Bethesda.

The death of Aunt Esther freed the soul of Jasper Diggs. The old dark incubus of fear that had oppressed him all his life seem to lift. He began to accept and understand the new freedom of his people and to look upon them as having a greater possibility than he had ever dreamed. He saw that they might become men like white folks, and while they must always be subordinate, yet they could be much more than he had dared to hope. Then, too, in his personal life he began to long for love and beauty such as he had never known; such as had seemed to him almost sinful. He looked upon Kitty Bell with new eyes. She had been the house-

hold drudge for Aunt Esther and Jasper without interference had often seen her whipped unmercifully. Now he began to view her with new eyes. She was slight and rather pretty and 16, and when he had given her a new dress she seemed even prettier. He was 53 years of age and yet he began to dream of romance. In a sort of spiritual revolt against ugliness and tyranny, he married Kitty Bell in 1881 and for a time was supremely happy. Triumphant with the sermons that he preached in old Bethesda, the rickety old place was repaired and he even dreamed sometime of a new church. But he had no conception or ability for raising money. He was a preacher not an administrator. So that the plans for the new church never came to practical action. Jasper was continually insensed at the attitudd of the young Negroes toward their former masters. He continued to call the Colonel Old Master and the Colonel's son, Major Cyril Maddox Diggs, born in 1860, just before the war, was of course Young Master. When Young Master storming at the shiftlessness of Negroes asked Uncle Jasper to send him a maid to help out, Uncle Jasper promised that Kitty Bell should go. Major Diggs was himself just married in 1881 and setting up his new establishment. He was having trouble, because with the broken finances of the family, he could not and would not pay wages to the servants. And the servants were leaving. On the other hand, Cyril Diggs still kept the outward appearance of wealth: immaculate clothes, a well-dressed wife, horses and carriages, wine and entertainment. Kitty Bell demurred at going up to the Big House to help temporarily. She did not refuse but she said she would rather not go. Uncle Jasper was scandalized. What sort of attitude was this toward his people? He pre-emptorily ordered her to go. For two years or more intermittently, for a longer or shorter periods, she went up and helped as servant at the Big House. Then in 1884 she could go no longer. To Uncle Jasper's great delight she was about to have a child. Tremendous was his sermon and celebration when his daughter was born. He named her Queen Anne,

H28-1-14

Summit Hill plate 9 at the Manor in Big Hope

and her coming made subtle changes in his attitude toward life. The litter of children whom Aunt Esther had borne him had been born slaves and disappeared as field hands. No other destiny had occurred to Uncle Jasper as being possible for them. But with Queen Anne it was different. She was born free. She was beautiful and intelligent. He visioned her as a new beginning of freedom and education in his own family. A sort of personal answer from the Lord to his prayers. Then came the blow. It was after his great Sunday meeting; after the shouting and the ecstacy; after he had properly thanked God for this precious bit of humanity and had dedicated her to him. He was walking home, white hat and white coat, grey of face, his hands behind him, his little body bent forward, conscious of his dignity, and yet watching for its effect with roving eyes, feeling himself playing a part, and yet desperately eager to play it honestly. He cast ___ for praise and appreciation as the crowds sauntered by now this way and now that, in their Sunday finery.

41-1-242

"Good Evening, Parson. A mighty sermond, you give us."

"Evening Brer Jasper."

And then with all the rest came the blow.

"Who dat?"

"Old Jasper."

"The one what's got a baby? "

"Nah. The one what's got Young Master's baby."

Uncle Jasper walked on without pause or hesitation. He still kept bowing gracefully and his step did not falter. But there was a feeling of death in his heart. He burst in on Kitty and Kitty Bell stared at him in terror. Then she begn to talk.

"I didn't want to go to the Big House. I begged not to go. You made me go."

Uncle Jasper. "And he. And he—"

"No he didn't. It wasn't his fault. It was my fault. He was handsome and had beautiful clothes and he speaks fine and soft. I wanted him. He didn't make me."

41-1-243

And then Uncle Jasper went down into the depths, groping as he talked and muttered through the night. After all, it was nothing new, this experience of his. He had seen it all his life; he had condoned it; he had even sneered at the woman and _____ them. He had advised against resisting the will of the Masters, but now suddenly he realizes that all this was changed. That he was thinking differently, and that Kitty Bell belonged to him in a new sense; that the days of slavery had gone. He shrank from the murder in his heart, and then at last he could stand it no longer. He went and took the sleeping child out of the cradle and walked into the night, hiding it beneath his coat. Down the street he went; down by the waterfront; down by the old square; to where Bethesda stared across the sea; but now her eyes were not sightless; they burn with the windows he had put in. He went in and sat down silently in the darkness and tried to pray. Then at last he gropped for the old and rusty trap door which Esther knew so well. He went down into the cellar and dug for the box. He did not know it was there, and yet he did know. He knew that if the blood sacrifice had been carried out that here was its secret and proof. ~~He brought the heavy thing upstairs and placed it on the altar.~~ The child whimpered ~~as he laid it on top of the box. He lighted the candle and then~~ suddenly all of his courage gave away. He seized the child ~~and leaving the lighted candle fled into the night and placed the baby back in its cradle. It whimpered again and the mother who had not missed it turned sleepily and gave it food.~~ Jasper ~~sank into~~ a stupor ~~and then into sound sleep which only the wild ringing of the fire bells at dawn aroused him. He rushed out with all the black hope and all the white.~~

~~Bethesda was burning. Great sheets of flame were spreading over it and sparks were flying. Uncle Jasper knew, he knew how it had happened. He had forgotten the candle and~~ His church was gone. Everything was gone. "God done forgot me." he moaned, and ~~sat down~~ lay in blank despair. But Colonel Diggs found him and took him to his office. Jasper did not respond as usual. He could not talk to this man who had always been his father confessor, but at last the story came tumbling out: Of the child; of the ~~burning~~ theft of the church. The old Colonel looked at him with a grim half smile. Then suddenly his face became haggared. "There is a curse somewhere," he said. "It is wrong, and I know it. That young whelp ought to be horsewhipped. And yet I helped to spoil him, and make him think that the world was his plaything. Well, I'll tell you Jasper. I am going to do what I can to right wrong. The child shall have an education and I'll build you a new church." Jasper grovelled before him. "You don't know. You don't know all." he said. "There in the church—Marianne." But the Colonel waved him to silence. "I am afraid I know all," he said. Jasper arose radiant and ~~went~~ strutted out to the world, new-re-born. A new Bethesda was to rise again. The Lord done laid his hands on me

41-1-244

Chapter IV.

Of how a new Bethesda arose beside the sea and of the pains of its growth and how the Reverend John Henry Lowndes became the husband of Uncle Jasper's daughter and the Second Leader of Bethesda. 1885-1913.

The carrying out of Colonel Diggs' offer to build Uncle Jasper 's new church proved much more difficult than seemed possible. In the first place, the church could not be built on the site of the old burned warehouse, because a new warehouse was needed for the cotton traffic and this district was to be given over to wholesale business. When Uncle Jasper looked about for other sites all sorts of difficulties arose. The church must not be built out toward the hills because that

41-1-245

was destined to be a white district. It must not be built back toward the marshes, railroads and factories would eventually come there. It could not be built back inland because it would be beyond the settlement of the poorer whites and cut off from the Negro settlement so that Negroes would have to pass through. In fact, there seemed no place where a new church for Negroes could be built. And, moreover, there were jealousies. Jealousies on the part of the Negroes; between the First and Second Baptist ~~Churches~~ Churches which had grown up, one in a new ~~framed~~ building, and one in an old dwelling. The Holy Rollers had come ~~gone in~~ two Negro organizations of Methodists; the A.M.E. and the A.M.E. Zion wanted to stake out religious claims. The newly organized C.M.E. Church was ~~bitterly~~ eager either to establish a church or to take over Bethesda. Then there was bitter opposition from the poor whites. How dare Negroes have a new brick church ~~when~~ better than any other church in town except the old Grace Methodist and the Episcopalian. But Colonel Diggs was influential and determined. He felt that he owed something to Jasper for his faithfulness during the war and to colored people for many reasons. He finally placed the church ~~back toward the marshes at the extreme end of the present colored district~~ where it had been before and planned a substantial edifice of brick. Then Mrs. Maddox Diggs interfered and young Cyril stormed until his father cursed him . But the plans were simplifiéd and finally the new church began to arise. As it arose and stretched itself cautiously and looked upon the dun waters of the gulf, it began to think and twist and writhe within itself. Uncle Jasper was astonished and puzzlied at the new problems that it brought. Before the war he had fought ~~suspicion~~ superstition and mysticism on the one hand, and on the other hand, the careless orgies of drunkenness and gambling and dancing with which the careless consoled themselves. But ~~suspicion~~ superstition was the main thing and against this he had fought secretly and thundered. The first two was the only outlet that was open and

aboveboard in those days. Now life was more complicated. Superstition Suspicion was still there but in the background. Amusements and pastimes and work and home and general interests began to vie with the church. The dance came out of the woods and the midnights and openly flaunted itself in homes and in one or two rickety halls that could be hired. Mysteries and variety shows and circuses appeared from out the world and took his people and their money. All this to Jasper was Evil and he gathered all his strength to fight it fiercely. He inveighed first of all against the dance. For in the back of his mind it represented always the mystic orgies of Esther. He inveighed against the circus and the theater because they catered to the lowest tastes of his people and were neither beautiful nor inspiring. He inveighed against all that he called pleasure because they seemed an attempt to justify this world, and he knew that the world was evil and destined to just destruction and tolerated only in the hollow hand of an avenging God. But, on the other hand, his people, and especially the young folk, did not seem to respond at all to the thunder of his denunciations. They openly laughed at him; they jeered in his meetings; they had the affrontry to sit in the rear of the new half finished auditorium and to giggle and to flirt. Uncle Jasper was outraged. His Deacons stormed and expelled. It was his firm belief and belief of all the older Negroes, and the unanimous dictum of white folk that the young people were going straight to the Devil. Their freedom had ruined them. Not that Uncle Jasper was against Freedom. No, he had seen new possibilities and extraordinary development here and there. But most of the young folk were surely going to the Devil, and he preached loudly against them and for them. He was afraid especially for his little daughter, Queen Anne, who was growing sturdily. At first he feared her mother's influence. He could not get over the feeling that there must be something loose and wrong about Kitty Bell. Then suddenly he believed in her. It came like a

41-1-247

flash in the face. He was denouncing the loose and immoral when someone screamed from the back of the church. "How about Kitty Bell?" And then Kitty Bell arose and came forward with her child in her arms and confessed before the church and writhed and wept in open humiliation. And Uncle Jasper came down and lifted her up and owned her and defended her before the congregation. And there was a mighty shouting that day. In truth, Kitty Bell proved a strict and overcareful mother. Queen Anne grew up pretty, prim and self-conscious. She set high value upon her reputation from earliest years. She felt her blood and her descent. How indeed could she help but feel it. Everybody knew that she was a white Diggs. She looked curiously like the girl that Mrs. Maddox Diggs was in her younger years. The older Negroes saw it and chuckled and gossiped over it. Then she was set off as a mulatto, from the congregation predominantly black. She became used to little acts of deference, due not simply to her color; to her descent; to the fact that she was always well-dressed, and was the Pastor's daughter. She went to school regularly and proved a diligent if not a brilliant student. When the six months' school of the Negroes was closed she went to the private two months' extention which the teacher held with the help of those Negroes who could afford a dollar a month. And then for a month or two of the last of the year, Uncle Jasper was able to hire tutors here and there and to have her taught a little music. She was soon the prodigy of the congregation. Very early she went into the boarding department of the local commission school and there became even more prim and self-satisfied. She felt her position and began to speculate about her future life. She was going to marry a man of prominence, well-dressed, educated, and, of course, a minister. A leader of his people. They were going to have influence, a beautiful home, and wealth. She knew that white men watched her and tried to attract her attention. But she was quite unmoved. Now and then she let herself

41-1-248

glance at them archly just to see what they would do. But she knew better than to go further. White men were dangerous. She watched and imitated the white women of the better class; their clothes; they walk; their manners. Now and then she tried little experiments; a haughty stare at one of them. It was astonishing what reactions this produced. Sometimes they were angry; sometimes flustered; sometimes almost apologetic. Queen Anne learned the limitations of the color line, but that power and intelligence were not altogether limited by it. She chafed at many things, and sometimes grew bitter and sullen. As, for instance, when they refused to let her try on a hat at the Emporia or did not fit her shoes and gloves. But she became psychologically even a bit hard over these things. Finally, at the age of 18, in 1903, ~~she was sent to Spelman in Atlanta, and there~~ she first met John Henry Lowndes.

41-1-249

John Henry Lowndes was a tall, big man. He was born in ~~Kentucky~~ Mississippi in 1875 of parents fairly well-to-do, as freedmen went. They had a two-room cabin with a hall between and a kitchen semi-detached at the back. There was plenty to eat, and a six-months' school two miles away furnished opportunities for education. John Henry grew up as one of a large family, —red-brown, lanky, crisp-haired. He finished school, and then by the help of ~~his father and sisters~~ the Bradys was sent to ~~Atlanta~~ Williamson University, where he did his high school and college work. He decided to be a minister because it was the most conspicious career that he saw opened to colored people. It brought him before the public; enabled him to dress well; it gave him power, and an income much larger than he had ever known colored people to enjoy. Moreover, scholarships were available for him to study for the ministry, while not encouraging him to study law which he rather liked or medicine, which he did not like. Teaching he early decided, after some summer experiments, was too hard work.

In ~~Atlanta he had~~ Mobile met Queen Ann Diggs while he was a student. ~~She entered Spelman; he was a Senior at Atlanta University.~~ He liked her, both for her good looks and her air of prim self-satisfaction. She would make, he decided, even then, an ideal minister's wife: careful, intelligent, above suspicion. He kept up correspondence with her while he was in the theological school and visited her after he became pastor.

He went to Wilberforce for his theological training and then entered the ministry of the African Methodist Church. He was not particularly religious. Religion to him was a part of the established universe. He had always had prayers; he had always gone to church; he had always understood that God was conducting the world in an orthodox fashion. That if he rebelled against the scheme he would get hurt; both in this world and particularly hereafter. He had not the slightest notion of rebellion. He had no heart searchings as to theological questions, because he didn't know that there were any questions. The ~~whole~~ scheme of salvation he had swallowed whole. ~~After~~ He went into the pastorate in 1890, ~~he received good charges;~~ he was well-fed and well-dressed; and achieved a pleasant, jovial way of meeting the world. He was a great orator, with full rotund voice and magnificent pulpit presence. His natural emotions and sympathy made his funeral orations masterpieces, and at the Sunday dinner table he was in wide and continuous demand. But with all this, he was rather cautious. Looking about the world he saw clearly where power and influence lay. Just as regard to God, he did not propose to be in danger of Hell fire, so as with regard to white men, he did not propose to get their enmity, and with regard to colored men, he did not propose to lose his popularity. He, therefore, was a little careful about women and marriage; he was always polite to white people; and while avoiding servility, he gave them a quiet deference which most of them liked. He was very careful to learn the names and the families of colored people and to greet them with a certain dignified effusion, which

41-1-250

made them feel tremendous favored and important. Other things being equal, John Lowndes wanted Right to triumph. He did not want to interfere with other men's wives; he did not want to be compelled to take money that didn't belong to him; he wanted to be able to tell the truth and encourage virtue. But as he often told himself, he was no fool, and he recognized that these natural wants and desires of his were often difficult to accomplish without sacrifice that he did not feel called upon to render. He was not going to estrange hardworking sisters in the church, even if his appreciation had to be expressed now and then by a discreet caress. He had to have money and he soon saw that the nominal and small salary which trustees were willing to vote must be pieced out by donations, gifts, and even the holding out of certain funds which in strict theics, belonged to the church. He knew very well that white people were cheating colored people and that colored people were cheating themselves in their lies and actions. But he did not propose to stir up any racial animosity and become a marked man by working against the whites nor was he going to fail in his indeavor to incalcate thrift and honesty among colored people. He recognized life as a compromise, and he proposed to compromise carefully and thoughtfully to the end that colored people might become liberal, more intelligent, and more prosperous, and with the idea that the best means to that end was his own success and advancement.

41-1-251

Queen Anne gave no thought to religion at all. She was an orthodox church member in the same sense that she breathed the air and endured the weather. It was a part of her universe she never questioned. She belonged to the church as distinct from the world and she was not tempted by wordly pleasures because she knew practically nothing about them. She had never danced, or been to a real theater, or tasted of other wordly pleasures. She liked to go to church, sing hymns, and take part in church activities and gossip discreetly with the Sisters. She

taught Sunday School, followed literally the bible lessons and required answers, as they were printed. The marriage then of Lowndes and Queen Anne came quite as a matter of course. Lowndes was ordained in 1906 and for two years he was a pastor in Atlanta with conspicious success as a minister in the A. M. E. Church. The Bishop urged his marriage and suggested that he then go to Mobile and succeed his father-in-law as Pastor. This for several reasons. First of all, Bethesda Church was not yet a part of the A. M. E. Connection. The property was deeded to Uncle Jasper and his trustees, and they must be induced to turn it over to the Connection before it could become a regular A. M. E. Church. Uncle Jasper was an old man, nearly 80. He could not last much longer. He began to show his feebleness. Moreover, the church was beginning to languish for lack of funds. Jasper could still preach and arouse his audiences. He kept an annual stream of converts pouring in, but he did not know how to systemize and organize the church, bring adequate financial support, not only for the church, but for the Connection when the church joined. The Bishop, therefore, urged Lowndes to go, and he urged the church and Uncle Jasper voluntarily to call him. He visited the church often, and the congregation on the whole liked him. Then, too, they began to see the need of a pastor, more modern and systematic than Uncle Jasper. The rival First Baptist Church had built a new edifice, and already Bethesda was needing repairs. In 1913, at the age of 85, Uncle Jasper preached his farewell sermon and John Henry Lowndes became pastor of Bethesda. Immediately his problems loomed. The ~~Region~~ about Bethesda was becoming a factory slum. A white ~~boarding~~ bawdy house was established and proetected by the police in the very face of the church doors. His first attempts to raise more money met opposition and a moral question loomed on his attitude toward "pleasure". Because in his ermons about the theater and dancing he was much more apologetic and undecided than Bethesda though worth _____.

41-1-252

Lowndes and his wife girded themselves for battle. Their marriage, on the part of both of them, was a case of very careful intellectual choice, as well as the physical attraction between a pretty girl and a big, well-groomed man. But from the start, they knew that their union was a business partnership for the promotion of their ambitions. They wanted wealth, comfort and the conspicious regard of their world, and they started in like a well-matched team to get all this. Queen Anne Diggs was a quadroon, with straight black hair and a cream-colored skin. Feature by feature she was not beautiful. Her eyes were a little hard; her mouth and nose large, and the chin undetermined. Alone and unnoticed, or at times when she was not conscious of regard, her face was cold and sullen. Butusually, and before the public, she had a calm and pleasing way which gave the impression of a depth of feeling and sympathy, which, as a matter of fact, were not there at all. She listened to everybody with great attention; with apparently unflagging interest; she was careful to call on people; and she cultivated with white people just that shade of demure deference, coupled with perfect self-control; that kept them from active dislike, and at the same time, just slightly in awe. With colored people, she adopted a similarly subtle shade of superiority, which made them rate her notice and acquaintance very high and imitate her ways and find great elation when she accepted their invitations.

41-1-254

Chapter V.

How Grace Methodist Church became the third Bethesda and how the Reverend Aaron Bowker was its third minister. 1913-1924.

The Reverend John Henry Lowndes was convinced that the salvation of Bethesda lay in a new church building. First of all there were technical and legal reasons. It was very doubtful if the Board of Trustees, even with the reluctant consent of Uncle Jasper, would be willing to turn over the church property to the A. M. E. Connection, and without this it was impossible for Mr. Lowndes to be recognized as having a regular charge under the Bishop and be in line for promotion to greater things. Then, too, new Bethesda was already old. When it was built it seemed a rather fine thing for colored people. But Mr. Lowndes knew what churches colored people were beginning to buy and build and he was sure the city demanded something bigger. Moreover, unless Bethesda got a new church, it was going rapidly to be outstripped by the other colored churches. The First Baptist was planning a new big brick church. The only difficulty was that it was even further out toward the marshes and away from the main colored district. Unless the pastor could take a considerable portion of his flock with him to live out there, he could not succeed. Mr. Lowndes looked about town. The white population would have to move to better quarters very soon, and there removal would mean a chance for the expansion of the Negro population right in town. But where that was, was the trouble. Mr. Lowndes was convinced that nothing could be done without the co-operation of the white folks and with them. It was silly to think that the Negroes could be anything more than a sub-ordinate group to the whites. But they could, by careful planning, and studied submission, drive some excellent bargains. Moreover, Mr. Lowndes always knew what the whites people were thinking and talking about. The church members, who were their servants, retailed all the choisest gossip.

41-1-285

The white people in turn knew something about the colored people but not as much. The servants told them, but they told them only that they knew and saw among colored people. They did not understand all that was going on in the minds of people like Mr. Lowndes. The situation of Major Cyril Diggs was not happy. The old Colonel was ill and at outs with his son. The Major had been spoiled. He had been brought up to think that there was no limit as to money or power which a Diggs should not have. All the black world bowed to him and a large part of the white. But the available funds with which Cyril Diggs tried to support his dignity were failing. The Civl War overthrewthe economic foundation of the Diggs Family. They came out of it impovished but with property holdings that eventually might restore their funds. Cyril Diggs, born in 1860, came to manhood in the Restoration Period. He became a professional Southerner; he married a girl, pretty but poor, in 1881; and their servants told how they quarreled over money andover his infidelities . The Major got his title in the Spanish American War, not by fighting but by dwilling and getting acquainted with certain Northern business interests. He began to try to make money. But he was only partially successful until the upheaval of the World War. When the World War opened in 1914, Cyril Diggs was a man of 54 and his Father died just as the United States entered the war. Cyril began to manipulate the property and was in a fair way to dissipate it, when the prosperity of war times struck Mobile. He secured a number of contracts and made money. He entered politics and there sent to the State Legislature. After the war, he and a number of his companions, conceived a scheme calculated to make them millionaires. But this involved the removal of the

41-1-256

fashionable center of Mobile back to the hills, and the expansion of the business districts down town. Cyril Diggs owned a large part of the land and was interested in companies of various sorts who wanted to make the development. Everything depended upon the psychology of getting this started, and for various reasons Grace Church was strategic. It was vast, old, and gloomy. It needed repairing. But, also, it was respectable and fashionable. Particularly his mother, Mrs. Ransom Maddox Diggs, an old woman of 80, would have been outraged beyond expression had she known of Cyril's plan. Cyril proposed to sell this church to the Negroes. They were practically the only purchasers. No one else would have thought of buying such an incubus and nothing could have induced the congregation to sell except a sure buyer. The Negroes, as collective buyers, had become a force to be reckoned with in Mobile, and Cyril was determined to sound out Lowndes whom he had met condescendingly, and see if a deal could not be made. With Grace Church sold, everything else ought to go easily. He owned and controlled the land where the new Grace Church and the new settlement would be builded. Meantime, Lowndes was hunting feverishly for a new site for Bethesda, and through the gossip of servants in his church, he learned of Cyril's plan and Cyril of his. They had a talk. Lowndes was at once astonished, elated, and afraid. For Negroes to actually own the church where the Maddoxes and Diggs had worshipped for generations would be a move which would put Bethesda permanently and unquestionably at the head of all the colored churches of Mobile. They, of course, gradually the part of the city near the church, with many old missions and historic spots, would become a dwelling place for the Negroes, and a much needed outlet for their teeming population. But, on the other hand,

41-1-257

Lowndes was afraid. He knew even better that Cyril what Mobile would say to such a Negro invasion. It might mean actual blood shed and for a long time Lowndes tarried and argued and discussed. He talked with his Board of Trustees and to a man they were against it. They were scared stiff at any such proposal. They did not believe that Negroes could ever raise enough money to pay for this church. On the other hand, the Bishop was elated. He said it was the very thing, and he really clinched the matter by intimating in pretty plain terms to the Reverend Mr. Lowndes and his wife that the acquiring of this church ought to make its successful pastor a Biship in the Connection. That really settled it. The deal was secretly made. The white trustees, after long argument and hesitation, were made to see the light by means of substantial shares in the new real estate company. And then came a sudden and peculiar halt in the plans. The deeds had actually been signed. Money had been paid down, when the aged Mrs. Maddox Diggs, walking in her beloved old church at twilight, and looking at the monuments of her fathers, met another woman there, whose face seemed strangely familiar, who was looking at the Kingdom about to be hers and gloating over it. They spoke. And they when the elder woman somewhat querulously and insistently asked who Queen Ann was, Queen Ann defiantly told her. "I am your granddaughter. My father is Cyril Diggs. My husband has bought this church." It is a wonder that Mrs. Diggs did not die then and there. But totterling home she spread the terrible news. Not of Queen Ann's paternity, but of the sale of Grace Church. The result was that when the transfer of the property came to public notide by gossip and by the filing of the deed, a race riot broke out, and the Reverend Mr. Lowndes and his family hastily packed up and left for Chicago. Uncle Jasper suddenly awakened and took charge of the church. He _____ his congregation _____

41-1-258

not the Bethesday that he had built. He started to repudiate the new deal, but Cyril came to him. He and his friends were too wealthy and powerful to let the mob rule long. In various ways they quelled the bitter feeling and within a few months Uncle Jasper, at the invitation of the whites, had led his congregation to Grace Church, and rising, as it seemed, almost from the dead, this old man of 93 preached a tremendous sermon and the whole black city came to hear him. But the Bishop was worried. It was all very well to have Jasper bringing in converts and the ____ mutterings of the discontent, put down to the whites, But where was the money coming from to pay the tremendous mortgage burden of this new acquisition? He appealed to Lowndes to return, but Mrs. Lowndes had been a couple of years in Chicago and she had other plans. She did not want to go back to Mobile, so that finally the Bishop went to his friend, the Reverend Aaron Bowker, and induced him to come down and take charge of the new Bethesda.

41-1-259

Chapter 6.

How the Reverend Dr. John Henry Lowndes aspired to higher things, and how the Reverend Aaron Bowker gave him advice.

The real estate agents take hold of the situation. First, they quietly point out to the owners of property in the neighborhood of Grace Church that with the encroachment of commerce and white workingmen, not to mention Negroes, the value of the property for residential purposes is bound to go down. On the other hand, for commerce and tenants, it can be made to pay a neat income. The transformation of residential into commercial property will take time and investment in waiting. The transformation of these houses into tenements would attract the whites, would take investment, but that could be gotten directly from Negroes without change or improvement, and the Negroes would pay what would amount to a large and increasing income. Not only that, could these owners of property hope for an income from their old property by this method, but if they took advantage of the development on the Heights they would make money. Stock in this Development Company could be had for a very reasonable price, and forsome of the leading trustees of Grace, blocks of it could be had for nothing. The politicians and the new-rich were appeased, and got in on the ground floor. The mob was gradually quieted, and by the time the Reverend Aaron Bowker appeared on the scene, the new Grace Methodist Church had arisen and been dedicated on the Heights and the Negroes had actually moved into the old church. Uncle Jasper had taken charge. On the opening day the church was thronged, and Uncle Jasper 90 years of age, rose again from the dead and thundered a mighty sermon. Hundreds joined the church, but the Bishop knew that the whole

41-1-290

thing was entirely without organization and he urged his right hand man, Aaron Bowker, to take charge. Bowker represented the business man in religion. He had had charges now and then, and done excellent piece of business with them. Once he had been Presiding Elder. His chief work was insurance and real estate, and there he made money. He was a man of medium size and dark brown skin. He had a sort of half smile always on his face and his eyes, which seemed usually partly closed, managed to convey to the person with whom he was speaking, a certain secret and sympathetic understanding with that person's point of view, no matter what his own point of view might be. He was oily; that is, smooth and frictionless. He slid gently from one job to another; from one position to another. And yet, he was very effective. He could preach well. He knew the colored people were used to rousing sermons and noise, but he always approached his audiences gently. He almost purred, until he got them straining to listen to his low smooth voice. He soon got their sympathy with some tale of suffering, death, disaster, overweaning pride and defiance, then smoothly and slowly with the audience in the hollow of his hand, he would up his climax. At the right time, he thundered with a great voice, quivered and wept, and was master of the situation. And yet throughout all this, the cool and unmoved observer might have been almost sure that Bowker himself was unmoved; that he was deliberately playing up this emotion and their appeal. This was largely true. Bowker had really no beliefs, and no scruples, But he was keenly aware that other people had scruples, beliefs and standards. Cooly and easily he arranged these facts according to the end in view. His own life had been difficult; his home as a child was a hovel with orgies of religion and rum, with hard and endless toil and little food. From this he ran away at the end of twelve, densely

41-1-261

ignorant of the world, but terribly afraid of its evil, and determined to avoid both poverty and hard work. He had secured a pretty good education in Mobile and then had gone to Chicago. His whole attitude toward life was that of one dealing with a siley conscienceless monster, who must be cajoled and outwitted. Bowker wished harm to nobody. He would never willingly hurt anybody. But, on the other hand, there was nothing he could not do to secure him from hurt, and to accumulate money which seemed to him the one great and ___ existence for securing leisure and power. His first object in Mobile was to save Bethesda and he knew it was a hard job. He organized his work systematically, and first of all, arranged that the Church should be properly deeded to the Connecti on. He carefully kept Uncle Jasper in the foreground as much as possible, with excellent results. The membership was large and increasing, and in a couple of years mortgage payments were being regularly made and some repairs started on a structure that sorely needed them. The revenue of the church increased, and internal friction was reduced.

41-1-262

A stream of converts are brought in periodically by Uncle Jasper's preaching, while the old members are compelled to work and pay or get out by Bowker's manipulations. His methods are psychologically sound. There was, for instance, Sister Burnett, a big handsome officious woman, born to rule, without ~~birth~~ children, and with a husband who is a steady mechanic, made money. She set herself against Bowker's organization for Foreign Missions. Personally, Bowker didn't care a rap about Foreign Missions, but the church demanded that

Bethesday contribute its proper quota. And this Bowker was determined to do. It looked like a clash and a rift; and then the smooth and quiet Mr. Bowker, went to visit Sister Burnett, when Mr. Burnett happened to be out of town on a contract. He sat down and quietly confessed his troubles. He acknowledged that without the aid of Mrs. Burnett nothing could be done and he must resign. He held her hand gently and with tears in his eyes explained that it was not a question of foreign missions, but rather a matter of her help and sympathy. They talked a long time and Mrs. Bowker scolded him roundly. She prepared him a most excellent supper with fried chiecken and hot biscuits, and after supper they talked most confidentially and in low tones. Sometime after midnight, Mr. Bowker left, kissing Sister Bowker chastly as he went. The result was that next week to the astonishment of his congregation, Mrs. Burnett was made President of the Mission Circle. "Well, that ends foreign missions," said the other sisters, good and mad. But Brother Bowker only smiled and gave several of them long handclasps. Within a month the foreign mission circle has raised twice its quota for foreign missions.

41-1-263

Meantime, the Bishop had given Lowndes a charge in Chicago. The family stayed there for two years and Mrs. Lowndes liked it. She got many ideas of wealth and society. She did not want to go South again. But the Bishop suggested that the way of ambition and preferment for Lowndes laid back in Mobile, and he finally induced him to return as Presiding Elder. Lowndes was astonished and gratified at the success of the new Bethesda. He went to work throughout his district with great energy. He put in new preachers and received in 1922 an application from a young graduate of Gammon, Kenneth Grey, for a charge. He induced the Bishop to appoint him to a little mission which he had started in the slums where old Bethesda used to stand. Lowndes began to see a vision of community service, efficient business-like churches,

and himself as Bishop. He did not mention the matter to Bowker. In truth, he did not like Bowker . Despite his efficiency he saw that Bowker was utterly without conscience, but he could get things done with uncanny certainty. He did not want to displease Bowker, but he determined as a counterpoise to push community service. He insisted that the mission under Grey be made a part of the work of Bethesda Church. Bowker looked at him with half closed eyes. "Of course," he said tentatively,"we could use these funds—in other ways." "What other ways?" asked Lowndes. "Well," said Bowker reflectively, "it costs money to be elected Bishop." "Then I'll never been elected," snapped Lowndes and walked out. Bowker only smiled. In 1923 Lowndes received the degree of D.D. from Wilberforce. He frankly asked for it on the basis of his desert. And after some negotiations, including a contribution to the Seminary, he received the degree. While at Wilberforce he made as many quite as profitable acquaintances as possible, and he forwarded the representative of the Chicago Conservator a good sum for a laudatory article. Then he went back and increased the appropriation for Grey's mission and authorized him to hire an assistant.

41-1-264

Chapter VII

Of the Reverend Kenneth Grey and his Assistant, Jack Shields, and of the work they planned and did together for Bethesda.

Kenneth Gray was born in 1900 in Southern Ohio. His mother was a widow and a school teacher in the colored schools of Xenia. She gave Kenneth excellent training at home, in the elementary schools, and started him in college at Wilberforce. He did not like the work of the atmosphere and changed to Ohio State, where he finished his college work in 1920. He was a rather small thin pale boy, yellow, with curly hair, and very straightforward and honest. He had taken life seriously from childhood, and much to his mother's consternation, he was determined to enter the ministry. She did not know what to say. She had striven to plant in him honest and unselfish industry, and a desire for the good of his race and of men. It was impossible to tell him now that the great agents for human sacrifice and uplift, which was the church, offered a doubtful career for a young man who wanted to do the work that the church was supposed to do, yet that was her own candid opinion. But it is a serious thing to disturb the ideals of the young. And, therefore, after some hesitating dissuasion which Kenneth listened to with astonishment, and promptly ~~accepted~~ assumed. She gave her consent. He went to Gammon Theological

41-1-265

Seminary in Atlanta, and she died before he was ordained in 1922, and sent to a charge in Mobile at the mission which Dr. Lowndes had established. Kenneth Grey was put to work at old Bethesda Church which was not in a thorough slum district. He did not attempt preaching on the old lines, but started in for thorough-going social work. He got acquainted with his neighbors and their problems; he fitted up

quarters for himself in the church; turned the basement into a club room and the yard into a playground. He especially become intimately confidential with the semi-criminal classes, and found himself in the midst of an extraordinarily interesting world, but a world far from simple or explicable, or easily cured by any formula that he had been taught and that he was prepared to lay down. Relief, advice and help, especially help, was what he needed. He needed a woman; and educated sympathetic woman, who was a hard worker. He tried some of the sisters from the church, but they thought in evangelistic; they wanted to reform before they helped; and they were against the dirt and crime. Finally, he induced the Reverend Mr. Lowndes to let him hire a trained assistant.

41-1-266

Grey, after some futile correspondence, and several disappointments, hired Jack Shields. Most of the young women with whom he had corresponded frankly refused to come South. And he could not offer enough to induce a man to come. He stressed in his letters the opportunity for service, but most of his correspondents apparently gaged their opportunity by the wages offered which were ridiculously small. Jack Shields alone seem to jump at the offer. She was born in Rhode Island; educated in the public schools of Providence, matriculated at the University of Illinois, where she got her A.B. and embraced Socialism. She studied a couple of years at Brookwood and then spent a year in Russia. She wanted to work among her people; down in the midst of them, and she jumped at Grey's offer. In the beginning of his

correspondence with prospective helpers, Grey had stress religious belief and willingness to sacrifice. At last in his despair he had forgotten to ask very much about religious belief and concentrated on the spirit of sacrifice. Jack was eager for sacrifice. She wrote Mr. Grey firmly that she was not particularly religious and did not belong to a church, but that she believed in good and God and wanted to help people. Grey hired her. She had a keen mind; was full of suggestions; was apparently never tired; was an excellent stenographer and a methodical clerk. She was not particularly good-looking. She was rather short, with luminous brown skin, and black curly hair. She had a little tendency to be sout and was plump, round and well-formed. In repose her face was not particularly striking, but it was seldom in repose. The big nose and full lips, which in themselves were not beautiful, when combined with her bright lips and sympathetic eyes, in movement and eager attention, made her undoubtedly attractive. People never said about her. What a pretty girl. But they always thought her very interesting; frank and sincere, and bubbling with enthusiasm.

Jack Shields was christened Jacqueline Marie to her own disgust. She prefered Jack, and that is what she was usually called. The Reverend Mr. Kenneth Grey was a bit surprised at this cognomen and protested faintly. Miss Shields was firm. "My name is Jack," she said, and then looking up at him frankly, "I should prefer to call you Bunny. You somehow remind me—". The Reverend Mr. Grey was scandalized and dropped the conversation.

It was characteristic of Jack to be thus pert and almost impudent, and yet one easily saw that she did not mean to be unkind. She was trying desperately to be honest and straightforward and to find

out things. They had astonishing and inspiring conversations.

"Hell," said Jack. "What?", said Mr. Grey. "H—lelujah." "Hallelujah." said Mr. Grey severely. Jack murmured something about both forms being admissible. Mr. Grey turned to the dictionary. "I find but one," he said icely. "The other one is not in yet. There are loads of new fine words still excluded. Christaceans, for instance. Meaning hard-shelled Baptists." "It seems to me, Jack," said Mr. Grey, "you are a little too frank. You haven't enough reticence." "—— why, boy, I am all reticence. If I blurted out half the time everything that I am thinking, I'd been sunk before 9 A.M."

41-1-268

Jack had been on the ground just a short time before she discovered the Reverend Kenneth's Grey's chief ailment. He worshipped Cora Carolyn Lowndes. She was a girl of 16; with a strange luminous beauty. Not so much a beauty of feature as of spiritual significance. Her face was like some dark transplanted screen behind which a light shone or had glowed. Above all, she was innocent. She knew surprisingly little about the world. She had no comprehension of evil. All her life she had been protected and shielded and she had drunk in as little truth. All that was told her of religion and a theoretical right and wrong. Mrs. Lowndes was disposed to encourage the acquaintance ship of the young minister and her daughter. There were no other eligible young men in town, according to her standards. When Dr. Lowndes became Bishop, Kenneth might succeed him at Bethesda. Sometime, he might be Bishop, too. Thus the whole prospect formed itself vaguely but pleasantly in Mrs. Lowndes' mind. Jack, too, was interested. She liked Cora Carolyn but pitied her. She was a little impatient at her

innocence and guilelessness. She continually wanted to tell her things; startled her into knowledge, and yet she hesitated. She was rather afraid. Meantime, Lowndes was pushing his campaign for the Bishopric, but despite Bowker's hints and offers of help, he did not use him. He was determined to be known as the Pastor of a large and successful district in the far South, which had not only a large city church like Bethesda, with an increasing income and thousands of members, but also a number of successful country churches, and in particular, a mission which was doing social work of considerable order. It did not seem to him that either the Bishop or Bowker rated the value of what he was doing high enough. The Bishop talked with him and held consultations with Bowker, but all three were a bit reticient. Mrs. Lowndes, too, noted with some astonishment and mystification that Bowker had an interest in Cora Carolyn which seemed more than fatherly. She mentioned it to Lowndes. He laughed it off, but was also a bit uneasy. Thus came the General Conference of 1924. Lowndes and Bowker went to Chicago, leaving only Grey and Jack to carry on the work. Grey preached to a somewhat puzzled audience. Mrs. Lowndes literally hung on the long distance telephone, and the telegraph boys ring. Then at last the blow came. Lowndes was overwhelmingly defeated. Apparently he had never had a chance for election. Mrs. Lowndes was in the depths, but Grey and Jack were throwing themselves into their work with increased vigor, and in many respects, the work was strikingly successful.

41-1-369

Chapter VIII

How the Reverend Dr. John Henry Lowndes became apostolic pastor of the Church of Christ and lost his daughter.

Home again from General Conference, Bowker went about his pastoral duties quietly and unostentatiously. With the help of Uncle Jasper he organized a mid-summer revival and brought in several hundred converts. He had a series of meetings, picnics, and drives, and increased the church revenue, paying off some of the mortgage indebtedness before it was due. There was a neat sum in the bank to the credit of the church and a still larger sum which Mr. Bowker held undeposited. Lowndes found it necessary to approach him with regard to larger appropriations for the mission work. Bowker listened to him, and then, leaning forward, spread all the cobwebs away:

"You want to be Bishop," he said.

"I have given that up." growled Lowndes.

"Nonsense," said Bowker, quietly and congenially. "You didn't go at it right at the last General Conference, and you didn't ask my advice. Now, I am going to make you Bishop in 1928 if you want to be."

Dr. Lowndes looked at him doubtfully, and said nothing. But Bowker went right on. First, he showed that the election for the Bishopric called for money. There was no use of blinking that fact. The ministers were poor and harrassed. They had often to take money from their own pockets to make up their quota for the church funds, and unless they came up for money with church funds, they could expect no decent appointments. Their only chance to recuperate themselves for the expenses of General Conference was gifts from the candidates, in addition to gifts from their own churches. Now the older method was individual giving. But Bowker

and his friends had arranged better systems: A pool and a slate. And if Mr. Lowndes had consulted Mr. Bowker he would have been in the pool and on the slate in 1924, but it was necessary to get him in a frame of mind so that he would listen to reason. Lowndes sighed, and arose. There was no use pursuing the matter any further, he said, because he had no money and he was not going to steal it. Bowker gently pushed him back into his seat. He knew exactly how much money Mr. Lowndes had and didn't have. He knew hos his funds could be supplemented by the church funds if he didn't spend too much on that mission. Moreover, Mr. Bowker, himself, had some resources. His Insurance business had been very successful. He had done something in real estate, and he was willing to loan Lowndes sufficient money to insure his election. Mr. Lowndes was surprised and gratified, and he said that he could not expect such friendship and sacrifice. Mr. Bowker told him dryly that it was not altogether sacrifice. The fact of the matter was that he wanted to marry Cora Carolyn. At first, Dr. Lowndes' impulse was to make an angry and disgusted refusal, but he restrained himself, and expressed only a certain awkward astonishment. Bowker said little, and so the matter rested. Then Bowker had some talks with Mrs. Lowndes. After a while Mrs. Lowndes broached the subject to her husband. Bowker was, of course, much older than Cora Carolyn. He was not just a type of man that she would have chosen. Grey was naturally much more likeable and she would have thought of that match. But after all, the world was as it was. Bowker was a man of power and of wealth. He could protect their daughter and give her the luxuries which she needed. She was not fit to be a poor pastor's wife and a household drudge. No, and this marriage with Bowker, after all, when you come to consider it, might be the best thing possible. So they argued. Lowndes was obstinate, and

S94-1-14

argumentative, and then silent. Mrs. Lowndes became an ardent advocate. Lowndes took up his work as Presiding Elder, but he was still bitter and cast down about his defeat, while Bowker was softly rubbing his hands.

Lowndes doggedly pushed his work. He insisted that Grey's mission be made and integral part of the work of Bethesda. He started branches of the service out in the county. He imported one or two other young preachers, and but for the opposition of the Bishop, would have turned out the

41-1-466

older set altogether. But the Bishop restrained him and Bowker pointed out some glowing difficulties. First of all, Uncle Jasper was no longer available as the resident evangelist who inspired new converts for Bethesda. He was, in Bowker's opinion, losing his mind. He had preached a terrible sermon on hypocrits, thieves and liars. And it was so evidently aimed at the Reverend Aaron Bowker that Bowker thought it well in the midst of the wild orgy of religious favor to volunteer openly to confess his sins and to ask for forgiveness. Privately, he determined that Uncle Jasper should preach no ~~longer~~ more at Bethesda. Meantime, Uncle Jasper, donning a long white coat, was wandering up and down the streets proclaiming aloud the coming end of the world. Bowker pointed out that this, together with the wokk of Grey, was making some religious difficulties. Gray was not orthodox and and Miss Shields was a scoffer. The subject of dancing and the theaters was threatening to disrupt his congregation. Lowndes was perplexed. He could not understand religious doubt. He talked to Grey, but they got nowhere, and he was scandalized at some things that Miss Shields said.

There was that day, for instance, when the Bishop had insisted on more angelic teaching at the Mission.

"Christ crucified," he said, "must be made the center of our work."

41-1-467

Jack Shields faced ~~him Bisho~~ "Jesus Christ crucified! What do you mean?" she asked. "Do you mean that when a man comes into the world with a new idea that other people don't like, they are afraid of, and when because they are afraid they try to knock his block off, do you mean that you would stick by him? " "Oh!" Not just that," said the Bishop. "My idea of that phrase is something more symbolic. The blood of Christ—" "Oh Hell," snorted Jack.

Then Bowker returned to the subject and he and Lowndes had a frank talk and a pretty clear understanding. Bowker told him that a election to the Bishopric was becoming an organized business which required money. Bowndes had no money. He and his wife had lived up to the limit of their salary and were in debt. Bowker who was an --- a widower for many years, and who only took a charge as the Bishop asked him, had accumulated money. In fact, as Lowndes had learned to his surprise in Chicago, Bowker was more than well-to-do. He probably was worth at least $100,000. Bowker frankly proposed to finance Lowndes' election to the Bishopric. He estimated that it would take $10,000 and ~~the~~ two years at least of intensive work. The publicity which Lowndes had gained through his community service and his Doctor's degree, would not hurt, but they did not make his election possible

without money. Lowndes listened with astonishment but with growing conviction. He felt that he had misjudged Bowker, and told him frankly that he knew no way in which he could repay him. But Bowker, after some hesitation, suggested a way. He admitted that he had been greatly attracted by Cora Carolyn. Lowndes was overcome with astonishment. "But she is a baby," he said. "She is 16." Bowker reminded him. And then, too, there is no hurry. If you are elected to the Bishopric in 1928, she at 18 will probably be ready to marry." But Lowndes still objected in words and rebelled in soul. He reminded Bowker that Cora Carolyn and Grey had been much together and that he and his wife had rather taken it for granted that they would be married. In fact, Grey had already asked. He was a fine young man, and much more nearly of Cora Carolyn's age. Bowker listened quietly. Then he reminded Lowndes of several things. First of all, there was a risk in giving a young girl to a young, thoughtless man. Particularly, if that man had neither money nor prospects. Grey had nothing but his small salary. And he was giving away a good deal of that. He had no prospects. His religious belief would keep him from ever getting high in the church, and if he couldn't rise in the Methodist Church, what chance had he among the even more orthodox Baptists or among the parasite churches, as he called the Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Congregationalists. Mr. Grey had no prospects. He was difficult and opinionated and he could not give Cora Carolyn the care and the luxury that she ought to have. She was not fitted for hardships. She ought to be decked out like a precious little jewel. Lowndes was too astounded and upset to answer, and Bowker did not press him for a decision. But everything under Bowker's manipulation worked toward a decision favorable to him. A strong feeling of opposition to Grey and his work, and particularly to Miss Shields grew in the church. Cora Carolyn, after a number of friendly talks with Bowker, began to question

41-1-468

Grey about his religion, and he became irritated at her ignorance and credulity, although he still worshipped her as a angel. Meantime, Bowker urged the necessity of a revival of religion in the church in order to increase in the number of converts. He declared that Uncle Jasper was too old and feeble now for the work and could not be trusted to say the right thing. Lowndes suggested one or two available evangelists whom he knew, but Bowker shook his head. He brought in Josiah Fletcher, a tall, gaunt wild-looking man, who had been prominent among the Holy Rollers. Lowndes at first objected but Bowker was able to show him that nothing but some extreme evangelism of this sort was enough to counteract the social service work and fill the church with new converts and increase its revenue. Fletcher came in 1927, after Christmas, with astonishing results. He was a human flame and whirlwind. He had an intense and dogmatic belief, terrible in its simplicity: an avenging, all-powerful God, in a lost and sinful world; death and Hell fire. He began with tense, whip-like sentences and worked himself up to a screme, writhing and twisting on the platform; with shrieks and sudden pauses, and he beat his audiences to wild frenzy contortions, and fainting death-like trances. One of the first and most astonishing results of his preaching was the conversion of Cora Carolyn. She had long been a member of the church and very religious. But under the hypnotism of Fletcher she suddenly became "convicted of Sin"; she fainted and lay like death, and rising like a white ghost; in a still small voice she announced that she had seen Jesus and that he had converted her soul. That at last she was saved from terrible sin. The Reverend and Mrs. Lowndes were astonished and scared and Grey was angry. Even Bowker was a bit upset by this unlooked for result, but it had one result with which he was quite pleased. The rift between Cora Carolyn and Grey was complete. She regarded Grey as a lost soul and he looked upon her deep and terrible experience as superstition. She turned to Bowker for consolation. And Bowker gave it; very quietly, and with great restraint. And yet smiled within his own soul.

41-1-469

In May, 1928, Bowker and Lowndes went to General Conference. It was understood that after General Conference Bowker was to marry Cora Carolyn, and she had given vague consent. Grey was beside himself and Jack Shields was carrying on the community work almost unaided and trying to get Grey back to earth. Lowndes was triumphantly elected Bishop on the Third Ballot. Mrs. Lowndes was beside herself with joy and rushed to take the news to Cora Carolyn.

"Cora Carolyn! Cora Carolyn! Your father is Bishop on the Second Ballot, which means he won't have to go to Africa, and Dr. Bowker, your dear Dr. Bowker, is Secretary of Foreign Missions with headquarters in Chicago! Cora—!"

41-1-420

But Cora Carolyn was gone. Her clothes were strewn about and only a handbag missing. A serah of a note was on the tear-stained pillow: "I've gone with Apostle Fletcher to be his helpmate and to convert this wicked world!".

Chapter 9.

How Bethesda Burned.

The Reverend Aaron BOWKER was angry, with a cold hard bitter anger that expressed itself in long silences. He considered that he had been cheated and grossly misused. They ought to have watched the girl, as he had the habit of watching her when he was in Mobile. Very little she did and few places she went that he did not know and often personally watch. They had let her throw herself away upon this ranting fool and now she was spoiled; quite spoiled. He didn't care what became of her. But Lowndes must pay. He would sue him for the money that he had loaned. Of course, he would not stay with the church. No man of his abilities could afford to waste himself on this church. If it hadn't been for Cora Carolyn he would not have stayed in the first place. Cooly and methodically, he planned his revenge. Bishop Lowndes had been placed over this district. The demand of Bowker for payment embarrassed him and he put him off as best he could. Bowker made trouble in the church and finally resigned. The Bishop Lowndes, with some misgivings, made Grey pastor of Bethesda. Grey and Jack Shields went to work, but they were in great difficulties. The organization was really too big and unwieldy. The cost of the mortgage installments was breaking the backs of people. The overturn in membership was great. Jack Shields had always said frankly "That the only way to save Bethesda was to burn it. If Bethesda burned, we might build something worthwhile." Cora Carolyn, overhearing the sacrilegious remark, had shuddered at the thought, and Bowker had laughed and reassured her. Now the thought came back to both Grey and Jack that this vast barn of a church, calling for repairs and rebuilding, plastered with mortgages, was not at all what the community needed.

41-1-473

The Congregation was torne with dissension. Bowker's adherents were inconsolable at the lost of the great man of our God. They demanded of the Bishop somebody who could do more than just talk; someone who conceived the church as a great center of religion, a steppingstone to Heaven, and not as a mere charity organization and center for helping criminals and thieves. The congregation began to dwindle and the Bishop was distraught. Then one night they saw Cora Carolyn coming home at dusk, white, wan, with staring eyes, disillusioned. She came straight to the old missionhouse and sat beside Jack, shivering. She did not want to see father or mother. "There is something wrong with the world." she said. "I do not know what it is. But the world must be purged. I remember once you told me that Bethesda must burn. That is true. Bethesda must burn."

41-1-47

Meantime, Mrs. Cyril Diggs, a young fragile butterfly of a blonde, has been startled into the horror of life; first, by knowledge of Kitty Bell's parentage; then, by the Spanish War; her husband's financial schemes; and his death, after the World War. She becomes a spiritualist, seeking continually for her husband's reincarnation.

Mrs. Diggs has one son, Ransom Diggs, 2nd, born in 1898. He is college bred and has just come home to take up his father's real estate business. One night a policeman stands in the square by Bethesda. Angry at being retained in a block that is becoming filled with "Niggers". There is a storm brewing. The great outside door of the church stands open. Listlessly he notices a girl in white enter. Then an old man, very old, comes staggering up the street and enters, too. He was about to turn away when he sees a little glow in the church as if a fire. And when on top of that he notices a woman, whom he recognizes as Mrs. Cyril Diggs, enter the church, he hurries over and goes in too. What is a white woman doing in that church? Are the Negroes trying to burn the church? He goes in and the wind slams the great door behind him. The whole

center of the church about the altar is lighted and burning, and in the midst is Cora Carolyn in white and Uncle Jasper, while down in front sitting the the pew is Mrs. Cyril Diggs. He rushed up to her to bring her out. She mistakes him and his uniform for the re-incarnation of the husband she knew thirty years ago. She faints, and he trying to carry her out breaks a window with his foot. The inrushing draft sets the flames roaring. Screaming into the flames Cora Carolyn rushes up into the tower. The policeman and the woman follow, finding no other exit. Uncle Jasper staggers after them, and Bethesda burns, with the wild child dancing on top of the tower.

41-1-14

Chapter X

How Kenneth Grey and Jack Shields built a new Bethesda.

Aaron Bowker came down from Chicago to meet the Bishop and to make some arrangement for the payment of the indebtedness. He arrived the night after the church was burned, and found the Bishop unapproachable and overcome with grief. He stepped around to the office of young Ransom Diggs, and made a proposal. He offered to corroborate a story that Bethesda has been burned purposely. "Do you mean to say that you would go on the stand and swear that Grey burned this church purposely?" "Oh no, no," said Bowker. "I couldn't afford to do that. But if someone else swears to this, someone whom you could easily secure, I will reluctantly corroborate what they have said by repeating remarks which I have heard." Diggs indignantly refused the offer and despite protests from his white business friends, paid the insurance. The result was that Bethesda Church had left land and no buildings. But the land was valuable, and Grey and Jack had long had plans. They had talked of what might be done with this empty square. Now they had, with the help of Diggs, actual plans drawn up by an architect.

41-1-476

The whole square is to be filled with three-story tenements, leaving a path of grass and trees in the center. On one side a small church; on the other, a community house and kindergarten; while opposite is a site for a new Negro school, which has long been urged and refused.

Grey and Jack went on with their work. They erected temporary shelters with plaster board, and open service and community work. The other churches laughed, but the people began to group around the new and unusual enterprise.

"I was wondering if we couldn't get married," said Kenneth Grey. Jack dropped the cover to the ink stand, got it and sat down. "What!" Mr. Grey bit his lip. "I was wondering," he said, "if we couldn't get married." "What for?" she said. "Well, what do people usually get married for." "That's what I often wondered," said Jack, and I am blessed if I know."

Then again they talked of Cora Carolyn, as they always talked of her. Jack said:

"God, she was brave. She saw the hell of life and walked right out of it through Death to meet it. We, we wait anddare not. She had guts. Jealous of her? O no! I am proud! I am glad that you have known love like that. Together we can worship her. And in our love for her be good friends to each other."

"It was innocence that killed Cora Carolyn. I don't want to be innocent. I want to know. I am going to step into marriage, not blindfolded, but with my eyes opened. Love you? Yes. That's why I don't want to marry you. I am afraid to spoil it all.

"You want something to worship and adore. So do I. But not in the family. You see I had a family of eight of us. And my God. With father in his shirt and mother in her wrapper and the rest of us in various phases of undress and dirt, I got this mother, home and heaven business pretty well knocked out of me. If I were married, I'd like to see my husband Wednesday's from three to five.

41-1-477

After all, Bunny, I am just human for for all my talk. Love me, and I'd be anything you want me to be. Only don't try to make a MIIR of me or a mule, and don't for Pete Sake frame me and hang me on the wall. I am fit for a man's job in this world, if I am a woman.

Bunny, I ain't sacred and I don't want to be sacred, a damn bit. I don't want to be worshiped. I just want to be me and to work like the Devil. And if you must know, I'd like to throw off all these clothes and go stark naked. Why not? Why do you get green, when you see my knees? Aren't they pretty?"

Well, I know men are nuts on babies. Chiefly because they don't have to have them. I'll be a sport and do anything you ask, once. But I'll tell you straight, I ain't near as interested in bringing babies into this world as for making it a world fit for them to live in.

But as I say, don't try to set me on a pedestal. My form won't bear it. I need to be looked at level. I hate pedestals, anyway. If I were a sculptor I'd stick my statues on the ground with their flat feet to the earth. Like that Lincoln in Cincinnati."

"Is nothing sacred to you?" "No. I'm going to investigate and talk about it all." Grey colored and bit his lip. "Well, then, if you want to be so frank," he said. "Let me ask you this question. Have you always been a pure woman?"

"A what?"

"A pure woman."

"You'll never know. You will have faith and real faith. After all, whose business is it but mine and God's?

41-1-478

And which do you prefer? Ignorance, purity or purity of the flame of Hell?" Grey flushed even more. "Don't you see that what you doom you admit?" "No, I don't see any such thing." "It is like asking if you stopped beating your wife." He countered eagerly. "Then you do deny it?" "I don't, and what's more, it is none of your business." "But I want to believe." "Then have faith in me just as you do in God." "But that's different. I know God." "No you don't. You only wish to know him. And he may be concealing things from you and from folks in general." "Jesus, I am sure, would demand the whole truth upon revelation." "Well, listen, Jesus, you won't get it. Understand me. You'll either believe in me or else."

But they are finally married and the work of Bethesda goes on.

64-1-14

"I am not going to lie," Mrs. Smith. "I do think I am as good as you are. But I know lots of people, black and white, who are not nearly as good. Moreover, unless I am driven right into a corner like this I am going to keep my thoughts on the subject to myself, and I am going to make my actions follow my thoughts. I shall not call upon you except when you ask me, and even then, I don't mind the side door. You can call me Jack instead of Mrs. Grey if you would rather. And Oh anything, but do give us a real school."

"We are out of the woods," whooped Jack.

"My God! We are just approaching them." answered Grey.

"Sure, I know it, but we are going to take a chance.

"Oh, but you see when we take a chance at getting wealth, or power, and succeed at it, you really have something."

"But see what you have in this case! a kid in the fifth grade with an IQ of 130. There is a Sistine Madonna in the 6th grade. There are just oodles of treasurers there to be found and saved and used."

"In fact," said Jack, "If you look life flat in the face, what is it after all. A Country Club called Society, glory on the front page of a newspaper, or murder called War. Now this school and church business I think is a much bigger gamble, and I am not only going to try it out, I am going to die it out."

"But they'll get us, Jack, they'll get us in the long run."

"Sure they will get us. They'll sass us and starve us, and perhaps even lynch us. One thing, though, they can't lynch me for rape; and even in your case, Bunny—"

"Jack!"

41-1-471

"Well, I don't care. It is—"

"Jack, if you don't—"

"Well, here I am daring you, and not running away ~~willingly~~ a damn bit."

"What's that awful smell, Jack?"

"It is a deodorant for liver and onions."

"Here comes the Cat."

"Jack, have you ever seriously contemplated starvation?"

"Sure, and when I think of my figure, I am resigned."

"Jack, you're impossible."

"Well, considering the possible, doesn't the impossible attract you?"

"It certainly does. I love it."

The tears stood in Jack's eyes. "Oh Bunny, if you had just killed him."

"Well, I broke his leg."

"~~Well~~ you see I might have ~~felt~~ fallen on him! 170 pounds falling between 30 and 40 feet ~~and for hitting him down."~~ would have hit him a ton

All of us are christmas now & then

2-4-1-14

Outline and chapters I-III
"Second edition-October 10, 1928"
pp. 1-31

BETHESDA

Chapter 1.

Of Uncle Jasper Diggs, Servant of the Living God, and First Minister of Bethesda and of his wife, Aunt Esther, widow of Mormoru, Priest Populoi of the Mystery.

Section 1.

Uncle Jasper was preaching.

Section 2.

Three trends in his audience.

Section 3.

Aunt Esther and her husbands.

Section 4.

The church.

Section 5.

Jasper and Old Master.

Section 6.

Jasper's marriage.

Section 7.

Aunt Esther's religion.

Section 8.

Aaron Bowker.

Section 9.

The Power drops on Bethesda.

41-1-27

Chapter II

How Uncle Jasper Diggs wrestled with the Devil and Aunt Esther and in the end saw the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Section 1.

The new Cotton Kingdom.

Section 2.

Civil War.

Section 3.

The threat of civilization.

Section 4.

The death of Marianne.

Section 5.

Mobile is captured.

Section 6.

The punishment of Esther.

41-1-272

Chapter III

How Jasper Diggs became free and Bethesda an independent church.

Section 1.

Jasper loses his Master.

Section 2.

41-1-273

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Bethesda, A.M.E.

A Romance of Negro Religion

By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

OF THE END.

It was the ~~mid~~-year 1775. ~~of the 18th Century.~~ On the West Coast of Africa an old woman sat, staring across the sea. She was very old and her face was the face of Death. Horror was written across it, and suffering, and the hard hammering of years. And yet, beneath it all, and in the bronze of her face, and the high gaunt bones of her cheek and nose, laying certain fierce strength and comeliness, a sense of high destiny, a habit of command. Yet her face was the face of Death. Only her eyes seem to live, and they blazed across the sea. Around her the world of green things grew in wild abundance in lush and intricate confusion, with color and flame of flower, green and yellow wreath, brown and black of wood. Rushing up from black earth to blue Heaven were great star-faced palms, and mighty mango trees. There were fern and cane and grass and vine, and at the left, a great cape of grey and solid rock lifted itself suddenly above the low black land, and beetled above the sea. Sluggishly, down from the cape a brown and grey-white water seethed into the swamp and out to the white-foamed sea. And then, glancing back from the sea, one sensed blood, death and destruction. The child that lay upon the woman's lap, clutching her shriviled and naked breasts with its dead hands, had no head. All around the

41-1-11

foliage and underbrush were trampled, and the slime of red and brown covered and slashed the green, and itself was almost covered by the bodies of dead men and dead women and dead children. Long sleek bodies they were, naked or slightly clothed, sheathed now and then from shoulders to hips with ~~clothes~~ scarlet ~~ties~~, and the flesh painted red and white. Hundreds of them lay there, straight, curled, twisted, but still. Very very still. Far back in the forest, dark and hesitating, moaned and muttered, a tom tom note. Far back to the left, the great temple of the Thunder Gold smouldered. The brilliant red and brown and blue of its broad low walls were settling in bright and grey ashes. The great carved lintel had fallen. The massive towers stood black with soot and smoke. Above the overhangings, roof beams, strangely carved, were half in ruins, and the rafter work and bamboo trellises were gone or burning. But the burning eyes of the old black woman saw nothing of this. Saw nothing but the white sails of a ship that tossed and turned upon the waters. Slowly the sails, and vastly, and with gathering ___ ___ for the white breakers of the bar. It lifted itself as for a leap, rolling and diving, and then righting itself, and shaking the water from its sails, return out into the grey Atlantic. The light in the woman's eyes burned and flamed. The white ship covered the Heavens and ~~brought~~ blotted out the Western sun, and then suddenly the ship was gone. Suddenly it dropped below a grey still wall of waters, and the light in the woman's eyes went out, and her heart stopped beating. But the heart of one man who lay on the ship's deck thundered, as though to burst his bosom. Mormoru lay stark, stiff, aghast and bewildered. His universe had fallen about him, his faith and knowledge and power lay clasped and clutched in utter bewilderment and confussion. He was a tremendous man, tall, strong, ~~but~~ 40 years of age, with a skin of smooth black velvet; His face was streaked with lime and ochre; his body was half

4-1-212

covered with blood, and utterly naked. And he was rushing into the crimson West, a manacled slave. He, Priest Popoloi of the Mystery, with the Mystery hidden close and firm in his main right hand. Evil ruled. Tovra triumphed. Good was dead.

W1-2X3

Chapter I

Of Uncle Jasper Diggs, servant of the Living God and first minister of Bethesda and of his wife Aunt Esther, ~~Granddaughter~~ under of Mormoru, Priest Popoloi of the Mystery.

1.

Uncle Jasper Diggs was preaching Christ Crucified and praying for the Power. It was a scene somber and almost terrible. The people sat crowded together on benches without backs, tense and bent forward. At the back some were standing and at the sides lined against the walls, there seemed scarcely an inch of space left. They were tense and very still, and yet on the edge of outburst and uproar. The pulpit was a rude platform and an old box, patched to some semblence of panalling. Behind it was the preacher. He dominated the end of the church. He filled the building with his voice. There was something terrible about his earnestness. His shirt was dirty and colorless. His coat had been thrown aside. The breeches hung crazily, half held by old auspenders. His face, black, drawn, writhing with emotion, was awful in its earnestness. He was fighting a bitter battle, and involuntarily one glanced fiercely about to see personified, lurking, moving, vastly, somewhere within those walls, the evil things that he was striving against. His hands clinched and almost tore the sides of the pulpit and his voice rolled with emotions of effort. The words were clumsy, the figures involved, and yet the meaing clear. "Come down, God. Come down." he plead in an ecstasy of entreaty, bending at the knees and swaying backward and forward and sideways at the hips. "Come down, God. Stretch out your hand. Lift sin. Throw sin away. Beat back Hell. Kill the Devil. Bury him deep. Bury him, deep, God. Deliver us from evil. Save us from the Fire. Save us from the awful flames. Save us by your blood, God. By your blood and sweat. Speak Jesus. Open your crucified side.

41-1-214

Tell the truth to these sinners. Conquer Hell. Conquer Death. Save us. Save us." The sheer intensity of the physical strive that the man was carrying on, the gleaming sweat that poured down his black face, the creaking of the platform, and the thunder of the voice, showed the battle that it was waging this day in old Bethesda.

2.

The audience was tense, still, almost breathless. It had not been so at first. They had trooped in noisily, easily and pleasantly, exchanging greetings and even quibs. Most of them seemed happy and careless. Some tired and morose. Some secret and cynical. They were dressed much alike, in old simple and coarse things, with here and there a glint of the castoff finery of richer folk. They were uniformly dark, black and brown, with here and there a flicker of yellow. Men, women and children, old and young, strong and frail. Looking closely and long one might see something of that which the preacher knew. Three things that strove for mastery in Bethesda. Three things that tossed and turned in that dark and crazy old building and strove secretly, bitterly, openly, for mastery. Joy was there and secret desire, but it crept shamelessly (facely) between the benches or leap with a harsh, sharp shudder. It nudged the women, swept slowly along the legs of the girls, and made the men slouch and almost creep along the benches. But this all seemed a secret furtive thing that showed itself only behind a mass of irony and harsh laughter. Bitter, more open and fiercer in its manifestation, was Esther.

41-1-25

3.

Aunt Esther, the wife of Jasper Diggs the Preacher, sat in the Amen corner, silent and sullen. The eyes of Esther in which blazed then smouldered, and on her black forehead showed the three strange blue lines; the tribal mark burned in her flesh by iron; the triad of Africa. She was the ~~grandchild~~ (widow) of old Mormoru and the stories of her

terrible ~~grandfather~~ husband were still whispered through the plantations. He had come upon a slave ship at the beginning of the Embargo when Mobile was young and ~~still under~~ new to the the flag of ~~France~~ America. At midnight the ship had slipped like a ghost up by Massacre Island and anchored out in the Bay, and then with an oath the Captain had sent this terrible slave, loaded with irons, in a rowboat out to the wharf of the Diggs' plantation and Mormoru had landed raging. All his life he raged. Either with silent inner flame, or open and terrible revolt. Insane were the tales they told of him and the stories had grown by accumulation and legend. But it is certain that he had led revolt after revolt upon the plantations until at last, he was killed by in 1830 what ecstasy of cruelty few rightly knew, but he died and had left his message to his ~~children, and now it had come down to one grandchild~~ wife. Esther, whom the wife of Jasper Diggs.

When he came to America old Mormoru was about twenty-five years of age. For forty years he lived without wife or family, then suddenly at the age of 65 he seized and stalked off with a girl of 15; a strange, silent, morose string of a girl, tall, black and strong, who seldom spoke and never wept. Mormoru took her to his cabin. They had no children, but the slaves whispered strange tales about them. They wandered in the woods at night; they were seen far off on the Pine-clad bluff, and far down by the waters. "He was teaching Esther," they said, "of his lore of witchcraft and c_____; his knowledge of herbs and medicine; his spirit of revolt." He burned the tribal mark upon her forehead and when he died left her somber, brooding, silent and feared. The marriage of A Esther to Jasper Diggs had been a sort of surrender and conviction; a yielding to a new order. Many, white and black, sighed with relief for Uncle Jasper was a faithful slave born in 1820 and ten years younger than his terrible wife, and he represented the counterpoise of faith, humility and hope, against the bitter legend of vengeance and fear that found itself in Aunt Esther. And so a vast drama of faith and fear, of Christianity and Heathenism, played itself out in this family and in Bethesda church.

41-1-216

4.

The church, now known as Bethesda, was built as a warehouse when the new cotton first began to flow out of the black soil of Alabama, through the Port of Mobile. It was the scene and center of the slave rebellion under old Mormoru. Here old Mormoru died and men only whispered of his _____. For a long time the building loomed dark, empty, half in ruin. Around it rose the oaks and magnolias; behind on the great bluff were the mighty pines; in front, lay the silver of the Bay, and the Pine forest on the Eastern shore. Beyond was Florida and beyond Florida the sea and over the sea and in front

of the face of the Bay lay the home and the river of old Dormoru. For many years the building loomed dark, empty, half in ruin, for the cotton trade had moved to the new wharf of Mobile. And then Uncle Jasper began to hold his meetings there. For many years the white, Grace Methodist Church at the southern edge of the city, on Royal above Canal Street, had admitted a few favored slaves to its galleries. And among them, of course, was Jasper. But the arrangement wasn't convenience nor pleasant. It involved a long walk into town from the plantations, and the advent of the slaves to the galleries made physical difficulties. They smelled of flesh and sweat dressed in the best of their clothing. They made painful contrast with the silks and Krinolines, the velvet and the lace of the congregation. They could not be restrained in their religious ecstasy and became at times unbearably effusive and noisy. And then, too, the things that were said, frankly and true, in a sermon designed for masters and white folk, were not necessarily the sort of things which wisdom would recommend for the ears of black slaves. Gradually, a practice grew up of holding an afternoon meeting in the church exclusively for slaves. But this proved unsatisfactory. It increased the work of the white pastor and interfered with his dinner. It brought slaves to town at a time when the patrol could not easily attend to them. And above all, it discouraged them and their careless dirt in the very pews where cleaner and dainter people were used to sit. The custom was slowly but easily abandoned. Gradually, under the general supervision of the white pastor. Jasper was allowed to preach in the old warehouse. He organized a church under the general supervision of his master and so at Bethesda, with the whites watching, so that it was harmless and even helpful in its preaching. And so they let it more and more alone and Bethesda became to all intents an independent church.

41-1-217

Jasper Diggs was a small man, greyish black, with shaggy, tufted hair. His face was deeply almost fiercely lined. He was loosely built and dressed in rags, and he walked as one who moved in fear. Humbly he bowed before the white masters, almost he cringed. And yet, it was not cringing. It was the expression of an inner philosophy, a philosoply of humility, of utter unselfishness, of desperate longing, not simply to do no evil himself, but to shield nothing evil. To avoid all appearance of evil and to submit himself body and soul to the judgment of All Mighty God. Jasper Diggs had invincible faith in the goodness of the world. He accepted the world which he saw about him as the expression of this goodness. His own black people he saw sunk in slavery, degradation, poverty and evil. It was the judgment of God against them. It was a punishment for their sins. It could be escaped only by righteousness and prayer and humble submission. He saw about him white folk. Above all, the family of his master, Colonel Ransom Diggs. The Colonel was two years younger than his slave, who had been given to him as a companion and servant while he was yet a child. Jasper had grown up serving him and adoring him. There was a kindly fellowship between them which was a deep and lifelong friendship. Colonel Diggs, therefore, typified to Jasper the whole white world. A world well-gowned, comely, beautiful, powerful. White folks had wealth and knowledge. They spoke the clear and perfect tongue. They were not altogether perfect. That Jasper knew right well. They had their foibles, great and small. Jasper had known them to lie. He knew that they sometimes committed adultery; he had even seen them steal, but all this was in his mind very exceptional. They meant to him power, cleanliness, beauty, accomplishment. They stood for the good of the world; they represented God. And they were what they were while his people were in degradation, because of the just judgment of God. Who was he to question in the slightest degree the decrees of

41-1-218

the All Mighty? Some great and rare merit and worth beyond even what he could easily see, raised white folk above other men, and challenged them and upheld the power of their hands. And so, too, on his own people lay some terrible curse. They and their fathers had seen it, and through the mouths of the prophets of God who were his white masters, humbly and reverently, he vowed to save his own people to serve their masters. There were on the plantations many who sneered at this attitude of Uncle Jasper. They called him a white folk's Nigger. They believed that his humility was simply ~~desire~~ time serving, and an effort to ingratiate himself with the people of power. But this was not true. Jasper was terrible in his sincerity. He was and he believed himself to be the servant of the Living God.

41-1-219

6.

Jasper had married Aunt Esther at the age of 20, when she was 40 ~~and already the mother of a brood of children~~ R

Two currents had seized this young almost frail black man. Two currents and a third more hidden which he himself hardly knew. As a child of 10, he had been brought up from the slave cabins and given to Ransom Diggs as his valet and personal servant. Ransom seemed then to Jasper and ever after the finest of human beings. Tall, slim and handsome, with long black hair that curled on his neck and dazzling white face, with long-skirted velvet coat and high silk hat and roll and fold of silk cavet, with his checked and striped trousers and varnished boots. Jasper waited on him; worshipped him; ran his heart out to do errands, and sat still staring at him to hear his last word or slightest movement. That was the first influence and it never faded. To Jasper white folk were next to the throne of God, and Old Master, as he came to call Ransom Diggs, had one foot upon it. In his turn, Diggs had a sincere affection for this willing and worshipping little black boy. He gave him old clothes and sweets and pieces of money. He protected him, and even helped him learn to read.

Afte the death of old Mormoru, there was a sort of crisis on the plantation. New and harsher methods of commercial cotton-raising were coming into the state. Wealth beckoned. It was necessary for the slaves to be more carefully organized and driven, and Mormoru had been a center of disintegration and rebellion. He had been the only religious leader the slaves had known, for the Episcopalians had gradually given up the religious teaching of the slaves. But old Mormoru brought them together in the woods and down at the warehouse. Just what he would have said the white folk hardly cared until there came rebellion; until they began to see

that they must take a hand in the religious training of the slaves. About this time, too, Methodist missionaries appeared. They organized a church among the white folk, Grace Methodist, to which the father of Ransom, leaving the Episcopalians because of some fancied slight, joined with his family. They began to preach to the slaves and Jasper was their first and most earnest convert. It occurred to the Diggs family that in Jasper they had a willing tool to give the slaves religious training and to keep a hand upon them. They were the more convinced of this when they heard that Esther had taken Jasper to her cabin. No one was more surprised than Jasper when this gaunt unsmiling, hard-bitten woman of forty, ten years after old Mormoru's death, had suddenly walked into his cabin and told him to come with her; she was going to marry him. Jasper was now twenty years of age; he had felt the stirrings of his young manhood. He had begun to ogle the girls and doubtless would have been sneaking about the cabins at night like the other young fellows, had it not been for his duties at the Big House. While this seizure by Esther did not seem to him like love and marriage, nevertheless, it intrigued him; he was curious. She still held a place apart on the plantation; she was looked on with awe; she kept old Mormoru's cabin and no one crossed its threshold, not even the overseers. When the Diggs' family saw what Esther had done they immediately made up their minds that this was a good step and that Jasper could be depended upon to keep Esther in hand and to keep down her baleful influence. And so Jasper became a sort of pawn between three currents; the old black stream of African suspicion; the new cotton slavery developing in the United States; the search for joy and license and indulgence; the heritage of all young men.

4/1-220

She was a hard-faced, secret woman, who said little; who took her beatings at the hands of overseers with scarcely a murmur and sullenly went her toilsome way through the world. The overseers suspected her and watched her. They knew that she represented some secret cult of the older Africa, of oblivion and rebellion and hate, and yet they and the black folk jeered at her. She knew herbs and medicines. She healed the sick and muttered awful prayers over the dead. She was never caught in any open act of sedition, except malingering at her work, yet the whole plantation feared her and she moved at night over long distances. Back into the tall Pines; down through the swamps to the ocean; over the Bay to the fine forests; and when the lonesome beat of the tom tom rolled from the high forest down the bluffs to beetle above the Bay, there were those that knew that Aunt Esther was sitting, somewhere hidden away with flame and blood and orgy, brooding midnight dread. No one went willingly out to find her on these occasions, and when once or

4-1-221

twice overseers or fellow slaves came upon her suddenly and by surprise, they found only an old and sullen-eyed woman, warming her hands above ashes and they heard only the sound of creeping things in the forest. It would be hard to see why Uncle Jasper married Aunt Esther. Probably of his own will he never would have thought of it. But something took him to her; something which he could not control; something which he came to interpret as the hand of God, leading him to conquer this rebellious spirit and bring it home to his possession. No more impossible task would have seemed probable to anyone who looked upon this leading humble preacher and his gaunt hard and terrible wife. And Jasper, himself, would not have chosen the task. But perhaps Aunt Esther saw in his humility and the fact that he was a favorite of the white folk a cloak and excuse for her own purposes. Perhaps she, therefore, chose him rather than he her. But they were married with Colonel Diggs' consent and had the white minister, and ever after Uncle Jasper walked with God, sweat and fought back the fear which smouldered in the consciousless face and dark red eyes of his old wife. He knew that his belief was absolutely opposite to the beliefs of his wife. He did not believe that the evil in the world was something that had to be propitiated in order to be overcome. They shrieked for sacrifice and had an avenging blood. No God sat above the evil; God could swear away the evil with one move of his little finger. All men must do was to worship God; to submit to him, and submit to the white masters who represented him. This was the philosophy of black Jasper, servant of the Living God, as he proclaimed it week after week and year after year in the pulpit of Bethesda.

7.

Aunt Esther was a strange combination of fate and fear and revenge. To her the world was evil. The forces of evil must be propitiated and deceived and cajoled which the evil called for sacrifice; for blood sacrifice, even to the last drop. Incarnate in this evil were white folk and victims of the evil were black. Once the blacks got control of the powers of darkness and they would hurl the white folk to Hell. They must get this power. It lay hidden in mystery; in secret ways and dark conjurations. But she knew the secret. She was one of the few people left in the world who really knew it; that the divine mystery had been handed to her by her terrible Grandfather, Mormoru. She held it hard-clasped to hand it on. She guarded and concealed it. She took this soft young fool of a preacher, with his slimy humility and his faith in white folk, to guard her own purposes and conceal her own vast mission. She held to her gift with grim and awful persistence. Midnight after midnight she wooed the forces of Hell; she drove the thin unconquerable strength of her great lean body into this fight and she would acknowledge no defeat and picture no failure. Above all, she strove subtlely and by indirection to conquer the foolish faith of Jasper.

8.

Mobile lay silent in the sun. It sat on a sandy plato which rose gradually from river and bay, until six miles to the sea it loomed 200 feet above the tide. There on the heights it looked on a limitless forest of long-leaf pines, with Savanas between, There were deer, patridges and turkies ran. Great rivers met and mingled about it in a world of waters. The city was busy with stores and bazarrs, wharves and work shops. Great Oaks and Magnolias shaded the broad streets, together with _____ trees and palms, plum trees and feathery China berry trees. Roses and Jassimines and all manner of flowers breathed fragrance on the langorous and peaceful city. It is a ____ down with

tress of old French and Spanish cities. There will be two-storied dwelling houses with galleries, built flush to the edge of the sidewalk and the galleries overhanging. The doors of the dwelling are recessed with blinds and there is a narrow hall to the upper floor where one finds the parlor and dining room. Most of the houses were of frame filled in between with mortar. There were side porches in front so the galleries would often extend around the house. The long hall going all the way through, opening into rooms on each side. There were chimneys of native brick and white-washed picket fences. The public buildings were of brick, the walls were brick, there were camphouses and a prison with its whipping post. In the Square was a collection of sycamore trees, weeds and grass. And, leaning against the boardfence, was Aaron Bowker. He was a free Negro, a descendant of many generations of mulattoes who had owned land on St. Francis Street, But Bowker was a penniless loafer, dressed in rags, smoking a cast-off cigar, and searching the streets with narrowed eyes for something or someone who did not appear. At last he slouched off, down Dauphin and out Royal Street, across Canal and into the country until dusty and not he arrived at Bethesda. He joined the motley throng outside, nodding to some of them but holding himself rather aloof. He could hear the grumbling and shouting of the preacher inside. The slaves looked at him and whispered about him. They turned their shoulders and affected a distain which they did not quite feel. After all, he had that mysterious thing, freedom. Even though he did not seem to know how to use it or what to do with it.

41-1-223

"Hello Bo!"

"Hello yourself."

"Got any money?"

"Well, and suppose I have."

"Want to throw the bones?"

"No."

"Afraid?"

"Not of no yellow Nigger."

"Oh, I see. Just afraid of your luck."

"Afraid of nothing."

"Then what's holding you? Sense? I bet you ain't got no sense."

"Prove it."

"Done."

Bowker threw the dice and made a low score. He picked them up carelessly and threw them again and again. Two and one turned up. Looking up he glanced at the boy. "Got sense enough to beat that?" The other one leaped down and grabbed the dice. "Put up your dime, first." said Bowker. "Good." And soon the whole crowd was gambling. Bowker had been there but a short time when under the great oaks at the side of the church he was gambling with a few young black boys who had soon lost to them their scanty monies. Then deacons came out and tried to drive them away, threatening them with tales to the sidewalk. Bowker slouched away because after all there was nothing left. He jingled the pennies and silver in his

pocket and then lounched in at the church door. He stood there smiling at the scene and paying no heed to the trembling voice of the preacher. Then he saw a girl far over in the crowd; a little delicate black girl, who glanced at him and glanced away, glanced back, and shrank as he boldly made his way to her.

"Dance in town tonight, Sukey." he whispered. She looked at him timidly. "I can't be away tonight." "Aw, come on." he said. "I can slip you back." "I am afeared." she answered. "Afeared of what?" he answered, slipping his arm through hers. The worshippers stared and grumbled. A little eddy of dissatisfaction could be seen. But the voice of the preacher thundered heavier and higher and then as Bowker was urging the girl toward the door, suddenly the Power came.

41-1-264

9.

The Power dropped on Bethesda. The Power bolted into the up-stretched arms of the sweating thundering preacher. It came like a lightening flash. A woman, an old black woman, fell down in the church, behind where Bowker was whispering, leap into the air and shrieked: "Jesus!" The echo had scarcely died when far over the other side of the church a man tore out of his corner and walked across the benches and almost on the backs of the bowed worshippers. "Jesus! My God." he cried, and then suddenly Bethesda went into an orgy of abandonment. The worshippers shouted and wept; they turned and swayed and groped, and a great cloud of song swept from Bethesda to the Bay and from the Bay down to the shining sea, in military rhythm with stamping of feet, clapping of hands. It was a demoniac possession; it was almost insanity; it had neither reason or knowledge. Five Hundred people had suddenly gone wild. Jasper shouted and laughed in the pulpit. The tears streamed down his cheeks. He had won; he knew that again he had won over a vast and terrible power of darkness, for he saw her standing there, unmoved, dark and awful. He had known other days when standing

like this she could with a few words reduce his congregation to shaking fear, but today Jasper felt himself beyond her. He had staged his revivial with crafty and unerring judgment. They were too weary to reason. The swelling flood of their emotions overthrew, blinded and darkened them to all real thought. To Jasper it was the coming of the Lord, and in a certain real sense the wills of these people had become merged in a stronger, all-developing will that swept them headlong. It left Esther standing alone, stark, with her smouldering eyes. Some might have thought her a part of the orgy, because she stood among them and swayed. But Jasper knew better. The wild pandemonium caught Bowker and whirled him toward the door. He tried to bring the girl with him, but she went into sudden ecstasy, screaming and laughing, and shrieked: "I know the Lord and he has laid his hands on me!" And far away in the Big House with its ghostly pillars, Colonel Ransom Diggs drank his mint Julep. "Having a big time down at Bethesda tonight." he said to the maid. And she answered: "Yes Sir, Yes Sir. The spirit is moving the Power. Jasper is preaching Christ Crucified."

41-1-225

Chapter II

How Uncle Jasper Diggs wrestled with the Devil and Aunt Esther and in the end saw the glory of the coming of the Lord.

1.

A great white stream was pouring down toward Mobile. It had started when emigrants came down from Virginia and brought and bought their slaves. The black belt suddenly become green and then white. Into Mobile rolled back in the 20ths 50 thousand bales of cotton a year, and twice as many ten years later. In 1840, 450 thousand bales came down and at the beginning of the Civil War a million bales of cotton went out through the Bay and past Massacre Island over the seas to England. It was a gay and prosperous and glowing city. Twenty thousand people lived there; 12 thousand whites and 6 thousand black slaves, and 2 thousand free Negroes and mulattoes. Old Creole homes were giving way to modern houses built by the slave barons who had their plantations down the shores of the Bay and up the banks of the river. There was water and gas, warehouses, and new wharves. New streets were opened and up on the bluff Spring Hill became a summer resort. A new railway toward the North had been built and the harbor had been deepened from six feet to 10 feet. Even the slaves caught the contagion of prosperity. Jasper rejoiced in it. He did not see that it would mean harder work on the plantations. Perhaps, indeed, he did not realize just what was taking place on the absentee's plantations of the inner black belt where the cotton kingdom had remodeled it on a commercial foundation. After all, he was at the master's Big House, and spent more and more of his time at the city residence of the Diggs' family which they had established on Conception Street. But the strain of these days had changed and brought open ___ to Uncle Jasper and Aunt Esther. Their children had grown up and gone out into the fields. With mighty effort and great diversion of souls, Uncle Jasper had driven the spirit of evil

41-1-226

from his church and back into the western hills. But there it gathered at midnight with Aunt Esther and beat tom toms to call her few and furtive followers. Openly she prophecied that the time was at hand when black folk would go free and that all that was necessary was the sacrifice of the "Goat without horns". Jasper, wild with fear, and strong in the prosperity and growing power of the white world, drove her out from his cabin and went to town to tell Colonel Diggs of what had happened and what he feared.

2.

Colonel Ransom Diggs had no time to listen to the crazy vaporings of Jasper, although he recognized him as a kindly old servant, striving desperately to do right, and to make the slaves honest and faithful. But Colonel Diggs, a ~~young~~ man of 50, and married with 2 children ~~but three years~~, had been among the first to volunteer and march North with the Alabama regiment, who went to support the new government at Montgomery against the presumption of the North. He talked frankly with Jasper ere he left and put his young ~~bride~~ wife and ~~two~~ the children, Marianne, born in 1858 ~~and Cyril, a baby only a year old,~~ under Jasper's personal protection. "Jasper," he said, I am depending on you. Defend them with your life." And Jasper, with tears in his eyes, swore that he would. Then for Jasper the world became an inexplicable nightmare. Gradually the white men went away to war. Only the slaves and the women were left. On the surface the work of the plantations, the pulse of the city, went on as usual. But beneath there were murmurs that frightened the soul of Jasper. Particularly was he suspicious of the free Negroes. He disliked them on the principle, and because of the number of mulattoes among them. He could not see any place for them in his scheme of the world. Obviously, they were not as good, as honest, as prosperous, as slaves, and just as obviously, they were less than white folk and always independent. Yet, they asserted themselves over

41-1-227

slaves; they had plantations, and for reasons that Jasper could not fathom, the white folks allowed them certain responsibilities and assumptions, even over faithful slaves. It pleased Jasper to see that as the war went on these liberties were curtailed. Some of the free Negroes, including Aaron Bowker, ran away. They said he had gone to join the Northern armies. Jasper laughed. "If he had, he would meet his just desert, for the Yankies would hold him in worse slavery that his own white people of the South." But Jasper was desperately afraid that the free Negroes and the slaves would attempt in some way to hurt the white folks while the master's backs were turned. He kept careful virgil over his own white folks, and particularly he watched Aunt Esther. For at the first sound and rumor of war, Aunt Esther had gone mad. She had stopped work. She sat sleeping, nodding and brooding all day. And in the night, she was gone to the forest.

U1-1-228

3.

He came up on her suddenly one night at dusk.

Esther turned on him. "Fool." she whispered. "Fool," she cried in a voice that seemed like a scream held back. "Ain't you heard the Bell ring? Ain't you heard the Voice. The end has done come. Do you hear? The end. The world is ~~thirsting~~ mad and mad for blood. The black things in the forests screams and cries for the ~~God~~ Goat Without Horns. He wants blood and when he gets it my people go free." But Japser dropped, almost fell to his knees and prayed. "Save us God, from witchcraft and spells. Throw your loving kindness about us and save us God, Jesus save."

41-1-231

4 (Insert Chapter 2)

Jasper's greatest joy and highest responsibility after Colonel Ransom Diggs went to the war was to take little Marianne to walk. She was ~~three~~ five years of age ~~and just toddling~~ when he left, and now she was ~~five~~ six and prancing and running, almost flying, like a butterfly. Jasper almost remembered the words of the old Colonel as he kissed the child and turned to him. "Guard her, Jasper. Take care of her for me. Her mother has got her hands full with ~~the baby boy~~ Cyrus." Jasper's head nearly burst with pride. ____ he would have laid down his life for this child that seemed to him the loveliest thing God ever made. She was fragil, dainty, almost transparent, her skin was so white it seemed bloodless, and her hair was a light Chestnut brown, silky, curled and flying. Her eyes were pale blue. Always when Jasper preached of angelas, in his soul he thought of Marianne. He pictured the throne of God always as incumpus by such pale white and blue beings, flying around and up and down, as Marianne seem to fly across the grass and amid the flowers. She was to him grace and fairyland. And as he hastened home tonight in the late afternoon he was troubled because he was late for his walk with the little Mistress. The walk that was to him the crowning glory of the day. They had made him overseer of the sweet potato patch, down at the side of the old plantation. And the slaves had been slow, cross and resentful at having a black man over them. He had got the overseer's whip and twice brought it down like a hot, live thing across the shoulders of the lazy. They glowered at his restraining power in red-eyed fury. But Jasper hurried up the path, smiling and waving his whip. He fancied he could almost hear the sweet lilt of the little Mistress's voice: "Uncle Jasper, hurry. I have been waiting for you. You're awful late." Then he stopped

41-132

and peered ahead of him. His path led from the old plantation to the sea, and across it at right angles ran the walk from the Big House to the slave quarters where his own cabin set apart. Along this path and toward the Big House and crossing the path through which he came from the plantation, he described Esther walking slowly, apparently toward the Big House. She had no business at the Big House. She was not allowed there and she knew it. "Esther," he shouted, starting forward. She stopped, but did not turn. He hurried up and planted himself before her. She looked at him calmly with her smouldering glance.

41-1-233

"Where you going?"

"To the Big House."

"What for?"

"The Devil is calling me."

"You got no business at the Big House. You know you got no business there."

"I got business wherever my master calls."

"Go back."

"I won't."

"Go back before I strike you dead. You ain't going to the Big House."

"Ain't?. You says ain't to Esther?"

"I do. I'll kill you if you take another step."

Her smouldering eyes lighted. "Kill. Kill," she said slowly. "Why, Nigger, I am Death." And then she smiled at him. He had not remembered seeing her smile before, so seldom did the sullen look leave from her countenance. But she smiled and whirled abruptly and strove back toward the cabin. Japser wiped the sweat from his face and hesitated. He paused, uncertainly. He started to follow her, and then his head went ____. He remembered the little

Mistress, and a vague fear clammored within. She must be waiting. She must have waited a long time. He would see her coming down the walk, running before her nurse. He started running away from the cabin hidden in the Pines, and up toward the Big House. He saw the great white pillars looming above the flowers and between the Magnolias and the palms. He came quickly around the gravel drive and discribe the nurse on the porch. He stopped and sighed with relief, wiping again his sweating face and neck. "I am a little late. I had—" "But where's Missy Marianne?" He paused, and leaned against a great white pillar. "Ain't she here?" Oh no, of course. I brought her down to your cabin. She couldn't wait no longer. She's so impatient like. Why you were there. Esther pointed to you in the door. I saw your shadow. Didn't Missy—" But Jasper was gone, tearing down the path and through the pines like a madman with a heart of fear. The cabin was empty, as he knew it would be. There was no trace, neither of Esther nor of the child.

41-1-234

All night they sought Marianne in the wood and the swamp and on the waters, and they never found her. All night the tomtom pulsed, now here, now there, now soft, now loud, in the black forest of the long-leaf Pine.

Section 5

Jasper had never known an earthquake. He had heard of them vaguely. He pictured them dimly in his mind like great explosions that tore things to pieces and sent some particles flying above the solid earth. But after all, the earth was there and solid. The soul of Jasper was now experiencing earthquake. His universe was moving slowly, vastly, from side to side, and up and down. It was an ____; it was terrifying. Of course, to Jasper the relations of white and black in the world were naturally fixed and immutable. White people were the masters; Negroes were the slaves. When there came faint rumors and whisperings of possible freedom for black folk, Jasper laughed it to scorn and preached earnestly against it. "Obey your Masters," he shouted, "for that is well pleasing in the sight of the Lord." It was a phrase he had heard a hundred times from the lips of white preachers. He never questioned it. When war came it meant little to him. He smiled at the coming discomforture of the Yankees. They would find out when Colonel Ransom rode against them on his great black stallion. How did these terrible men dare to interfere with the rights of the black masters? And then, things began to go wrong. Jasper sensed and saw it. Money was scarce. Even in the pockets of old Mistress. He had to go asking for credit for her in town when the storekeepers dared to shake their heads. There was suspicion and unrest and watching. And then suddenly, Jasper saw War.

Long low ships had been slipping in and out the harbor, and within the Bay lay the Confederate fleet; three gunboats and the great ram Tennessee; while outside of the harbor, the Yankee fleet was said to be lying. But it could not come in, of this

41-1-235

Jasper was satisfied. And then at last, on th[illegible] August 5th, slowly the fleet came. The world s[illegible] the guns. Black and white, slave and free, rushed down to the sea and watched. The forts and the ships were cannonaded; the red flash of the powder could be seen, and the thunder of the explosion. Suddenly, one of the great Yankee ships lurched and sank. Another quivered and drew back. Mobile set up a shout, but a great ship was pushed into the breech and the Yankees came into the Bay. The Confederate gunboats sank into the waters; the Tennessee rushed up the Bay to ram the Yankees. But her pl anks were loosened; her shutters jammed; the smoke stack carried away; and the Admiral wounded. Slowly her flag came down. Troops came pouring on land; they surrounded the fort, and the Pelham cadets, with young Cyril ____, the Colonel's son, scarce twenty years of age, were captured and made prisoner. The fort fell. Forty-five thousand troops marched in. They landed at the wharves; they marched up Government Street; then held Mobile. Jasper could believe neither his eyes nor his ears. It was the end of the world.

41-1-234

Section 6.

He met Old Master as he came home from the war and helped him, limping, to leave the boat and climb painfully into the carriage. He was sure that Old Master would explain it all and tell how the world was to be restored. But Colonel Diggs, an old and broken man at 54, looked at him sadly with none of the old and humorous sparkle in which Jasper had delighted. "You are free." he said to Jasper. "Go, when you want to."

Jasper entered the church bewildered. He could not make out the significance of what Colonel Ransom had said. Free. What would freedom mean in a white world? What could black folks do with and the white folks? Nothing. Nothing. What would he do? What would they all do, with nobody to take care of them?

He hated the Yankees and feared them. He tried to get his congregation together to preach to them and teach them what they ought to do. But he could do nothing with them. They were distainful and uppish; they explained to him that they were free; they were going to have land and homes; that they were going to own Mobile and its plantations; that they were going to rule. In vain did Jasper sneer and dis ___, admonish and plead. His Power was gone; his congregation disintegrated. He wandered alone down to old

Bethesda and looked at it. Something must happen. Surely the world could be brought back and go straight again. Bewildered and distraught, he went into the church at dusk. He groped in the darkness beside the pulpit and his hand touched another human being. It was a cold hand, big, bony, and rough with sinews, but it was a hand that was alive and he knew it. He knew that Esther was there. He leaped back with a shriek and with difficulty discerned her looming formlessly in the darkness. He heard her voice mumbling. "I deals in blood, and every drop of blood they spill, I done loosed a river. Murder, black murder of the headless child! For every bit of blood they drib on you, I done loosed an ocean." Jasper turned to flee, but she gripped him hard and cried: "My time is come. But the Mystery is buried down below." Then he tore away, and ran straight to the Big House.

41-1-237

Colonel Ransom had just learned of the disappearance of Marianne. He knew that his beautiful baby must be dead. But, after all, he said little. Perhaps he had seen too much of blood and bereavement and suffering to be able to let this additional blow move him. She had been gone two years and he simply bowed his head and slipped away into the library and said nothing. But Jasper was still bitter. Bitter because he himself seemed to have failed; because he had not kept his promise, and now that he had discovered Esther again, he thought only of her punishment and hoped against hope that Marianne might still be discovered. He slipped into the side door; up the backstairs, and disturbing no one, went straight to Colonel Ransom's bedroom. He found him lying in bed, clothed, with only his boots removed, and staring up at the ceiling.

"Colonel Ransom," he whispered. "Esther." The Colonel went white and for a moment sat still. Then he arose deliberately, loading his pistol and put it in his pocket and took down the long black whip that lay above his mantle. And together they went out. They searched the empty church, and then turned to the wood. Long they walked over the field and up the hill, until they saw the pines in tall majesty above them, and heard them sigh and sing in the wind. They found her at the edge of the bluff, standing still, appearing darkly luminous against the black trees and somber sky. Colonel Ransom strove to the hill, but Jasper lingered behind. "Where did you bury her?" he asked. "I buried her in the wind and covered her with a blanket of flame and blood and in the bones of her hand I laid the mystery of Africa." "Where?" "No where and never."

"Will you tell me?" "Nothing. It is done. We'se free." With one wrench he stripped her naked. Her black body gaunt, shrivtled, knotted and clumsy, shown faintly against the vast trunks of the pines. The whip hissed and curled about her head and shoulder, about her breast. The blood oozed and dripped slowly down. And suddenly the old woman threw back her head and laughed, laughed a great shriek, a laugh that lifted itself above the soughing of the pines, and out of the forest heart, almost there seemed to roll the faint, pulse of the tomtoms. Colonel Diggs slowly let the whip fall. Slowly he reached for his pistol and a single shot clicked. Esther was still. She sighed and swayed and then crumbled to the earth. Without a word the Colonel turned and walked home, staggering now and then, and stopping and leaning against Jasper. Jasper took him into the front door and up the stairs and undressed him and covered him carefully and left him lying in the bed. Then he came down and went out into the night. It was 3 o'clock in the morning and the rain was dripping down. He went by his quarters and got a bundle of old sacks. Slowly he toiled back up to the wood and tied the body in the sacks and lifted it on his shoulder. Down the bluff and across the plantation he dragged it. Down to Bethesda. Worn, shaking and weary, almost to death, he lugged the ___ slimy burden into the church, threw it and threw the trap door and buried it beside that other box; that little box that lay there with the three blue marks. Then he groped back into the church and dropped down by the pulpit and with gasps softly prayed to his God. "Jesus, something wicked is dead. You done put something evil away and killed it and buried it. Thank you, Jesus. And now let the love come trickling down."

41-1-238

Chapter 3.

How Jasper Diggs became free and Bethesda an independent church.

Section 1.

For the first forty years of his life Jasper Diggs had depended upon white folk; had believed in them; had made them the center of his thought and world and the source of his power. He knew only too well that it was the favor of Old Master and of other white folk that gave him his power and position over Bethesda. The slaves knew that he represented the might of their Masters; they listened to him; they obeyed him. And in case any recalcitrant presumed to take or oppose his power, Jasper knew that a word to Old Master would bring the whip upon his back or the patrol at his heels. The loss and overthrow, then, of the power of the Masters seemed at first to Jasper the loss of God, church and religion itself. Then, slowly, suddenly and inperceptibly, a new idea began to pervade his soul. Anyone less sincere and full of faith would not have listened to him. But Jasper believed in his religion and he slowly began to realize that the disappearance of the Master's power threw him directly upon the mercy and power of his God. God became near and real to him. He sensed himself as prophet at first hand of his church and religion. He, Jasper demanded, must restore the power of his church directly upon the mercy and loving kindness of the Creator and despite the disappearance of his white master. Indeed, and here Jasper's soul glowed. Perhaps he might help the Master and his family and bring them through this time of trouble and distress. As the thought permeated him he walked with firmer step. Regularly he held his meetings at Bethesda and preached with evermore terrible earnestness to the few that came. He was very dignified and reticient before the Yankees, and humble and [illegible]

41-1-239

as if to his white folk. The Negroes jeered at him and said harsh words, and yet he was determined never to falter. But almost unconsciously he did falter; he had to listen to this new thing that had come into the world. He had to hear almost unbelievable things said and repeated: Black men were just as much men as white men were; black people should vote and hold office; black children should be educated. This was said openly and no one dropped dead. Nothing happened except the opening of a school on _____ Street in the army barracks. Jasper even went around there himself at night and sat in the back and saw masses of black folk trying to learn to read and write. He was glad to see it. This new dispensation was not altogether wrong; there was something good in it. But it couldn't live, no, it couldn't live, because most of it was against nature. And then sure enough the riots came. The Federal troops had gone; marching out with vast blare of trumpets; the boats had disappeared from the harbor, and then of a night, wild with noise and fire, Mobile sank back into the hands of her former Masters, and the Negroes no longer voted, and no longer swaggered up Government Street and out Royal, and only the school with its white teachers remained to indicate the change.

41-1-278

Section 2.

The death of Aunt Esther freed the soul of Jasper Diggs. The old dark incubus fear that had oppressed him all his life seem to lift. Then, too, the new responsibilities brought new power. Almost before, mentally and physically, he had leaned upon white folk. He found himself now standing on his own feet. He must earn a living. He must support himself. He must make his worshippers support Bethesda. He had long talks on the matter with Colonel Diggs, searching for help, advice and new

footholds. "I don't just really see, Colonel, how we'se going to make it? "You want to make it?" "Yes, I understands that, but I mean how. You see all this life out in the freedom is a new thing. I don't grasp it. I don't know what it's all about?"

"It ought to be easy for you; get your church people together and make them pay you a salary. They earning money now."

"Yes, but the church ain't ours."

"No, but it's yours. I'm going to give it to you. It's your church. The old building isn't much, but the land ought to be worth something, if everything don't go to smash."

"Thanks you, Master. Thanks a thousand times. I'm going to try hard. But the trouble is, I don't know exactly what to try or where to begin trying. I'm in a dark forest, groping."

41-1-279

Section 3.

There came to Jasper spiritual transformation. In the place of his Master he set his God. God became a new and real thing. Not a far off being to be worshipped, but a friend to be appealed to. His religion took on new reality. Hidden in the depths of the crazy reeling old church, he talked with God; praying incessantly, desperately, appealingly, and receiving in his new mood of helpfulness and self-reliance, seeming direct answers to his prayers. He walked with new firmness and he preached with heightened fervency. But inside the church there was difficulty. Formerly, the church was a recreation and a relief. It cost nothing. It formed a medium of expression. It was a place to go after the dull round of plantation work. But now new things arose to rival the church. Their old weird suspicion, represented by Aunt Esther, faded into the background, but the new license, desire for pleasure, and urge to see the world, an impulse to talk and to argue, all these things came to distract the church, and when in addition to this Uncle Jasper tried to collect money for the purposes of the church, and for his own support, the

opposition was outspoken and bitter.

"What? What Old Nigger think we going to do? Give him our money, while he walk around and holler? Why don't he go to work like we?"

"Who made him Pastor, anyways? We ain't never choose him. White folks put him there. Let white folks support him."

"Who wants to be setting around singing and praying all the time, anyhow? Fool stuff, I calls it. I'm going to get me some liquor and going to the dance."

Thus, suddenly Jasper was faced with the whole problem of new organization within a group. But he was curiously helped from without. Not only were there the white church, functioning as usual, but there were two colored churches. One was the old and aristocratic Episcopal Church, where the free mulattoes had attended for generations. They boasted of their white blood and their freedom. Some of their fathers had even owned slaves. They supported the minister who talked correct English and no black man and no former slaves was welcomed to their church. Then the church had formed a wild group of religious enthusiastics. They had been frowned upon for a long time by the whites, but now that Emancipation had come, this very attitude of the whites helped them to organize and keep their group together. They built themselves a shanty of logs and boards and held fervent meetings, many times a week. All this was help and incentive to Jasper. He organized his church with a Board of Trustees and showed them the deed of the property which Old Master had given him. He planned to turn it over to the church when the church was properly organized. He organized the women to give entertainments and raise money for repairing the rickety old warehouse. Slowly but surely the inchoat group began to function regularly and the congregation began to grow. Their greatest

influence of all, were the sermons of Uncle Jasper. The staid ceremonies of the Episcopalians and the arguments of the white ministers, would have raised Jasper's congregation ____. The Baptists were fervent but their leader lacked Jasper's power to hold the imaginations of his people. It was not long before Bethesda became in numbers and influence the leading Negro church of Mobile.

41-1-281

"Edition of September 19, 1929"
pp. 1-15

BETHESDAY, A. M. E.

Edition of September 19, 1929

Uncle Jasper was preaching Christ crucified. He was a little man, brown and iron-grey. He looked old, not so much with physical toil, but as though his soul had torn his body. He was short and spent and his crinkly grey hair was tufted spairingly on his skull. He was desperately in earnest. Of this, no one could doubt. His muscles were tense; the sweat was pouring down his face; until his colorless shirt was wet with it and you could see how it had stained the old black discolored coat. His eyes blazed with the intensity of his emotion, and were bloodshot from the strength of his speech. His audience sat very still, hanging upon his words, or perhaps not so much upon his actual words as upon the hypnotism and thrill of his earnestness.

41-1-396

It was a curious audience in that barn of a church. It had been a warehouse where merchants bringing their goods up from the Wall Street slip had stored them. The ceiling was high with exposed beams, and the walls thin and dirty. The benches were without backs and the pulpit a crudely improvised box perched on a platform. On the benches sat a melenge of humanity. They were all colors; dark brown that was nearly black, brown, lighter browns, yellows that faded to cream, and white skins. Some that looked white, and some that were the skins of a few white auditors sitting in the back. Persons who seemed rather bored at was was held to be their duty, and yet interested almost against their will. Among the colored folk that made the audience, the interesting thing after once one grasp the peculiarity of their appearance, was their evident mental attitude. Practically all of them were evidently poor people.

A few were neatly dressed, and one or two with some ostentation. But most of them were poorly dressed in clothes faded and evidently cast-off, while many were in the merest rags, dirty and thoroughly unkemp. But down beneath the color within the clothes looked out many minds. There were some that were sullen, burning apparently with some inner anger and distaste, raging wildly against something, perhaps the whole world. A larger number looked tense, unintelligent, stupid, and yet, striving faithfully to understand something that was far below them. Beside them, sat others with bitter faces. The faces of those who had failed even before they had tried. Who believed there was no use trying. Others, seemed groping, flat down perhaps because they had never resisted; perhaps because they had resisted in vain, but realizing now that they were nothing and could have nothing. But there were others and they formed a larger part of the audience than any of these, Who were evidently striving. They had striven to get the church; to clean up their poor clothes; to look like some echo of respectability. And they were striving to understand what the preacher said; what he meant; what was the inner, hidden and elusive feeling of the great words and periods that rolled out of his heavy lips. They sweated with him in the tenseness of their trying. They were dimly grasping something that was just within or just beyond their hands. A few others looked furtive, as though they felt that they didn't belong there; as though they sensed enemies below, within, around them, lurking somewhere. They seemed about to run or to hide. They concealed their hands within their hands, rubbing them softly. The eyes of others looked wistful, as though here was some great thing within their grasp that they could not quite get. Or if they understood it and knew it, it lay beyond their power to use it. There were the sorrowful and old women and old men.

41-1-397

And some very very young, crossed whose faces grief had written the deep and terrible pen. A few longued on the back benches, almost openly sneering, yet feeling the atmosphere too tense for open jibes. Beside them sat types evidently criminal, lurking here as in some house of refuge. And with them men and women, young and sometimes comely, with roving lustful eyes. And yet when one found all these things in the audience, they found above and dominating it the pulsing of a great enthusiasm and of vivid understanding and of high resolve. It was as though looking out from the poverty and wretchedness of life, they had grasped or half grasped a marvelous vision and the very glory of it held them in pain and suspicion. Of this Uncle Jasper saw and sensed.

41-1-308

His words whirled louder, quicker, staccato and pure, and yet he was afraid; he knew he was afraid. He sensed opposition in that audience, and he knew where it centered, yet he did not look toward it. Perhaps there were two sorts of opposition. But the lesser one he ignored. He felt his power over it. He could beat back by the very intensity of his word the thing that he called sin, ~~Pressure~~ Pleasure, living, gambling, lust. But there was one thing that in his heart of heart he felt powerless against. In that thing was typified by the black solitary figure that sat motionless on the front bench of the Amen corner right down by his left hand. Aunt Esther was a singular figure of a woman. Tall, straight, massive, with a face immobile like some singular black masque and there/seemed to be no expression upon her face. She did not move. She sat there in ominous intense silence yet Jasper knew what was coming. He knew that pretty soon all the mad religious fervor that he was stirring up in that conglomerate audience would whirl into a vivid p_____ outburst from walls long suppressed in every human expression. They would leap and cry and moan and weep, and through the outpouring of that

p_____ emotion, seek to grasp the great thing that had been brought to them and yet eluded them. And then in the midst of them would stalk Fear and Fear was Aunt Esther. Slow and with majestic motion she would rise and silently stalk to the space before the pulpit. And she would stand; her eyes closed, entranced. Slowly, the white audience would quiver and almost cringe before her. Indeed, the knowledge of this coming spirit of fear often kept back the religious fervor that Uncle Jasper strove to arouse. With pain and striving, he sought again and again to make the wave of emotion overwhelm and sweep away its black fear of Esther. But it never did. Almost he gasped within his soul it never would. She stood there, a singular old garment swept from her great shoulders to her insteps. Her arms bare; her head uncovered. And then slowly she would begin to dance. It was a majestic movement, forward and back; then slow whirling circles; then her arms would reach out and stretch up as though they were grasping the rafters, and she would moan and when she moaned the audience moaned with her. They moaned and groveled in fear. They swayed with her, and when the groan became a murmur and a sharp scream almost of horror the audience screamed and wept; and then the audience went out beyond the power, and the voice of Uncle Jasper, and rested in the hands and power of Aunt Esther, and Aunt Esther worshiped, but Uncle Jasper knew and preached the words since that it was not the God that he was worshipping. There was no love of Jesus in that sinister terrible figure. There was no faith in God. Esther was fighting the black spirit of evil and fighting it by worship. And almost when this happened, or began to happen, Uncle Jasper ended his sermon and fell on his knees and prayed: "Come down, God, come down." He pled in an ecstasy of intensity, falling to his knees and swaying backwards and forwards, sideways and the hips. "Come down, God, stretch out your hand. Lift sin, draw sin away, beat back Hell, kill the Devil.

41-1-399

Kill him and bury him deep. Bury him deep, God. Deliver us from evil. Save us from the Fire. Save us from the awful flames. Save us by your blood. By your blood and sweat. Speak Jesus. Open your crucified side. Tell the truth to these sinners. Conquer Hell. Conquer Death. Save us. Save us. "

The character of Uncle Jasper was simple and easily understood. His moving belief was faith in an over-ruling God, and in white folk. There was nothing cringing or hypocritical in this faith. He had received from those who had taught him a belief of God who was as real to him as the sky and the trees and the houses. This God ruled the world. It wasn't al ays easy to see why he did things or what he was aiming at, but of his absolute goodness and perfect wisdom Uncle Jasper had not the slightest doubt. Looking around him upon the world which God had made, it was evident that he had favored white folk. There were exceptions, to be sure. But the mass of the white folk whom Jasper knew were educated, well dressed, wise and rich. They ruled the world, and to Jasper's mind, they ruled it well. They were usually kind and considerate of him. He went to them for advice. He went to them for food and drink and clothes. Nothing made him happier than to serve them and to wait upon them and anticipate their little wishes. On the other hand, the colored people whom Jasper knew were poor and ignorant and wicked. Perhaps this was not wholly the fault of all of them, but most of them were what they were because of their own sin, or as Jasper devoutly believed, the sins of their fathers. These people God had put under the domination of the white folk and if they served well and did their duty that in Heaven there would be no distinction between the souls of the good white people and of the good black people. But the wicked would go to Hell and burn forever and forever. Most of this belief Jasper had imbibed as a child in the woods of Harlem.

41-1-400

He was born during the Revolutionary War in 1775, and his childhood was in the days of upheaval after the fighting which freed America from England. The old farm where he was born stood at what is now Lenox Avenue and 135th Street. It was but sharply c____. There were great trees and rolling fields and old houses and over them all evidences of neglect. Colonel Ransom Diggs, the owner of the farm and of Jasper, was ten years older than his young slave, and seemed, therefore, to Uncle Jasper old, dignified and venerable. To himself, Colonel Diggs seemed a great deal of a failure. His father had bought this farm and a number of Negroes from its former Dutch Huguenot owner and the war had now ruined it. They did not belong to the aristocracy but had come up from the indented servant class, and the Dutch aristocrats did not fail to remind them of this. So Colonel Diggs determined to go down to New York City after the war which led through the woods to the South ten miles, and to make his fortune. And this he did with rapidity which seemed to Jasper quite natural for white folk but seemed to Colonel Diggs unusually good luck. With his new wealth he determined to make an alliance which would establish his social position. When he applied for the hand of Miss DePeyster, she and her family where horrified, except the father. He knew in what desperate plight the family fortunes were and he accepted Diggs forthwith, for he knew that Diggs had money.

Thus, it was that the world opened for Uncle Jasper. For at the age of 15, he was suddenly called to go down to New York to become the body servant of the brillant and wonderful man whom he called Old Master. He would never forget the day of his going. They rode by oxcart and by horsepower; they came over great hills and beside a little stream called The Harlem. They saw the shining ocean far to the left, and then the great Hudson to the right. They came through dark forests which were to be Central Park,

41-1-401

and finally, to the wonderful thing that wasNew York City in 1795. The marvel and mystery of it never passed from Uncle Jasper's feeling. The houses, so high that rooms nested above rooms, and even sometimes a third set of rooms loomed toward the sky. Streets filled with people, horses, wagons and drays, the myriad voices of hawkers and newsboys. It was persisely as Uncle Jasper would have pictured Heaven with, of course, the abolition of evident sin.

Uncle Jasper's education was limited. He could neither read nor write. Both at this time and in his after years, he knew less to nothing of history or literature except the Bible. But, already, in his ability to meet people; in his carriage and address, he was the same kind of well-mannered gentleman as those whom he met in his Master's home. His knowledge of the Bible was already considerable and grew tremendously in after years. As a child in Harlem, he had sat in the Negro pewt of the white Su_____ _____ and heard the rector read the Scriptures and preach. The Scriptures, especially intrigued him and he got in the habit of committing texts and chapters to memory. When he came down to New York, he eagerly sought a Sunday School and prayer meeting. At first, in the Episcopal Church, but soon in the Methodist Church, because it was nearer and richer and had a larger attendance of colored people, and somehow seemed more human and inviting. Here his education in Scripture memorizing went on until by the time he had reached manhood, he had an unusual complete knowledge of the Bible and could repeat long passages without mistake. He had come down to be valet and errand boy to Ransom Diggs, but he soon became far more than that in the family. He acted as butler and major-dormo. He took charge of the other servants. Scolded and p____ them; reported them to his master, and became gradually a power

41-1-402

and a personage in the house, as well-known to the friends of the family as were the individuals themselves. Meantime, things were not going well in his Master's family as he easily saw. Diggs had married above his social station. While repudiated to be wealthy, his wealth was chiefly in lands, and while he had enough to make himself more than comfortable in Harlem, there was not enough to reach the social ambitions of a DePyster in New York. A son, Ransom, Jr., was born in 1796, and Mrs. Diggs became ill and went abroad at great expense. Then she returned to entertain and spend money. It was a gay household, but Jasper became more and more solemn because it was harder and harder to make ends meet with the funds that Ransom Diggs put at his disposal. Then, and rather suddenly, things changed. It was about 1805, when a flood of money seemed to descend from nowhere. Jasper was far too well bred to ask unless his Master had volunteered to tell him. He was given to understand rather vaguely that Ransom Diggs had gone into business and was being unusually successful. All this did not worry Jasper . He was busy and happy. Looking about him, he sensed a good many kinds of colored people. Some said they were free and Jasper laughed. How could a Negro be free in this world? He had to belong to some white folks or he would be surmerged, starved, wandering like a lost soul through the world. They told him in 1799, that a law had been passed saying that all Negroes born after that year would be free. But Jasper merely smiled. Personally, he hadn't the slight st desire to be free, and he knew what would come of those poor lost souls who had the misfortune to be born to any such condition. He saw them all around him. The slaves, for the most part, were house servants, well-groomed and well attended to. The free people were poverty-strickened without clothes, sunk in crime and degradation.

41-1-403

Jasper thanked God that he was a slave and the slave of quality folk.

He was thinking about this as he came home one night to his hut. It was a two-room cabin on the back of the lot where the Diggs' mansion stood. It faced on an alley and had entrance from the mansion and from the alley. It was small and rather dilapidated but neat and well attended to. Jasper now was a man of nearly thirty. He had no wife and had not seriously thought of one. Indeed, his whole social and sex life had been undeveloped. Back on the plantation he was too young. Here in New York, the women he had met had on the whole repelled him. There were some comely servants in the house but he had felt that he must show his authority and superiority over them. The women whom he met at church were either old and worn out or young and impudent. And the women on the street frightened him. Of course, he had meant sometime to get a wife to take care of his cabin, and to attend to him like some better-classed servant. His master had mentioned the matter to him once or twice and Jasper was thinking of it seriously.

41-1-404

But tonight he was thinking chiefly how fortunately he was placed and how thankful he ought to be to the Ruler of the Universe for _____. He had opened the door and stepped into the darkness, when he heard a sigh. It was a light sigh like the long-drawn breath of a human being, and yet it sounded distinct and clear in the silence and gloom. He stopped still and listened, and a wave of fear passed over him. He thought of thieves; he thought of ghosts; then he laughed and straightened himself.

"Who there?" He asked. And hearing no answer, went over quickly and lighted the oil lamp. The woman was sitting in the midst of the hut on an old stool. He knew that stool. He remembered

the day that he had found it in the warehouse. It was old and covered with grime. It had been carved from one piece of wood and stood about two feet from the floor. There was a circular top with grooves about each edge; four slender tapering legs which spread in and beneath a part of another circular piece, and then spreading out came down to a one-third and larger piece to set upon the floor. All of it was intrically yet simply carved out of one huge block of oak. He had asked Colonel Diggs about it, and had been told that it had been carved by old Mormoru, a legendary slave of wicked renown, who had lived in the 18th Century. After his death, the slaves had feared him and it had been idolized and worshipped until some of the DePeysters had hidden it in this old warehouse which they had owned, and here now, dragged from its place at the head of Jasper's bed, it was sitting in the middle of the floor, and on it sat a woman.

41-1-405

She was of an uncertain age, perhaps twenty-five; perhaps thirty-five. She sat still and straight and black, and about her whole appearance and expression was something strange and uncanny. Jasper stood and stared. Her face was ugly; ed lips, broad cheek bones, and jutting forehead. And yet there was a certain terrible comeliness about her. Her skin was like satin , and save for a carelessly thrown loin cloth, it was entirely bare. Her form was perfect with firm places and low curved muscles. But her immobility and great staring black eyes from their grim-like whites stopped the words in Jasper's mouth. It was the woman whom he afterward called Esther and who became in a sense his wife, but tonight she said nothing. But rising slowly and movingforward searched his forehead as for a mark while he stood motionless and dumb. And then turning, rushed out of the hut. He ran up the path toward the mansion, and it seemed natural that he should meet

Colonel Ransom coming down, although afterward, he remembered how unusual it was for the Colonel to be free of his social duties at that time in the evening. Breathlessly, he told of the strange woman in the hut and suggested the police. Colonel Ransom looked at him. "Have you seen anybody else around?" he asked. "No," said Jasper. Colonel Ransom started to speak and then stopped. "Come up to my office."he said. And sitting down there, looked at Jasper. He had had a lie naturally prepared because he had anticipated something of this sort. But before Jasper's honest eyes, and the perfect confidence of his look, Colonel Ransom found himself telling the truth. "Jasper," he said, "you know that for a long time I have been in trouble about money, and that suddenly in the last few years, I have become rich. Well, I am going to tell the truth. I have been in the slave trade." Jasper's heart failed. He didn't know much about slave trading. Vaguely, he had heard of Africa and understood that his father had been brought from there. He had received a definite impression that the people who had done this were wicked, rascally folk, to be condemned of all men, but that the result of their rascality had been a blessing for the poor hidden Negroes, and personally, he was glad of this blessing. Now his master, whom he loved and revered, and would serve with his last drop of blood, was bringing slaves. Colonel Ransom saw the shocked look in his servant's face, and he went on to explain. "You see, Jasper, slave-trading is going to be stopped by the National Government. It is wrong and I hated to have any part in it, but the war killed and scattered our slaves, and the South must have more workers. Without them the nation would go to the dogs. There would be no one to till the oil, no crops, raised for our support, no one to serve our families or at least too few for these tasks. So that a lot of Yankees have arranged to bring in before

41-1-406

1808; that is, next year, slaves enough to supply the country, and then the thing will stop forever. I hated to take part in it, but I was almost compelled. I had ships and warehouses, and this was the best paying cargo that offered." And then, he glanced at Jasper again, "After all, He wondered if He wasn't doing God's will by giving these poor heathens kind and thoughtful masters. Well, at any rate, He made money at it, and had no misfortune, save with this last cargo. "One of my ships was storm-tossed and blown far out of her course. She sprung a leak and had to run into New York instead of Savannah. We had to transfer the slaves. We smuggled them into the old warehouse. They were re-shipped again tonight, save six or eight, who are missing. And one of them, I expect, is the woman in your cabin. She is a dangerous woman. She made trouble on the way over here. I should like to have caught her and sent her South, but we could not wait. The only thing now is to keep her here until we get another chance. I have got to depend on you, Jasper, to keep her hidden. My enemies would like to hear of this thing. " Jasper's world felt unsteady. He did not know just what to do or say. "Taint right, Master," he began. "I know it, Jasper, "I know you didn't mean no wrong," said Jasper, and I'm going to help you out every way I can. But I think we ought to ask God now to forgive us." And Jasper prayed. Colonel Diggs was uncomfortable, half-angry and vexed; then almost amused, and then serious and thoughtful, as he bowed his head and Jasper said: "You know us, God. We's weak and sinful. But your hand is on us. You will guide and you will forgive. We done put the power in the hands of Old Master. Help him to carry it, God, for your glory. Lead him right, God, lead him right. Let the blood of Jesus cleanse him from all sin. Amen." And then slowly, and almost apologetically, Jasper rosed and glanced toward his Master, and started slowly to the cabin. "If you see any of the others,"

41-1-407

whispered the Colonel, "let me know. They must be lurking around somewhere." Then he went back to his home, where the silent figure sat as though it had not moved. He carefully made the bed and placed the light, and then went out into his cabin and laid down on the floor , and after many hours, slept. Thus his curious new life began.

The woman was unobtrusive and for a time said no word. Usually, when he came home, he found here there. But sometimes, she was gone returning at late hours. Securing needles in some way, she began to weave cloth; she made herself a drum out of a short log, hollowing it carefully and polishing it until when struck it gave the long low moan of the tom-tom. Then she began to speak a word here and there, or pointing at things and asking the word and Jasper replied, and got in the habit of talking to her when evidently she did not understand. At first, he was obsessed and distracted by this curious new responsibility, and then came a wonderful new thing. Colonel Ransom mentioned it one day. "That old warehouse on Cliff Street," he said, "needs cleaning out. It isn't such a bad building." "Oh, no, sir." It is a good stout building inside. It just needs cleaning and it might be used ." Colonel Ransom looked at him and smiled. "It might be used for a church, couldn't it?" "Yes, sir," said Jasper, and his heart nearly stopped beating. "Well, Jasper, you go clean it out and I'll put some benches in there, and you can preach to your friends. I don't like to have all my Niggers running down to that Methodist Church. I don't know what foolishness they would get in their heads. I would rather have you talk to them any time. Fix it up and see what you can do." Thus grew the first Bethesday, and old barn of a place, dark with age and rough with usage, and yet stout and fairly clean and in it, of a Sunday and onceor twice a week, a crowd of people, curious, casual, with Jasper in the pulpit.

He came home from a meeting of this sort one Wednesday night

41-1-408

exalted. He remembered it afterward as a sort of night of nights. The woman had a fire in the midst of the floor which startled him. There was a stain of blood about it. He rushed forward to stamp it out and remonstrate. And then looked at the woman. Her eyes were full upon him; she beckoned him toward her. Suddenly, a terrible desire burned in him. He seemed swept into her embrace. The top of her body scorched him like a flame. She devoured him. He gasped and clung to her. He found himself babbling words of love; ~~of~~ uttered surrender; of wild devotion. How long he laid in the night, he never knew. Then the world burst about him, and he found himself thrown like a rock half-way a/across the room. He lay stupified and ashamed. He crept into the cabin and wept and prayed. He felt that in some terrible way he had sinned and sinned against the Holy Ghost itself. It was the first time and the last. For many months life went on as before, only the talking increased and the excursions into the night became more frequent. And when she did not go, her tom-tom moaned and wept at mid-night. Then came a great event in the Ransom household. In 1810, a second child was born, Adelaide. Even as an infant, she was beautiful. But as she grew into a child of two or three, Jasper thought she was the most beautiful thing God ever made. Her skin was of transparent pearl-like whiteness. Her hair was like cornsilk, and her eyes deep blue. She was dressed, almost always, in the finest linen and lace, and to Jasper she typified the angels of his Bible and religion. He worshipped her. And his highest joy in life came when he was allowed to carry her out to the perambulator, or to watch her as she lay. One time, as he stood attending her in the back yard, he felt someone coming softly behind, and to his consternation Esther stood beside him looking, too, at the child. He ordered her peremptorily back to the cabin. It was the first time she had ventured into the yard. She looked at him curiously and walked slowly away. I

41-1-409

It was that very night that Esther talked to him longer than she ever talked before and showed a curious new command of language. "I—worship—God." She said.

41-1-410

Four chapters
pp. 1-10, 1-13, 1-20, 1-10

II.

Uncle Jasper was born on the Harlem farm of the DePeyster's, very near what is now the corner of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. He was a cunning little fat black baby and a part of this old Dutch family and its black retainers. Dimly, he remembered changes when he was still very little. Somehow, the Master's very names changed mysteriously and became Digges instead of DePeyster, and faces changed too, and their ways of living, and the farm somehow seemed less prosperous and bountiful and well-ordered. As he remembered afterward, this was supposed to be because of war and upheaval and internal stress and bitterness between neighbors. Those who clung to England and those who supported the young and ragged and independent America. Little Jasper cared little. He was happy. He had enough to eat; he played and he worked. And his very work was play. As a tiny child, he puttered around the kitchen and the yard, helping and hindering his elders. Then, as he became older and more deft, he helped hoe and drill, shoe horses, make cider, garner the hemp and tobacco, making men's shoes, spin the woolen yarn, weave and make nets and build canoes, and go fishing. And even in time, make tables and little houses and help on big ones. The number of black folk around about him seemed gradually to thin out, and consequently, he became individually of greater importance. He became a sort of houseboy and domestic servant. He waited on table and ran errands acrossed the bare country. He helped prepare the food in the kitchen and aided Old Master as he washed and dressed. It was a distinct period in his life that he remembered well. When Young Master, Ransom Diggs,

left home for his great journey down to New York, such preparations that took place, such new clothes and long talks and sage advice! It seemed, as Jasper gathered, waiting on table and hovering around the great fireplace, as the family was assembled of night, that matters were not going so well on the farm. In the first place, the old Dutch settlers displaced by newcomers, like the Digges, disliked the upstarts cordially, calling them rebels and had no social intercourse with them. Their money was scarce and price of produce low, and so it was decided that young Ransom Digges, in 1790, and at the age of 20, should set out to make his fortune in the city, where he was to join a firm of importers.

The education of Jasper was at once complete and scanty. He was a good and conscientious worker, and learned a great deal of the technique of farmer, carpenter, shoemaker and house keeper. He knew the land right around about, and the sombre contour of the surrounding forests. He stared with much curiousity at sky and stars. Outside of this, he knew almost nothing. He could neither read nor write, but had an extraordinary memory of words and phrases. In after years, and from his attendance in the back pew of the little white towered church, he drank in the reading of the Scruptures and the sermons, and could repeat the phrases, word for word, to endless extent, although often he sensed very little of their meaning. Of history, of science, of books and papers, he knew, of course, nothing.

He had no sense of race, color or slavery. He was a Digges and his mother had been a DePyster. He knew nothing of his father. But he was, of course, an integral member of the Digges family. His place in the family was, of course, an humble one. But that seemed to him quite natural and he did not question it.

41-1-412

He was a humble and very ignorant persons and of less, oh infinitely less account that Old Master or Old Mistress, of their many children, or even of Aunt Chloe, the black cook, or Mom Bett, his nurse. He never asked or thought to ask how folk, white, black and yellow, came to be attached to each other in one family. It was a fact that was simply so. It had always been so. It would always be so. Neither was there in his mind any question of curiousity concerning slavery or freedom, ownership or s_____. His relation, too, Old Master was practically the same as the relation of Old Master's children to their father, except, of course, that they were of higher station. It was all natural. His world was like this. Moreover, Jasper was happy. He had no aches or ills or cares that amounted to much or lasted long. Of course, there were little upsets and hurts, heart burnings and jealousies, cuts and bruises, secret longings and vague dreams. But this was Life.

41-1-413

The vaguest of his dreams and at the same time the height of his longing was to see New York. What fabulous were the tales he had heard of that vast city where it was said that hundreds of houses sat so close you could amost step from one to the other, and rooms were built on rooms, two and even three deep, and where horses and wagons and people went by in one unending stream.

Imagine Jasper's ecstasy, the miracle of the fulfillment of his wildest dreams, when the impending marriage of Young Master summoned him forthwith to New York to help the old and rather decrepit butler who had gone with him. Young Ransom had been in New York ten years. Jasper was now a young man twenty years of age. Rather short and thick but quick, alert, alive. New York! He could scarce believe it. He expected to awake and find it all a dream, until at last one morning he found himself actually on the rear rumble seat of the stagecoach and a rolling down toward the

dark forests that lined the little Harlem River.

From now on, things moved so fast that for years Jasper could not remember the details. Indeed, the chief contrast between New York City and Harlem seemed the extraordinary number of things that happened. The happenings outran the terribly vivid impressions; the wonder of the great city. Even the terror of it when men said that actually sixty thousand people lived roundabout and that six thousand of these were black. Then, there was the new home of Young Master on _____Street. Was there ever in the world so gorgeous a place. Cream-white, with pillars and verandas, with a smooth lawn and of beautiful flowers, with spacious and marvelously furnished parlors and wide quiet rooms on two floors, and even above that, so high that Jasper seldom trusted himself up there, stretched a third floor, where lesser guests and colored maids lodged.

41-1-414

Evidently, Young Master had grown desperately rich. This was proven, not only by the house and horses and c_____, and the delicacy of his surroundings. Jasper on state occasions had a barred coat of blue broadcloth and white stockings which were of themselves a costly miracle—but also by the astonishing fact that Ransom Diggs was marrying a DePeyster. Fancy that! Fancy a Diggs marrying into the very family that they had once dispossessed, and who had so cordially dispised them. What would Harlem say about it? Jasper almost felt that he would like to go there and see and hear. But, ofwcourse, he was much too busy, and rather cowed by the splendor and manner of Carolyn DePeyster. She was a haughty little lady of eighteen, and had for reasons best known to her a most poverty-strickened parents, dain to except the hand of Ransom Diggs, a successful young importer of thirty. The wedding was a gorgeous affair.

There followed days and years that surprised, enlightened and worried Jasper to no little degree. First of all, he was disturbed

at the family life of the Digges. Mrs. Digges was sharp-tongued and querulous. Quick to anger and not at all plenteous of mercy. Always half sick and complaining and yet always in a various round of gayety. From the first, she had laid down a set distance between her and the black young second butler, such as he had never known in Harlem. He had ventured some timid litle remark to this gorgeous lady. "Negro, don't ever dare to talk back to me. Do as you are told. Instanter!" Jasper almost fainted. Tears rushed to his eyes. He was shamed and humiliated to think that he had unwittingly transgressed this cold lady's code. This was evidently a higher form of family life than he had been used to, in slow-going easy old Harlem. Not that Jasper felt any resentment. Nothing of the sort. There was no b_____ of an idea of wrong and no anger. Only a very solemn determination, nev r thus to be remiss again. It was his first lesson in learning his place.

41-1-415

This matter of his place began to acquire daily more significance. He was cut off "from his folks", as he always called Master's family by a straight wall. There was no longer a working together of black and white at common tasks. No lingering around the big family fireplace and listening to the day's news, and even being called upon to comment shyly and respectfully. Indeed, save in the case of Young Master himself, there was little chance of even knowaing this family and their guests. Of course, with young Master it was diff rent. He was only ten years Jasper's senior, and as a boy Jasper had been given to Young Ransom as his personal servant. The first few years of Jasper's life, as soon as he could walk and talk, had been spent in hovering around Young Master, playing with him and worshiping him. Then came the ten years of very distressing absence, lightened only by the occasional visits of this handsome young god to his parents. Jasper believed coming to New York was the tho ght of being re-united ...

with young Jasper in delighted service and companionship and talk.

There was indeed far less of this than Jasper had hoped, for Young Master was busy with his office, down in Wall Street near the Slip, and as soon as that was finished, with dancing attendance on his nervous and irritable wife, and entertaining their stream of guests. The "lazy Negro" was frequently bundled uncermoniously out of Ransom Digges' quarters by the inrush of this pale and perfumed virago, but always Jasper crept back as soon as possible to wait on Young Master, bring him drinks, brush his clothes, run his errands and talk with him.

In a couple of years a son, DePyster Digges, was born. Oh! what a suurry and worry! What a rush of Doctors and nurses and relatives. What errands and messages and dinners and teas. The young wife, even more pale and haughty than ever, and much more nervous, became seriously ill and soon was bundled off to Europe for a cure. Jasper wondered what kind of a city Europe wasand stared rather thoughtfully at the black dirty ocean, the forests and masts and cloud of sails at the foot of Wall Street. As the years went on and his Mistress returned with heightened ideas of gentility and splendor and society, and with a wardrobe of clothes that made fashionable New York gasp, and a French maid that threw the black servants quarters into hysterics, Jasper began to realize that Young Master was more and more worried and distinctly unhappy. From chance words and stretches of oaths, and bursts of confidence, he knew that Young Master was chiefly worried by money matters. That a DePeyster was a frightfully expensive luxury, in addition to have"a hell of a temper," as Ransom repeatedly informed Jasper, and as Jasper had ample cause to know.

41-1-416

Thus, out of touch with "his folks", Jasper in moments of leisure, found folks in a new sense.

He realized gradually that he was considered by everybody, not as a Digges, but as colored. There was an endless number of colored folk about him on the streets of the city, and especially on certain streets where they lived and _____ and loafed and gaffaued. There were curious alleys and cellars and halls where they festered. He had never dreamed that there were so many colored folkin the world. Some said six thousand lived in this great city, and although Jasper rather doubted this, it was chiefly because he had no really adequate idea what six thousand meant. There were certainly a mighty host of folk, black, brown and yellow, who, though utter strangers to him, in appearance, manners, and language, seemed to be considered, and indeed, to consider themselves, congeniality and by blood and position as especially Jasper's own folk. Jasper pondered over these people. Tried without very great success to understand them, and with some timidity to scrape acquaintance, but he was not very successful. He was especially bothered by the fact that very few of them went to church, and going to church was at once Jasper's great amusement and solemn duty.

41-1-417

Thus, Jasper became thoughtful and ill at ease. Not only of Young Master, but of his new found colored folk, and the Methodist minister in whose church Jasper worshipped, was just as thoughtful and more uneasy. At first, Jasper had gone down to the Episcopal Church, which was the church of his Master, and whose method of worship was the only one that he knew, then by accident he discovered the Methodist Church. It was nearer, and he saw that both white and colored people attended together, where in the Episcopal Church were only colored folk and often they lacked a pastor. Jasper liked the idea of white and colored folk going to the same church because he had been brought up that way. Then, too, he found the service more easily understood. Of course, the colored people were seated

together in back or in the gallery, but there was a sort of warmth and enthusiasm which Jasper liked, and in which the colored people especially joined with great fervor. The white folk seemed a bit more quiet and reserved. The Negroes, too, who came to this church seemed more of Jasper's own sort. Some of them were well-dressed and well-mannered, and even the dirty and poverty-stricken and unkempt were quite and thoughtful. But the increasing number of Negroes pouring into this Methodist Church raised difficulties. As a mass, they were ignorant, dirty and uncouth. White people began more or less audibly to object to their smell and their noise, even when they were all herded into the gallery. It was the general sense of the white folk that these people required a separate service, simpler and more suited to their ignorance. And the minister agreed with them, but he and his assistant were overworked and were not disposed to undertake this extra job. Of course, if they only had a colored minister—and the Rector looked thoughtfully at Jasper and beckoned to him. Jasper had lingered after the service and was greatly impressed and almost frightened at attracting the notice of the minister. The minister looked at him thoughtfully. Jasper was intelligent and neatly dressed. He knew him to be always respectful and obedient and to know his place. The Minister talked with him. He was astonished to know that he could not read or write for his language was good and his knowledge of the Scriptures quite unusual. He suggested that Jasper might take p_____ charge of a Negro group of worshippers. Jasper was too astonished at the suggestion to answer. He said that he was far too ignorant and that he was too busy and worried over matters at home. He could give no definite answer and the Minister did not press the matter. Yet, this suggestion turned Jasper's thoughts inward. For the first time, he became a bit self-conscious. That is, conscious of himself as apart

41-1-418

from his duties and his white folks. Vague ambitions stirred within, which he furtively contemplated and laughed away. And yet, as he laughed, he visualized himself in a pulpit with a black coat and a white collar, or even with a gown, With upstretched arm thundering the Word above a host of black and grovelling sinners. But, pshaw!

The more the Methodist minister pondered over the suggestion, the more Jasper seemed a way out. There were others of his Negro worshippers more intelligent, more self-assertive, able to read and write. But he was a bit afraid of them. They might put wrong ideas into Negroes heads and encouraged them above their station. Negroes of New York were an unruly, turbulent mass, very mixture of the free, the half free and the slaves, making an inflamable mob at the bottom of society, mingled with dregsof low white folk. Many a time in the past they had been a source of grave danger. Now, Jasper was absolutely trustworthy. He would take advice and follow it, and the Minister determined to speak to Jasper's Master.

41-1-419

Ransom Digges had no objections. "If the Darky wanted to preach of a Sunday to Negroes, all right. He would help keep him in hand. And as for a place, they could use that old warehouse on Cliff Street, if Jasper wanted to fix it up. He was a good carpenter." Ransom Diggs spoke rather curtly because he felt the Methodist minister socially quite beneath him. But the Minister was more than satisfied, and Digges dismissed the matter from his mind and turned to the serious problem of more money.

The fact was, that very morning he had had a proposition. It meant $10,000 cash and God knew he needed $10,000. In fact, he he must have it or face bankruptcy and the entire loss of his new and desperately earned social position, not to mention the distain, if not losses, of his aristocratic wife, and her family.

Then, there was his growing boy, the problem of his education. And yet he hesitated. It was a risk and to tell the truth, it was more than a risk.

41-1-420

Gradually, the prospect of becoming a preacher grew and took shape in Jasper's mind. From a period of grave doubt; when he told himself again and again that the thing was quite impossible, his mind passed quite imperceptibly to where the thing was all settled. He began to picture himself quite naturally in the pulpit. He even began to choose his texts and plan his sermons. He tentatively and with much circumlocution mentioned the matter of a possible black church to a few of his new-found colored folk. They seemed at once enthusiastic and pessimistic. Enthusiastic to have a church of their own, but pessimistic as to where they could find a white minister of the right sort. To them, a colored minister seemed to be quite out of the question, and the thought of Jasper as a preacher never occurred to anyone of them, even remotely. This rather dashed his ambitions, and yet he kept on talking and getting information. There was, as he knew, a colored Episcopal group meeting at the corner of Frankfort and Williams Street, but they had, of course, part of the time of a white preacher. There were a few Baptists meeting on Gold Street, without any pastor, sort of lost sheep, looking for a leader. Some colored Methodists were meeting on Cross Street between Mullberry and Orange, but Jasper had been warned against these. It seemed that they were a rebellious stubborn group, at least his white minister said so, and said they were trying to make trouble. They had even dared to protest when asked to worship in the gallery of the white Methodist Church, and had gone out by themselves. They called their church Zion. Once, Jasper had broached the matter to Young Master. Already, he had mentioned to him the warehouse and received his consent. He now want to try and find out how Young Master would let him preach. Ransom Diggs burst into laughter, and then seeing his mournful face, encouraged him.

Of course, he could preach. Just as well and perhaps better

41-1-421

than lots of the white preachers. At any rate, it occurred to Diggs that as it had to the Minister, that Jasper would be a safe guide. "You know, Jasper," he said. "There has been a great deal of trouble with these Negroes in New York. Father DePeyester was talking about it only the other day. It seems that some of your ancestors, grandfather or great grandfather, was known as Old Mormoru. He was a terribly wicked old Devil who had been brought over and sold to the DePeyester, a hundred years ago. He landed wild and fighting. Three times he has been supposed to instigated risings among the slaves, until finally in '41, he and a hundred or so others were burned and hanged. I remember hearing my father talk about him. Terrible, terrible times. But since then, Niggers have known their place, until this foolishness about Emancipation came up. I believe you might do a good deal Jasper to keep things still and counteract the influence, especially of these lazy free Negroes. Go ahead, boy, and try your luck."

41-1-422

Jasper was greatly encouraged, and started to bring up the matter of money to fix up his meeting house, but Young Master was too full of his own troubles and perplexities to listen further to Jasper, and Jasper was too well-bred to talk about his own humble affairs when Young Master had other things on his mind. "Damn it all, to Hell." stormed Ransom Diggs, as Jasper was shaving him. "Here's a bill for dresses. Would you believe it, Jasper. $50.00 for a single gown." Jasper could not believe it. He was aghast. $50.00! Why, $50. would support a family a year. Even if they had no white folks to help them. Poor Master. Where on earth was the money coming from for such extravagance. "And horses, new carriages, furniture, furs and perfumes and lace. Then these trips to Europe. My God, it's got to stop or I'll end it all with a bullet." Jasper was terrified. He soothed Young Master with his hand, whispering: "There, there.

It'll be all right."

And then before Digges realized it, Jasper had slipped to his knees and begun to pray. Diggs turned from him impatiently. Then half-smiled. Then listened to him. "Thanks, boy," he said , at last. "You're a good darky. Wish I had half your religion. Now go. I'm expecting a visitor, and I'll be busy until after midnight. No, don't come back. I can get along, all right." Jasper went out. First, he went down to his own cabin and sat there a while. He pulled from under the bed an old stool which he had found a few days ago in the warehouse where he had been cleaning. Aunt Chloe had told him about it and had mentioned this same old Mormoru, his grandfather. "I knowd it," said Aunt Chloe. "It belonged to old Mormoru, a terrible brave man who feared nothing. He stood right up to the DePeyster's. He fought to the very end, and cursed the white folk amid the flames." Jasper shuddered as he looked at the stool. He had meant to cut it up for kindling wood, and yet he never had done so. He looked it over again tonight. The stool was his grandfather's. He had made it, marked it, and conjured it, perhaps. He used to sit on it and study to kill. Slowly Jasper shoved it under the bed. But he was not sleepy, and he determined to go down to the warehouse and work. Already he had done considerable work there. He had cleaned out the accumulated dirt. He had sealed the big front doors from within, and had cut himself a small padlock entrance on the alley. Inside, he had built a passageway from his small door toward the place where he was going to built platform and pulpit. He had marked out several windows and measured off the space for the benches. For a long time, he had considered the matter of a floor. But where was the lumber to come from? Probably, he would have to leave the dirt floor for some time. Pondering, he went out into the alley, and into Broadway; then down to Wall Street, and turned into Cliff . His thoughts turned again

41-1-423

toward Young Master. He was worried about him. He felt that he might really do something desperate and harm himself. Mechanically, he lighted his lantern and went in to the little dark alley between the warehouse and the next building. Above all, he was worried and distressed about the world. Things somehow seemed so much less simple than he had always supposed. White folks, even the best of them had their troubles. They did not always have the money which they needed and ought to have had. Some of them were extravagant and they didn't agree among themselves. There was a curious amount of disarrangement in the world, and _____.

f24-1-14

Then Jasper heard a sigh. It was a sound, as he afterward remembered, that seemed to change everything for him. He was never again quite the same. He never got back his previous outlook and feeling, his former piece of mind. It was a shuddering sigh, either as if to stifle a sob and ending in utter exhausion. Where did it come from? He stood still and listened. He had unlocked the door that he had made, leading in to the passage which he had built and which sometime was to open on the pulpit. He stood just within the door holding his breath. He knew every inch of that little room. Yonder lay his tools, and odds and ends of lumber. Here at the left was a pile of old gunny sacks which he had used to carry out dirt and dust and stones. He had his lantern with him but was saving the candle. Before he could light and lift it, he heard that terrible sigh. It startled and unnerved him. Someone was in his warehouse; his church; it might be a tramp or a beggar, yet how could he get in? The front doors were closed. His door was locked. He had carefully sealed up other holes and cracks. Then, too, that was not the sigh of some mere casual sleeper or the noise of a marauder. It came as something new and sinister, to pile itself on top of his unease and worrying.

He stood very still. He tried to speak but his mouth was too dry. Then he thought he sensed a stealthy movement. "Whose there?" He whispered, as he fumbled at his lantern. The pale yellow light sputtered and gleamed steadily. A woman was crouching in the far corner. A woman, thin, young, black and stark naked. One hand with a chain on it, was bloody and held tight to her breast. While the other groped about uncertainly, as though seeking a weapon. He could see the fingers close upon a club. One of the old sticks that he had pulled up from the middle of the warehouse and left there for future use. Her eyes were fixed. They glowed black and luminous, like great coals, and they seem to flame. As he stood there silent, scared, irresolute, a harsh voice held low, but penetrating, came from just beyond the partition: "Silence, there. You damned black bastard, or I'll cut a couple o'ye 'into." Jasper hurriedly shoved out the lantern, and from beyond the partition came a shivering moan as of many clustered persons and a curious rattle of chains. Jasper became stiff and alert. Somebody was in his church. It was full of chained prisoners, and here was one of them before him half-escaped. Silently, he put his fingers to his lips and stepped toward the woman. She hesitated a moment and then cried to him, with a moan like a slitering leopard. He took her hesitating hand and started toward the door. He pushed, took off his coat and put it about her; and put a gunny sack around him. Swiftly and silently they fled out, locking the door or even pulling it to. Along Cliff Street to Wall, up Broadway to Elm. Once a night watchman halted them, but he recognized Jasper and Jasper bowed deferentially and explained how he and this boy had been working in Master Digges' warehouse. Again, they hurried on. Once they lingered in a doorway and Jasper felt the thunder of her heartbeat while she leaned against him while a band of white roysters went by yelling. Then they gained an alley and stepped into

41-1-425

Jasper's cabin, and the woman fainted away.

Jasper laid her on his bed, bathing her hand, and washing the blood away and covered her with an old blanket. At the first sign of her coming to, he slipped out and ran madly up the path toward the Big House. It was long after midnight, but there was still a light in Master's room, and as he slipped up the big stairs, he could hear voices. He knocked timidly. Silence. And then breathlessly: "Whose there?" "Jasper, Sir." "What the Hell are you doing back here again? Didn't I tell you I'd be busy?" "But, Master, the warehouse." "What!" Ransom Digges' voice came sharp and angry, as he threw the door open. "What the Devil have you got to do with the warehouse?" "But, Master, you know you said I——"

41-1-426

"God damn——"

The other man in the room, a big fat ugly-faced person, started forward and whispered to Digges. They talked for a while, and then the man hurriedly left, almost running down the stairs.

Digges sat down and with fingers that trembled a bit, lighted a fresh cigar.

"Know that man?" he asked Jasper.

"No, sir." said Jasper.

"That is Carter." said Digges. "One of the richest merchants in New York."

"Yes, Sir." said Jasper.

Digges was thinking carefully. He saw himself in a rather difficult position, from many points of view. The fact was, that since 1805, he had been engaged in the slave trade. War between England and France had pretty nearly driven legitimate commerce upon the seas, but the slave trade to the West Indies and South America and to the United States in anticipation of the total stoppage

of the trade in 1808, had been flourishing. Digges had every cent invested in it. He was ashamed of it, of course, and for the most part, his operations did not touch New York at all. Ships went out with a careful selection of goods, of sheap goods, to the Coast of Africa; then returned with slaves to the West Indies; then came back to New York with West Indian produce of all sorts. It was an old triangle of trade long known to New England and the Atlantic Coast. Lately, however, Digges and his associates, many of whom he was heartily ashamed of, had hit with severe losses, through the interference of the English and through the inquisitiveness of the United States Government. One ship had been lost at sea, lately, and one with a large cargo of slaves had been blown far out of its course, and the idiot of a captain had actually sailed into the New York harbor. The slaves had to be salvaged. Some were hastily transferred to other ships; some were put on land in lonely parts of Long Island, and twenty or more had been boldly brought to the Wall Street Slip and by bribery and connivance of officials, hidden for a night or two in the Digges' abandoned warehouse. He had completely forgotten that he had virtually turned over the warehouse to Jasper.

L24-1-14

All this went rapidly through his mind as he sat there. He turned to Jasper. "Tell me about it." he said quietly. Jasper explained about the warehouse; about Young Master's evidently forgotten consent to his eventual use of it as a church; about what he had done there; about his visit tonight. Digges only half listened. He was still wondering just what explanation to make to Jasper. After all, Jasper was but an ignorant slave and servant, but Digges really respected him. He valued his loyalty and his honesty. He knew that he could count upon his life if he should ask it. He wanted, therefore, to remain inthis black man's good opinion.

"Where is the woman?" he asked.

"In my cabin." Want her?"

Jasper stared and felt a hot flash in his dark cheeks. He was singularly unsophisticated in matters of sex, being born in the country with few young companions and in a family group where there was no loose talk. He had sometimes almost childly thought of marriage, but these black city hussies frightened him, and his religion did not let him even think of casual sex relations. He fidgetted and Diggs saw his mistake. He balanced for a quick moment the frank truth and a lie. He decided upon neither, but upon something partial and between.

"Jasper," he said. "I'm going to confide in you because I trust you. I had forgotten all about my promise of my warehouse, but the promise stands as soon as—well, just as soon as I can spare it. And I'm going to give you some money to help fix it up. Now, boy, you know I'm in a tight place. I have got plenty of money owing to me, but unless I can get some of it, in fact, a great deal of it soon, I'll have to go bankrupt and sell everything, even my servants. I'll have to sell them South and clear out. Only one thing can save me. You saw that man Carter who was here? Well, Carter is a big importer and owes me a lot of money which I have been unable to collect. Just the other day I rediscovered that Carter was interested in the slave trade. I was astonished. But, of course, I have to collect my money. Then Carver comes to me and says that one of his ships had been brought into this harbor with a cargo of slaves by a fool captain of his. But he must conceal these slaves until they can continue the voyage. If the authorities discover him, and the matter of his slave trading gets bruited abroad, I'll be done for and I'll not get a cent of my debt. On the other hand, if I can help him through, I can make a large payment before the first of the month,

and a payment in full in 30 days. Of course, there was nothing for

824-1-14

me to do but help him. The slaves weren't mine. I didn't steal them. And /There was nothing I could do to help them. If I denounced Carver to the authorities, the slaves will either be sold South or sent back to Africa, where a few of them would arrive alive. I should be bankrupt. I let him store some of them in the old warehouse. He is fixing to clear them out tonight."

Digges glanced at Jasper. Jasper stood speechless and sorely perplexed. For perhaps the first time slavery presented itself to him as a problem. He had somehow gathered before that pleasant slave owners, like his Master, were a sort of philanthropists, protecting poor Negroes who had been arrested from fiendist men-stealers, and that as long as the Negroes behaved, they kept them, but if they did not behave, they had to get rid of them. Perhaps, even sell them South, and yet, here was his best love, Young Master, his ideal and god, willing to make money by helping these wretcheds. No, no that wasn't just fair. He wasn't willing to make money that way. The fact was he didn't want to. But he was caught in a hard dilemma. Of course, Jasper couldn't understand all this. He was far too ignorant. He must be caught in the toils of evil that he could not escape no matter how much it hurt him. Yes, that must be it. But this put the fault back on God, didn't it? How could God let such evil things be and why? Then came sudden illumination. Yes, of course, to make people fight evil and drive it out, and fight he would and must. And fight now.

41-1-429

And all the time he was thinking thus, he was stuttering and almost apologizing to Young Master.

"Mighty sorry, Master. Sorry I butted in like that. I was just scared, and I didn't know what to say or do. I certainly wish——"

Then he told of the woman.

"But, but the girl, Master? She was hurt."

"Oh, keep her, if you want to. Give her to some of the missions." said Digges hurriedly, relieved at the way Jasper had taken his story. "Now, I must go. And say, Jasper, keep a still tongue in your head, or— ."

But he saw the shocked look in Jasper eyes.

"Oh, of course, I know you will. Now go to bed."

Jasper went slowly out the back way and heard his Master making his hurried exit down the front stairs.

Go to bed, but where? There was a woman in his cabin and Jasper felt a sudden shame. How could he enter the cabin with a naked woman? How was he going to explain about her to his fellows? What would they say, and he planning to be a preacher? He was troubled as never before. His faith in the world and in white folk was a bit shattered, but still he insisted that while they were fallible and t____, in the main they were right. Young Master meant no wrong. On that Jasper was adamant. The deed was wrong, but it had been forced on Young Master. There was evil in the world. He must fight evil.

41-1-430

Stealthily, he entered the cabin. The woman lay like a log on the floor asleep, uncovered, in the deep sleep of utter exhausion. She lay so still that at first he thought her dead and frightened, knelt beside her. But he caught the light drawn breath and leapt up again and looked at her by the dim light of his lantern. Her body was beautiful, perfect in curve and darkly rich in color. He covered it again hastily with a blanket. But her face was harsh and ugly. It was a face he could not understand. He recoiled from it, and finally, going to the little storeroom and small kitchen at the side, he made himself a pallet on the floor and slept there.

Next morning, he prepared breakfast and hearing no movement within,

opened the door slightly. She had not moved but still lay in that deep still slumber. He started to put her food on the chair, and then, bethought himself of that old stool beneath the bed. Pulling it out and dusting it off, he spread the food there and left for the Big House, and the day's work. He returned at noon, almost creeping,—glancing both before and behind. She was still asleep and immovable. He grew alarmed. Suppose she was ill and slowly dying; paralized, or under some spell? He studied her face again in the light. Yes, it was ugly and harsh. And yet it had a certain arresting power about it which made him vague and uncomfortable, as he went slowly out again and locked the door.

41-1-431

It was quite dark when he returned to the cabin again. He entered, paused, and listened to the silence. Then, nervously lighted his lantern, and hung it in its usual place. She was sitting on the stool with an old sheet drapped about her. It clung from her left shoulder to her hips. She bent forward and stared at Jasper with those great black flaming eyes. He stepped back a little, fumbling with the lantern, and said hesitatingly:

"Feel better, honey?" She muttered some low gutteral, then rising, quickly came to him and seized his head in both hands, turning it toward the light. He shook a bit but stood his ground. She eagerly searched his forehead until she came to that old scar of which he was so ashamed. Usually, he kept his thick and crinkly hair pulled down over it. Sometime on Sunday, plastering it down with grease. How it came there, he was not certain. Aunt Susan, the old Harlem Mammy, said his mother had once let him fall into the coals. Uncle Caeser had laughed and said she burned him on purpose with a red-hot poker. At any rate, the three parallel dark blue marks had always been there, and these this strange black woman found; and peered at them and gave a shrill cry and danced and laughed.

Jasper was affronted; then scandalized; then scared.

"Hush! Hush!" he cried, pointing to the door. Immediately, she became still and straight. She talked to him swiftly and volubly, with many gestures; with words not one of which he could understand. And he realized from the shock that she knew no English. Of course not. How could she? Yet, she was beside herself with excitement; she apparently wanted him to sit on the stool; she made low obeisance herself before him. But Jasper could not understand. He tried to sooth her and started to prepare supper. She watched him with a certain astonishment and distaste, and it was not until long after that he realized that African men never stoop to cook. So thus, their life together began.

41-1-432

At first, he slept in the outer room, but he soon found that it was impossible to get her to occupy a bed. She preparing her pallet in the corner of the big room on the hard floor. He got Aunt Chloe, the cook, to come down and try to talk to her. But there was only hostility between the two. The stranger was haughty and silent. The cook was indignant.

"Better send that woman away," she said, "before she conjures you. Where she come from, anyhow?"

And Jasper, with great difficulty, concocted some story of her wandering in at night from far Long Island, landing from a wrecked slave ship.

But the woman went steadily and carefully to work. Word by word, she began to learn English. She made herself a loom; she unraveled wool and cotton; began to spin with a curiously simple spindle; she watched everything about her; and listened to every word. But she did not leave the house. She only peered out consciously now and then, and Jasper, more than ever, became certain that against the evil in the world, and for the rescue of this heathen soul and for the

rescue of a thousand others in New York, he must preach Christ.

41-1-433

Thus arose the first Bethesda. It was a name that pleased Jasper's ear when he first heard it.

"Now there is in Jersalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda."

Young Master had been true to his word, and had given him the fabulous sum of $25. to finish cleaning and furnishing the warehouse. He had cut two small windows and put in glass panes; he had built a platform, and surmounted it by a rough pulpit, and finally, had built two dozen long rough benches without backs. Far too many, of course, as Jasper knew, and because, as the time approached for his actual beginning a church, he could not imagine anybody coming to hear him. He was so ignorant and inexperienced. Yet, the urge was there. The urge for self-expression. The wish in some way to serve God and his Young Master. The desire to help these new people of his. The fatal day for the opening approached, and he became more and more panic stricken. He kept running down to talk to the white minister, until the minister became impatient and short.

41-434

"For Heaven Sakes. Go on and try. You'll do all right. I'll drop in and help you nowand then."

"But," stammered Jasper, "what was he going to say? What could he say? He had heard hundreds of sermons and learned lots of them; he knew the Bible almost by heart, but after all, these things were but a picking up from great fountains of knowledge. He had no knowledge in reserve. He had only longing. He knew nothing."

Yet, when he stood up on that first Sunday morning, and saw to his consternation every bench filled. and people standing at the back and crowding faces at the door, for a moment with dry mouth and head absolutely empty, he tried in vain to speak; a stop, for what seemed to him to be an hour, and for his hearers to be a dramatic and

intriguing pause, and then suddenly, he found himself talking. He found himself looking upon an audience that was spell bound. His Biblical phrases and bits of oft-heard sermons, surprised a continuous if not altogether logical flood of words. He saw and heard himself preaching to his own vast astonishment. A wave of exaltation swept and engulfed him. He swayed; he cried; he shouted, and his audience shouted and cried and swayed with him. Thus, it was that Uncle Jasper, Servant of the Living God, came to preach Christ Crucified.

Then came the first disturbing incident. It was Esther. For with that name, taken from the Biblical story which he loved, he had baptised her. She was, in a certain sense, one of the main objects of his preaching. He had, spiritually, taken her as a wife. There was, of course, no necessity among slaves for anything but the Master's consent for their living together. But Jasper had not been satisfied with this. And after hesitation, he had consulted the white preacher as to a marriage ceremony. Of course, such a ceremony would not be legal, was not, indeed, recognized in New York State until 1813, but it somehow satisfied Jasper's conscience and his new position. It was not an easy thing to accomplish, however, First of all, Esther did not know what it was all about. With some misgiving, she started to accompany him down to the white preacher's house. Then, she went back and arrayed herself in a strange and curiously broidered red robe, which apparently she had been weaving. She threw this over one shoulder, half a full breast naked, despite and utterly ignoring Jasper's nervous protest. She strode beside Jasper, while New York stared and giggled and then yelled. Urchins followed and danced about them. But Esther passed on, erect and utterly oblivious, while Uncle Jasper, quaking and distraught, tried to show deference to quality when he met them; tried to shoo off the urchins; hurried beside her almost in a dog trot. Now

41-1-435

in front, now behind. Once, on a narrow sidewalk, they met a dandy attired daintly. Immediately, Jasper politely yielded the sidewalk and descended to the cottlestones, trying to pull Esther with him, but Esther calmly pushed the dandy into the gutter, to the vast delight of the mob and to the blank terror of Jasper. Jasper groaned to himself that this would be the last time he would thus take Esther abroad. He made all apologies to the dandy, who decided after all it was wiser to laugh the thing off.

The marriage ceremony itself was a bit unpleasant. Esther stared frankly at the rector's study and quite ignored the man. She refused to use any of the English that she had begun to learn, but insisted in delivering a long rather excited speech in Bantu, to which the busy minister must impatiently listen. It had one advantage. Darkness, mercily fell on the couple on the way back home from the wedding journey, and for this Jasper was devoutly thankful.

41-1-436

But this was but the beginning of difficulties. Esther grew increasingly queer. She went on with her weaving of strange cloths, especially after Jasper found her wool. She had a way of building fires, quite promiscuously about on the floor, until the hardwood was scorched, and once the structure threatened. Jasper at last made her a wooden trough filled with gravel on which she could fan her flames. Her fires, Jasper was sure, were part of certain heathen rites which she practiced, with mumblings or prayers and intonations. He spoke to her sharply about it several times, but he knew she practiced in it secretly. Then, suddenly, she began to go out alone at night. Apparently, she had either made acquaintances, or was seeking them. She cooked strange messes which Jasper refused peremptorily to eat. And above all, she continued to sleep alone in her corner, repulsing violently Jasper's timid advances. Then came a time when

much of her day went to cut logs, hollowing them out, until by dipping

them, she could make curiously musical sounds. She made a half-dozen of them, and carried them away. Finally, afterward at night, the mellow mournful tom-toms would answer hers as she sat beside her door, and played with varying and intricate rhythms. In vain, Jasper cried Hush! and fear to disturb the white folk, in the Big House and on the street. In vain, the night watch complained and threatened. In vain, Veritas and "X" wrote letters to the papers about these disturbances. Still the tom tom moaned, from Manhattan to the Palisades of New Jersey.

41-1-437

Suddenly, came that first scene in the church. Jasper sensed the note of the tom tom almost before he heard it in the midst of his church. He knew its tortorous rhythm. Then, for the first time, Esther walked into the church in broad daylight of a Sunday morning. The audience, of course, knew something about her. She was the subject of silent and fearful gossip. But few had actually seen her. They ceased to listen to Jasper. They stared, shrank to one side, snickered, and then grew still. More and more of them crowded in the doors and stood about. Esther advanced calmly, and sat down on the platform beside the pulpit staring upon the audience with apparently unseeing eyes. She sat very still and seemed to listen. Jasper heaved a sigh of relief, and after flondering about gradually got back some thread of his discourse and gained something of the attention of his large audience. After the sermon, just as silently, Esther strode away. And so after that, quite regularly, Sunday after Sunday, she came and sat there and looked at nothing. How much she heard; how much she understood, Jasper was never certain. But suddenly, one Sunday, she rose right in the midst of the sermon and began her dance. It was a slow rhythmic ceremonial dance, backward and forward, forward and backward, around and around, with low sighs and words that came gradually louder and faster. At last, she was whirling, stamping

and shouting. A little black snake crouched in its M_____, writhed as she whirlied, and the audience went wild with mingled ecstasy and fear.

Uncle Jasper's audience had shown emotion before, but not like this. Uncle Jasper himself had been brought up under the standard and decorus religious methods of the Episcopalians. His attendance in the Methodist Church in New York had given him and the Negroes a chance for greater emotional expression. There were often audible amens, especially from the Negro pews, and once in a while, a person arose and shouted in ecstasy, but there had been little ofthis in Jasper's church because he had held his people more by his evident sincerity and the personal appeal of his detached but earnest sentences. But this upheaval was like the letting loose of some primeval madness. It was an atavistic urge and racial memory. It swept the people out of themselves. They were entranced and possessed. It reduced Jasper himself to terrible silence. He felt his audience getting away from him, but he made a desperate effort. It was the first of many such efforts that were to come in the future. He was fighting something. The real urge back of this madness was he knew perfectly well, not Christian, at all, it was starkly pan-theistic and heathen, and yet it was religious and by the stark strength of his will he must pull it back; push it over, and use it for Christ. He suddenly straightened up and thundered from thepulpit. He leapt down and snatched the snake from Esther's hand. He set his hell upon it and shouted with a great force:

"The Lord God said unto the serpent: Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattled; and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go and dust shall thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enemity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy heart and thou shalt bruise his heel."

41-1-438

By his dramatic act and a physical dominance of his great voice, he got back his audience and reduced them to quivering sobs, as he raised a song. Esther stood still and watched him a long time with an e_____tic smile on her face; they she strode out. When Jasper returned to his cottage and found her; he upbraided her more severely than he had ever done before. "Don't you ever bring no snake in my church again. You can shout and praise God if you want to, but I won't have no heathen rites. Do you understand? Can't you give up your wicked ways. Don't you love God and can't you serve him?"

"I——serve——God." said Esther slowly, picking her English with care.

"Blessed be Jesus." answered Jasper.

"I love you. God bad." replied Esther. Jasper shuddered and stood up.

"Don't say that. Don't dare to blaspheme."

"God bad. Make suffer. Steal slaves."

"That ain't God. God never did that. That's the work of the Devil."

"God is Devil. I worship him. He bad——want blood. The blood of the Lamb. The everlasting covenant."

"What Lamb?"

"Jesus, the Son of God. Don't you understand?"

"No." Only one small Lamb. God want blood. Want more blood. Want blood all time. Want blood now. He must get blood. Jaspered stamped his foot.

"You are wicked. You are a Devil worshipper. You'll go to Hell." And he rushed out sweating.

And yet way down in his heart and power in his soul, Jasper understood Esther. She believed in Fear and Evil. Yet she herself was not afraid. She stood up straight and sought to fight back by

41-1-439

charm and sacrifice; by cunning and deceit; by bold defiance.

Jasper knew well that Fear was a shape of the Devil. It was right to fight the Devil, but one must fight him with God and Faith. If Esther would only believe in God. And Jasper strove to make her.

It was many days afterward that he spoke again.

"The Devil is not all-powerful, Esther. There's good. A great good God in the world."

"Yes, assented Esther meditately. "Devil try to kill good God. Me try free Him. Good God. Seek little soul many time."

"No, God is all-powerful. He can do everything."

"Except kill the Devil. He help him."

41-1-440

And all Jasper could do was to get down and pray with an uneasy feeling that Esther was looking at him with a sort of superior contempt. From now on and for many years, he felt himself fighting in his own church and perhaps in his own soul against a great spirit of Evil that was in itself a concession to Fear and Failure and Dispair.

Esther's attitude changed. She was if possible more secretive and less frank. And finally, life became tenuous and unreal. They never ate together, although Esther made waited on Jasper as he ate his food which he prepared himself or brought from the kitchen of the Big House. She parepared her own food, eating it by herself. She had discovered rice and olive oil and a number of things with which she could similate African dishes. She kept the dishes and the house scrupulously clean. She washed the clothes carefully, doing all without apparent effort. She still slept in the corner but Jasper had curtained it off and furnished it with a low hard platform, raised a few inches above the floor. On this Esther had made and placed a carved wooden neckrest. She came to church regularly, Sunday and weekdays. But she brought no snakes and attempted no fires. She never again sought to lead the religious dance, but when the shouting began, she joined it

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silently, moving by herself in a slow rapt state.

Jasper fought his silent battle. He felt sometimes that Esther was helping him but more often that she was half mocking him and despising him. Then slowly and doggedly and with a kind of cruel determination, she was making her religion a worship of Evil; a sacrifice to the Devil. All this might have been Jasper's imagination, but it seemed very real to him, and he tortured his soul and threw himself with increasing ardor into his religious work. Appeased and affronted as he was at church with the open religious outburst which Esther had led, he found himself gradually encouraging it, and leading his people into the crying and shouting and stamping of feet. He intuitively sensed that his folks sought, almost must have this outlet to their pent-up emotions. No where else could they get it. They were hemmed in; crushed down; watched; ordered about. Only in religion and in secret crime could they find an outlet. Jasper saw that they literally sat on edge until his flying words, coming faster and faster, his voice raising itself to thunder, his straining face and clapping hands, lifted them and made them free. It made the best part of them that they knew or reserved, suddenly articulate. It set them to glorifying God. Thus, Jasper at first chained in f_____, and then desperately, and at last automatically, and despite himself, encouraged these outbursts, until they became a regular part of his meetings. Without them, something was wanted. Without them, he and his worshippers felt that the Spirit had not moved them. Yet, notwithstanding this, he watched his own actions and developing methods with a certain doubt and distress. It wasn't somehow just what he meant to do. He wanted to talk more and reason with his people and give them information. But, after all, he had little information. He had little power of speech except that which he had learned by heart. There were other Negroes in the city who had learning; who could read and write; they were

41-1-441

trying actively to establish a school for colored children, such as had existed long ago. Jasper opposed this. He did not believe that Negroes had any right to try and make themselves white through learning. Yet, he would have liked to know more. If only knowledge did not make him like these free Negroes. These Negroes who had the affrontery to despise him because he belonged to the DePeyster family. Moreover, it was exactly these Negroes, or at least some of them; the young and wayward; the wastrals, and the loafers, who caused him another sort of uneasiness. A third thing which he sensed in his church that strange new plastic enmity which he had evoked and created by his own will. There was in his church, and he himself tried to typify it, a humble yearning toward God. There was there, too, Esther's more or less open worship of evil, sensed fully, perhaps, by her alone, but expressing in many ways the unconscious feeling of scores of others. Then, there was this third thing. He could hardly grasp it even in his own mind, but it was beneath the laughter and snickering of certain onlookers, chance visitors and semi-critical waifs, old, ragged and cynical tramps and laborers, who slouched in and loafed for warmth and excitement. They were, perhaps, not exactly wicked, they were amused; they sought amusement, pleasure, indulgence, everywhere, and as they could not find it aboveboard, they slunk after it into alleys and cellars, on the docks and in old abandoned buildings. And now, to some extent, right here in Jasper's church. What could Jasper do? He preached directly at them, and threatened them. He sought to shame them before the audience and to get at them individually. But they seemed absolutely impervious to all advances. They talked to him and grinned. They sometimes laughed aloud, even if furtively, at the religious ecstasies. And then they slouched out to what? To nameless shame and evil, Jasper was convinced. Therefore, hated to drive them forth; hated to see them go. They were souls to be saved. And he cast about for some way to

41-1-442

grip upon them. At first, his habit of going to the white Methodist minister or to his young assistant with all his various perpexities. They gave him some perfunctory advice but they could hardly give him much because his problem of church and religion was so different, so infinitely different from theirs. They they grew tired of being bothered with him and his simple and rapted questions. Last week the minister had laughed openly at Jasper imaginings and maunderings.

"Let them learn."he said impatiently. "If they want to, and turn the scoffers over to the night watch. Don't bother yourself about trifles. All you want to do is to tell these darkies to obey their masters and to work hard, and to warn them about gambling and getting in jail. Their a shiftless lot at best. I have an awful time g tting a cook. Now don't bother me so often and run along. Here is a little money to help out." and he hustled Jasper out on the street, and Jasper wandered a little bewildered through Wall Street and out toward North River ~~in~~ a new half-built and sordid section, where a few of the free Negroes were beginning to settle. He saw the great silver expression of the Hudson, and then as the sun set, he heard the moan of the tom-tom. He started, and looked about. It came from somewhere near him. No. It came fr m the far-off forests of the Palisades acrossed the Hudson in New Jersey. They it came from down the Bay. Perhaps, he was imagining it, but he seemed continually of nights now to hear this echo of Esther's tom-tom. In these years between 1810 and 1815, as Jasper passed from his young manhood toward his 35th year, his foreboding and perpexity increased, and especially as three things happened which stirred his world.

41-1-443

A daughter was born to Ransom and Mrs. Digges. The war with England broke out, and in 1815, two regiments of Negroes were drummed up from the fields and streets and alleys and drilled to go to the front. Finally, in 1815, Ransom Digges, himself, went South to fight and to

re-establish his battered business relations.

Mrs. DePeyster Digges had raged when she found herself with a child, and bitterly upbraided h r husband and her physicians. Jasper overheard her again and again with astonishment and apprehension, and he and all the house was glad when after months of sickness and pain the child at last was born. It was a thin white puny girl which for a year hovered near death, while Mrs. DePeyster Digges almost before she was physicially able, pushed madly into social gayety. The birth of little Adelaide curiously excited Esther. Discarding her former reticence and her habit of almost never leaving the cabin in the day time, she came out repeatedly to watch the child. She sought to peer at it closely, and even to watch it until the nurse had to complain. Jasper sternly forbade Esther to go hear the child. Suddenly, she complied, and yet continued to regard it from afar, when it was brought into the yard for airing or passed along the street in its perambulator. Even more excited was Esther at the raising of the two regiments of black soldiers. She watched them keenly as they marched and drilled and when finally with blaring band they went to camp, Esther in her gorgeous crimson robe followed them; a dull marshall figure with burning eyes. Ransom Digges, now brevet Colonely of Militia, went South in 1815. The war with England was about ended. Perhaps, at any time they would hear that it had been ended. Nevertheless, they were fighting still in the South and Digges had business in the South. He departed hurriedly, and at the last moment, came down to Jasper's cabin for a few commands, for Jasper was really left in charge of his household, while he was gone. They stood talking when rather suddenly Esther glided in from a long absence at the black soldiers' camp. Her silence and dignity almost hurt Colonel Digges. Sh

"She still here?" he asked s_____. Jasper apologized.

"Now, Jasper, above all, keep a watch over Adelaide. Her mother

41-1-444

is crazy and the family daft, and you know you can't trust these darkies."

"Master, I'll guard her with my life." Jasper meant this.

In five years, Adelaide had grown to be a singularly beautiful child, frail in appearance, almost transparent, she was yet delicately and finely formed, with a skin of pure satin, light blue eyes, and yellow hair. With all her apparent delicacy, she was quick, happy-hearted, and full of fun. She especially liked Jasper. For of all the family, he seemed to understand her and to enter in to her games and pranks and whims as no one else. On the other hand, Jasper literally worshipped her. She typified to him the angeles of God. Thus, he was sure would the great white throne be peopled.

"I'll guard her with my life, Master," he said. And Esther said, "Yes," to the surprise of both.

41-1-445

"I'll leave you in charge of the house and servants, and you can get the money for expenses from the bank. And for God sake, try to keep xpenses down. I was doing pretty well until this damned war in Europe came, and now the one here, and played Hell with my ships. I'm going to fight, if need be, and to see what can be done in shipping if peace comes. Colonel Digges might have added other details, which he did not. He might have shown that the war had interfered with the slave ships in which he had been interested, but that now with the coming conclusionof the war, the increasing demand for slaves in the South, and in the West Indies, promised large profits. He must, however, cement his Southern connections. New York harbor was not as safe for slave-trading as it had been, and then, there were other communities in the South that could be traded in. Armed with important letters of introduction then, Colonel Digges saw the end of the war in NewOrleans.

One night soon after Colonel Digges departure, Jasper lay on his bed wide awake thinking—reviewing his life and new responsibilities—his large and growing church, the Digges' family, Adelaide. He heard Esther enter and listened to her brief undressing. He felt very lonesome and downcast. He began to speculate on the future. Then he heard Esther approaching his bed. At first, he was scared. Then he lay still. She came and slipped her arms about him. He could feel her hot and the beating of her heart. A tremor of new and sudden passion seized him. He knew a delirious happiness, that seemed at once pain, ecstasy, sin. He held this strange wild being close and fell asleep. In the weeks that followed, Esther came , and thus in the night again and again, and yet in the day was as ever secret and withdrawn, with only the shadow of a smile on her lips , and then until there came a time months after when she suddenly announced:

41-1-446

"We go for have baby."

Then she disappeared and Jasper did not glimpse her for a week. But he walked in a proud dream; he preached a triumphant sermon in church, and he took even greater interest in and care of Adelaide.

This was his afternoon to take Adelaide walking, and these walks were without question the proudest events in Jasper's life. Not even the climax of his sermons with an audience of several hundred could quite come up to these. Of course, there was the same ceremony, varied but little. He put on his servant's uniform; the barred coat, with its crimson facings; the cocked hat, and powder in his crinkly hair. His shoes were smartly blacked, and white gloves on his hands. At two o'clock, Adelaide, now a little miss of six years, and growing increasingly beautiful, would begin to storm at her nurse to be dressed. Her hair was to be curled; her lace and linen arranged; her smart shoes and silk parasal and little kid gloves. By three o'clock, she was rushing downstairs, reprimmed and from afar by the tired voice of her mother, and followed as fast as maybe, by her black nurse.

Jasper was usually already at the bottom of the front steps that led from the veranda and out the gate into Elm Street. If he was a moment late, Adelaide went to fetch him, rushing out the back way and through the yard and even down to Jasper's cabin, despite remonstrates of the nurse. Today, Jasper was unusually late because, strange to say, he could not find his dress coat. He could not imagine where it was. It was always carefully folded and laid here in the chest. Then, Esther came in gliding, from her week's absence, and found it for him, where she had hung it up after brushing and cleaning it. He was inclined to scold her, but refrained, for after all, there was a new understanding between them, and Esther was beginning to be extraordinarily precious to him. As he was hurriedly donning the coat, he told Esther to watch at the door leading into the yard, for he knew that Adelaide would come rushing out. But Esther looked out and then closed the door softly. She came back and pointed toward the front gate, and Jasper understood that Adelaide was there waiting. Probably her Mother had perceptibly forbidden her to come down the back way. He smiled to think how impatiently she must be turning around the pillard porch.. He hurried around, out the alley, and threw the street to the front of the house, and was a bit surprised to find that Adelaide had not yet emerged , but he stood still and waited patiently. Evidently, something had happened. Perhaps she had torn a glove or a stocking, or the laundress had not quite finished her latest and whitest dress. He stood until he heard the clock on Trinity strike the half-hour. Then he went up and rang the bell, standing with hat in hand. The second maid came to the door. Jasper straightened up with dignity.

"Miss Adelaide?" he asked. The maid looked at him a bit surprised.

"She's done gone." he said. Then the nurse came in and stared.

"Why, Miss Adelaide went out the back way a half-hour ago.

41-1-14-47

Esther beckoned and I saw you in the cabin putting on your coat. She must be down at the cabin now."

Jasper stood still with a vague fear clutching at his heart. Then he muttered something, and stepped at first slowly, then quickly, then rushed out the back way. Down the steps and acrossed the yard. He burstinto the cabin. It was quite empty. He went through it out into the alley and called. There was no trace of either Adelaide or Esther. He spoke to passerbys. They had seen nobody. He rushed around to the front of the house. Nothing. Then, at last, frightened and staggering, he ran into the house.

"Miss Adelaide." he cried. "Miss Adelaide, I can't find her."

And they never found her. Never again apparently would living persons see the radient child. Esther, too, was gone. The house was in an uproar. The city was aroused. The watchman searched, street and alley, and beat about in the woods. The newspapers advertised and discussed, but Adelaide was gone. The wrafh of the Mistress fell without reason or restraint upon Jasper. She struck him in the face; she reviled and cursed him.

4/1-1-448

"Ingrate. Filthy, lazy Nigger. You've stolen her. You've raped her. I'll have you hanged and quartered. I'll have you burned alive."

And she fainted in her fury. But even this was not as hard to bear as the cold contemptous wrath of young Ransom, the Second. He was a young man of twenty-three; pale and tall, silent with cold dignity. He stood straight in his immaculate clothes, and high white raised stock and looked at Jasper.

"Get out of here." he said. "If you ever put your foot in this house again, I'll kill you."

All night Jasper tramped the streets of the town trembling with tears streaming down his face. Peering, calling and trying to pray. It was a week before Colonel Ransom, summoned by special messe nger,

arrived out of the South. He found Jasper alone in his dark cottage, burning with fever. He came in and touched him gently.

"There there," he said. "Don't take on so. I know it wasn't your fault. I know you did your best. Perhaps, perhaps it was all my punishment."

So the black year dawned, waxed and waned. Jasper preached the depths of dispair. He saw himself as an evil thing; a sinner, driven out from the grace of God. At first, he decided to preach no more. And finally, when after two or three Sundays absence, he preached a sermon of such utter dispair and self-abasement, that his audience stirred uneasily, and he could feel their resentment. They had no part in his sorrow. After all, it was only a rich white child that had run away and got lost. And if the African witch, Esther, had helped in it, what of it? Who had gotten her and stolen her as a slave? They knew, even if Jasper pretended he didn't. With a mental wrench, Jasper perceived that if he was to hold his church and do his religious work, he could not speak as he thought and act as he felt. For the first time in his life, he practiced duplicity. He had to be _____ in minds; he had to play a part. Bitterly as he resented this, it seemed to be a duty; it seemed to be his only way. At first, because he hated the task, his sermons lost their vigor and spontaneity; they became dry, aimless and full of repetition. And his audience complained and talked _____ at far away. Then, with deliberate guile, he set himself to regain them. He used the old tricks of oratory and inspiration, and because he had no heart in the thing, he ranted even more _____, and cheapened his methods for popular applause. The effect was evident and immediate. His audiences increased. The shouting and the applause was tenuous, and yet within himself Jasper's heart lay like lead. He was no longer worked at the Big House, save as s_____ valet to his master. He gave up his uniform. He had nothing to do with the other

644-1-14

servants and with disbursements. He only worked about the yard and kept out of the way of the Mistress and her pale hard son. Colonel Ransom, at 50, and in the face of the loss of his favorite, seemed to grow suddenly old. His money troubles apparently were passed. There was plenty of money for comfort and extravagance. New carriages and horses, great dinners and pompous entertainments. But the Master grew fat and stopped and drank hard, and his virago of his wife railed at him and his son sat beside him, tall, haughty, cold and impudent. Then came the night that ended the year. Jasper had gone into the cabin from the alley, slouched and almost unseeing. He had just led a tremendous prayer meeting, and because his whole wild appeal had been artificial and not from his real soul, he was doubly tired and disillusioned. The fire on the floor attracted him. He stared at it stupidly at first as it flickered. Then he saw the old wooden trough that he had made for Esther, and sud enly he knew that Esther was there. She was seated on the stool, gorgeous in head-dress and trappings, wild and straight. And yet, as he stared at her uncomprehensively, he could see how thin and warn she was, as though she had come through pain and hard work and suffering. But she sat very proudly there, and on her knees lay a baby. Jasper staggered and fought the devil. In his own sorrow, he had forgotten about that coming child. When she reached it toward him, he took it in his arms and hesitated; then he saw the smile on her face; on that curiously ugly and yet dominating face. He gripped himself, body and soul, and with the child almost unconsciously in his arms, ran. He ran across the yard and up the stairs and burst the bolt on the back door. He staggered into the dining room where the Master sat hard drunk, crouched at the head of the table, and the Mistress red with fury, bent toward him at the opposite end, and the tall cold young son regarding him with contemptous silence.

41-1-450

For a brief moment the dining room became still as death. The butler paused, the maid dropped a platter. They stared at Jasper, and the Mistress rosed impetuously, her great crinolined skirts billowed out like an angry wave.

"How dare you," she shrieked, and Jasper tottering, with the tiny black child clasped in his arms, whispered but one word: "Esther." The Mistress fell back in her chair; the Colonel strove to get to his feet, but Young Ransom said: "Sit still. I'll attend to her. Where is she?"

41-1-451

Jasper pointed. The young man strode out with a long black snake-like whip in one hand, and a pistol in the other. He went down the dark yard to the cabin. Jasper crept, almost crawled after him, very very slowly. He became conscious of the child in his arms, and covered it carefully from the cold. He tried to think what was going on in that cabin, and yet dare not hasten to see. He pictured it; he strained his ears to hear the shrieks of pain, but there were no shrieks. Then, as he listened, he heard the regular swish of the whip, and finally, a shot rang out, and all was still. Unseeing, they passed each other in the darkness. The tall white man, and his bloody clothes, the shrinking crawling Negro and his baby. Jasper came to the door and could not open it. He could not even try. He sank down beside it and tried to pray. But he could not pray. It was hours after that Colonel Diggs, walking slowly out of the house, and leaping down the back stairs under his load of flesh, came upon Jasper kneeling there. They seemed no longer Master and servant. They were just two old men, bitter, H_____, lost. Together, there in silence, they want into the cabin. The fire was dead. They picked up and brushed up the mass of torn flesh and bone that had been Esther, and wrapped them in cloths and carpet. They, without a word, Jasper want out and rummaged through an outhouse, found an old trunk and a wheelbarrow, and together they packed the terrible

burden in it and set it in the alley beside the door. The Mastern turned rather helplessly.

"I'll see to it," said Jasper. And just as dawn began to break, old Master lurched toward the house, slowly, and in the early morning, with the sunshine streaming down Broadway, Jasper pushed his barrow toward the church. He explained pleasantly to one of the watchmen, who looked at him a bit narrowly, that he had there some old things Master had given him to take down to the church, and then he staggered on as though the load was very heavy. Once in the church, he carefully closed and locked the doors and drew the curtains over the windows. Then, he removed the pulpit and opened the platform, and down, far down under the platform, he dug a deep hole, and into the hole he set the trunk. Carefully and slowly, he covered it up and replaced the platform with the same nails and in the same holes, and put back the pulpit above it. It was twenty-five years later that men found these unknown bones that once were Esther. Long hours Jasper kneeled there for he was not conscious of any prayer. Then he started up. Suddenly, he remembered the child which he had quite forgotten. He hurried back to his cabin and found it lying on the bed whimpering. He stared at it, and at last, going stealthily up to the Big House, got Aunt Chloe to come down.

41-1-452

"You's got a fine son," said Aunt Chloe. "Big fat boy."

Jasper's heart jumped. Suddenly, he knew that evil was gone, and he knew, too, the cost of it. She had been a proud woman but he remembered how old she looked, old and thin and sick. He could picture her sitting there, with in_____ upon her face, dying straight, with her great proud eyes. He grovelled on his knees and clutched the child. With his sensitive clairvoyance, he realized all. To her mind she had died that her race might life. Perhaps, she had murdered this exorcised evil.

She had fought God single-handed. Why hadn't she cried out? If she had cried, he would have rushed to save her. Evil as she was, he would have held off that cold hard white hand. But he knew why she did not cry out. The Lamb, too, was dumb. This was a crucifixion. It had to be. Master had ordered it and Master was God. Oh, it was an evil world and a cruel one, and the dull thud of that falling body was the end of something infinitely evil which the world could not escape. If she had only said something about Adelaide. If she had only been sorry. But she left no message, and she wasn't sorry.

41-1-453

And then Jasper rose and went next Sunday and preached. He preached upon the crucifixion and the bloody sweat. He praised the interference of evil. "By his stripes," he shouted, "we are ____. Evil is dead. Come to God. Come to Jesus."

Then came in droves. Bethesda was black with sinners.

Jasper was being emancipated to his own fear and disgust. He had never wanted to be free, any more than the average child wishes to cut himself entirely off from his family or to lose his home and name. At first, he had preached vigorously against freedom in his church and practically all of his auditors had been the better class of slaves and servants with only a fringe of the outcasts. It was easy at that time to distinguish between the slave and the free. The free were the wretched and uncared for. The slaves were the sleek and well-groomed. But gradually Jasper had had to change his way of preaching because he had noted changes in his audience. The old distinction between slave and free no longer stood. There was growing up a class of free Negroes whom Jasper had to noted despite his prejudice. The black population of the city was rapidly increasing. By 1810, it had nearly doubled over what it was when Jasper came to the city. The newcomers were poor but they had a sort of progressive self-reliance which Jasper at once resented and feared. He did not, therefore, talk so much against freedom, because he found himself being pushed toward it. He had been used to saying that Negroes wanted to be free for low motives of crime and indulgence. That they were shirking duty and responsibility, but while he was thus defending the order of the universe as he knew it and standing up for the white folks, the white folks, his own white folks, were gradually but inexcusably pushing him out; pushing him away, despite all his wish and effort. It began openly and clearly with the death of Adelaide, and the consequent bitter hatred which his Old Mistress conceived against him, and which shamed Jasper with deepest sorrow and self-accuseation. When Mrs. DePyster Digges died in 1825 of an overdose of oysters,

41-1-454

icecream and pickles, Old Master, as Colonel Ransom Digges came now to be called by his servants, used his home only as a lodging place. He dismissed nearly all his servants, and when Young Ransom married in 1827, and went to live uptown inthe suburban district of Washington Square, Colonel Digges was often with him and his new young wife. Particularly, after Cyril Digges, the young son, was born. In this new household, Uncle Jasper had no part. Ransom, Second, would hardly allow him to put foot on the ground. He hated him with the cold dislike which his mother had had. Thus, it happened that sometimes for a week or more, Jasper would not see Old Master. Then, too, in that same year, 1827, slavery in New York State was abolished, and Old Master looked at him quizzically and said:

41-1-455

"Well, Jasper, I suppose you know you are free." Jasper stormed and prayed. He said he would never be free until he was dead. That he was always Old Master's servant and a servant of the Digges family. That freedom for Negroes was impossible, silly, unthinkable. They would all die of starvation, etc. etc.

But despite all that Jasper said, other matters came to push him out of slavery. By 1820, there were 11,000 Negroes in New York. But, at the same time, instead of forming one-tenth of the population, as they did 20 years earlier, they formed less than 7% because there was beginning the immigration not only of poor white people from the country districts, but of strangers from beyond the seas, and the latter flood swelled and swelled until it came to a great and overwhelming crest between 1840 and 1850. These new whites were all different from the kind that Jasper had been brought up with and had learned to worship and defer to. But Jasper had to change his whole vocabulary and his cannons of thought. He realized that there were different sorts of white folks. That while some were

born superior, that others were low and mean and poor, and of no more account, certainly not of as much account, as the better class of Negroes. In common with his congregation, he began to feel a boiling up of deep antagonism to these whites. The only point of contact that his people had with them were in the lowest dives, in crime, drinking and dissipation. He found himself preaching against them, instead of against the free Negroes. And indeed, the free Negroes were now by law the whole of his congregation. Most of those who had been slaves had easily slipped off their loyalties, but there was one bond still that held them to the Old Master class, and that was the matter of money. Some of them had for a long time, even though nominally in slavery, been working for definitat wages. They kept on, merely changing, in many cases, their employers. Others, were left suddenly without a definite means of earning a living. Jasper's status was especially queer. He had never received any regular allowances from Colonel Ransom. But, on the other hand, had often spent Colonel Ransom's money for his household expenses and other things, because the Colonel trusted his absolute honesty. If Jasper wanted any money, he asked for it, but it was seldom that he did. His church was not an economic organization. There were few expenses. Colonel Ransom furnished the building free of charge, and when Jasper asked, gave money from time to time for its repair. Jasper had gradually come to allow some of his leading members to take a collection after the sermon. This collection was small and spasmodic because Jasper hate the appearance of money in the church of Christ and the wranglingover church income , when salvation should be free, as he preached and stormed again and again. Now and then the congregation gave Jasper presents. Sometimes to his surprise and sometimes to his annoyance. Especially, they liked to keep him with a fine Sunday outfit and warm overcoats and stout shoes.

41-1-456

Gradually, these gifts of clothing had become a regular thing. As Colonel Ransom grew older and spent more and more time with his son and grandson, the money transactions between him and Jasper became less and less. Jasper hated to ask outright. He had always done his asking in earlier years, hesitatingly and apologetically, waiting usually for the Colonel to broach the matter of his needs. But the Colonel was 60 and old for his years. He easily forgot matters that had not been systematic or regular. And the matter of funds for the support of the church became insistent.

41-1-457

The fact is, the whole congregation was changing in a definite, and to Jasper, often discouraging way. In the earlier days—it had been chance particles of people who happened in; the curious, the dispairing, the servant class. The audience changed from Sunday to Sunday, with only here and there a permanent attendance. They listened to what Jasper had to say, silently or with enthusiastic Amens and handclappings, but with no attempt at criticism. Then, there came to be a more and more permanent nucleus, persons on whom Jasper depended for an exhibition of public opinion. He got in the habit of talking with them, of waiting for their commendation, and sometimes from these folk came often criticism. At first, this irked Jasper, and once or twice he resented it sharply, but at last he understood its sincerity and necessity. He asked for it sometimes. At one of his Wednesday night prayer meetings another movement took place.

"Who does this church belong to?" Asked one of his members.

"Colonel Ransom?"

"He ain't then done give it to us?"

"No," said Jasper, "he will let us have the use of it."

"What's going to happen when he dies?"

Jasper was a little shocked to think of such a thought. Indeed, hadn't thought of it before, at least not consciously.

"I don't know," he said.

"Don't you think we ought to take that matter up with him?"

This, Jasper, resented, becauseif anything was taken up with Colonel Ransom, he was the one to do it, and moreover, what would Colonel Ransom think if even Jasper spoke about it? Jasper was troubled.

41-1-458

"Then, to," persisted his questioners, "we ain't never had a regular church organization. Don't you think—" But Jasper closed the meeting abruptly. This was surely going too far. And yet it was but the beginning. In a few months, he saw the wisdom of regularly organizing his church, appointing deacons and a Trustee Board. Immediately, the Board took up the matter of a church p_____ and the support of the church. And despite Jasper's reluctance, the appeals for money become more frequent and insistent, as indeed they had to be because there was no other source. He, himself, peremptorily refused any suggestion of salary. He preached a great sermon against preachers who served God for a filthy lucre. And yet, he at that very time, was getting on or trying to get on with very little due because Colonel Ransom had been away a couple of weeks and forgotten to leave any money. It was a vision of a bleak free world then that stared Jasper in the face. He began to shrink before the new class of Negroes that were appearing in the city and in the membership of his church. There was an increasing number of educated men and women who could read and write and talk grammatically. And they exhibited at once a certain condescension and cruelty toward Jasper. They resented his deference to white folk and his continual insistence upon it. They resented his humility and yet, he had, and these new leaders recognized it, a tremendous hold upon

the great mass of the congregationwhich was still ignorant and sheeplike in its characteristics. This surging mass was in desperate need of leadership and Jasper gave it on the whole the best leadership that one could find in New York City. There were other churches for Negroes, four or five. Two of them were dominated absolutely by the white folk and the white pastors preached a gospel much more distasteful to the educated free Negroes than Jasper's. Two of the other colored churches were poor struggling miserable affairs led by unlettered black men, whose character and i_____ were not above reproach and the result was much fervent hollering and very little religion or social uplift. The other church had an independent pastor who could read and write, but he was far above the average of the people and had but a handful of fairly well educated folk following him. He was negligible, therefore, because he touched and led so few. Jasper, on the other hand, had nearly a thousand members, the great mass of whom hung upon his words and grovelled before him. With all that ignorance and poverty, they represented great potential power. His educated members, therefore, stayed in the church and thought to guide it by his help while he suspected and trusted them, and yet was secretly drawn by their ability and self-reliance.

41-1-459

But the thing that in the day of Esther had been the Evil without, had gradually now become the Fear within. He began to sense that third thing which he had known in his church while he was fighting the heathen evil and worship of fear which Esther led. Frivolity, debauchery, low cynical ridicule of everything that he held sacred was rifled in the black city and clutching at his church. He called it sin. He preached against it and made membership in his church and the acceptance of religion more and more a matter of giving up the world and renouncing it's disowning pleasure. From the time when he was preaching the goodness of God, past the time when he was fighting evil, he came now to the time

of resisting sin and giving up the sinful world for the sake of a far-off Heaven. He began to listen to people who insisted upon pleasure and indulgence. He shouted in his pulpit of the fire; of the end. And in those very days when he was laboring hardest at this new aspect of his theology, there came the riot and the fire. Many of his own members, especially that plenteous free Negro class, had been co-operating with the Abolitionists in their attack upon slavery, everywhere in the country. Jasper had conceived great distaste and syspicion of the Abolitionists because of what he had heard Old Master say about them. But suddenly in 1834, there came this riotous outbreak. They had asked to have a meeting in Jasper's church, but Jasper was bitterly opposed and they went to the church on Chathan Street. And, on the 4th of July, 1834, a white mob, breaking in, threw down upon the heads of the white and black folk in the pit the benches from the galleries and whatever they could lay their hands on and drove the white and black people from the pulpit. Then, they attack the house of Lewis Tappan. They shook the doors and the windows and made a bonfire of his furniture. The next night, they came together for further mischief and attack two white churches. It was several days before the watchmen got the mob in hand. Jasper was overwhelmed. Of the bitterness and deviltry of the kind of white men that had carried out this mob, he had had no conception. He could no longer preach submission but he could preach the other world and he did. He read from Revelation of the signs and portents of the distruction that was coming of the world. And then at last, he knew that the end was come when the great fire of 1835 broke out. It swept the city. It destroyed millions in property, it looked as though the whole city was going to be burned up and Jasper was scared that not only the city but the world was burning. Then it stopped. Then, with a great sigh, the world

41-1-460

started on again. Men still lived The end had not come. Bewildered, Jasper looked about. The old Ransom mansion had been burned up. Jasper's warehouse had been partially destroyed. Old Master, now nearly seventy years of age, shook his head quizzically.

"I've lost a lot of money. A lot of money, but I'll fix this thing up for you some way, Jasper. I don't know just how, but we'll see."

But he did not give Jasper a deed for the church and he did not give him any money to fix up the church, so that the Congregation with some grumbling and misgiving, repaired the now ancient and tumbled-down place and the Board of Trustees frankly stated that they ought to look around for a new place. Jasper's heart was lead. And it was heavy, not simply on account of the riot, the fire, the whole aspect of his religion to the world, but especially on account of Young Jasper.

41-1-461

Jasper'stheory, like the natural theory of slaves, was that children needed very little of personal attention. A theory which was natural for a plantation where the children belonged to the plantation rather than to the family. So that Young Jasper, without a mother's care, and with only intermittent attention from his father, had been growing up in a most irresistible sort of way. He became a fat jolly and lazy boy. He was spoiled and petted by the church members and by the servants in Old Master's house. He developed an immense appatite for sweets and goodies, and an immense dislike for being preached to and thwarted. Jasper's only known method of correction was not physical punishment or reason, but preaching. But as he preached to his congregation, so he preached to Young Jasper. The only whipping that Young Jasper had received was when he refused to listen respectful to one of these personal sermons. From then on, he easily learned deceit. He appawently listened, with wide-fixed

eyes and a frozen smile, while his father for a half-hour at a time told him about the constitution of the universe. To this, Young Jasper easily added lying, not from any love of evil, but simply because it was the easiest way of warding off insipid sermons.

"Where had he been?"

"Over to Aunt Chloe." he learned to say, instead of mentioning the extremely disreputable cellar where he had peeked in through sheer curiosity and stayed through greater curiosity to see men gamble and hear them curse. He found it safer to appear regularly at prayer meeting and to take considerable time getting home afterward because he was sure Uncle Jasper would be still later. Once he overstayed even Jasper's lingerings, and had to concoct the very elaborate lie, which to his own surprise, was successful. He early learned to talk in prayer meeting and to make a voluble public prayer. Many of Jasper's congregation predicted his future as a preacher to succeed his father. Most of the others, shooked their heads. They knew Young Jasper.

41-1-462

By the time he was ten, there came somewhat to Old Jasper's surprise, the question of his education. In Old Jasper's mind, an education consisted of work and going to church, but the free schools, which had been begun a century before had been re-established in 1815 on William Street, and in 1820, it was on Mulberry Street. Jasper's Trustees thought that it had set a bad example for Young Jasper not to be going to school and learning to read and write. Jasper resisted. He went to Old Master and talked it over. He was surprised, Old Master offered no objections. On the contrary, he said: "Of course, let him read and write. How the Devil do you suppose he's agoing to get on if he doesn't know something."

Old Jasper was a little hurt at this. He had considered that he

h

himself had gotten on very well, so he told Young Jasper to go to school, and then found to his own surprise that Jasper had been going to school for a year or more. It was all very disconcerted to Old Jasper. But the greatest shock came to him after the fire, when he found that his boy, who was then nineteen, was a father of a child. He was beside himself with rage, humiliation and disillusion. He suddenly learned of Young Jasper's career; of his roving about with the lowest class of people; of his hypocrisy and lies. But he did not hesitate. He got the boy literally bythe ear and compelled him to marry the girl. She was an ignorant, stolid girl of sixteen, too lazy to work, and with no background of family or of employers. They moved into Jasper's cottage and life began again and again.

41-1-340

Handwritten draft
pp. 1-20, 1-3

Uncle Jasper was born on ~~the~~ Harlem farm ~~of the Dr Peyton~~ very near where it now the corner of 135th street & Lenox ave. He was a curious little lad black baby and the pet of the ~~great~~ rambling household of the ~~old Dutch~~ Diggs family & its black retainers. Dimly he remembered changes when he was very little. The masters names changed irregularly & Diggs. Their faces changed too & their ways & the farm seemed less well ordered. All this he learned afterward was because of war & withdrawal. But he cared little. He was happy he dark enough & not he changed & worked. Young he worked in the gardens & yard ~~with his~~ helping his elders until they hoed & drilled, plowed & raked, made cider, raised hemp & tobacco, made & mended shoes, shirts, wove cloth, made nets & canvas and & hammocked & binded.

When ~~he became~~ as the number of black field hands increased & farm out, he became house boy; he tended the table, ~~was~~ brushed, polished brasses & wood & waited on ~~the~~ as the children & dressed. He remembered well when young Alexander led & danced for his great ~~Roman Diggs~~ joining dances & New York. & recalled Hamilton coming as ~~a~~ guest on the farm. The old soldiers of the Revolutionary days doubted the new Diggs family with their ~~sympathies~~ for ~~the~~ British rebels; money was scarce & the young Roman Diggs in 1790 at the age of 20 ~~yrs~~ and & married his fortune in the city where he ~~found~~ a number of ~~employers~~

The education of Jasper was as good as available & readily. He was a good & faithful worker & then took out

41-1-602

of things he knew how to do. Of wider knowledge than this of his home, & of the surrounding forests, the wonderful ways & skies, he had little. He could read & write, but his memory of words & phrases was extraordinary. Every evening he would turn on the bed here of the Bible with Roman characters, drawing on the sublime beauty & the resources, otherwise he could read them almost by heart, even when he could not sense the meaning of all the words. Of books, of books, of science, he knew of course absolutely nothing. Then he had one sense of race color or slavery. He was a Digger & this made him keen a De Peyster. And inside this he was an integral part of the family. He's black in the family was an invisible one of course: but that was natural, he was an invisible servant, knowing less than Old Nicodemus or Old Prince or even Aunt Dinah Cook or Prince Bell the Negroes. He never asked them for help & would & gladly came to be an alluded to part of the order & inherited into a family group. It was fixed so. It had always been so. It would always be so. There was no question of slavery or freedom, outside the pattern. It was all fixed & natural. The world was like that. Nicodemus Jasper was dropping. He had his aches also of course. Of course there were little wheels & windings, heart pains & deafening, cuts & bruises, acute lumbago & vague shame — but this was life.

The vagueness of this shame & disgust of this knowing was to all New York. Fashionable ladies like the black sheep of

69-1-17

41-1-570

there was a city where dwelled a woman and a man who loved each other & were both linked in chains that no one could break or even bend. & what those chains & foregoing & double meant by no one remembers anymore.

I imagine Jacobi's reading — the miracle & fulfillment of his ~~longing~~ wildest dreams when the unbelievable arrival of young Wexler announced himself & New York & left the old & decrepit behind. This was in the spring of 1800. Jacobi was just 20 years of age — restless & unwell, and quite alert, alive. New York! He could scarce believe. He ~~exhausted~~ awoke & lived it all a dream until he was actually on the rear rumble seat of the stage coach & rolling toward the dark forests that hugged the little Harlem river

Things moved so fast the years Jacobi could not remember details. The shipbuilding & outdoors the wind, horribly cold winters. The invasion of the yellow city, the terror when more than 6,000 people actually died & 6000 of those were blacks. And then the new arrival of young Wexler in ——— chaise. It was there ever so gorgeous a place! — Cream walls, hickory, varnished, wood grains & gorgeous flowers; wood chairs & marvellously ~~fluted~~ curtained harbors, & grand guest rooms on the second floor & above — as high Jacobi seldom (except discreetly a third floor when the lesser guests & servants stayed.

Young Wexler was exceedingly rich. His wealth & income stemmed only by his shrewd & shrewd & cunning & the cunning of his servants (Jacobi learned early, & with shrewdness were

themselves a cruelly miserable) and also by the fact that he was arranging a De Peyster family tree, which was Harlem raging who actually had dared to look down on Old Manhattan! Yes, Caroline De Peyster, a strong-lipped descendant of 18 that actually accepted Rawson Digges, the successful young merchant of 30 and the wealthy, was a georgeous option.

Three fashioned days & years that suddenly reversed & enlightened Jacob & new little degree. Until of all he was shocked at the fawning life of the Diggers. Mrs De Peyster Digges was short tempered & quarrelsome, quick & angry, always daily cross & yet always in a humorous mood of gayety. The very first day she took down a red drapeme between her and the blind young second butler that he took never known in Harlem

"Negro! Don't ever dare to take hand to me! Do as you're told you blunder!"

Jacob almost fainted. Tears rushed to his eyes. He was shamed and humiliated that he took disrespected to such hideous creature but there was no resentment, no realization of any idea of resentment or anger, only solemn determination never to be rebuked again. It was his first lesson in learning his place

Then months of this place began to assume daily more significance. He was one of seven "this footy" as he called the servants family by a short walk; there was also nothing around the house cheerfulness & kindness & the days always & even continuing slightly peaceful; there was little chance of ever knowing the friendly except in the case of Young Theodore himself. Young Theodore was only 10 years his senior

41-1-571

Family surname a Digges variation, and the Maryland family that one descended from

& as a boy he had been spoiled & petted by Ramses as even
the first 10 years of his life — as soon as he could walk &
talk had been allowed to hover around young Ramses
keeping watch over him wherever they went. Then came 10 years
of absence in England only by occasional visits of
Tao Hordjedef & his parents. Until Sneferu was as enemy
& Ty. was devoted to young Ramses in deep & real sense
& confidant & pal.

There was far less of Tao than of Hordjedef, for young
Ty. was busy with lessons & much daily attendance on Ries
Nefer's wishes & thoroughly tired. The "lazy days"
was frequently disturbed unceremoniously and of Ramses
Digges' games by the shade & displeased visage, and the
"Great High" often as dressed & went on young princes
during their drives, towards his chariot & Tala used divine
displeasure. The Council see soon Ra. & Ty. was chidden & scolded.
And from chance words & hints of confidence & talks the
keen Thos Ty. was enabled by Ennek of slowly, a
De Rough was "happy pulling extensive history" in addition
& having "a hell of a temper" as Ramses accidentally
informed J. & as D. Hordjedef came & departed.

Thus Jacobs, and of Ramses "dis folks" in common
of Egyptian & greek found "folks" in a more sense. He
found Thos he was considered by Egyptians & not as a Digger
but as "Colored" There were innumerable Colored folk about
the other diamond fields were no doubt in the world
Ex Ramses' circle and lived in this great city &
Ramses J. doubted this & had no adequate idea of what

41-1-572

& were wealthy & learned, yet their mode of calamity & almighty dross of gold, black bronze & yellow, war through with strangers in address & language & manners, yet seemed & to be considered congenial, & by blood & position, Dresden folks.

A son, Ransom Jr., was over home. O what dismay & misery — cardiac doctors nurses & nurses, dinners teas & messages. The young wife pale & even more haughty & nervous than ever dismayed with these gypsies, was seemingly ill and soon huddled off & Europe for a "cure" Jasper murdered in photo and of a city Europe was & silent and danced thoughtfully at the black dusky ocean & the breast of masts & cloud of sails as the dust of Wall shirt.

41-1-573

J. was thoughtful and ill at ease and so was the ~~Rector~~ Methodist minister when J. was absent. The unsavory character of Negroes down with this church caused difficulties. They met as a mass ignorant dusky & unsmooth. In their border & their smell & noise even today herded with the gallery. They required a separate service, similar rambled & their ignorance but the Minister his assist was overworked & carry two on unsmoothly — if they only heard a choral minister & the Rector heard bordered thoughtfully at J. J. was intelligent & really dressed he was wonderful, obedient & knew his place. The rector was astounded & learn the council and read & wrote for the language was good & was dismissed by the deacons & standing J. himself was astounded at the arrogance of his lady even spiritual charge of a Negro parish of immediate. He was far too ignorant & he shook. He was worried over Young Mrs & his troubles, about wife, sick brother relatives & money. Especially money. He was not standing by himself at all. His two suggestions of less communion lessened his parish interest. He became for an

first time self conscious — conscious of himself as a part from his duties & his noble task. Vague aspirations almost undone in which he laughed down — Jacobs — a dreamer! whatever dreamt — and yet as he laughed he unconsciously in a twitch — gnawed — wood absorbed arm thunderstorm the Word — and Jehovah.

But the more the merrier pondered the more J. seemed a crazy one. There were elders of this Negro worshippers more intelligent, more self assertive, able to read & write. But he was a bit afraid of them. They might find wrong riders and the R's hands & encourage them above their station. Now Jacobs was trustworthy. He would take advice & perform it & the members determined to stand by his minister.

Ransom & Diggs did not object. If the church wanted to break entirely & the Negroes all upset. Reid held back in mind. And they cannot use the old white house on Clay street if J. stayed in it. He was a good carpenter And R.D. determined the matter from his mind & Current & the church problem of more money, & said Jacobs should a brotherhood. He owned $1,000 & good deacons he needed $2000 — we feel he should share it or feel demanding & the loss of his own & shrinking annual annual dreading. Yet he decided It was ready. And — well it was more than that —

"Hard old stock? I don't know" Jacobs had thought it in from the white house where he'd been cleaning. It was ——— But Annie Coles told J. Conning the white it I dunno it. It belonged to Old Thornton — a terrible wicked slave who belonged to the De Peysters a hundred years ago. He might have been some kin of yours Jacobs. He came across the ocean rich & mighty. Then Emma the servant girl claimed

J. goes down to white house = Broadway
own = pillars & decoration = porch & dormers
lawn = windows = door = child = kitchen = shed
stock

6-5-1-17

3

& finally had de & a hundred others were burned & hanged in '41. I members it. Terrible terrible times. Since then Negroes has known their place. This school was his. He made & murdered it & enjoyed it. He used to sit on it & study & dull his white head

J. saddened & died his short winter days. He meant to cut it into for kindling wood. But he never did. The next house grew clouds & clouds. He removed the grand doors from within & cut him self a small padlocked entrance on the alley. He murmured that promised money for heroes & windows. The cleaning was a tedious task of arrowsides, done in stolen hours at night, when J. worked under a lantern set into a hollowed out candle. Once while he was working he found a curious stone

Gramm h. 8

All these bones the new discovery of deserving a Freedmen grave in J's mind. From a desire of grave diggers, the animal skull leads northward inland & where it was all settled. He saw himself gradually in the twilight, He dug and & chose his tools & plan his excursions. He mentioned the skeleton of a dog-like animal to a few of his more trusted colored folk & found them enthusiastic and doubtful of securing a Freedmen. There was a colored cemetery on the corner of Hansford & Williams street and they had a potter's field. Old Zion Baptists were meeting on Quail street northward a hundred Methodists were meeting on Chestnut between Mulberry & Orange but Dresden had been deserted ages & ages before. They were a re-bellious shutting ground, the Methodists said, & were trying to make trouble. They called them Chinese Zion

Talks & Y.M. — Langas & encourages him — stands money told but

41-1-550

41-1-506

N

4

Jarvis took a long look over young Hamlin. He had meant to broach the subject of his breeding & ask advice about dressing over this cough. But young Hamlin was too full of his own troubles & perplexities & Evidently J. was too well dressed & wealthy for his own humble affairs & ambitions

"Damn it all & I call!" shouted R.D. "Here's a bill for dresses, I vow! you believe it J. $50 for a single gown!" J. evidently believed it. He was aghast. 50! why 50 would support a family a year even if they had silk stockings! Poor Hamlin. A-ha! was the money coming from his own exchequer

"And horses, a new carriage, a footman & furs & perfumes & lace — & now this Europe business — my God it's got to stop or I'll end it all with a bullet"

J. was impressed. He resumed gazing at Hamlin's head — Hamlin "There! there! it'll be all right" & then before R. realized it she nestled to his breast & sighed. R. himself embarrassed, then half amused, then kindly patronizing

"Poor little thing, he said at last "you're a good darling? now & don't fret your pretty head

J. began eagerly —

"I know, I know — I'm expecting a windfall & I'll be happy myself after a while. You don't come back. I can get it back almost all myself"

J. went out, He ~~left~~ walked down the back stairs & left hurriedly and the back way. Slowly the knotted veins on ~~your~~ back of his own hands stood out as he ran and thinned in the dark fury of his alley. He went on. [illegible]

41-1-608

He was the keenest admirer of Y. M. he felt that R. D. was
deserted & wronged & was determined, Treacherously the Eighteen
his Brother & murdered cleverly and the alley & direction toward
Cliff St. Above all he was moved & distressed about the
Word. Things seemed so much less terrible than he had always
dreaded. White Folk, even Extreme ones had been Friendly. Things
did not always happen regularly. Very Hard Exhausting and did not
agree. There was disarmingness & about the World and —

Begin

Then Jasper heard a sigh. It was a resounding, as he afterward
Recalled, that changed everything for him. He
never again regained his Fierceness and Keenness and Feelings—
his former Heart. It was a shuddering sigh, shook Held & shook a
Cry, & sent no other Explanation. Whence that it came, I he stood
Came to the dark Brick-Narrow & Grass, the old Church door
had gone down the alley & his eyes about them cut & careful
Recall. The door let out to the Brick House and was fenced off from
the street Narrow by a Trellised Iron ( ) that Rusted & Tobacco
Vines ran & ending and led & where the Flowers & Pale Iris Jonquils
grew long this Tombs & Marigolds. He entered stepping careful & before
he came Left & his Footsteps he heard the Terrible sigh. It shocked
& Unnerved him. It came as a Wail ( ) & Terror
& Pain itself out of this Trouble. He Tears & ~~that~~ speak this to
Himself was too deep. He paused a Steadily recovered
"What the Hell?" he wondered & raised his Eyes
a Woman was Crouching by the Corner — a Woman, Slim
young & Black & Stark Naked. One Mammoth Breast, Bloody & Still
was Tight Held & her Breast as the Blood gushed about for a Creation
the eyes like great Coals, Black Fierce, Flaming Wild Fixed

whom drive. As he stood, silent, scarcely breathing a harsh voice, hard low and penetrating came down beyond the partition
"Selena then you dam black bastard or I'll cut a couple o' ye in two"; and the answer was a shivering moan and the rattle of chains. I. shuddered. Somebody was in this church. It was full of horrors, charnel. And here was one before him, duly executed. He put his finger to his lips & she glided & down like a shadow, beckoned. He stooped & slipped out the door — then hesitated and took off his coat and wound it about. Trembling & sobbing they fled — along cliff side & wall, with Barabbas & China. Once a strong watchman stabbed and I. where he stood — he & the dog should have warning at Master Diggs house. They scrambled on. Once they lingered in a doorway & I. beat the chamber of his head dead as she leaned against him while a band of young roysterers reeled by. Then they gained the alley & skedaddled into I.'s cabin & the woman fainted dead away.

I. laid her on his bed, bathed her & washed the blood away & wrapped the head wound of her, he needed and & asked with the back & young Isaacs. It was long after midnight and there was still a light & voices in Mathis room. I. knocked timidly. Selena. And then, breathlessly

I can't leave
I awoke Eric
Detroit the hell are you back here for — Tom Barry
Bud — Isaacs — the wife dead
What?
The police came about & arrested & the door flew open

41-1-609

41-1-610

What the devil have you got to do in a case like this?
But never you know you can't —
God damn —
The other arrow in the quiver clanked with indignation & Diggs.
Even he hurriedly left
Diggs sank down and with trembling hand brushed a bit dirt off
fresh cigar.
"Tell me about it" he said quietly"
J. stammered about the murder, about Harris's evidently for-
gotten engagement, about this invoice and this watch brought,
and "Where is the woman?"
Is she my sister?
"I want her"
J. stood & held a dirty flask in his dazed cheeks, the two Bringhurst
unconstrained in attitudes of rest, leaning down in the easily mute
dear young confidences & in a passing grand silent tears
are brave both. The dull commercial skyline thrust up strange
and black city towers for ghastly time & this religious
dirt faced dead city towers for ghastly time & this religious
and mad hell drum every clank of canal rest detailed.
& Diggs saw this mentally. I see standard & consent in calder
clutched his & then quietly removed that flask since
was better.
"Justin he said "I guess I can't decide in your interest & time
you. I shall forgotten all about any business of the whole
divine lot. The dismissal attends as secure as — indeed just
as soon as I can advise it. And I'll tell such you first of all
too. Now boy you know I'm in a tight place. Back is unless I
get money & a lot of it mighty soon I'll have to go bankrupt, sell
everything — even my clothes, & clear out. Only one thing could save

41-1-611

one & which I no doubt bravely & go and it & good deal D for
the sake of my uncle & ~~boy~~ son & — and the sad ends of my faithful
servants. A boatload of slaves, driven ~~from~~ storms has taken
refuge in the harbor. I was asked & shelter the slaves for a few
nights & keep them from falling into the hands of the government
a few escaped and are brought roaming about the city & country. We
had I kept them over in the wine house until they can smuggle them to sea
again.

I. shed speechless & were dismissed. For the first time slavery
presented itself & mine as problem. We had somehow yielded to
fear & the decision of our owners. Into a world of shadow & violence
of fear I began reasoned from pacific & men dealers. Only God
knew was this returned young Quaker, this ideal & good - dwelling
& private security by selling their brethren. Of course he knew
he didn't understand it all. Probably young Quaker was so
engaged in the task of how that he couldn't escape the smaller
duty moment to moment. Perhaps God knew it & there find the
paved path of the God - he led much evil & things be and way.
duty & private in bright evil & divine it and & began to
trusted & moved more —

Until all the time the was thinking this — he was shilling
and almost apologizing & young Quaker

Strangely enough, Quaker, & Quaker in this case — I was just around
and —

Again the Passages of the Norman

But — but the girl — — — no — no hand

O keep him & your hand here — Now I must go & pay
Quaker — keep a shell burning in the yard here a —

Bonds the same The shocked look on his

O my cousin — I know you well — never go back

go & bed ; but where — Rene was a woman in this cabin & J.

felt a sudden shame. How could he enter the cabin [illegible] a friend in misery. How could he exhibit his fellow - what would they say & the planters of be a traitor! He entered bravely

The boy broke a twig on the floor bleeds the dead bleed of which exhaustion. He found the bandages dead and bandaged dead in turn. But he changed the bandages dead and bandaged dead in turn. But he changed the bandages dead and bandaged dead again — her body was beautiful dressed in cotton & dark rich color, the contrast it startling with a blanket. But her face was drawn & ugly, the reddish flame it & finely made him sad & pulled in the darkness to shield them from

41-1-607

Dead shivering, till he heard [illegible] & dawn [illegible] dead in. The sad cold dawn & still dog the dark shell about him. He [illegible] had her for one a chance - then belonged dressed of the cloth beneath the head & finally it and shovel & found them & left for the dog [illegible] the days work. He returned as noon bleeding in shell, looking back behind & before. The trees shell naked & tiny - [illegible] green foreground. Everything the same old & lonely dying - he rolled on under cotton shell. He studied her face again - it was ugly & drawn & it struck a certain [illegible] human about it which made him [illegible] - comfortable as the [illegible] slowly [illegible] again & broke the dawn.

It was dark when he entered the cabin at night. He hunched & bathed & the silence, then [illegible] lit his lantern & looked it about. The was lying on the floor [illegible] a sheet stained about her falling down her left shoulder & her hair. She bent forward & stared at him with [illegible] grey blue glowing eyes

The shepherd turned the bible and said hesitatingly —

"Feel better — honey?"

She mumbled a drowsy yes — then many quickly came & drove and seeing his head was bent the hands eagerly searched his forehead until she came to that dear of which she had no doubt. Gradually the [illegible] his cheek & crumbled down down over, bleeding it of a burning inch great. Later it came time the time certain. Aunt Sarah had said Marlen drowsing and his mother sat down full with the cook; Uncle Cream Dangerous & cared the bisquit down for the [illegible] with a broken. At any rate for three pancakes about three minutes drink always been here & she Ears change Morrison formal and heard & them and shrieked & danced & hangard

J. was offended then scandalized then scared Dench hand "the cried fiercely and & the other She became still & heard. She laid & him steadily & calmly into a drowsy gesture, towards the comet mind understood & he realized that in a church that she knew not England. Yet she was beside herself with excitement. She stood bent out over the sheet & trembled deeply before him. But J. raised her and rocked her & began to prepare supper

Her comet mind understood at first her apparent astonishment and distaste for his drowsy Then until long afterward he learned that offense never never should & cooking. So then she began. She slept ~~in his bedroom and she~~ & unconsciously in the outer room & she by the fire in the corner of the long room on the hard floor. Word by word she began to learn English & civilization

41-1-574

of any way J. felt that the Jewish Church from Creation
to earth this Pentecost work and a Covenant Stone was left.

So arose the First Bethesda. It was a strange Church
Pleased J's ear when he first heard it — "Now there is a pool
by the sheep market, a Greek which is called in the
Hebrew tongue, Bethesda!" Young disciples had given their
money & former eloquently for Church-service, and five porticoes
built a platform for the sick and lame and blind & withered
Remedies; for the ministry J. desired for as the Divine addressed
he cared with willing ease daily duties coming & Jesus Christ — so
ignorant & unexperienced as he knew himself to be. Yet how
strange it was then — the siege for self & strength, the times
in prayer quiet way & serve God & his neighbor, the desire
& death how double. Yet as the pleading addressed for the
offering the Incense above & above praise divides; he had near
he going & any? what cancel the way? We should desire knowledge
of ceremonies and they received and a talking with Divine grand
reserved ~~knowing~~ knowledge of knowledge. We had working in Incense
and longings; he knew working. Yet under the school up on
Ethos and Evening morning & came & this consciousness Every Jewish
field & Community prayers as the door — for a moment under
arrived day & heard abruptly empty the Temple's ~~stand~~ - Shekinah &
then the words came tumultuously ~~from~~ and. It was really a dramatic
pause & playground opening. We passed through into a Shekinah
court, this Spiritual Darkness and Birth of Old Jewish Ceremonies and God
a Continuous flow of Thoughts. We saw & heard ourselves & this
own astonishment. A crowd of excited but reverent & prayerful
Jews — the Synagogue, the Court; the Schools & this audience astonished

41-1-575

Creed & Romagol used down and Ethus Jacobs, Servant of Ed Lewis, Jnr & Frederick Ernest Cinerfel

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Then came the first unlucky, disturbing thing: Ed was Esther, the dark Babbard dog smelt their smells. After breakfast but wiped dry and grouch, he took Esther Esther & the whole procession for Arrangt. It was a legal arrangement Some Arrangts in Ny were not legalized until 1813. and it culminated f's existence. But he had a dark Turn & Mind of all Ethus would down ——— & small about, Esther had known her all a strange & curiously translated Adol Node which side Thrown over and abandoned Mary, that a full Breast marked accents & willowly ignoring f's Mother Ede should Reward f. Ede in a Quaker Mode New York Street giggled & yelled. Unchina frilled & danced about Teeth. But Esther stands on unlikely admin & V. f., Unlucky & discharges, bigns & shoi off the Unchina & abridgment & Ed gradually frilled at a drop hat. Once as f. foolishly yelled Ed aside insult & a dazzling Esther calmed himself down & Ed gathered & Ed wand delight of Ed mob & Ed black terror of f. The Arrangt ceremony was a hot complicated Esther debut know what it was all about. Ede stared at Ed Reckless Study & quite ignored him. Ede refused to make any answers in English Ede took Begum & Ham & under f's bulging dinner Many words & phrases. Bird Ede unsocial & day on a Long & silver excited Ede in Parents & Mother Ed busy Rector around unchanging Esther. I & that one admirer — Gardner Ewald Ede ~~Mother Ethus~~ wedding, Jenny drowned & his enlarged Ethus

41-1-576

But Esther frowned unceremoniously & disappeared: she hurried herself a
crown & wore strange clothes; she kerchief was strangely untied
& her hair was scorched all over & her shoulders bruised; she
ordered strange messages to be sent & repeated herself & beat and
above all she continued & shriek alone in her chamber restlessly
wearily & ceaselessly & walked terrible adventures. A great deal of her time crowns
& ceiling logs into flame time ordinary she carried away inside her. Tragically as night then suddenly

Then suddenly came the most scene in the church: J.
Esther, then heard a strange sound in the midst of his
prayer — a mellow shrieking sylphine shriek, shrieks, shrieks
was heard. He knew it. It was Esther's voice breaking out
& came nearer and then Esther entered ~~three times, three times~~
~~& came & beg & Lord~~. She shrieked, shrieked & then grew
still, as Esther entered & sat in the inner chamber. She sat
very still and seemed & listen. J. heaved a sigh of relief
and gradually got back the attention of his hungry & enthralled
young audience. Sunday after Sunday Esther came & sat.
Then one Sunday she arose in the middle of the sermon
and danced. It was a slow sylphine ceremonial dance
back & forward & around with low guttural cries & words
that came louder & faster. At last she was writhing
clawing & shrieking. A little black snake, shrieked in
its middle initial as she wrestled with the audience
heard held in a mingled excitement & fear.

Begin

Hark shrieked somehow before — and read like this — it
was like some hysterical madness let loose — some alcoholic
orgy & memory — J. trembling — closed & then smiled down
serpent snake & killed it & shrieked (Gen 3-14-15) — quivering
sobs & the song. — & still — shrieks out —

J. upbraids her — ~~the second sentence — Shrieks but~~
~~the Tomtoms This background drumming~~

Triumphant then turned around here as she had seen her dress, her mouth
She was in the middle of the room & shrieked, fell down & prayed & shrieked this is the first
Esther the Christian martyrdom

11-1-577

Don't you know god — can't you sense him
I sense god and I clearly
Please be Jesus — the loves you —

"God bad" rebuked I.
J. shuddered "Don't say (that) — don't blaspheme"
God bad — Wicked suffer — Devil alive —
Bad mind god — god never died is that? the Devil
God is Devil — I wonder him — the bad — wants blood

41-1-578

No no — god's dead blood — the blood of the Lamb — the everlasting Covenant
Which Lamb?
Jesus, the son of god. Don't you see?
Not' muff. Only one Holy Lamb.
God wants blood — wants more blood — wants blood all time — wants blood now — we must get blood
var

J shrunk — You're wicked. You're a devil — worship him you'll go to hell —

Yet way down + back in his mind J. understood I. She — Belief in Jesus + God. Yet she heresy was not eternal. She stood + stood + fought back — by chanting + dancing, by crying + pleading, by total defeat
Yet J. knew (as) Jesus was a shade of the Devil. By twice night I fought the Devil and one moment begged him to be God
If I. himself only believe in G. To the J. alone.
The Devil is not all powerful Jesus good — a good good God not the devil
Yes assembled Elder "Dance thy will good God. Thy will good God
The Good God is all powerful
God weak Hell evil — my dear.
No no don't say this God —
I teach Hell God — I drive Dog bad God away
J. walked out with (the) night + dragged
A monstrous enemy confronted him —

41-1-567

court de keneu ds. ~~Col Lewis story — the dame suedoise Graham — the eternal triangle~~ remedies

J. tells wife the trenches — hoarder theory — nonsense — wrinkle wriggers would obey & de reshevelure — Ha. Lacy — crime — our crook — 1799 — the free Negroes

Evil secrets ill-at. The dame suedoise the confessions — the death of A. The wretches ~~of~~ rages @ 28 years — The executioner of Estes — the beauty of A. war comes — 1814, 2000 Negro soldiers Estes's enemy — the town-towns — Colonel Ramsay — goes West — A on J's case — the wounds & wields — the chivalry quarrels — girls from outside — ~~[illegible]~~

1817 — Colonel — returns — slave trade in Harbor — J is Redmask — shooting duels no regret — fear (age 37)

Esters methods change. She was, if possible, more secretive and less frank. Their family life became tenuous and unreal. They never ate together also E. mechanically waited on J as she ate food served by Rebecca or brought from the big house She kept dishes & house comfortably clean and slept in the corner instead of usual curtained & furnished room a low bench platform. Esther came & went regularly, and was hungered no cradle and attended no fires. She never again led the religious dance. But she fasted silently under cotton, throwing off blessed in slow rich folds.

And Jasper brought on. He felt that E. was [monday] & grew & deadening drive — was slowly & doggedly under a cloud of cruel determination she was making religious a provider of Evil a dark joy & Evil Devil. To offset this J. Carlmont his devil & threw himself into his religious work. Gradually he encouraged & left the religious ecstasy, the crying shouting & clamoring, his people accused & mourned for it. They yearned for it. They said on edge under his dizzying words, his hand waved, his swaying face & clasping hands lifted them, made them unheard & set them [glory] glorifying God!" As J. advanced deliberately & then automatically encouraged this, he realized his own actions with a certain doubt and misgiving. A shade clung & veiled in his mind — in that strange new Heaven entirely existed his own small dark evident: there was humble religious yearning toward God; there was Esther's dreading of Evil, renewed fully by her alone but unconsciously & threatening the unconscious feeling of excess & pain that third thing — the complex & unreadying of certain disorder — young & acute animal minds, alert & quick & nervous & restless into channels un & hateful for them

41-1-546

& excitement. They were not exactly wicked they merely amused. They sought amusements wherever, unobtrusively every where — in the alleys & cellars, on the docks, and sometimes in his church. J. Throckmorton was there, sought & obtained them, and he moved and drew them altogether away. They were called & he labored to get some quiet in that church

In this grave endeavor, he encountered the fiercest opposition. But he was the victor. He even managed at J' imaginary & mandamus

Let 'em yell as they would & and turn the scoffers out & the pews. All you can do is call the darkeys & obey them & & work drunk — " and he recalled J. out just as the moans of the poor poor rolled over from the palisades. It was always a wonder of fortitude & J. for on the years between 1810 & 1815 as J passed from the 30th & the 35th years, three times happened which closed his mouth — a daughter was born & R & Mrs D.; the war broke and out in 1814, 2000 negroes were dismissed as from the fresh wheels & alley & sent & the ground & finally in 1815 Mr R. D. himself went cast & dyed & received his shattered business relations

Mrs D. & regret when she found herself twice Child & silently entombed her husband & her happiness J. overheard her inside astonishment & was glad when at last the wheel was done — a Christ which funny being where for two years drowned them deeper, while Mrs Digges as soon as she was tolerably able flourished proudly and loved

41-1-547

gayety. Esther was evidently excited at the dress of Adelaide She watched it at all events, discerning her former relinquish, Ranyard & Lord all it, longed it & even & drew it nearer the nurse commanded & J. eleverly forbade her to go near it. Esther excitedly complied and yet continued & regard her chief from above, & at the entry of the school ex exhibit her fear going of the 2 regiment of black soldiers increased her wild & frenzy. She damned her gorgeous crimson robe, watched them from the rate mark & black & as they marched & cadence - J. saw her wear champion, leading them on, a tall mustard brown black with brown eyes. the

41-1-548

Arden Ranyard Digges, more friend Col. of Tarleton Inent Coutts in 1815 Esther was dressed at his dismissal from Jasper. She came in rather suddenly from a long absence at the soldier's camp: came gliding into Esther silent dignity Esther ended R. D.

"She still here? he asked severely. He drew closed down & his eyes for a few last moments

And J., keep a watch over Adelaide. Keep mistress Casey & your eyes turned there darkly intended"

"Master - I'll guard her with my life!" And J. seemed A. dark grown on four years & he are elderly dreadful child; frail, almost transparent as skin, she was delicately & finely formed with a skin of pale amber, eyes like Elvesky and hair ~~of pale gold~~. Under all her delicacy she was quick darting & darting motion fine. She loved Jasper ecstatically for he seemed & understood her as no one else & he worshipped - silently Her Irresistible. Esther ~~[illegible]~~ & him the days of Gods. "Keep watch" the guard insisted & drew he heeded

"I'll guard her with my life, "Master", he said. Esther said "yes!"

Fragments and notes

(INSERTS)

Uncle Jasper lay for years an invalid. Dead in life. Almost about to die. Yet never dying. Lying very still, thin, gaunt and grey-brown, and seeing and knowing almost nothing, except when his eyes lighted at the sight of Cora Carolyn.

Jasper was mumbling in his delirium. "I done been riding the winds. Riding with Jesus on a great white horse."

41-1-277

He had it there hidden behind the pulpit in a packet. In the packet was the sound of dust; the sound of creeping dust.

"There is something wrong with the world. I don't know how to say it, but inside, way down at the bottom of everything there is something wrong, wrong wrong. It is not a matter of meaning well or doing good or loving God. There is something wrong inside the whole of it; something evil, nasty, terrible.

She shivered and shrunk away. "Don't touch me. I'm dirty, unclean. I have wallowed in filth."

41-1-362

On the slave ship is old Mormoru, (1730-1830). He is a Priest Popoloi of the Voodoo Cult. One of his many children is Aunt Esther, (1818-1880), successor to his priesthood and the first wife of Jasper Diggs.

Uncle Jasper organized it in partial imitation of the white church with Deacons and a Board of Trustees and local preachers. But Jasper, himself, was the center and head of it all. With dramatic insight he staged his Sunday seances and weekday meetings as often as possible. He preached with growing power. His long listenings to the sermons of the white ministers had given him a marvelous mastery of the Hebrew scriptures and the New Testament. When he preached Christ Crucified,

41-1-246

4

41-1-229

Jasper would fight back to renew their faith and hope. As the cotton culture spread and the new emmigrants from Virginia came down and the newer and harder plantation system took hold, Esther became wilder in her prophesies, and declared that the day of reckoning was at hand. Jasper, on the other hand, preached with increasing power and those who listened to Esther warnings became fewer and more secret.

41-1-230

A break had come between Uncle Jasper and Aunt Esther. With a mighty effort and a great conversion of souls, Uncle Jasper had driven the evil from his church, and back in the Western hills at midnight Aunt Esther beat the tom toms and gathered her few futive followers. She openly told Uncle Jasper that the time had come that black folk must and would go free; that it only required the sacrifice of the "Goat without horns". Jasper knew that she meant to steal and kill a white child and he was filled with horror and misgiving. He was torn between duty to his wife, family and race and duty to God and white folk. In fear and trembling he tried to warn Colonel Diggs, but the Colonel laughed at him and was too busy. The country was in turmoil, and Civil War was about to begin. Colonel Diggs marched away at the head of his regiment to support the Confederacy.

3

Chapter 2.

Of the second marriage of Jasper Diggs and his descent into hell; and of the mercy of God which built the new Bethesda.

41-1-363

When Aunt Esther dies in 1880 in revolt against ugliness and tyranny, Uncle Jasper marries the young girl, Kitty Bell, a waif whom Aunt Esther has tyrannized over. They were married in 1881 and for some time have no children. Then against her protest and on the insistence of Uncle Jasper, Kitty Bell goes to the Big House to work for Cyril and his newly married bride. In 1884, Queen Ann Diggs is born. Uncle Jasper is beside himself with pride and delight, until he overhears the sneers and gossip and realizes the color of the child. Then Kitty Bell confesses that the child was not his but the child of Cyril Diggs. She had begged not to go to the Big House but Uncle Jasper has forced her. She insists it was not Cyril Diggs's fault. It was her own. She had wanted him because he was handsome and well-dressed, and spoke such fine language. Uncle Jasper goes down into the depths. "God done forgot me." His mind goes back darkly to the philosophy of fear and revenge of Aunt Esther over Colonel Diggs comes to him. They are really childhood friends Jasper home and his wife + daughter. The Colonel is ashamed of what his son has done and promises to educate Queen Ann and to build a new church for Bethesda. Uncle Jasper is transported. This is the answer of the Lord to his doubt. A new Bethesda is going to re-appear. He continues + resumes his work Amid wild celebrations and powerful sermons the new Bethesda is built. in 1885 ~~But on the night that the old church is torn down Uncle Jasper alone and in terror gropes down into the~~

Colonel Ransom Diggs, (1830-1917). He was the Old Master and owned the Diggs family before emancipation, inheriting them from a long line of slave holders. He married Mrs. Ransom Maddox Diggs, (1825-1863), and the son was Major Cyril Maddox Diggs, (1860-1898). He was Young Master. There was one other child, Marianne M. Diggs, (1861-1863). She disappeared and was never found.

Declaration

I order is One Hundred dollars for my Own
Funeral:
I give to God
God? Damn God & damn his Cursing
lying ministers

OLE-1-14

a sort of personal answer to the end of this hunger

When comes the dawn
after the great misery
after the advent
He goes to sleep — with head to East, grave dark,
his hands between them, consciously digested
listening for dreams

Is he dead?
Oed Fader
got a baby?
not ~~dead~~! young wreath for dear man Kitty Pall
We walked on unchanged faces, doing ground
work talking died with death on his mouth
We burst on Kitty. — he cursed to Christ. Why God shine
what do you
Kitty, sadness.
At midnight Fader rises & Eats Bad Christ. Kitty is dead
great Christ

Bellerophon

Here is a boat & there is a rock
and yonder cometh the Sea. Beyond the
Sea is an island & above the island
looms a mountain. On the mountain is
God.

41-1-372

I will say I will take — get I hell —

O Yes — we will say like old folk use
Good Morrow, Stranger, Welcome to our mountain
Come & sit down & eat & breathe God on
God for & silent sea

Yes I Weigel hearing among & among &
steal our food & our souls

O no no! They are not naked — they do not
know & be naked = Weigel Just Just — Human
— they are afraid as I was — once

41-1-373

Reflection

Taking up insults

Uncle Jasper turns other cheek

Lorenzo gets angry & tells us to go

Jack: do you know what Christ's death & resurrection mean? At Calvary God has dealt on every basis

What shall you do

I took a good enough knocking two of his friends took out. You ought & have seen him clothed & sent from Gethsemane

Both daughter — soul — religion

41-1-374.

See here I was driving on
new horses. I was giving a
learned lesson to my dad. I could have
& done & did them I think he
can handle any horses against
the world
— I robbed your home
alone - burned the other
house?

41-1-375

Verse 6 Jonathan replied with this
heart – The Lord was testing this faith
testing & good ... the strengthened

4

Chapter 4

Of how the Rev John Henry Lowndes becomes the husband of Uncle Jasper's daughter and the second pastor of Bellevue ~~1886-1904~~ 1885-1913

41-1-376

1708
1926
80

Chapter 2

How Uncle Jasper Diggs wrestled with the Devil
in Aunt Esther and sang at a funeral The Blood Sanctified
ain't how has eyes seen the glory of the Coming of the Lord

The trouble of Esther & their reconciliation
Jasper warns
Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink
The ethics
And Esther steals Madonna
Jasper turns & like them back
Excommunication comes
Jasper preaches & leaves — the organizes his church
Aunt Esther dies & dead in 1880.

41-1-357

41-1-359

The thread of the story.

The main thread is the following out of the curse of the flame begun by the old African woman and calling for blood sacrifice. It is manifested in the revolt led by old Mormoru in the 18th Century, and in the attempted blood sacrifice ~~of~~ by Aunt Esther, m. 1861 In the temptation of Uncle Jasper m. 1884 ~~at the time of the Spanish War and at the time of the World War.~~ Finally, in the burning of Bethesda and Cora Carolyn Lowndes in 1928.

41-1-358

~~them was descended the Reverend Aaron Bowker, (1860—).~~ After the death of Aunt Esther in 1880 Uncle Jasper Diggs marries Kitty Bell, ~~a girl of 16~~ in 1881, she being born in 1865. A daughter, Queen Ann Diggs was born in 1884.

(1)

Bethesda, A.M.E.

A Romance of Negro Religion

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Begun Feb 10, 1924
Finished " 12 "
Second " 14

Of the Beginning.

An old woman on the West Coast of Africa who is a Great Grandmother and the last survivor of her raided tribe in 1740. a temple smoulders in the mist
She witnesses the departure of the slave ship and curses it.

41-1-356

Behind the woman the temple of the God of Thunder smouldered. The brilliant red and brown and blue of its ___ pillars were in ashes. The great carved Lintel had fallen and the massive entowers stood stark and grey. Over the top nothing was left of the broad ____ and thin palmed guilder.

All around the woman was Death. Blood and Death. The child strangely stiff in her arms had no head. The ground was hard with blood and flesh and broken spears. Far in the forest moaned one dark tom tom note, and away out on the waters, a little ship with vast white sails rolled and seethed into the waves of the Atlantic. On the ship sat one whose face was Death; whose universe had fallen; whose faith had fled. Priest of Shanglo; God of the Crimson Lightening. The tall, thin shackled man, his face still strange with lime and ochre, was rushing to the West Indies and the God of Mobile. Old Mormoru, he became: Priest Popoloi of the Mystery. And he held the emblem of his mystery clasped close and firmly in his right hand.

"I am going to be ~~the~~ bride of the flame of God."

"Listen, God. I am God of the old faith of Africa. I cry and cry and cry. Listen God and speak."

Bethesda burns! Burned Bethesda! In black and crimson flame! and with Bethesda burns the world.

Cora Carolyn and the old man pray for a sign.

"I don't look so bad when I am just from the beauty parlor and in a new frock. But I look like Hell when I'm dirty and tired and mad."

41-1-346.

"Do you know the Lord?" Have you had any ____?"

" We must burn Bethesda and let the spirit of good go free."

He looked at Cora Carolyn. Suddenly she came to him, moving noiselessly, like a beam of darkened light. It was as though a fire burned within. Something of intense heat, but little light.
"Do you know Jesus?" she said.

Suddenly he took her just a moment in his arms. She stood still like a little happy child. Her dark eyes looking solemnly up to his, and her skin shown as though behind it burned the glory of a thousand Southern suns. There were tears in his eyes as he whispered: "Your little feet shall tread Holy land. You shall be the bride of that God who is love. And perhaps, who knows!, infinite goodness will conceal beneath your heart another SAVIOUR of the world." Her eyes grew soft and great. And she whispered: "Perhaps."

"He ~~frothed~~. He clawed me like a beast. He tore my clothes. Why did he do that? Why did he act so?"

"No," said the Reverend Mr. Lowndes. "I do not believe in revolt." "You see," added Bowker, we know it is useless." We get—" But Grey interrupted. "What's revolt to do with its success or failure got to do with its ~~faith~~ use. The ~~faith~~ queers is within—the soul."

"Ah, just as I said. Our souls."

"Oh, damn your souls. They are not worth saving. The world is not worth fighting for. There is no use. It is got no meaning. What do I know about this life and strife and thought? I know but one thing—I saw when the child ~~a~~ set upon ~~set on~~ the sea. It was beautiful. That's all."

41-1-347

41-1-342

culminated just before the Civil War when Aunt Esther determined on the blood sacrifice of a ~~"God~~ "goat without horns", according to the savage mysteries which she had inherited. Jasper is wild with fear and seeks to prevent it. Whether he did prevent it or not he never knows. ~~When~~ After ~~emancipation~~ the church ~~is repaired and joins the A.M.E. organization~~ becomes independent with Jasper as its ~~recognized~~ pastor. Colonel Diggs gives ~~the church a~~ Jasper deed to the property.

41-1-343

Yes, Bunny, it such a comfort to have you ~~clean.~~ at least!"

You just can't look ~~we~~ ethereal for twenty-four hours.

The biscuits my mother used to make, poor thing, were a mess.

Yes. She's beautiful and serene and angelic. But after she's had ~~three~~ a couple of babies she ain't going to look like an angel, she's going to be one."

Major Cyril Diggs has been in the Spanish American War and in the World War and the financial situation of the former is not good. He and his friends ~~are determined to~~ make money ~~out of land values in the new industry~~ in the war & take part in new industrial development following the World War. ~~This~~ Diggs thought a plan involves moving the center of fashionable life from around the old Grace ~~Episcopal~~ Methodist Church, when the Maddoxes and the Diggs had worshiped for generations, back to a new suburb on higher land. The harbor, commercial heart of the town, could then be developed and new industries brought in. The church, however, could not afford to give up its site and re-build without a substantial purchase price. Cyril conceives the idea of selling the church to Negroes. He knows Lowndes' ambition and speaks to him about it. Lowndes is at once astonished, elated and afraid. But he knows that bringing

41-1-327

a colored church and colored people in that part of town means bitter racial animosity. He knows also that as pastor of a church of this size he would be a formidable candidate for the Bishopric. His wife urges him on. Finally, the purchase is made. It leads to some race rioting and bitter talk, and for a long time the Lowndes family are afraid to move into the parsonage. The Negroes take possession of the church. The church grows. Lowndes brings in the Reverend Kenneth Grey, a young man and recent graduate of Gammon as his Assistant, and eventually Kenneth Grey hires Jane Shields as Social Worker. Jane has been educated in the University of Kansas and Brookwood and has had a trip to Russia. But things do not go well with the new Bethesda. Grey is too logical and restrained. His social work is not religious. He gets in trouble on the matter of dancing and theatrical exhibitions. At this time, the Reverend Aaron Bowker appears as a Evangelist. He is a Grandson of Aunt Esther Diggs by a husband which she had before Jasper. He is oily and circumspect, and yet a preacher capable of arousing tremendous enthusiasm. Against the judgment of Grey, Lowndes brings him in as a Evangelist, and there was a tremendous revival. People join the church by the hundreds.

41-1-378

The new Grace church is built on the Wesleyan site after much opposition. Old Mrs Diggs & Mrs Lowndes meet in the old church. The name of the township is Bathurst.

There is a rival sect & Lowndes leaves hastily in charge. Uncle Jasper Estes charge. ~~of the Church~~ The Diggs family quiet the bitter feeling & the church in the township day is ~~brought~~ stronger. ~~The District sends Bowler. Bowler~~ ~~organizes & builds the church, makes district boundaries & concludes the visits. Lowndes returns to township stays~~ ~~in 1922. Cora Campion 12.~~

And the District is retained. Comes & Rabbeth[illegible] and the friends the Lowndes & return. The church is organized & departments made. In 1922 ~~Gary is brought Organ~~ ~~a township church In 1923 Jack Shield came~~

Lowndes pastors 5 years in Alland meet great success. The district urges them & go & settle & succeed his father-in law & build a new church. Lowndes comes. He needs different. The congregation is weak but dignified & conducted skillfully. The church does not belong & 12 connected. The Bathurst church is a keen rival & a new big church is the only solution.

A white township house is planned now.

~~it~~. The new church is plain, almost pert, but waterproof and heated. ~~It grows in size and influence and is the richest church in the colored city.~~ Queen A. Diggs grows up a pretty but very careful circumspect young woman. She is sent off to school and marries in 1908 the Reverend John Henry Lowndes, whom she had met at school and who had become pastor of ~~the~~ church in ~~a Georgia city~~. Uncle Jasper ~~feels himself failing, and he, therefore, has the church call Lowndes as its active pastor.~~ He remains a sort of old father of the church. The Lowndes couple have no children until ~~four~~ years after their marriage when Cora Carolyn is born; a very small but ethereally beautiful ~~brown~~ child who grows up to be deeply and almost pathetically religious. She is carefully trained by her father and mother to know no evil. She is kept from contact and believes her religious instruction literally. She is sent to a ~~girl's school~~ under very careful tutelage. Meantime, the Lowndes family becomes ambitious. They want money and place. They want a better home. And Mrs. Lowndes is determined that her husband shall be Bishop. He is a big, tall and impressive man, very circumspect and is careful to make friends with the white people. ~~Especially, the old Colonel and Major Cyril Diggs.~~

works since the new church; the joins the A.M.E. connection seek & decide the Church & Them ~~[illegible]~~ but cannot legally ~~[illegible]~~. The Church grows and the services are small. The church engages a new young teacher. The Church rebels & wants to be Baptist & a split in Cleveland Jordan emerges against slavery & Reader & another revolt in 1913 impends. Finally at 85 Jordan preaches his farewell sermon & let the church call his son-in-law as leader

~~[illegible]~~

41-1-380

Uncle Jasper lay for years
a cripple — dead in life

Jasper was murmuring in his
delirium — I alone knew the
words, with Jesus on a white horse

But it in the packet —
In the packet was the
Round of dust — The Round
of creeping dust

41-1-348

Dilemma & hardship
Whilis
O greek & Trams — damn!
its then starving & saving
Then mass demand — my
God organised in a church
in a family — its unbearable
We've got & sell & them
or we can't live. They came
back & the hunter — its
taken for railways & docks
They must live in the
marshes
What next?
Well next — everything
& What ? it

41-1-349

Dowker disclaimed
Burying Cora Crayton — two it
was frightful — for the father of
one the lover
When she died he felt shocked
— They had not quarrelled her as he
had abandoned her, fearing scandal
as well as grief
When he suggested Mrs
Lowndes stay back. Lowndes
angry grieved & disgusted, refused
B. goes & Diggs
Tell you about the church
was found by the priests
I suppose so but
No, but if some one answers it was

I will make reluctance admit
what I overheard

Die out

Hell no — when they
get money & a taste of
beauty they will stakes by
hundreds of thousands

he can't let em die or
will catch it

O/ course we'll marry one
how can you catch it.

We can only show it
us — something may happen
— we may change our
minds & elect —

41-1-350

Burning of Bethesda &
the Square unbosses curse
on While

Grace built by martyrdom
of Mormons

41-1-351

Now new quarters
new school
new work.

—

We're damn fools &
drive them work.

Old Grace Church was built
as a thanksgiving for miraculous
finding down of a vessel sent
by Mormons. Money given by old Digg
Jane Tuler.

Burnt by Elect arsonist
said Mormons

Replaced in two huge days
in 1860 by New Grace Church

41-1-352

41-1-353

Sister – dear Esther w. the Lord
put your cool hands on my head
& your soft arms – I am weak
sick & tired
nothing does
Esther I don't you remember
so do I – ever since I met you
a hypocrite and Liar
nothing so humble as Pride
When he possessed he believes in
himself – can you beat it?
When he's possessed He's God. When
he discovers he wants repentance – he
doubts, his unbelief – his belief

41-1-354

Queen Ann
Cautious Curious
Ambitious – not sure of herself
a Machiavelli – a Diggs!
tries desperately – it works!
is again – insulted
dallies with an overture
Careful! careful!

41-1-383

Husband Do what
tells me cause I do
nothing – work

Don't you believe in
Christ at all
& believe in God
yes & you made him
White

41-1-384

Like White Moon walking on the
wood, land no and, land no

They found her far
back in the dark silent
forest silly about the cool
odors, a long slow smile
worked among as they came
Count Diggs said nothing
We took off his coat &
rolled up his sleeve. Esther
rose & faced him. Here
one movement he clutched
her naked arm and bent her

41-1-385

mask coldly Conservative farming
She uttered no sound. The blood
rolled & stretched down her shoulder
& breast under at last she gave
a great screaming bawl, &
shrivel & the earth & died

A

41-1-390

Where did you bury her
I burned her in the wood &
covered her with a blanket of
flame & of blood & in the
bones of her hands I saw the
unfolding of Atman
Where

41-1-389

13

No more & never
touch you till
morning. It is done. We are
free
Suddenly one wrenches he
shredded her naked. Her
black body, gymnast, shoulder
muscled & rigid, drove family
against the racist trunk of
the tree
Her head bowed &
curls about face, head shoulder
back & breast. The blood
oozed & dribbled slowly down
Suddenly the armed boy

41-1-388

C

threw back her head
& laughed; laughed a great
shouting laugh above the
rumpling of the trees &
ends of the fresh leaves threw
Recoiled & tore the paint
holes of the Tree Tree
Colonel Dyzo let the
whip fall slowly. Slowly
he reached for his pistol
a simple shot cracked the
Echo regained strength &
crumbled & the earth
Silently they went home
& Jessie undressed the gruesome

41-1-386

D

& covered them in this hut.
When he came out in
the rain. It was three o'clock
in the morning. He looked
back at the woods &
then the body in sections. Down
across the road & the plantation
he dragged it - down & Bella
Cold & sweating & heavy with
down he lugged the stiffened
slimy bundle into the shrub
& threw the lot down & burned
it deep inside there other two
wrinkled ones the three black
wrists & then he shovel down

41-1-387

E

& the church & dropped down
back of the pulpit & wept gasping
sobs tangled & his god.
Jesus! Something wicked is
dead. Your done took something
evil away & killed it & buried
it. Thank you Jesus

41-1-391

"For every drop of blood
they spilled I alone caused
a river
Mother Black Wolf
of the Heelers Clan
for every drop of blood
they shed on you I
have caused a river

I deals in blood

41-1-288

1

Jaspers greatest joy & highest
responsibility was to take Little Marianne
to walk. She was just 5 when her
father tossed her & turned away & was
"guard her Jasper, Her mother got her
hands full with the baby
Jaspers heart swelled with pride. He
trotted cheerfully home Look down his
Cape for Those Who seemed so torn
Old. Indeed they God every wonder
She was a little thing – fragile dainty
almost translucent. Her skin was white rose
the faintest tinge of pink on the cheeks
Her hair was corn silk, curled and
flying & Her eyes were pale blue
When Jasper thought of angels he always
pictured Marianne. To him the Throne of
God was always surrounded by such
gold & white & blue & lavender birds. She was

41-1-393

2

& how drawn & haughty as he
hastened home & brought in the late
afternoon it was & how his mother
was Little Masters as the evening
glory of the day. It was late
for any but inside from over seas of
the street lights twinkle & the elves
had been over slow & resentful
at having a block room over them
She had brought the whole Town
like a tide expectancy across the
shoulders of two travelers. They glared
at his rebuking back in red eyed
fury

But Jasper turned on the world
scowling & shrugging his whole. He
could almost hear the sweet singing
Alt of Little Masters voice

41-1-282

3

"Uncle Jasper – hurry! I've been waiting
for you." When he stepped, he felt
heat from the floor & the sea and
across it at right angles from the
world from the big house & the quarters
where his Calm sat. Always Christ took
& turned the Boy Where he saw Esther
slowly waiting. Esther had red dresses
at the Bay H. She was not almost
there

"Esther" he shouted
She stopped but did not turn. He
walked on & shouted himself before
her. She looked at him with her
slow easy smile

Where you going
of the Big Woods
Into the
The Devil is Calling
you get on Indians at the Bay

I got home where my mother
then go & your mother in Hell – you
and going & the boy
Aunt? Two days and & Esther
I do. I'll kill you if you she another
start
Her eyes blazed
Kill? Kill? she said slowly — Nigger
I am Death" and then she smiled
as down. She did not ever remember
Esther smile before. She smiled
& wearily slowly slowly she turned
toward the cabin

Jasper heart went cold. He
paused uncertainly. He started &
follow her & then he remembered
little Mathers & a vague fear
clutched his heart. He started
running away from the cabin trodden

41-1-395

in the home & Conrad the
Boy Came. He saw the great
white pillars looming above
the flowers & between the
magnolias. He came hurrying
around the graveled drive &
paused the corner on the porch
He stopped & reached with relief
hooking the amount from his face
"I'm a little late – I told –
where Missy Marion
He stopped & leaned against a
great white pillar
and she — and she her
two – I brought her down & your
Father. She Confederate would no
longer — today you must there:
Father trembled & gone in the door

41-1-394

I saw your shadow myself
Didn't Missy —
But Jasper was gone leaving
down the path & through the house
like a mad man with a great
cold knot of fear at his heart.

The Cabin was empty as
he knew it would be. There
was not trace of Esther nor
the child.

All night they searched Marion
in the wood the grounds the
outlets and never found her. All
night the Tom Tom pulsed
more here now there now loud
now soft in the black forest of
the sleeping house.

41-1-392

Esther turned on them.
"Lord" she whispered "Lord!" she
groaned "Aunt you heard the Bell
ring. Aunt you heard the Voice.
The Ends come. Do you hear? the End!
The world ~~is~~ needs blood. The Blood
Rising in the Forest appeals & cries
for the great mystic rooms. We
wants Blood & it he gets it my
people are free

But Jasper fell on his knees
& prayed
Save us God from enslavement &
shells. Throw your living darkness
about our shoulders & save us God
Jesus save.

41-1-289

4/-1-286

Where you going
To the Big House
Who for
You need No. Devil
Who told you you can go
The Devil
go back
I want
go back before I shake you dead.
Hush, Nigger, no body can tell Esther before her time
Now this is your time — go back.
She turn & disappeared in the flames.
Jasher embed the sweat from his face and breathed. Then he turned back & his course. Esther was not there. She trembl, She did not come

Then he heard someone running in the flames
"Where is Marianne?" asked the stranger — "Whatever among you
stand still shoulder and no talk
Jasher rose and staggered — "Marianne" he gasped — little
Mistress Marianne? — & — why — where"
you Lord she & save you — you were standing in the flames & Esther
pointed & you & said your words Take Marianne & walk. She always
roamed & walked in the flames — My God — where
"where is Esther" Christened Jasher.
But neither Esther nor Marianne were found.

41-1-290

Hallo, Ro
Hello yourself.
Got any rosemary
Well and sunshine & thank
Want to know the bones
Yes
Afraid
Not of the yellow nigger
O I see Ruth, afraid of your back
Afraid of nothing
Where Mitch's thinking you
Sense
I'll be you want got no sense
Home is
Done (the Christ alone at home & heart Five skin - one & two ashes)
Got sense enough to heart Christ
(The other islands & Normal —) Just use your dimes
good.
and even Ted Crowd was gambling.

41-1-302

2

old Mormoru and that the mystery which he left her was a charm borne to bring ultimate victory. She revealed only a part of her dark cult to Jasper, and he fought it as openly as he dared, with fear which trembled but with invincible faith in God and white folk. It was a curious _____ and the mass of the Negroes only dimly sensed it. In the midst of their joyful hallujahs would rise this dark awful figure of Esther. With a few words she would reduce them to shaking fear and then

41-1-301

and on the other hand, the belief that the good God, and in the power and benevolence of the white Master, on the part of Uncle Jasper.

12.

Chapter 1.

Of Uncle Jasper Diggs, Servant of the Living God and first minister of Bethesda; and of his wife Aunt Esther, granddaughter of Mormon, Priest Potiphar of the Mysteries.

41-1-303

Uncle Jasper Diggs, (1828-1928), the first pastor of Bethesda African Methodist Episcopal Church. He married in 1848 Aunt Esther who is 10 years his senior. They had a number of children, all of whom became fieldhands and slaves. ~~From one of~~

4

Uncle Jasper Diggs was a faithful slave, born at the beginning of the cotton kingdom and dying at the age of 100. He represents the counterpoise of faith, humility and hope over against the bitter vengeance and fear of Aunt Esther. The drama of faith and fear, Christianity and heathenism is played out in this family and in ~~the~~ Bethesda Church. The church stands down by the harbor in what became after emancipation a putrid Negro slum. It was originally a warehouse. Old, dilapidated, unpainted, ~~and~~ ~~for successive years~~. It was a center of Negro slave life, ▼ Aunt 7 Grace Methodist (white) Here Uncle Jasper was allowed to preach

3

and the slaves went through their orgies of shouts and revivals. Beneath them, on the one hand, was the cry for ~~all~~ vengeance, and the fear of the dark powers of the world, led by Aunt Esther, and

one hand

The organizing of the Church
Preaching Christ Crucified
The double origin
Jesus's teaching
Ethics of Christianity

Chapter 5.

Of the Reverend Kenneth Gray and Jack Shields.

of the work they planned and did together in Peshawar

1913 - 1924

The new Grace Methodist Church is built on the Heights after much opposition. Old Mrs. Moddox Diggs and Mrs. Lowndes meet in the twilight in the old Grace Church. The news of the purchase of this church by Negroes thus becomes abruited abroad. There is a race riot and Lowndes leaves hastily for Chicago. Uncle Jasper takes charge and the Diggs family quiet the bitter feeling. The church on the opening day is thronged and Uncle Jasper, ninety years of age, thunders a mighty sermon. Hundreds join the church but Uncle Jasper is no longer a leader. He sinks into lethargy. The Presiding Elder is alarmed and writes the Bishop. The Bishop sends his right hand man, Aaron Bowker, to take charge. Bowker in the business man religion. He has really no beliefs and no scruples. But he is keenly aware that other people have scruples, beliefs and standards. Cooly and easily he arranges these facts according to the end in view. The first end now is to save this great church. He organizes it systematically while he is the legal pastor and sees to it that the church is properly deeded to the connection. He keeps Uncle Jasper in the foreground with excellent results. In a couple of years mortgage payments are being made regularly; the revenue of the church is increasing; and internal friction has be[illegible]

383-1-14

41-1-284

of fifteen, scarcely able to read and write and densely ignorant of the world. But also, terribly afraid of its evil. Coming to Mobile, he had secured work and some sort of an education. His whole attitude toward life was that of dealing with a wily, conscienceless monster, who must be outwitted. Bowker wished harm to nobody. He would never willingly hurt anybody, but on the other hand, there was nothing that he would not do to secure him from hurt, and to accumulate money which seemed to him the one great end of existence for securing leisure and power. He became successfully a day laborer, a carpenter, and insurance soliciter, and an official of a colored insurance society. His profession of Evangalist he had run on by accident when he had discovered his power of moving people and he found it an excellent adjunct to the world business.

The Reverend Aaron Bowker was a man of medium size and dark brown skin. He had a sort of half smile always on his face and his eyes, which seemed usually half-closed, seemed always to ____ with the person to whom he was speaking a certain secret and sympathetic understanding with that persons point of view, no matter what his might be. His whole manner and method was best expressed by the adjective "Oily". He was smooth and frictionless. He slid gently from one job to another, with no sense of heart or object. As an Evangalist, his methods were unique and disarming. He knew the colored people were used to rousing sermons and noise. But he always approached his audiences gently. He almost purred after their tones until he got them almost straining to listen to his low smooth voice. He soon got their sympathy with some horrible tale of suffering, death, disaster, overweaning braggadocio, pride, and defiance. Then slowly and smoothly, with the audience in the hollow of his hand, he worked down his climax. At the right time, he thundered with a vast voice, quivered, shook and wept, screwed and writhed. When he had reduced his audiences mentally and sometimes physically to a broken mass of quivering nerves, upon which he worked as he would have master player. And yet throughout all this, the cool and unmoved observer might have been almost sure that Bowker himself was unmoved. That he was deliberately playing up this emotion and this peel. This was partly true. Bowker had had life and he had early seen and join his way out. His home had been a hovel with orgies of religion and rum. With hard and endless toil and little food. From this, he ran away at the age

41-1-285

41-1-291

On the other hand, the white people whom he knew divided themselves into two classes with nothing between. Some few were "trash"—accursed more than blacks, but there was Old Master and his family: well-dressed, able to read and write, carrying themselves proudly, and speaking with voices of

41-1-300

2

his devotes went into orgies of self-abandonment. They shouted, screamed and wept, and a great cloud of song swept from the city to the sea in mighty rhythm and stamping of feet and clapping of hands. It was demoniac of-possession and obsession carried to the last degree. And as it went on, Jasper's hold of the people became stronger and more despotic, but he had to fight for his power. Underneath were two currents: One; the fierce hate and thirst for revenge led by Aunt Esther. The other band came She was a strange combination of fear and revenge. To her the world was evil. The forces of evil must be propitiated and deceived into complacency. The _____ called for sacrifice, blood sacrifice to the last drop. White people were incarnate evil. Once the blacks got control of the powers of darkness and they would slip the white folks to hell. She believed that she was lineal honor of the Priesthood from

41-1-543

1

I. Listened to the shock
of Jesus — the shock
the struggle & the shot
the clamber of the end.
But the shock — silence
& the refrain of the dark
~~the moon~~ She was a honest
woman But the remainder how
old she looked — old & thin
& worn. God yes he knew she
was selling Them — strangers &
aliens. Dying took her quiet
French eyes
the gendarme on his knees

41-1-541

2

& clutched the cruel, with
his sensitive clairvoyance
he knew all — she was
dying Jesus the rare virgin
wife, She had murdered monsters
& exorcise evil. She
had hunger God — Angels
hunted

O God why didn't she
cry out. And then he knew
She Land too was dumb.
This was a Confession
trial & the Y.M was God
O O The cruel world the
cruel world and as he
heard the drill Thud of a

275-1-14

badly fallen. He knew
it was the end.

The Remain next
Friday — the Confession
bloody amend —
by his stripes we
are healed
Evil was dead
Come of God
They came in chorus
Gethsemane was Calvary which
Rome

41-1-544

Then as the brazen
Clamor of the city bell
swung he heard the song
of the secret things in the
grass, humming their vast &
silent symphonies

There is a blue sky - white legend flying
blue & one bird cloud & far off
& a fluffy white cloud sailing
sailing & changing

41-1-275

Uncle Jasper goes & Old Mack
for food & clothes
There is none
puzzled & afraid
get #2 salmon
trades & makes a debt
Negroes lunge at him
made debt & keep money
The sheets
drunk & women & dancing & song
gambling
Lassy white folk
Idleness — Pay from old Mack
The election
The Riot
The Church

41-1-274

Yonny Monroe Negroes
pleasants parish
Ben Carbondale down &
" Deadwater "
" Ashley Sketchers

41-1-276

Girl don't & believes
marries Barker because
B believes
we might believe succeeding

I confirmed among your Darling —
I like your two sisters — brand cancel
2 don't do together
You don't want a wife you want
a mother & a doll
I'll always mother poor little doll
(cont)

4

"Yuill have general charge of the house & servants & for God sake try & keep expense down. I was down hell's own week with this damned cook in Enid & now here I'm glad hell is with his cooks. I'm going to Lincoln ~~Co~~ tomorrow & be back tonight if need be & do all that can be done in shutting up house & ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]

~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

Ben

41-1-563

Dear Bunny you're too damn cute by a long shot — you're always right — & I'm always wrong.

Did you — er — mother
Yes & saw her
Her — who
Mother ———
She's like a fresh flesh
yes & saw Jane what's her name
The
What
a fresh flesh

595-1-41

Your answers
Answers? My god —
dead answers
meet from your grd.

—

It's a damned mean low cuss
to rest down here groping.

595-1-41

Pearly is his own excuse
for being
yes for being Pearly — not
for Babies or cooking or — or —
Brains
Jealous?
No — Sensible

595-1-41

41-1-579

J Costello how to marry - his am
The new migration - fish -
honesty - Crime - emigration
The new leaders
J's china + misery
Y J as Ray preacher
Death of old master
The legacy
The new Bethesda

1835
17
18

16

41-1-580

Jacker was being commended
+ his fear + disgust. He knew man
wondered + he free this an average child
wants to leave + love home + family
Black persons have low motives of
Crime + indulgence - drink duty + restless -
activity
Yet J. was puzzled on — he tilled
+ planted as ~~too~~ long free N. + abolitionist
who cleared his fields — yet these
fields had run out - When old master
died of an over dose of apples ice cream
+ pickles O M was home — J.
dismissed from Y R's home, Money + watch
square — Hotel rooms + J as valet - last
drink
Y J. as wage + remembrance
new whites as " " "

41-1-581

The new master of money — O M.
Angelo + J. never reconciled
Congregational finance
The Congregation + its charge
gifts of cattle - limits of independence
The sermon agent salary
The vision of a bleak tree world
The homelessness + desire for adoption
The educated Negroes — their
cruelty + carelessness
The hungry times + their need of
Restitution
The Year Jubilee
Sin
The rich + poor
The half restored church + the Table
— O M.'s trauma
The problem of Y J. — his tribulations

41-1-603

Doris forget Old Jacker
God — doris gone one use
Jesus. J in a how miserable
old ~~hard~~ sinner — finds God
J Times — J times

41-1-583

Jacker holds J Faith + senses Sin — The problem of
young Jacker — Schools — Ransom II Morris + Cyril is born —
The new negro — The Foreigner — The old Anatomy — riots + fire of 35
The old anatomy — the towns — sin in church
End of the world — young Jacker is institutionalized — J. loses faith —
Ransom Diggs dies 1847 — The New Bethesda —

35.

$$\begin{array}{r} 37 \\ +\ 5 \\ \hline 45 \end{array}$$

(14+) A

Ands exit — excites — soliloquises herself — seeks Ivo — demands obeisance & stands & refuses — Soldiers exit — Croho sudden — her surprised & perturbation — calm — sleek — J. puzzled — annoyed hands & stands

J. breaches — Exit — the proud dismiss — Exit reveals herself — education of Esther — language — Cockney — abasement — tom-tom — tom-tom — [illegible]

brothers of E. — seeks & give her & advice — refuses & move on work — hearing ad miscarriage — celebrity — Exit — wealth & headdress — conference — tom-tom

1st B — The news Christ Romains gifts — fear for audience — [illegible] — what & say — his manner — his address — his seriousness — [illegible] — Esther & [illegible] her shrinking — J's good god & bad devil — his determined his talk with the headdress — don't bother made Ivy's mind & obey — tom-tom thanks & prayers

41-1-85

The J. long [illegible] is out — steadily sleek — Esther likes with him — her [illegible] excitement [illegible] 1912 - his interest [illegible] Col. Ramsom approaches away — Esther sees Adelaide

Esther dismisses Ivy & J. — his anger — his care of Adelaide — gayety in Col. absence — Colonel Esther — from December 1914 — Esther's delirium — the redness J. & disappears — Evidences of her assets — announces baby — and is symptoms — sacrifice — disappears.

Adelaide — walk & gallery — [illegible] The Ceremony (storming and tearing down) with [illegible] alley & at gate — went — A. Athens — hidden livery — A & Jesus down down — Esther door & livery — "come in" — J. waits — the discovering — the tom-tom — Peace Col. R arrives

3 marks

The sleek year — his baby — his bereavement — Joshua wails at the Devil — his Church Crowd — his advance & debasement before Y.M. — the bitter rage of Mistress — becomes Valet no longer builder — Y.M. fat & drinking — Virago — Ramsom II drinking & [illegible] Cold & unfriendly

14+ B

The slave singst — Anne on the floor — The storm — The gorgeous trappings — Esther & the baby — Joshua reels & topples the devil — takes child & runs — Calls of M. — Whirl & frolic — Interlocks with A. Lines! A. stands on table in moonlight & sings Coming Christ — Silence — The whirl — The shivering sign — Tom-Tom

Baby on bed — silence — The cook — The carriage — The burial J. drops — The baby — Exit gone — Servants of the living God — Low sensual duties — treachery — New comers

The exile & wine — Abolition & emancipation — J's reaching New Negroes, agnation & wealth — New whites foreigners & poor — The west near The church — The problem of Y Joshua — The grand fine — Education — Y.J. & Cyril — Doris runs from bed

Y.M. is divorced & returned to Town — Wage slavery distrust changes

Y J's mule & son — his learners — Colored leaders slave trade — The new sin —

Young Joshua — fat & jolly — lazy — braggy & cheap shoulder — deceit & lying — Lafayette & school @ 11 fight with Cyril

Joshua as personal servant — (Ransom started in 1820 — Cyril in 1821) — Emancipation — his church finances — the free Negroes — dines Cyril on school

The new whites — riot & fire — Master goes with town & line immigration — new leaders — treasure

Death — New Baltimore

41-1-585

Death of Ramsam II

Fright of young Jasper & Cyril
Finds Corpse him — dismiss done & Travel
a think against yo' master

Young Jasper marches — good natured
boisterous free — fun him — fun him ever whistle
drawing & whistle — never a man area
Marching — pocket book on — remember 63
Jasper hungs on his waist — my God you
old rascal & hang on Wall street

41-1-586

Jasper exclaims — deceased legal marriage — no
record — his church record destroyed — keeps old
note — looks him

His sentimental duty & meeting Cyril &
girl — Commences & travels — Cyril goes
grief of girl — J. Jasper left & marries her

Betrayer must no Freedom 7 years. Jasper
plays a scene. He is called & B.

41-1-589

he had armed — around against the body
guard.
Then the Rebels went on, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ seeing her as [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ slowly
she spoke a few words & always might to the darkness behind
went ahead & then on, her love around. Young
Jasher was born & he taught a number
& letters & money. She watched & longed and
dreamed a red bird taken reared & childs freedom
with 3 always words & then she never returned
Then Esther went & came & she began
Then came home & blind children & she
went told always she wanted Adelinde with
sorrow eyes. Then Jasher goes to take A. &
he must C.
walks & she has abandoned. He reads C. she
has abandoned. She would harvested. Col
returns & I tell his fears: he hears the
Lord has no child. E is there. She
talks. He runs for all reason. She whistles
She buried. young Jasher. She among men

41-1-593

1800 - 1850

Year + Faith

Harlem - Flamboyant
Faster Preaches
The New Worshiper
The Warrior
The Blood Sacrifice
Freedom
The New Christ
The Sermons of Tramp - The Sombre Child
The Dance + Trance

1850 - 1900

~~The Apostle of Hate + Fight = The Bible Teacher Caught~~

Young Faster 1817 - 1917 was Pastor of New Christ - Preacher of death + hell - Married - Redistributed in 1850 - the war; returned; ~~+ took~~ daughter marries future Bishop ~~+ seduced~~; his ~~dream of Negroes~~ + Company. The very core of pleasure The Journey in of The Contrabands; the Negro migration - Brooklyn - Cabaret New Social Lines. - The belt of Crime + prostitution; Murder + indulgence - dance + Theatre - ~~The Baptism~~ The Church moves - 3rd Bethesda. The New Bishop - The daughter - The New Pastor

1900 - 1925

Struggle & Beauty

The burdened Church - The violin
The new Pastor - Harlem - The
theatre & Jazz - The wrath of Jackson, Voice of Hope
- The Evangelist - The Walls is Conquered
Bethesda, The violence & great good daughter
of old wrecks down, War flames
hordes flame in. The shrill forms out
- Community Church - The Secretary
Pinky - The Secretary Awakens real-estate
The Fight for Segregation & Hope - The Color
The wrecks wrecks Pinky - & Reynolds
Novel gets The Publican time - Halsey
Playing the V's Symphony shrieks the
wretched - a black girl from the XYZ
Orchestra & Jazz drowns the Cancan germ
The Secretary weeps - what's it all
about? what's it all about?

The dancing of X ——— The Parting ways
Soul Cycles

Adelaide
her beauty
U fo woods
the boy
U fo sex life
the treasure in his
hunt
the Right
the voice
where there
the accents of the Elect
Her terrible comedown
her ugly sin
a velvet skin
who you
the runs
meets Col Plancon
exclaims
any one else? no
Col. R – attempts to
lie & tells the truth
a cargo of slaves – in
which a sin unidentified –
in the hunter – some
accepted – will find them
Rest this – devil
Jaspers world reeled
Tamb rejoiced, Mash
I know it Judas
the human story

/

Adelaide
Esther
the Church
Young Jasper
Wan
Death of A.
" " E

Foreigners
Leaders
Education
Young Jasper
Kidnapping
Death of wife M
new Bathesda

10000 - 25000

Dear Father Angel

You know us God. Have mercy on
us. But you think is on us. You will
guide you until to-day. You divine pity towards us
the hosts of evil powers. Watch how much to God
for your glory. Lead how might God. Send how
might. Lead the devil of Jesus cleanse how for
all ever. Amen

Slowly Jesus - return - the bed. The watch
the strange life. The might excuses.
The low - low. She watches Adelaide & A is founder
The gift of the Christ

Practice pray

The might of might

The Magdalene - the love & emotion

The marked woman

She declared love - suddenly a terrible
dream turned in love. She was rewarded with her emotion
the today turned down like a flame. She devoured love.
She guarded & clung to her. She babbled such words of
love, of utter surrender of adoration. Until the
world burst about her & the devil turned
Heaven into a dry huff was across the
room

The day slowly. All might be rested & fought
We held this in some terrible way he dead

41-1-591

Bethesda N.H.E

41-1-590

Uncle Jasper was preaching Christ Crucified.
His appearance – his audience – his words –
His sense of obligations – Annie Esther – her
Appearance – The exiles – The dance – The letter –
The Crucifix – The shrine – The furtive – The wistful
– The sorrowful – The sneering – The criminal – The tearful
– the shout – The dance of Annie Esther

Character of Uncle Jasper – Feared & God & Witch Doctored –
His childhood in the woods of Harlem after the revolution
– Col. Ramsom Duges moves to N.Y. – Jasper comes as
his body servant – The glory of New York & the boy of 10 in
1795 – Mrs De Peyster Ramsom – The Duchess Adelaide
drowsy rivulets – Uncle Jasper discovers Annie Esther –
His faith shaken but his reverence stands firm – the
Priests Old Master – The coming of Duchess Adelaide with &
death of Master Ramsom – The coming of mistress Adelaide – the
The First Patriotism – young Jasper
soldiers – The Weakness of Esther – Colonel off to war – the
disappearance of Adelaide – The Town – home on the Palisades –
The death of Esther – Vision of Jasper ~~slave, abductor~~ –

Abolition of slavery & schools – young Jasper – Marriage & son
Foreigners – Leaders – Jasper rebels – young J is kidnapped
death of old Master – The New Bethesda

Bethesda

1800 - 1850 - ~~Fear~~ Faith & Fear

Jasper (1787-1850 — His father 1700-1800)

The Harlem Plantation

Jasper preaches

Elaine leads

The woman & frightened child — Trance & Dance

The marriage

The blood sacrifice

Freedom - 1827

The new church

(~~Zion~~ Centre St) Redemption of young Jasper

Sermon of Triumph, renunciation, sacrifice

1850 - 1900 - Fear & Debauchery

Young Jasper (1817-1917)

Married - Somber wife & child - draft riot

Redemption

Slavery & war in South

His new wife & return

Surgery — Passion of Christ & Preacher of

death & hell — Joins Methodists — The Bishop

The flowering of Confederacy & many sinful

pleasures

The new lines of class — Flight & Prosperity

Color - Crime belt growth & Prosperity

Removals & suburbia — The daughter

And Bethesda - New Pastor - New pastor

41-1-594

2

1900-1950 Struggles, Beauty

The burdened church -

41-1-595

1800 - 1850

Of Uncle Jasker Diggs, Servant of The Living God and of his War of ~~Truth~~ Faith and Fear

---

1850 - 1900

Of the New Bethesda, Temple of Eternal Salvation and of its Fight with Fear and Sin

---

1900 - 1925

Of Bethesda, A.M.E. Community Church and of its Struggle between Sin and Beauty.

Uncle Jasker	1775 - 1850	Old Master	1760 - 1850
Aunt X	1800 - 1863	Young "	1800 - 1865
Young Jasker	1817 - 1917	his son	1825 - 1900
his daughter	1850 - 1900	his grand daughter	1860 - 1917
her illegitimate daughter	1870 - Ends	old Master	1770 - 1865
her daughter	1895 - 1917		

41-1-592

1865

1900 — HARLEM

Center m 53rd St

4th Ave

1880

Center m 20th & 30th — next 9th Ave.

1886 - St Phillips m 25th St

1917

1870

Migration to Brooklyn

Uncle Toms Cabin

3rd Ave

2nd Pastor of Bethesda

Grant

Second wife - Kitty Belle

1860

Center of Sullivan & Thompson near Avenue

1864

Dublin Draft Riots

Brooklyn plan Henry Lewis — 3rd Pastor of Bethesda

1915 Civil Courses

1915

1850

Jack Shirk

Ave, Kenmore Hotel

Avenue Pontiac — 4th Pastor of Bethesda

Police riot

riots & wreck Colored Woman Hogan, Mid Num Orph

1915

13072 - 1.9%

1864 Zion at 10th & Sterling

1863 Draft Riots

12,894 - 1.5

1856 St Phillips Mulberry St East Side

13,815 - 1.6

Pastorate, Negro suffrage

remain

'49 RIOT

1845

Cyrus Pr.

Ramona II

Cyrus Pr.

(shipwrecked)

Major Cyrus Dyer

NY - Negro — 9 rooms

1847

1840

Minerals

Slave Trade

2nd B

Yellow Fever

Third Water

Yellow Fever

16,358 - 2.7%

1836

1836 Colored teachers

1834 Public Schools + riots

garnet

1833

13,776 - 5.2%

1830

1827 Slavery abolished

1824 Lafayette

1821 Suffrage restricted

School, Mulberry St

migration to Brooklyn

10,886 - 6.9%

1818 - St Phillips Center of Evils

1820

1823

Hyde & South (Sun)

Water Supply

1817

1815 School - William St

1814 - 2000 Negro Soldiers

1813 Slave marriage legal

1808 Free African vote

1810

1803

Uncle Jacob — Founder of Bethesda

9823

8.8%

6382 - 10%

1799 - gradual abol. slavery

1800

Ramona Dwyer

1800 Zion Corner Church Locust

1796 Zion Church

1798

1786 African School, Cliff St

1780

Andy Sohn

1772

1795

1777 Suffrage

1776 Battle of Long Island

1770

1760

Daughters Immigrants

1741 Third Negro Plot

1740

1730

1720

Old Immigrants

1712 Second Negro Plot

1710

1709 - Slave market - Wall St.

1707 First Negro Plot

1704 — Negro School

1700

Defendants

To the Marshal of the North Sea

M.S.

---

against

C.B.G.M.M.H.D.

41-1-394

To Marjorie Maxwell in the North
Whose flying fingers
quick guided
Aurora Borealis and My Heart

41-1-365

World wide Rights
Edna Kissler
Golden Cross

Bethesda, A.M.E.

A Romance of Negro Religion

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

~~Chap. 0~~ - Of the ~~Beginning~~ End 1750

Chap. 1 Of Uncle Jasper Diggs. 1848 - 1868 25th - 50th

Chapter 2 Of the Coming of the Lord 1868 - 1880

Chapter 3 Of the Second Marriage ~~1881 - 1890~~ 1881 - 1890

41-1-361

Chapter 4. Of how Rev. John Hemingwardes ~~1900 - 1917~~ 1890 - 1908

Chap. 5 Of the Whirlwind of War 1917 - 1920

Chapter 6 Of how grace Meddendent 1920 - 1924

Chapter 7 Of the Rev. K. Grey 1924 - 1928

Chap. 8 Of how the Rev. J. H. Lowndes became bishop 1928

Bathesda AME.

1 The old man – Respectable – Fear – God – White Folks Bathesda (Bathesda but

2 – His old wife – Cook & Mother Shouter – Clairvoyant

3 – His young wife – Blanche beauty yearning for travel – her one child (New Bathesda)

4 Son – Education – Preacher – Procter Absalom – Bishop

5 Son's wife – ambitious – Wanted money

6. young or Son – bright – Casuist money (Grace – Bathesda)

7. The child – clairvoyant – Brown Beauty Edward – Lumumba – Marcus & George Son

8. The boy – Cyprus – Cleopatra – Delilah (Bathesda burns)

41-1-868

Bethesda ~~Bethesda~~

Book I. 1850 - 70 - 30 years

Jasper born in Mobile in 1830 comes to Ky in 1850 as butler & Old Master. He organizes Bethesda in 1855 - 8 Negroes. He marries in 1860. Bethesda is a baller in Faith against Superstition & fear - Jean & Lemuse. Bethesda burns after 8 years & Jasper visits & has a child a new Bethesda
20 years 8 + 1 =

41-1-538

Book II 1890 - 1910 - 20 years

Lowndes marries the daughter of Jasper Bethesda becomes the fight of Awakening against Crime & Art & Change & Big Business & debt Theodore Dreiser under Bowker while Lowndes becomes bishop The third Bethesda is bought in Harlem

Ten terrible years roll on

Book III 1920 - 30 - 10 years

The Free Spirit fights & Mysterious gropes. Rivercleare kills the chief Earl Mother shines with Earl & the girl marries Bowker. Bethesda burns & the new Cooperative is founded

41-1-582

	1815	— School - William St.	
4	1820	" Mulberry St	11 to N
5	1821	Suffrage restricted	Cyrus 3
8	1824	Lafayette	
11	1827	Emancipation — ~~11 to N.~~	— 6
		Abolition	— 7
18	1834	Riots - Pub. Schools	- 14
19	1835	Fire	— 15
20	1836	Colored leaders	— 16
24	1840	- 16 000	— 19
		Immigration	
34	1850	14,000	29

Young Jasper & School
his decent
abolition & free Negroes
The new whites
Riot & fire
The new leaders
Death of old Master
New Bethesda

41-1-545

Young Jaspers son

born 1837

When Gr J. Kentucky 15 yrs old

" " returns 1863 - 26

" " Daughter born 1865 - 28

" " Daughter marries 1890 - 53

Dies 1897 - 60

A Cynic - No moral hopes worth

Captain on train

Pilot in 1917 30

Born 1887

41-1-551

The Bodies of the Church

Immortal

The Trustees
The Stewards
The Stewardesses
The Members
The Visitors
The Choir
Classes + Class Leaders

41-1-283

Cora Carolyn

41-1-540

Bethesda Bethesda

1. Want to be
2. " " " Whole
3. " " " Kind — No man to answer himself — What is answer himself — We don't know

Rev. Abayomi is from Brooklyn.

Chapter 2

1. Uncle Jasper Diggs was praying for Power - Christ Crucified
2 - Christ Exalted & all Intercession
Licensed
3 Believers & grace Methodist
5 The ~~double~~ Triple organs
~~Christ Crucified~~
~~Peace & Faith~~
6 { Prophesy
Invisible
4 Teacher the white folks nigger - Christ Crucified - Fear & Faith

7 8 5 6 4

41-1-298

1. Uncle Jasper Diggs was preaching Christ Crucified & praying for the Power

The scene — room & people

The words; Come down down God
Stretch out your hand
left arm
heal them still
Kill the Devil & bring him dead
deliver us from Evil - Save us from the fire - Save us by thy blood & sweet Jesus

this Spiritual simile
his speech

2

My dear Servant Andrew
3 Things
The inner simile
Licensed
Called
Christ Exalted

3

1. Aaron slave of Mr. Bowden — Sunday ~~night~~ — gambling - implements & only have in hands

— ~~charge~~ absent — the girl - ~~money~~ - dance — Ole Power

9

The Shunt - Estelle Anthony - Mobile

8

Mobile

41-209

Bethesda AME.

50 Jesse - 1700-1770
78 — 1725-1810
85 Thomas 1755-1840
90 1750-1840
" James " -1820-1825
55 1855-1915
Julia 1851-1921
1900-

Levy

	Born in	Married in	Died in	Died in
Jesse	1700	1720	1721	1780
—	1721	1746	1748	1811
Thomas	1748	1773	1773	1848
—	1773	1813	1816	1833
Julia	1816	1832	1833	1917
—	1833	1858	1860	1884
Levy	1860	1895	1896	1920
—	1896			

41-1-22

Prologue

41-1-344

Bethesda, A.M.E.

John Diggs 1858 – 1918 ~~First~~ Second Pastor & Bishop

Justin Diggs 1820 – 1900 – First Pastor

Jerusalem – 1700 – 1820 – The Priest Patriarch

Kennard Diggs 189

41-1-345

The Revd First & Second Baptist

The original & antebellum St James

The Real Estate Diggs

The Mulatto daughter

The wife whose husband died queerly

The Husband Gal who spoke with Tongues

The Voodoo & Holy Rollers

The Rt Reverend

Dancing

The With Bawdy House

The Reclamation

One Place, one month

The Physician Johnson, M.D.

41-1-341

Bell	William
Bowker	Charles
Burnet	Edwin
Fletcher	Harry
Hardy	Abel
Javabu	John
Kayaji	Aaron
Pim	James
Shields	Samuel
Solanke	Robert
Snell	Nicholas
Harris	Joshua
	Ezekiel
	Isaiah
	Jeremiah
	Zechariah
	Ruth
	Esther
	Mary

The Physical Setting

Terrible Sound & Sight

Old Store house – ugly & dilapidated

Surroundings – exposed, desolate, homely

Grave – ground but over done, refilled atlantic

Arbor – small sapot gutter for a beach – a swamp

41-1-355

41-1-360

Keep the main thread of Belshazzar

& the fore:

Contortions ?

White Folks

* Old Invader — god + aristocracy — Old Race

Young " — Pleasure + Charm — his young wife

" Mistress — Pretty + fickle

New daughter — Jealous + wasteful — Negroish daughter

meets Colored artist

marries Real Estate shark — rich + unscrupulous

* New son — Power + Pagan — The Black Man

+ new Lover

* marries outsider Catholic

* Burn with Belshazzar

41-1-371

41-1-369.

Balkiesha

Character Crises

The making of a White folks nigger destitute superstition & seduction of his race

The making of a British subject deceptive belief result of shrewd greed — believing diplomat

(Proctor) — Sen. in Com & Ind Minister

The making of a Saint

" " " " Cynic

~~Barrack Room Ballads~~

daughter - deceptful — ambitious -

Pagan — trusted wealth & power

with ease

Batteckes

Decree of High church

Spiritualism

Occultism

Healing

Religions of Oneness.

41-1-366

1 Fate
2 Resignation
3 Creed + Fatalism
4 Grandma Calhoun
5 Cynicism
6 Faith

41-1-367

1 – Voodoo
2 – Rev. Arthur Jameson
3 – Rev. Jameson Jones
4 Mrs Jameson
5 – Jack Quinlan
6 – Mary Jones

GENERAL FUND

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH

Amount $ _____

Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

In 1697, there were: whites: 3727; colored:575. Total, 4,202.

41-1-584

The first horse railroad was projected in 1831, connecting the center of the city with Harlem, and followed a few years later by the establishment of the steam railroads. In the middle of the Thirties, New York boasted of six playhouses, the most frequented of which was the Park Theater on Park Row, established in 1798, and one visitor described the city at this time as the gayest place in America. Nevertheless, as yet there was no running water in the houses, wood was still the oil fuel in use and whale oil was used for lamps. Gas was not introduced, And amid this somewhat anomalous gayety came its greatest setback—the awful fire of 1835, which distroyed 600 buildings, causing a loss of $20,000,000, and almost ruining the city ~~dangerously~~.

41-1-588

mob, also, attacked the church of the Reverend Peter Williams, a respectable colored clergyman, who happened to be of opinion that slavery was not the best possible condition for his African brethren.

Such were the principal proceedings of the anti-abolition mob of '34. How many longer they would have continued their outrages, had they not been wearied with the business—or had they not become, after about three days, to meet with some decided symptoms of opposition from the police, we know not.

Notes on Mobile, Alabama

MOBILE

(Craighead, "Mobile, Alabama, 1883")

Page 5

Leaving this wharf front where even now the army of workmen if busy constructing vast rows of piling and erecting immense barriers along the water line so that commerce may be benefited, the visitor passes up Government Street, and, turning to the right, goes along Royal. Here he finds the theatre on the right and the quaint old Spanish Tower of the municipal Guard House on the left. In this theatre a series of the most interesting performances are given in the season. A little further on, he comes to the corner of Dauphin, to the principle retail street in the city. Passing still beyond, the wanderer reaches the Battle House, an ante bellum hostelry of fame, which has long had its period of rest and has now shaken itself together again for a great stride forward.

41-1-293

Page 7

Commerce Street is ever busy. It is the forum of pork, corn, bran, oats, cow peas, potatoes and cabbage. Here the rattle of the dray is ever heard and the chow-chow of the mighty locomotive is never quiet. Upon this wide and spacious street may be seen the enacting of the busy scenes of commerical life. This is the center of Mobile's wealth, of influence and of her grandeur. We go to the right and turn into Dauphin St. We leave behind us the steaming cotton compresses; we abandon to the left the long rows of stately ships which lie at the wharves receiving cotton and lumber, and march straight up the street, passing store after store, occupies by merchants whose names are household words in Mobile. We pass across Royal--having doubles on our track.

We notice the beautiful and live oak-empowered Bienville Square on the right.

Pages 12-13

MOBILE AND HER RAILROAD FACULTIES

The railroads have had great influence in changing the tide of trade and bringing a season of torpidity to Mobile. Mobile's only competitor for trade in the interior was New Orleans, and everything bought in that city had to pass and pay toll at the water gate of Mobile. The mail line of steamers ran daily along the sound. Freight was piled house high on the wharves, commissions were many and bulky, storage and handsome revenue and money was plentiful. Rivers were filled with well built and powerful side wheel steamers. Planters as far as 200 miles up each of the four streams transacted their business and spent a large part of their money in Mobile. After the war the tide of trade surged higher than ever and these people waxed fat with the wealth poured into their laps. But presently there came the steam trains and the locomotives. Mobile built two of the roads and helped build another. Suddenly she discovered that she was cutting her own throat and at once ceased operations in this direction. But notwithstanding her efforts she soon found goods from New Orleans going into Alabama by rail and marked "through freight". At the same time, the eastern and western lines cut across her rivers and absorbed for inland towns and northern ports the cotton and supplies which Mobile had always considered her own.

Then came the collapse of the enormous business. The mail lines steamers were sent elsewhere, the wharves rotted down, the blocks of great warehouses lost their tenants, the enterprising merchants moved to New Orleans. The re-action was all the greater because of the sud-

464-1-34

41-1-295

denness of the downfall and many of the citizens fled because of the example of others. It was indeed the time to stand up in the mart and curse the railroads which had accomplished all this ruin. It would have been idle at that time to suggest that railroads would in time confer a benefit many times the value of the trade and wealth lost by their introduction.

The history of Mibile does not differ from that of any other place in this regard, [illegible] The railroads have opened up the country and reached into the vast iron and coal fields of northern Alabama and have at one stroke made Mobile the cheapest and best coaling station upon the Gulf of Mexico. It is true the roads have taken one third of Mobile's cotton trade, but in this Mobile is suffering a little ahead of other Gulf ports, and is not suffering alone. The wise recognize that the cotton business of this country is seeking the shortest way to the northern and European markets and that even New Orleans, must indeed lose her cotton supremacy. In exchange for this so-called "robbery", the railroads have given Mobile cheap coal. Coal will profitably be put on vessels in Mobile at a much cheaper price than formerly. This is not all. The upper portion of the state is being peopled with iron men and new furnaces are being almost daily added to the the list of those already established and coining money. Whatever enriches the people of Alabama, enriches Mobile, Alabama's chief city.

Page 16

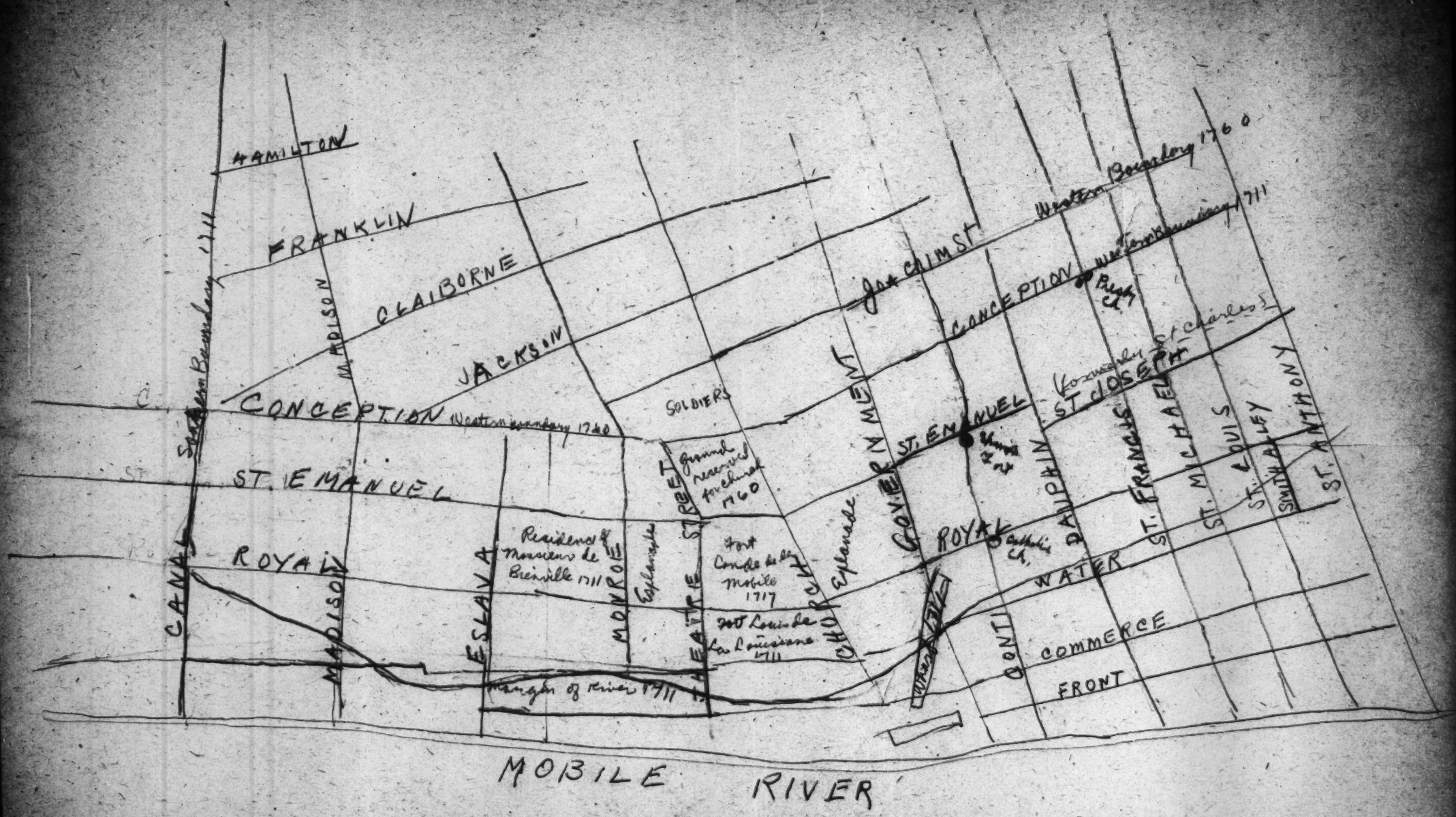
As one industry shrank by force of circumstances, the monied men of Mobile noticed that there was growing up under their eyes another one in addition to the truck farmers. Saw mills began to be erected here andthere throughout the section immediately tributory to Mobile and log booms were to be seen lining the shores of the rivers and the

large creeks. They knew what this meant. Over in Baldwin county, on the other side of the bay, they had known men to grow very rich by use of such machinery and they heard that the ambitious and well-to-do town of Pensacola owes all her prosperity to industry of this sort. Then too Mobile was backed by an almost virgin forest of the best and most desirable yellow pine in the country--a wood that is sought after by ship and bridge builders, by furniture makers and by house finishers, showing the variety of uses to which it can be put. They discovered that the swamps along the coast and back from the rivers contained cypress of the best quality--a wood which is almost everlasting, is white, hard, and easily worked. For many styles of work it excels any other kind of wood.

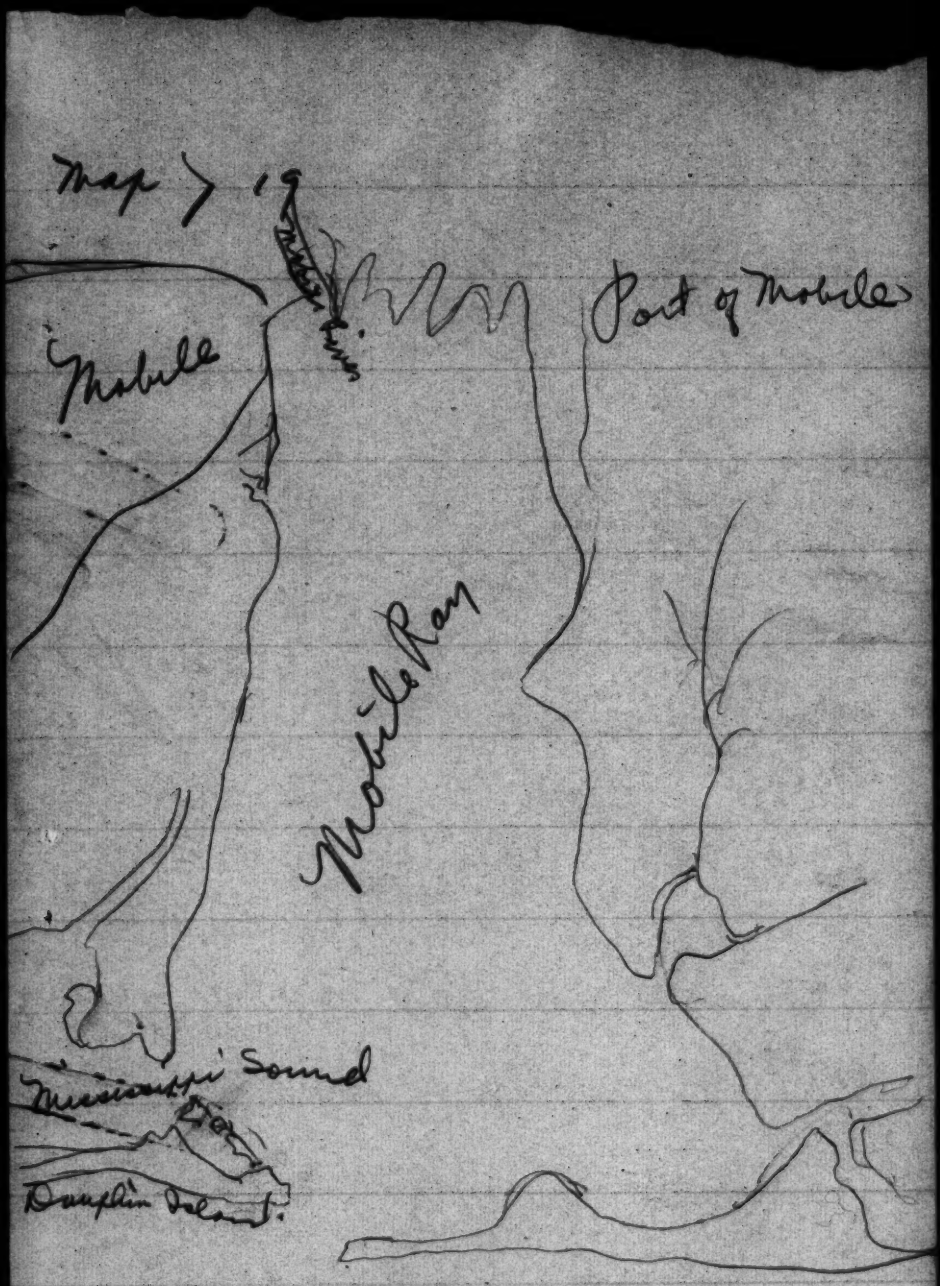
Seeing these things--which were, of course, not entirely new, but were presented in a new light--the capitalists here got themselves in to the line of march and profited by the gifts of nature.

Page 19 Map

41-1-297


HAMILTON
FRANKLIN
CLAIBORNE
JACKSON
CONCEPTION
ST. EMANUEL
ROYAL
CANAL
MADISON
ESLAVA
MONROE
Esplanade
LEAIRE STREET
GOVERNMENT
CHOCTAW
DAUPHIN
WATER
COMMERCE
FRONT
JOE CHIM ST
Western Boundary 1760
Western Boundary 1711
Soldiers
Ground reserved for church 1760
Residence of Messieurs de Bienville 1711
Fort Conde de la Mobile 1717
Fort Louis de la Louisiane 1711
Margin of River 1711
ST. JOSEPH
ST. FRANCIS
ST. MICHAEL
ST. LOUIS
ST. ANTHONY
MOBILE RIVER

42-1-292


Map No 19
Mobile
Port of Mobile
Mobile Bay
Mississippi Sound
Dauphin Island

ABC-1-14

MOBILE

(Hamilton, "Colonial Mobile")

Free Negroes

Juan Batista Lusser (1797)

Julia Vilars lived on the site of Temperance Hall. She was granted in 1792 the northeast corner of St. Charles St., and St. Jago with the dimensions of 60 by 120 feet.

In 1792 Martha Triton was granted the next corner north.

Rosalie and Angelica

Auguste Colin--corner on St. Francis

Farther down the coast which is now Bellefontaine, Charles Mioux had a house and plantation. Upon his death his heirs who lived at Bay St. Louis, sold it to Mary Anne, a free Mulatto, for $60. She in turn, sold it in 1996 to Charles Lalande, a free man of color.

41-1-304

Page 126

At last all was ready and the expedition embarked. Five hundred soldiers were there from the garrisons Natchitoches, Natchez and Mobile, including, too, a company of volunteers from New Orleans and another of unmarried colonists, besides forty-five Negroes under Simon, the brave free black. They embarked in front of Fort Condé in thirty large pirogues and as many flatboats.

Page 180

We have known Indians and have studied white men of Latin extraction; but Law's Company of the West introduced a new human factor in America. D'Artaguette had urged importing 200 Negroes from Cuba on account of the inefficiency of Indian labor and some Africans had been brought at various times, but it was one of the

duties of the company to supply Louisiana with Negroes direct from the Coast of Guinea. So diligently did it perform its part that the population of the colony rose from under 1000 in 1717 to over 4000 in 1720, and of this total, one-fourth were slaves. Thus there were white, red, and black men on the scene. Their activities and relations make up the internal history of Louisiana.
(Powell's"Historic Towns of Southern States")
Page 350

It was generally of frame, filled in between with mortar. In front was a wide porch, or gallary, as it is invariably called, often extending around the house and a long hall, going all the way through, opened into the rooms on each side. The chimneys were generally of native brick and the house and surrounding picket fence were whitewashed.

41-1-305

Page 358

Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, included America in his grand tour, and in January, 1826, he also was at Mobile. He does not mention Lakanal at all, nor the Protestant Union Church built a few years before, where Christ Church stands. But the Catholic church on Royal and Conti with its tin altar service and the 3000 people--French, American, Indian and Negro--interested him; the compress, which by a vise reduced the bale one-third; the thirty vessels in the harbor waiting for cotton; the volunteer company celebrating the battle of New Orleans; the wooden houses and brick public buildings; the plank walks and the gambling houses; the prison, with its whipping post, are all recorded.

Page 359

In 1830, the cotton exported exceeded 100,000 bales. In 1837, over 300,000 and by 1840, it was almost 450,000. The population grew to 12,000. The results were apparent everywhere. The United States Bank and the State Bank branches and others were organized. There was paper money galore. Water and gas were introduced; lands for Bienville Square were bought by the city.

Page 360

The city gres in all directions; old Creole homes gave way to modern houses; the Orange Grove Track was built up in warehouses, and St. Michael St., because of all its shipping interests, was called the British Channel. New streets were opened, Spring Hill became a famous summer resort and handsome residences soon adorned both shores of the Bay.

41-1-306

Then came the panic of 1837, in which, however, the Bankof Mobile is said to have been one of the four banks in the whole country which did not suspend. Everything else seemed to go to pieces. Even the city government made an assignment. To add to the distress, in 1839 was the most distressing of all fires, in its two attacks sweeping Royal St. and Dauphin and St. Francis up to where the cathedral then stood unfinished.

Page 361

He persevered, and in 1848 the Mobile and Ohio Railroad was begun towards Cairo, Ill. Wt was a magnificent conception and it was fitting that Baldwin should have driven the last spike of its realization. The result was that by 1860 the cotton receipts had grown to 800,000 bales and the next year were about 1,000,000.

Page 365

Later the streets were alive with Confederate uniforms for camps were in the suburbs, and Government Street was the scene of memorable reviews. Society in those war times was often gay. Courts too, continuted open, although litigation was limited.

Groceries and staples changed hands much as ever, but at prices measured in greatly depreciating Confederate money. $200 for a barrel of flour, or finally even for a pair of shoes, and $1200 for a suit of clothes, were not unknown. The wits said that a basket was as much needed to carry the paper money to market as to bring back what it bought. After a while cooperative association, with agents all through the country to buy supplies, became necessary in order to get things to the city at all. Coffee and some other articles almost disappeared and various substitutes were used. Books and even money were even printed on material that once would have been discarded, and the rough Confederate writing paper remains a curiosity.

41-1-307

Page 366

One new occupation came into being. While Semmes of Mobile, in the privateers Sumper and Alabama, and Maffitt in the Florida, were destroying all northern commerce which they could find on the ocean, the Federal navy was blockading Southern ports. This was done to prevent supplies from getting in and cotton from getting out to Europe and thus doubly to cripple the South. Blockade running by swift Confederate vessels became common and often successful.

369-375

Obstructions and torpedoes filled the channels between Fort Gaines and Morgan except for a short distance immediately under the guns of Morgan. Within the Bay lay the Confederate fleet, consisting of three

gun boats and the powerful ram, Tennessee. This vessel was equipped with five inch iron ar mor at Mobile. The whole Confederate fleet mastered 1470 men and 200 guns, while the Federal consisted of 14 steamers and four monitors carrying 2700 men and 199 guns.

Farragut started on his passage early in the morning of August 5th, his vessels leashed in pairs, the monitor Tecumseh in the lead. Brooklyn with her mate came next and then the flagship Hartford, the Admiral in the rigging. As the procession neared the fort all engaged on both sides in a cannonade. Suddenly the Techmseh lurched and sank, a torpedo in her side. The Brooklyn wavered and backed--confusing the whole column, giving the gunners in the fort an opportunity of which they made good use. ThenFarragut pushed the Hartford to the front and restored order and led the others into the bay. A little boat rowed out to save all who did not go down in the Tecumseh and the Confederates refused to open fire on them.

41-1-308

An engagemeny followed with the little Confederate squadron, but the odds were too great. One gunboat was sunk, another captured and a third got away to Mobile and the ran took shelter under the guns of the fort. The Tennessee made straight up the bay to ram the Federal fleet. In spite of the odds she held her own, seeking the Hartford which was too swift for her to overtake. She did not desist until her plates were loosened, port shutters jammed, smoke stack carried away and many of the crew wounded and Admiral Buchanan disabled. Then at last she hauled down her flag. Faragut sent Buchanan and the wounded to Pensacola.

Troops landed on Dauphine Island had alread driven the Confederates into Fort Gaines and it was invested by land and seas. Farragut had an interview with Colonel Anderson, telling him that resistence was useless

and inducing him to surrender the fort with all its stores. The Pelham Cadets, Mobile's home guard of young men, had lately bean sent down and they were captured with the regular garrison.

General Granger landed at Navy Cove with an overwhelmning force, and by the 22nd, Fort Morgan was completely invested by army and navy. The disipline of the garrison was perfect, standing the test of continuous bombardment. Many shells were thrown into the fort and at last the walls were breached in several places. Further defense was impossible and after destroying everything capable of destruction General Page surrendered.

41-1-309

General J. E. Johnston is said to have pronounced Mobile the best fortified city in the Confederacy. If the fortifications on or near the Tensaw River could be taken, transports could be sent behind the torpedoes and obstructions to the city wharves.

Therefore Canby with 45,000 troops including a column under Steele from Pensacola undertook to overcome about 5,000 Confederates in Spanish Fort. Randall L. Gibson, since Senator from Louisiana, was there in command, reporting by telegraph to D. H. Maury in Mobile. Gibson handled his 1500 men well from Fort McDermott on the right, Redfort in the center and along the line to the swamp. The principal gun at Red Fort was dismantled and the Federal gunners dismantled the whole fort and killed several men at their posts. Spanish Fort held out 13 hayd against over 30,000 men. The rifle men in the opposing pits even became friendly and joked with each other. The fleet after three vessles had been sunk by torpedoes, picked up enough torpedoes to get within reach, and the discovery of a passage through the swamp made it necessary to abandon the whole fort. Blakely with its garrison

of about 2000 was finally stormed on April 9, the day Lee surrendered in Virginia.

Maury felt that he could not hold Mobile with only 4,500 men for the Federals could not attack from the river and land at once; so he withdrew to Meridian. Blakely was the last great battle of the war.

Federal troops occupied Mobile immediately upon the surrender by Mayor Slough on April 12, camping in the suburbs on Government St. and elsewhere. One unfortunate result was the terrible explosion on May 25th from the careless handling of ammunition in a warehouse on Water and Lipscomp streets. There were hundreds killed, $700,000 of warehouse property was destroyed and the whole business section of the city was injured.

41-1-318

Pages 375-377

Mobile since the Civil War, offers a fruitful field for study. The few flush years when commerce was first revived; reconstruction, with slaves over masters; bond issues from 1870 on railroads that were never built; resulting in bankruptcy in 1879; the panics of 1873 and 1893, the first of which depressed everything, while the other showed that Mobile had become sound again; new railroads and commercial growth in every line; the cutting of a ship channel, 20 feet deep, through the bars to the lower bay; the rivalry of Gulf ports with eastern harbors for the western trade to leading American cities and even European ports; the passing of the once dreaded yellow fever; the good relations which have existed between the Negroes and the whites since they were relieved of outside interference; the Cuban War with its American Soldiers (some from Mobile) encamped on ground once occupied by Confederates; and the picturesque embarkation of troops for Santiago; extensive municipal improvements; impressive public structures such as the Y. M. C. A. Building, new hotels and the Semmes Statue; the

advance of literature, also which has kept Augusta Evans as Mrs. Wilson and added Madame Caudron, Father Ryan, T. C. DeLeon, Amélie Rives, Hamnis Taylor, and others:-These things afe important but are of too recent treatment to discuss here.

41-1-311

MOBILE, ALABAMA

41-1-539

(Location and description from a pamphlet about Mobile)

Mobile is situated at the mouth of Mobile River, where it empties into the Mobile Bay. It covers an area of about 17 square miles and occupies a sandy plateau rising gradually from the river and bay and reaching an altitude, six miles west of the river, of more than 200 feet above tide water. It has excellent natural drainage and an abundance of pure water. The city is the only sea port in Alabama.

Mobile Bay is some 28 miles in length and has an average width in the upper part of about 12 miles spreading out to 20 miles in width in the lower portion, at which point it contracts to an outlet only three miles in width.

(Annual Report of the Board of Directory of the Mobile Chamber of Commerce, Fiscal year, May 1, 1926 to April 30, 1927)

Page 15.

The bringing to Mobile of hydro-electric power by the Gulf Electric Company is one of the most important advances for the city. Transmission lines were completed into Mobile over a distance of approximately 130 miles at a total cost of $3,000,000. Mobile and Pensacola Florida, are the only two ports on the Atlantic Seaboard or the Gulf enjoying hydro-electric power South of Baltimore, giving this port a decided advantage in attracting new industries.

Page 23

The committee cooperated with the Alabama Power Company on the advent of hydro-electric power in Mobile.

(Mobile Board of Trade for the year ending November 1, 1877)

Page 28

The value of her foreign imports in 1827 amounted to something over a million dollars; in 1827, it amounted to $1,600,000. The value of her exports amounted in 1825 to $10,000,000; in 1876, to $15,000,000. Her annual receipts of cotton are subject to the usual fluctuations, depending upon the crop; but within the past 10 years, her market has received shipments from cotton growing sections that formerly traded elsewhere and within that time, her receipts have shown a gradual improvement while those of 1876-77 show a percentage of the whole crop about equal to that of the previous year.

Page 30

41-1-3/2

Her lumber interest has within a few years exhibited a marked improvement. In 1874, her shipments of lumber amounted to over 6,000,000 feet; in 1876, she reported nearly 12,000,000 feet and this did not include cargoes not cleared at the Custum House, nor shipments to the interior.

In no branch of industfy has Mobile's progress been more conspicuous than in that of naval stores. Its growth has been steady and continuous. In this commerce, the value of her receipts in 1824 amounted to $1,105,000; in 1876, her receipts were much greater and notwithstanding prices ruled lower than ever before, their value amounted to about $1,200,000, while the year just ended, shows a still greater increase.in value.

Page 31

In manufactures, while no large incorporated companies have been formed, owing to the serious obstacle presented by the state constitution, that of double liability of stockholders and subsequently to the depression in every branch of commerce, individual effort has, with its small beginnings, accomplished a great deal by giving

employment to a large number of operatives and by foreshadowing the possibilities of more extensive enterprises.

Page 32

The Bay of Mobile presents in a marked degree, the essentials of a good harbor. It is almost completely land-locked, and affords a safe and capacious roadstead for vessels of more than 20 feet draft.

.....

41-1-313

The distance from the city to the mouth of the Bay is about 32 miles, but at a distance of about 27 miles below the city, is a splendid roadstead known as the lower anchorage, with an area of 10 or 12 square miles and a depth of 21 to 23 feet of water. Within a distance of 6 miles northward from this anchorage, the Bay shoals to a depth of 13 feet, which it maintains to within 10 miles of the city while in the opposite direction, we have a deep channel about 10 miles in leggth leading to the outer bar, over which vessels drawing 22 feet of water can safely pass.

(Fourteenth annual Report of Mobile Board of Trade for the year ending November 1, 1882)

Page 3

Near it is a limitless forest of longleaf pine with its resinous products interspersed with savannas, the home of the deer. Partridges and turkeys are to be found also on the hills near the city as well as on the eastern shore of the Bay. The Bay is dotted with villages which are the summer homes of the citizens of Mobile.

Within a few miles of the city lies Spring Hill at an elevation of 200 feet. It is a suburban village where, since before the War, wealthy people have dwelled. This is easily reached every two hours

41-1-314

by horse car which carries out daily mails. From its elevated plateau the garden lands between it and the city, the city itself, the beautiful Bay and the heights of the "Eastern Shore" may be seen. This city is on the eastern edge of the plateau, which reaches from the elevated country South to thevery border of the Bay and Gulf, a continuation of the great Appalachian range.

Page 5.

This plateau like the whole country surrounding Mobile, is the home of the longleaf resinous pine. It is intersected by numerous crystal streams which spring from its bosom.

Page 8

A recent writer said: "Mobile sits where great rivers meet and at the golden gate, in the world of waters. Nature has worked wonders for our own Gulf City--the pride of Alabama--and we cannot fail to appreciate the fact, that she must, by the very force of circumstance, be a great city." She lies on a bay of the same name, which has a leggth of some thirty miles, while varying in breadth from 8 to 20 miles.

Page 10

The vicinity of Daphne (Howard's) sees Spanish fort, whose battered earth works, unchanged by time, still passive to the bitterness of the contest for its possession which consumed an entire week and cost numberless lives. And at the mouth of the Bay lies Fort Morgan, on Mobile Point; Fort Gaines, on Dauphin Island; Fort Powell, on an island at Grant's pass. These witnessed the terrible conflict between

Admirals Faragut and Buchanan. Much about this bay is of historic interest and now, that almost a generagion has passed, may not only with interest but improvement be investigated.

Page 15.

41-1-345

The silent forces of nature during all this time, have been quietly at work to make the destiny of the location no longer problematical. In the later part of the dast century, the bar near Fort Morgan was about ten feet wide upon it, but after the lapse of 50 years, with only natural agencies at work, this was found to have deepened to 16 feet; while now, after the passage of another 60 years, 23 feet are found upon it. This too, without the application of science or skill.

The city remains a quaint town, with a quaint history involved, in many changes of masters since Bienville planned it and named it for the now extinct race which flourished until De Soto's mailed adventurers overthrew them in their pride. But withal, it is a busy, bustling, American city now; while apart from its stores and bazaars, its wharves, workshops and railways, in its tree-embowered streets, it retains yet the sweet langour and aspect of peace which belongs to the cities of the South the world over.

Majestic oaks and magnolias shade the broad streets, while the banana and Japan plum and the feathery china vie with the rose and jassamine in shedding fragrance upon the brounds of the citizens.

Mobile is on a plain shut in by slight hills at her back, washed by Mobile river to a bay at her front and fanned by tempered breezes of the Gulf stream. The diadem of this city of the Gulf is her pretty bay looking out to the limitless sea.

Page 4 in the front of the same pamphlet

The opening of the harbor, by the completion of a ship channel

of 17 feet depth from deep water in the lower bay to the wharves of the city, marks a new era in our prosperity. It is certain that we shall see the good results of this work so far as our lumber and coal interests are concerned.

41-1-316

Page 5.

For the first time in the history of Mobile, after more than a century of rule by successive governments, French, Spanish, English, Colonial, Federal, Confederate and Federal again, we have a harbor and open entrance to the rivers, which, while not yet worthy of geographical conditions of the vast territory drained by these waters, are full of promise and must inevitably be productive of fine results.

Page 8.

The improvement of the channel by the General Government was begun in 1827; the depth being at that time 5½ feet at Choctaw Pass and 8 feet in Dog River. Up to 1857 the amount of $288,830 had been appropriated, the result obtained was a Channel 10 feet deep and 200 feet wide through the Pass and the partial dredging of a channel 10 feet deep with an unknown width through Dog River. This channel followed the line of deepest water and current of the bay as nearly as possible. In 1860 the cut through Choctaw Pass had shoaled 7½ feet depth, while that through Dog River Bar remained unchanged.

(10th Report, 1878)

Page 6

The value of our lumber exports in 1877 was $136,482; in 1878, it was $173,265. The exports of rosin doubled in quantity and were almost double in value.

The importation of all staple articles of merchandise was largely in

excess of the previous year.

Page 7

Another source of congratulation is the erection and success of a second cotton mill during the past year. This mill began work with 1344 spindles and produces from 900 to 1000 pounds of yarn, rope, twine, carpet warp, etc., a day, using from 10 to 12 bales of cotton a week and employing about 35 operatives. With its present capacity, it can use 600 balew annually. The capital stock was $27,000 all of which was paid up. So successful was its operation that recently the capital stock has been increased to $50,000 and the number of spindles and capacity of factory will be doubled.

That first factory, that of Mr. Irwin, has entered its sixth year. It consumes 7 bales a week and employes 18 hands. It has increased its production about 15 per cent.

4/-/-37

(11th Report, 1879)

Page 43

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

The most significant fact to which the merchants of Mobile can not close their eyes is that our imports and exports have been less in value during the past year than at any period since the war. Our imports which have heretofore averaged in value $1,500,000 the annum, have diminished to $546,667. This is due, in great part, to the removal of duty on coffee, which for some years before 1878 was our chief article of import; but mainly to the fact that the low price of American manufactured goods has reduced importation generally at all ports. It is not a matter of regret that importation of iron and iron goods and all coal has ceased, since the fact is evidence that the home supply has increased. The time is not far distant, it is to be hoped, when Alabama

will be able to supply this part with all the iron goods and the coal needed by our customers.

Pages 44 and 45

GENERAL REVIEW

While there is room for regret in the present condition of our business, there is much for which we should be grateful--which should inspire our confidence in the future. Real estate has shown a perceptible increase in value. A third contton mill has been established upon our bay which will consume one thousand bales of cotton and will add $100,000 to its value. The three mills now in operation will soon add $250,000 to our wealth, sufficient to sustain a laboring population, men, women and children, of several thousand.

(FROM MOBILE'S PAST, 1925, Craighead)

Page 7

On Jackson Street, the west side and between Dauphin and St. Francis streets, is a row of two story, gallaried, dwelling houses, such as one sees in numbers in New Orleans, and are typical of the French quarter of the city. These dwellings are flush with the inner edge of the sidewalk, the gallaries extending to the curb line. The portals of the dwellings are recessed and have blind-doors, or jalousies as well as the more substantial wooden "front" doors. There is a narrow hall in each house, with a stair to the upper floor. Opening upon the hall are the parlor and to the back of that, the dining room.

Page 25 (about 1702)

Not many months passed before Biloxi was declared to be unsuited to large cononization operations such as Iberville had in mind; and the depot or station was moved to Dauphin Island, then called Massacre

41-1-318

Island, at the mouth of Mobile Bay. At this depot several cargoes of immigrants and trading goods were unloaded. The situation proved unsuitable for trading, however. The distance that had to be covered in rowing boats and barges before the country of Indians, could be reached, determined Iberville to locate a trading post on Mobile River, he selecting the uppermost of the two first points of high ground on the bank, at what was known as Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff. There is no bluff there, but merely a good piece of bank, called a bluff because there is no bank elsewhere for miles south. On the so called bluff and on the ridge stretching back into a pinewood covered flat, Bienville established his colony and built a fort, which he named in honor of King Louis, and distinguished it as commanding the country of the Mobile Indians: Fort Louis de la Mobile was the name in full. The fort was 360 feet square, with bastions and six guns at each corner.

41-1-319

Page 39 (about 1837)

At that time, the shopping center was along Water Street and on Conti, extending to Royal. The great fire in 1837 practically wiped out the retail district and when rebuilding took place, business shifted to Dauphin St., and was at its best between Water and Royal Streets. The public square was a treeless place and whether enclosed by a board fence, as was the case later is not reported. Mr. Bromberg says his father told him that the square was used by the residents of the neighborhood for drying the family washing. Fronting Dauphin St., and extending back into the square was a livery stable of brick, in the upper story of which were kept the cocks which were trained for fighting. The cock pits were on the West side of Royal Street, between Conti and Government streets, and were advertised by illumned transparencies over the doors of entyy to the

pits.

Page 48

I was detained here two days awaiting the steamer to New Orleans, and passed the time most delightfully driving about the beautiful forest paths which surround the city. The weather was divine and flowers of great beauty were yet in abundance.

January 1, 1835. The sun shines powerfully and the sky is pure and clear. After breakfast, lounged about the very clean streets of this pretty city. Then procured a neat turnout and drove as far as Choctaw Point, whence we had an extensive view of the Bay of Mobile with the Southwest coast of Florida. Our way lay through a forest of pine-oak, many little rivulets crossing our path, the sides of which were decorated by a hundred different shrubs and plants from the magnificent grandiflory, here growing 18 to 20 feet high, to a lowly rose. The vegetation is rich, winter though it is.

41-1-320

The presence of the ghostly looking cedar with its funereal draperies of moss, was common throughout Carolina and Georgia, but here it is unknown; the forest is a series of regular avenues, pillared by the loftiest pines; and there is no undergrowth except in little dingles through which a brook may creep its way. The rides in this vicinity therefore are most attractive. At one point, during our rambles, we come to an abrupt sandy hill at whose foot runs a sparkling rivulet, in the midst of which one of the aborigines stood, raising water in the hollow of a gourd and laving with it his coal black, shining hair. He looked like a bronze cast from the antique.

Page 70

Fort Louis Revisited (1916)

It is a short run through the woods, through Ellicott's Stone to the spot where Bienville forst placed the French flag, on what is now

Alabama soil, and located the seat of government of the province of Louisiana. The route is over a level country, indicating that it follows the backbone of the ridge of high land between the creeks that enter the Mobile River on the West. After a little, there is visible a considerable settlement, still in the almost virgin pine forest. Then we come to Salco Lumber Mills with its office building and the main dwelling houses on the bank of the river and immediately where Fort Louis de la Mobile was situated in the olden days. The monument erected in 1902 by the Iberville Society on the bluff overlooking the river stands now in the side year of one of the dwellings and a patch of new growing potato plants decorates the foregfound. When the monument was placed, there was no habitation there or anywhere near; the bluff was as solitary as it had been for nearly 200 years after Bienville and the colonists abandoned it; and the woods and brush barred the view westwardcompletely.

41-1-321

Page 78

In the early fifties Bienville Square, known at that time simply as "The Square", was a collection of sycamore trees, weeds and grass, and surrounded by a board fence of two or three planks nailed horizontally on the South side, midway between St. Joseph St., and the main walk leading to Dauphin, was a ramshackle frame building, used by a man of the name of Kelly as a stable. Kelly had so long occupied the property that he felt he owned it, and could not be induced to vacate. One night a party of citizens moved out his stock and other property and tore the building down. Kelly then bought the land just south of the People's Bank and erected a large two story brick stable using the second story for storage of hay, etc. One night a fire started in the hay loft and the building was completely destroyed making a very hot fire. The wall of the incomplete customhouse became

heated and the granite scaled as now seen, because of water thrown on it by the firemen. Most observers see only the portion of wall near the southern entrance to the Post Office, but the damage done can be notices from the top southwestern corner all the way down.

Page 80

The building at the Northeast corner of St. Francis and Conception, the property of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church, was for sale. After some negotiation, this property was bought by the society. The upper floor was made into a hall for general use. Lectures were delivered there, notably by one John G. Saxe, the poet. Then the society had lectures by its own members, I recall by W. T. Walthall, R. B. Owen, L. E. Brooks.

41-1-322

Page 89

Blakeley, the city on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay, and Mobile on the Western shore, and situated opposite each other, were great rivals in the twenties and thirties of the last century. Blakeley had the best of the prospects of becoming a great city. There was not much of Mobile to begin with, although it was more than one hundred years old. In fact, the Americans practically began a new town here in 1811-12-13, for all they inherited was a small, mixed population, a row or so of one story buildings, some high sounding street names, a brick fort and a system of much disputed land titles. By 1822, however, Mobile had 1200 summer and 2700 winter inhabitants, 240 dwellings, 110 stores and warehouses, a Catholic and a Protestant church, two seminaries, two newspaper printing offices, a postoffice and custom house, one bank and three hotels. The custom receipts were about 45,000 bales.

Blakeley was even more advanced, having its cotton factors and warehouses even more numerous than Mobile's; a newspaper, a hotel or two, a steamboat company, a sea port of entry. It is regarded that the rapid advance of values made several of the people there wealthy. One of these was Joseph E. Sheffield, who came out from New Haven, as many New Englanders did in those days, to make their fortunes in the South. It was he who presented the $100,000 to Yale college, which gift was the foundation of the Sheffield Scientific School of the present Yale University.

41-1-323

Page 90

"As to Strickland," said Mr. Frederick G. Bromberg when hewas asked about him, "I can tell you he was the man who was run out of town before the war for lending a copy of Mrs. Stowe's book 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'."

"I have heard it was because he sold a copy."

"No. He didn't dare to; but some friend wanted to see the book. He had curiosityto see it, and Strickland loaned it to him. For that he had to go. The fact that he possessed the book in Mobile caused something like a riot and he was ordered to go north at once. There was the 'Learned Pig' also," continued Mr. Bromberg. "The pig was exhibited up on Beauregard Street--what is now Beauregard Street--and that intelligent animal, using lettered cards, predicted that Negroes soon would be free. That was enough. The pig and its owner had to leave between two suns."

"Before the War?"

"Surely, a good while before. There was no one that thought the Negroes would be free, for there was not even talk about it. But predictions like that and the makers of them, even pigs, were very unwelcome in Mobile."

Page 93

Every visitor to Mobile hears of the "Old Spanish Tower" that was pulled

doen in 1895 to make way for the present police station and at present on St. Emanuel St. The tower was memorable for its curious shape if not for its beauty or elegance. Souvénirs of it are preserved in embossed sppon handles, sold by jewelers. The tower surmounted a quadrangular building that faced an interior court, connectgd by an alley with Conti Street. Its side slanted inward for twenty feet above the roof of the building and then ran up square, and at the top was a wooden belfry containing the bell. In tha room below was the clock, with its four faces showing from the walls of the tower. The main building was the municipal prison, and was divided by a corridor, upon which opened the doors of the cells.

Page 95

41-1-324

There was formerly, and even down to the day the tower was demolished, a sedond bell in the belfry, suspended to the frame work that supported the roof. This was what would be known nowadays as a locomotive bell. It was a lighter make and of clearer voice than such a bell. It was remarkably clear-sounding and its treble could be heard at night quite as far away as the clock bell.

This Bell was rung at nine o'clock as a curfew. Originally its ringing was the signal for the slaves to be indoors and for the patrol to make its rounds.

"Run, nigger, run,
The patrol will ketch you!"

is the beginning of the old song of that day. Negroes after that hour were to be indoors unless they bofe written permission from their owners.

Page 96 (About 1861)

For a number of years it was the cuatom to place a sentinel on the tower to give afarms of fire or riot or fight. From dark to daylight this sentinel's duty was to call the hours and half hours; and many isthe time I have heard old "Brandywine" sing out the time in clarion voice:

"Half past nine o'clock and all is well!" Rain or shine, hot or cols, no matter the weather, the loud voice of the sentinel could be heard, and though foul murder may be done, destructive fever rage or fire sweep away blocks of valuable property, as was the case during the yellow fever epidemics of 1839 and 1854, and the fires of the first named year, or the city be as quiet and calm as the ocean after the storm has passed, all persons within hearing would be told in slow and measured words that it was "nine thirty o'clock, and all was well".

Page 100

AND OLD RAILWAY GUIDE

41-1-325

Mobile was one of the few important points in the South that flew the Confederate flag unmolested after the full four years of the great intra-American war; and here the Southern sentiment had free and uninterrupted sway and reached its completest flower. Naturally, as the contest went more and more against the South, as times became harder and the hope of success less, partisanship was accentuated. That generosity that accompanies success dissapeared, and in its place appeared suspicion, jealousy, hatred and persecution. It was not pleasant to live in Mobile in those days. On one sider were the suspected, continually explsed to insult and injury; and on the other, the suspicious, active in tale-bearing and in bringing the disloyal to book. Indeed the spirit of discord grew by what it fed upon and there is no surprise felt in learning that personal inquiry extended sometimes in matters not connected with the political issue. "How is it?" asks the self-appointed inquisitor, "That W. D. Prout, a druggist of Mobile, charges $4.00 a pound for flaxseed, when George Coster and Company sells a better article for $2.00? Come, Mr. Prout, look out!"

Page 101

There was one Delacour, who refused to take Confederate money in

satisfaction of a note for $1600 that Mr. Shieble, "The well-known baker", owed for a consignment of flour. That's enough for Delabour. "Traitor!" in big capital letters for his. ""People of Mobile, Southerners, how long will you permit such a man to remain among you?"
Page 128.

After the war when affairs were in chaotic state, to the white man of the South disfranchised because of their participation in the war, and the Negroes recently freed, crowding into cities to exercise and enjoy privileges of citizenship conferred upon them, there existed in white circles no little fear of the unknown, which unknown took the shape of the probably action of Negroes, as they concerted together for attack upon the whites. There was existing also the felling that arose naturally in the hearts of white people upon seeing a servile class all at once raised to a position of power and political control over the more intelligent people who before were the unquestioned governing force.

41-1-326

Very little was required to set trouble afoot and hence came what were styled the Negro riots, the cause of intense excitement while they lasted; and resulting very quickly in the re-establishment of white rule.

The story that has been handed down from that time is to the effect that during the period of Negro domination, the Negroes viewing as a badge of servitude a certain iron ornament in the public square--the statue of a ragged Negor archer that was custodian of an iron deer--removed the statue in the night and buried it as signifying the burial of slavery forever.

Another story was that white men, apprehending that the spectacle constantly presented of a young and well-fed, but not otherwise prosperous Negro, engaged in the occupation of holding a chain attached to a white man's deer, might lead to some outbreak on the part of the Negores, came at night and took away the statue and threw it into the river; and that

from that time neither hide nor hair of the aforesaid has been seen by mortal eye.

Page 133.

Mr. Jones was the beginner of a number of things, some of which have persisted to our own day. He was the introducer of street railroads here, the first line being on Dauphin St. That was in 1860.

Page 138 (About 1868)

I first knew Klosky went he operated a chop house or quick lunch establishment down on St. Michael St., on the north side, east of Water St., when the Cotton Exchange was domiciled across the street and the cotton merchants were princes and knew how to spend their money.

Page 139

Accordingly Simon expanded his business and was proprietor of a very imposing diningroom, he having found tfor his purpose tha main floor of an old bank building on the northeast corner of Royal and Conti streets, which for some time had been in need of a permanent and successful tenant. Klosky made the old building to live again and his new "Delmonico's " became the chief resort of the town. Klosky gained reknown, far and near.

Page 140

Klosky decidad he would relocate. He said he was working too hard for the owner of the property. A little later the news came that Klosky was to leave Royal St and to into what was a side street with no better neighbor than the police station and the police jail thatat that time faced Conti St. The public thought it was folly. Klosky, however, guessed better than did the others. Thm He built

41-1-327

a hotel of three stories, with a spacious dining hall on the ground floor, the same in which the auction was held last week, and when he changed location, he carried his reputation with him. Klosky's on Conti, was even more successful than Klosky's on Royal; and with the beautiful Mrs. Klosky, as his housekeeper, he conducted an establishment that will long be remember for its neatness, cleanliness, comfort and food repute.

The business was maintained as long as his health lasted. The good old gentleman suffered a terrible shock in the great storm of 1906 that flooded the Bay on whose eastern shore he had his summer home.

Page 144

41-1-328

In the biography of Joseph Jefferson, an actor, whose father, Joseph Jefferson the second, also an actor, diéd in Mobile in 1842 having fallen victim of yellow fever, while still acting on the Mobile stage. The stricken man, all in his theatrical costume, was conveyed to his home at the southwest corner of Conception and St. Michael streets attended by members of the "Can't Get Away Club". Mr. Jefferson writes: "At the time of which I write, there lived in Mobile a talented and beautiful la dy by the name of Madame LeVert. She was the belle of the city and courted by the first in the land; her brilliancy and wit had placed her in the center of a rich setting, of which she was the shining jewel. Added to her worth and elegance, was a kind and beneficent nature always seeking new objects to bestow its bounty upon. She was a patron of art and literature; nothing was too high for her understanding or too little for her kind consideration. I think all who remember this fascinating woman will indorse my description of her character. It is natural that I should have a grateful remembrance of this lady as what I shall relate will show.

My father's death and the failure of the boarding house attracted Madame LeVert's attention. She called on my mother and hinted in the most

delicate manner that as the season was about to close, she would like to get up a complimentary benefit at the theater for the children (I think the widow was uppermost in her mind)." Now as the "Stocking" was on the eve of suspension, my mother redily consented. So the belle of Mobile aroused the enthusiasm of her many friends, the public caught fire and the benefit was a success.

Page 187

Prodigies have grown numerous in our day, but some fifty years ago, they were very rare; and of American origin they were almost an unknown quantity. Search the records and but two will be found--Blind Tom and Willie Pape; and it is curious to note that the last named came forward as a child to give his assurance that Tom was a genuine musician.

41-1-329

235-36

Madame Sara Bernhardt, the famous actress, appeared in Temperance Hall. Imagine the situation: Temperance Hall, partitioned off for about twenty feet for a stage, the partition being made of domestic, stretched on studding uprights and covered with wall paper of the most hideous domino pattern and a glaring color; the stage about twenty feet wide, 12 feet in clear and disgraced by the worst lot of scenery the eye ever gazed upon. No dressing room for the Divine Sara--nothing but the corner fo the stage with a sheet hung up. Dirt and dust everywhere; and dilapidation emphasized.

Madame Bernhardt came to the hall early to make up for the performance of "Camille" and she had an hour in which to contemplete the surroundings. As she contemplated, she began to warm up to her subject. She commented upon the magnificence of the environment, the marble floors, the Brussels carpets, damask curtains, and the array of fine furniture, Armand, the elegant property for his exquisite Marguerite. Her associates

observed that "madame faisait la moue", and they knew well that that portended to an explosion. Curtain up, Madame Bernhardt went on without acknowledging the cordial reception accorded her, and began from the start to "guy" the audience. Her prize trick was to speak her lines as rapidly as she could pass the words over her tongue and that not only made what she said unintelligible but it threw all the actors out in their response. The audience recognized very soon that there was a big joke being perpetrated, but most of them present being unfamiliar with the langu age, did not comprehend just how far the affair was going. Bernhardt appeared to be getting some sort of control on herself as the play advanced but when she saw the banquet property in her honor in the duke's palace, she broke up and let go. The papier-mache roast fowl was too much. She grasped it by the leg and feat with it upon the table giggling and laughing and then rushed off the stage with a shriek leaving her guests seated at the table and motioning to the prompter to ring the curtain down.

41-1-336

The curtain down made no change, however, for there was nothing between the hysterical actress and the audience but a sheet of domestic covered with wall paper and her screams could have been heard a block away. Professor Schlesinger did his best to drown the noise with the music of the orchestra and at last Dr. Heustis came in front of the curtain with Mr. Snow and they announced that the lady was too ill to continue; and with this announcement, dismissed the audience. The actress weak and exhausted, was carried to her car.

THE BLACK FLAME: A TRILOGY

1957, 1959, 1961
Fragments and notes concerning the trilogy

Bruce — you're kidding, Mandarin — why have you done this?

I wonder, he could collaborate — almost considering the subject a credit — the angry crowd drew — reporters wrote ruthlessly

Mandarin — got any money — why Allah Like Mandarin? No Standard Jacob your dad, stock — I know it now this contract — it's in your hands, Capital days

Even then X's, Thomas? this root $25,000 — he has a contract — Jacks Thus not most damned As I say — I'm a fool to Peter about Chan Ramos, I Peter's blast — No1 Realist?

you'll get them.

Mr Mandarin — Dark — I'd like to thank Ramos — if you don't mind

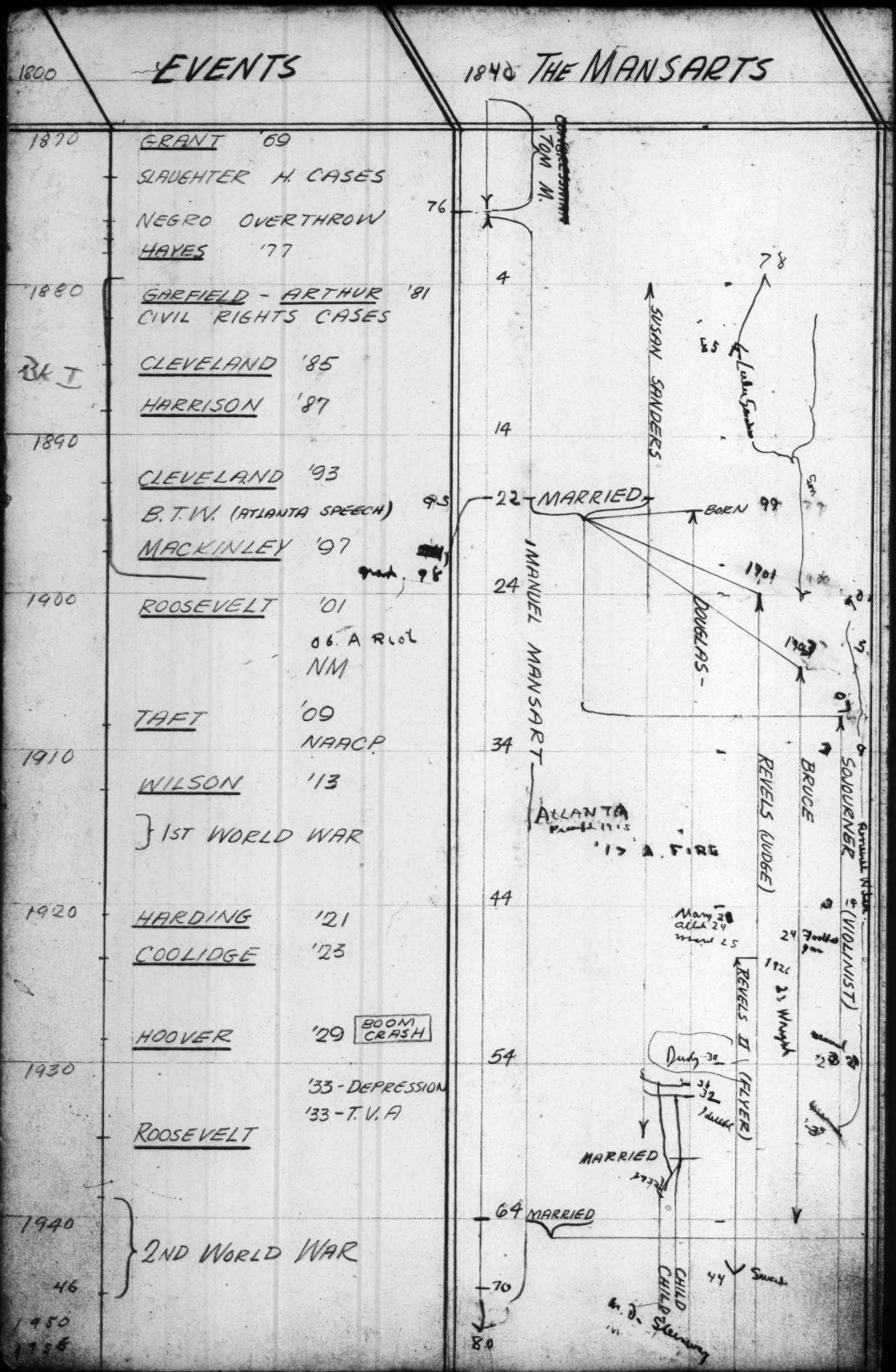
Unless a dollar else I can share — I just gave $1,000 — to charity

8-X1-80

Manuel was surprised to realize how far he had always regard:d white folk as normal and "egroes as abnormal. He had seen more blacks than whites, yet always in certain places under certain circumstsnces. But the normal countenance, in the main streams of life was w white. Now suddenly all this was changed. Now he could see how startlingly abnormal a pale, colorless white skin could be. It hinted of ghosts, unreality

danger

41-9-58


1800
EVENTS
1840 THE MANSARTS
1870
GRANT '69
SLAUGHTER H. CASES
NEGRO OVERTHROW
HAYES '77
1880
GARFIELD - ARTHUR '81
CIVIL RIGHTS CASES
Bk I
CLEVELAND '85
HARRISON '87
1890
CLEVELAND '93
B.T.W. (ATLANTA SPEECH) 95
MACKINLEY '97
1900
ROOSEVELT '01
06. A Riot
NM
TAFT '09
NAACP
1910
WILSON '13
1ST WORLD WAR
1920
HARDING '21
COOLIDGE '23
HOOVER '29 BOOM CRASH
1930
'33 - DEPRESSION
'33 - T.V.A
ROOSEVELT
1940
2ND WORLD WAR
46
1950
1956
TOM M.
76
4
14
22
24
34
44
54
64
70
80
SUSAN SANDERS
MARRIED
BORN 99
DOUGLAS -
MANUEL MANSART
ATLANTA
'17 A. Riot
REVELS (JUDGE)
BRUCE
SOJOURNER (VIOLINIST)
REVELS II (FLYER)
MARRIED
MARRIED
CHILD
CHILD
44
70

Sophocles 1803

THE BALDWINS

Breckinridges

SAM SCROGGS

THE COYPELS

TH

1828 1852 (57) 1855 1825 1830 (35) 1846

MARRIED 1860

Clara Miss. D. Dunn

John Pierce III

1861

PIERCE III

1907

BETTY LOU

OLD DR. BALDWIN

JOHN BALDWIN (BANKER

MARRIED

Lee Baldwin

1914

MAYOR

J.W.W.

(Established T. Bank.)

John Reed SHELDON (R.R. & COTTON)

HENRIETTA SHELDON

Lucile Wall

Sc-995

K.K.

1872

OVERSEER

TALMADGE

SCROGGS

1884

1888

1889

RENOLD COYPEL

LOUISE SWIFT

1899 Richard graduate

1903 MARRIED

Barn

ATLANTA

1914

ZOE COYPEL

JONATHAN SWIFT (CHAPLAIN)

1917 War

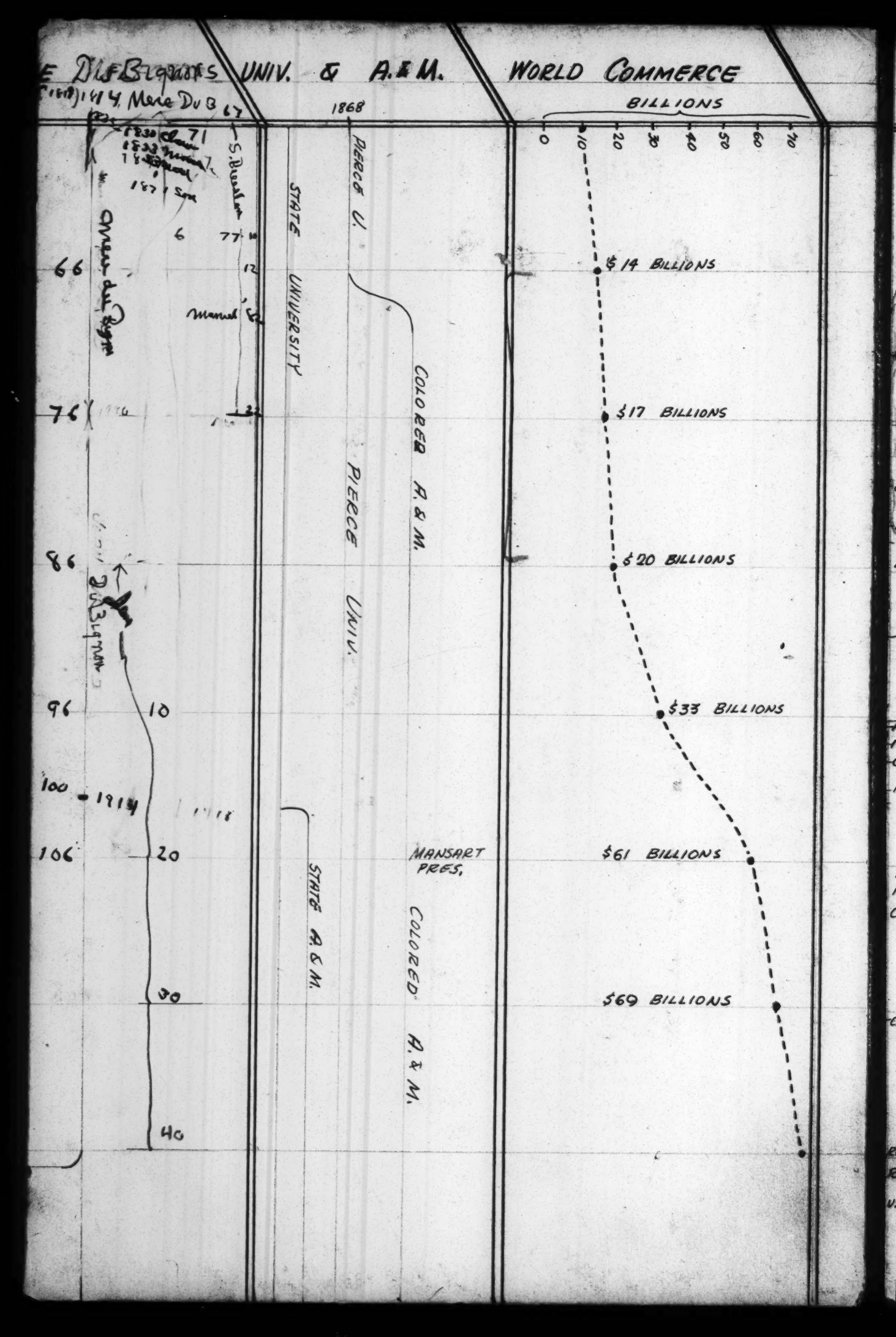
1925

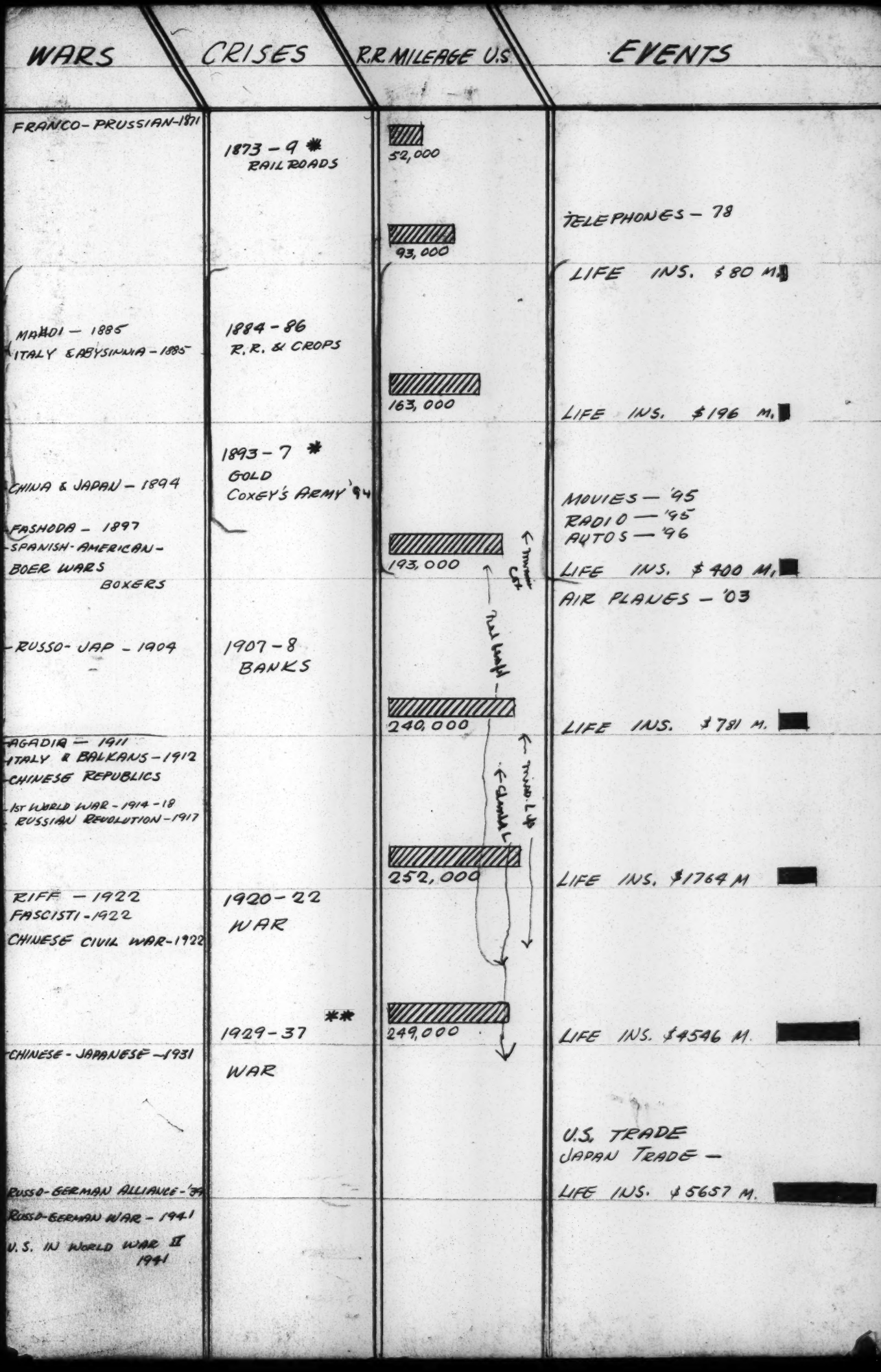
1927

MARRIED

1933

1976


E Du Bois
(1868) 1914 Marie Du B
1830
1833
1867
S. Brooks
Manual
66
76
86
96
100
106
10
20
30
40
1914
1918
1868
PIERCE U.
COLORED A. & M.
PIERCE UNIV.
STATE UNIVERSITY
MANSART PRES.
STATE A. & M.
COLORED A. & M.
UNIV. & A. & M.
WORLD COMMERCE
BILLIONS
0
10
20
30
40
50
60
70
$19 BILLIONS
$17 BILLIONS
$20 BILLIONS
$33 BILLIONS
$61 BILLIONS
$69 BILLIONS


WARS
CRISES
R.R. MILEAGE U.S.
EVENTS
FRANCO-PRUSSIAN-1871
1873-9 *
RAILROADS
52,000
TELEPHONES - 78
93,000
LIFE INS. $80 M.
MAHDI - 1885
ITALY & ABYSINNIA - 1885
1884-86
R.R. & CROPS
163,000
LIFE INS. $196 M.
1893-7 *
GOLD
COXEY'S ARMY '94
CHINA & JAPAN - 1894
FASHODA - 1897
SPANISH-AMERICAN-
BOER WARS
BOXERS
MOVIES - '95
RADIO - '95
AUTOS - '96
193,000
LIFE INS. $400 M.
AIR PLANES - '03
RUSSO-JAP - 1904
1907-8
BANKS
240,000
LIFE INS. $781 M.
AGADIR - 1911
ITALY & BALKANS - 1912
CHINESE REPUBLICS
1st WORLD WAR - 1914-18
RUSSIAN REVOLUTION - 1917
252,000
LIFE INS. $1764 M
RIFF - 1922
FASCISTI - 1922
CHINESE CIVIL WAR - 1922
1920-22
WAR
1929-37 **
249,000
LIFE INS. $4546 M.
CHINESE-JAPANESE - 1931
WAR
U.S. TRADE
JAPAN TRADE -
RUSSO-GERMAN ALLIANCE - '39
LIFE INS. $5657 M.
RUSSO-GERMAN WAR - 1941
U.S. IN WORLD WAR II
1941

DARK PRINCESS

1928
Draft fragments

The minister ~~stared.~~ quailed:

"But what good? What good? Murder and murder mainly of the innocent; revenge, hatred and a million 'I told you so's!' 'The Negro is a menace to this land!'"

"Yes, yes, all that; but not simply that. Fear; the hushing of loose slander and insult; the curbing of easy discussions to deprive us of things deeper than life. They look out for the Indians' war whoop; the Italians knife; the Irishman's club: what else appeals to barbarians, but force, blood, war?"

The minister ~~still stared, until Matthew laughed.~~ answered slowly:

~~"I don't mean it, of course," he said. "I know we're rising and getting on. Only sometimes sometimes it gets on my nerves and I feel like smashing something."~~

~~"Some here and then too~~; Are we getting on so far? Aren't the gates slowly, silently closing in our faces? Isn't there wide-spread, deep, powerful determination to make this a white world?" ~~and~~ The minister shook his head; then he added:

"We can only trust in Christ—"

"Christ!" blurted Matthew.

"These things get on our nerves, of course. But the mass get worked and the embankment. We've come a long way in a short time as time moves. We're rising — we're getting on"

But Matthew brooded:

30-1-146

30-1-94c

notify the train conductor of the extra stop, 75 82. The conductor placed the blame on the porter.

"Damn niggers are good for nothing," said the angry man. ~~Matthew was unable to tell another passenger the name of a creek they were passing.~~

"I don't know, Madam."

"Well, don't you know anything?"

Matthew silently continued his dusting.

The bell rang furiously. To Matthew's splitting head it seemed always angry. He brought cup after cup of ice water to people too lazy to take a dozen steps.

"Why the hell, don't you answer the bells when they ring?" growled the ~~man~~ who had the drawing room. Bring us some C and C ginger ale and be ~~damned~~ quick about it."

"Sorry but the—"

"Don't answer me back, ~~I'm a Southerner.~~ nigger

Matthew went and brought Cliquot Club, ~~They~~ Apparently the passenger did not know the difference. * the only kind they carried

It was dinner time and he got a moment to sit down in the end section and dozed off.

"Do you hear," an elderly man was yelling at him, "which way is the diner?"

"Straight ahead—second car."

The man looked at him. "Asleep at your post is not the way to get on in this world," he said.

Matthew looked at him. His patience was about at an end and the man saw something in his eye; he turned away and added:

"Young man, my father fought and died to set you free."

"Well, he did a damned poor job," said Matthew and he went into the smoking room and into the toilet and shut and locked the door.

P The porter was supposed to be a making every stop on the Southern Railway. Crossing the country they were traversing.
"What Town is this?"
~~"Do you know this town?"~~
"Greensboro, Madam."
"What Mountains are those
The Blue Ridge, Sir.
What Creek are we crossing

30-1-94c

30-1-94a

of the extra slot 75 82

notify the train conductor. The conductor placed the blame on the porter.

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"Sorry but the—"

nigger

"Don't answer me back, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~I'm a Southerner.~~

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30-1-94b

"Is this Chesapeake Bay?"

"It is a portion of it, Madam."

"Is this donkey trying to be smart!"

Section XII

It was morning. Matthew opened his eyes slowly and stared at the high white walls. There were two blurs before him. One on either side. ~~They~~ Graduatally, as he shut his eyes and opened them again, they resolved themselves into two faces. Then he knew them. One was Perigua; the other was Jimmie's little black wife. Where was he? He strove to set up. He was in a hospital. He wanted to rage. He wanted to tell Perigua and ~~Jimmie's wife~~ everybody that he was a murderer. Poor Jimmie, ~~But~~ Perigua, revenge! All these things he strove to say, but the nurse glided by and stopped him. She gave him something to drink as he fell asleep.

Three days later he was out of the hospital and he and Perigua and ~~the little~~ Jimmie's wife ~~were~~ met together in a big brown house on Fourth Street. He poured out his story and they listened. Perigua said nothing. But the little wife put her hand timidly in his and said:

"You are not to blame. It was not your fault." And then she added. "We had the funeral. I wish you had been there. But they would not open the coffin. They would not let me see his face." And she repeated, looking up at Matthew, "They did not let me see his face."

Then Perigua said:

"He hadn't any face."

There rose a shriek in Matthew's throat. It struggled and surged, shrilled and broke to horrid silence within him. The hot tears burned in his eyes. Something died in Matthew that day. He ~~stopped and~~ put all his savings into the little mother's hand and ~~rushed out with~~ kissed her gently on the ~~Perigua~~ door. "good-bye" he said and "god forgive me!"

Perigua showed him newspaper clippings.

~~(Continued on page 92)~~

sat down and smoked and silently

XII

When Matthew awoke it was morning. He was in a hospital and there was a face bending over him. He knew it was Perigua. He wanted to rave. He wanted to tell Perigua and everybody that he was a murderer. He could see that wife and child. Poor Jimmie—poor laughing Jimmie—Perigua—revenge—all these things he strove to say but Perigua stopped him and the nurse came and gave him something and he fell asleep.

It was three more days before he was out of the hospital and he and Perigua were together in a big brown house on Fourth Street. He poured out his story to Perigua. Perigua listened and said nothing. He only showed him newspaper clippings. Christmas had passed. The Klan was holding its great meeting in Chicago and the papers were full of news about it and pictures of the members. They seemed to be making some sort of compromise with the Catholic Church; they had apparently dropped the fight on Jews; but they were concentrating on a campaign against colored peoples throughout the world and the world were listening to them. Moreover, they were adroitly seeking to ~~unite~~ fit ~~certain~~ the dark peoples ~~allies~~ against each other—Japanese against Chinese, Indians against Negroes, Negroes against Arabs, Mulattoes against blacks. They even had certain Japanese and other Asiatic guests.

"That special train will return in triumph next Monday," said Perigua, finally, looking at Matthew gloomily.

Matthew brooded. "We must do something, Perigua," he said, "We must do something—something startling."

Perigua leaned forward and glowed. "Something to make the world sit up!"

"Yes," said Matthew, "and my plan is this: I'm going to write and demand a meeting of the national officers of the Porter's Union in Chicago. I'll attend and tell my story of Jimmie's lynching and demand a nation-wide strike of porter's until somebody is arrested for this crime."

Perigua's face fell. "Hell!" he said.

~~Finally~~, With great fanfare of trumpets and waving of flags, the Klan Special started South. The porters were grim and silent. ~~A special~~ One of the organizers of the Union had a hurried meeting with them just as they left, and on the way down there were frequent conferences. The train was to leave Cincinnati without a single porter. There was little porter's work to be done at night, except making the remaining berths and this would have to be done by the conductors and the passengers themselves. ¶ It was not after all a very bold scheme or one calling for great courage. Even Matthew felt how futile a gesture it was. And yet he knew that even this much might not have been feasible, had it not been helped by the fact that none of the porters wanted to go South at this critical time; and fear, therefore, boosted them to strike for principle when under other circumstances many might have refused. It was extremely unlikely too that any porters who were laying over in Cincinnati or who lived there would volunteer to take the striker's places. As the diner was detached at Cincinnati the waiters would not have to take a stand. They were to disappear quietly so as not to be asked to serve as porters. ¶ As a last incentive Perigua had secretly planned a step which sickened Matthew when he knew it. The little black wife and her tiny baby had come North to bury what remained of poor Jimmie. Perigua kept her in Cincinnati to be there when the strikers marched into the depot.

Perigua came down on the regular train before the Klan Special and brought the little widow to see Matthew. She hurried into the room and stood there at one side, looking small, wide-eyed and ~~grey~~ pale. She shook hands with some of the local porters who learned she was there; then turning to Matthew, she said:

"We had the funeral. I wish you had been there; but they would not open the coffin. They would not let me see his face." And she repeated looking up at Matthew, "They did not let me see his face."

"He ~~hadn't~~ had'nt —any face," said Perigua.

30-1-148

Perigua arrived in Cincinnati an hour before the Klan Special was due. They sat again in the big gloomy room on Fourth Street. Matthew detailed his activities. It seemed to him that all was going well. Perigua smiled and was silent. Then at last he laughed out loud.

"Come with me," he said. He took Matthew along Fourth Street, then turning went down the hill to the depot used by the Southern Railway, they went on beyond the depot to an old schoolhouse, and gradually circled toward the back. Through an old and dirty window they looked in. At least twenty-five porters were there, all in uniform, already for work; but not a single face was familiar to Matthew. They were new men, young men. He could tell by their actions that they were untrained. Few of them he was sure had done much if any porter's work before. They heard steps approaching and Perigua hurried Matthew away.

"What does it mean?" said Matthew.

"It means," said Perigua, "That they have collected these green porters from all over the South to break the porter's strike. And for every man that leaves his car in Cincinnati there will be at least two right on the spot ready to take his place." Matthew swore.

"But they'll strike anyway," he said. But Perigua sneered.

"When they see this bunch of new men, not a single one will strike. They'll rush back to the cars like sheep afraid of losing their jobs."

And then quickly he straightened up. "Good bye," he said, holding out his hand.

"Where are you going?" Matthew asked.

30-1-149

~~115~~ 96

There rose a shriek in Matthew's throat; it ~~struggled~~ and surged; swelled and broke to horrid silence within him. The hot tears burned in his eyes. Something died in Matthew that night. He stuffed every cent of his savings and all his little jewelry into little Jimmie's soft hand and ran out with Perigua.

"Where are you going," he asked.

Perigua glared. "I'm taking the next train south," he said with blazing eyes and nervous gestures. Matthew stared.

"But," he expostulated. "The Klan train will not arrive ~~until~~ for an hour ~~later~~ yet!"

"I shall need that hour," said Perigua.

"And you will not see the strike?"

"No—~~[illegible]~~ because there won't be no strike"

Matthew gripped Perigua's arm with his own nervous, shaking fingers.

"What's your plan, Perigua?"

Perigua faced him, speaking slowly & decisively "I used to run on this route to ~~[illegible]~~ Florida, through Cumberland Gap. Did you see the Gap when you came up?"

Matthew shook his head.

"Well, we come down the valley from ~~Lexington~~ Winchester and Richmond and rush into the hills; and suddenly we meet the mountains, and diving through one great crag, the tunnel emerges as from a rock wall onto a high trestle which spans the river Powell. Hm! great sight! All right. Now for the great Pullman strike!"

"But Perigua—what have we to do with—with scenery? and anyhow the cowards don't strike?"

Matthew knew the answer before he asked. He saw the heavy black bag which Perigua carried so carefully. He knew the answer. Perigua's mind was made up. He was mad—a mad desperate fanatic. What—

"Scenery!" laughed Perigua. "Well when the Klan Special sees that scenery—when it reaches that trestle the trestle ain't going to be there."

~~Matthew talked for time.~~

30-1-150

"Wait!" said Matthew. "How will the world know that this wasn't an accident rather than--revenge."

"I've got posters that I printed myself."

"Give them to me."

"What for?"

and Tyng & Elmd.

"What is going to become of it?" ~~he~~ Matthew asked slowly, talking against time.

"I am going to blow it up." said Perigua.

"But how can you do it? Where can you stand? How can you fire any charge without elaborate wiring to get yourself far enough away?"

"I am not going to get away," said Perigua. "I am going to sit right on that trestle and I am going to hell with it."

~~Matthew looked at him~~. They looked each other straight in the eye.

30-1-151a

"What are you going to do about it?" whispered Perigua.

Matthew hesitated. "Nothing—" he answered slowly.

Perigua approached Matthew and there was danger in his eyes.

"You'll peach?" he whispered.

"I'll never betray you, Perigua."

"Well, what will you do?"

Matthew was silent.

"Well, speak man," growled Perigua.

"I'll keep still." said Matthew.

"All right, keep still. But listen, man. It's going to be done and if you can't be a man, don't be a damned tale bearing dog!"

He started away. Matthew's thoughts raced. Here was the answer to that sneer of the Japanese. The world would awaken tomorrow to the revolt of black America. ~~Matthew's~~ His head swam.

He ran after Perigua and gripped Perigua's arm. Matthew was all atremble. He whispered in Perigua's ear.

30-1-151b

"I don't believe what you have said. I don't believe the porters will back down before the scabs, but if they do—"

"Well, if they do, what?" asked Perigua.

~~"[illegible] on the Klan special as a scab, and I'll go to hell with you."~~

"By the living Christ," said Perigua, "you've got guts!"

"No," said Matthew, "I am a coward. I [illegible]

If the porters don't strike, I'll go on the Klan special. Do as a scab — and I'll go & hell with you."

Perigua gripped his hand.

"I've searched through ten millions," he said, "and found only one who dared. Now I am going. Here! He thrust a bundle into Matthew's hand. Placard the cars with them after midnight. And say—O here it is—here's a letter [redacted]."

30-1-152

XIII

The Porters strike was over before it began. The officials had early wind of the plan and by the time the Special reached Jacksonville rumors of the host of strike-breakers, ready & willing reached the porters ears and were industriously circulated by the Conductors & other employees. There was a movement of steamer by the passengers as the train drew into the depot. Reporters came running and a number of colored people who had learned of something unusual stood about. In the early morn, a crowd of new porters & greeted the Pullman officials ~~and the policemen detailed to guard~~ an unusual number of policemen bustled about and ~~scattered~~ the crowds

"Come - clear the way - move on!"

"Where are you going?" one of them asked Malden impudently. Leaning by the grill and straining his eyes M. had waited in vain for the porters & some ten cars & march and according to the plan agreed on. But a porter chimed. He saw them standing ~~silently~~ in their places, some carrying & talking but most of them silent & grim. Malden walked ~~as~~ with head & anger. He beckoned to some of the men he knew and they ~~followed~~ to. They ignored him

30-1-153

Insert 99

And then suddenly it was all over before it began. As the strike porters came into the waiting room there stood at least twenty-five Negro porters ready to take their places. A few Pullman officials grined and stuck their hands deep in their pockets. The police bustled about.

"Come, come, clear the way here," some of them said. There was a moment of whispering and then the strikers turned to a man and went back to their cars. Matthew went with them.

He leaned wearily against the cold iron. Then started for the gate. A dilemma occurred him promptly closing his arm.

"I'm getting this train as porter" he exclaimed "I've been on since Leeds" a Pullman official shouted forward "I don't know ~~[illegible]~~ anything about this" he began Bud Mallard chief this conductor

"Nobody in charge, Cap", he said

The conductor groaned — "Wasn't you once leading a choir" he sneered at them turning to the official he said "good porter — came and rescued me. I was just coming to get an extra man for the service"

"All right"

and Mallard passed the gate. He spoke to one or couple porters & none spoke to him. All of them avoided each other. They had failed — They should been defeated without a fight.

"Twice damn coward" grumbled Mallard as he climbed aboard "~~[illegible]~~ one,

"any one is a coward, in mind-number orders he's got a wife & a mortgage, two children in school only one get in sight" announced ~~[illegible]~~ the old porter who followed him "good" growled Mallard, "it's all good hell"

As train late Ed Klan Edgar crawled out of Cincinnati and headed East. The railroad & Pullman officials sighed in relief and hanged. The colored crowd faded away and hanged too and once differing tone

30-1-15

XIII

Excitement began as the porters made their berths and seethed in the depot when the strike was declared. Reporters came rushing in; colored people who had had wind of something unusual, surged in. At first, the Pullman officials expostulated, begged and threatened. Then they called the police. They came and quickly cleared away the crowds. Matthew, meantime, telephoned the Pullman officials and offered his services provided he was smuggled on the train without the other porters seeing him. The officials gladly agreed and he boarded the train secretly in the yards.

Finally, two hours late, the Klan Special crawled out of Cincinnati and headed for the South. Matthew noticed that the last car instead of being an observation car, as before, was a private car. It held, he was given to understand, some special guests of the Klan who were to be shown the South, and he was asked to give it special attention.

Meantime, the train was in confusion. Crowded to the last berth and without but one porter, everybody was fending for himself, especially those who had not allowed their berths to be made. Matthew, and the conductors gave such general directions, advice and help as they could. Finally the train sank to uneasy sleep, save in the smoker where the passengers were gambling and raiding the buffet. Matthew worked here until near midnight and they were approaching Danville. The Pullman conductor suggested that he go back and pay especial attention to the last compartment car and the private coach:

"Got special guests there—foreign nobility who are going to see the South."

Matthew went back and walked again through the horror of Jimmie's murder. He collected the shoes from the compartment car and as all was quiet took them back to the private car and entered. There was a reception room and lounge, but the passengers had apparently all retired. Matthew sat down and took from his pocket the package which Perigua had given him;

Matthews downed his cocktail slowly as in a trance. He owed and yet realized this his stroke had utterly failed. He was ruined until the days exhausted & still needs fresh resources. He shrunk from contact with the sordid adventurous drunken crowd of gamblers. The Conductor suddenly stood down on the lead ~~from~~ car & watched swinging the smiling man from these cars & the larger lights of the smoker.

"We've dropped the observation" said the conductor "and have a private car on the end which I understand is a suite. Perhaps some other foreign guests of the Klan & Rex [They are going down to the Gulf Coast] Quiet, Afraid you won't make connection — but then again you are wrong." and he went forward.

30-1-155

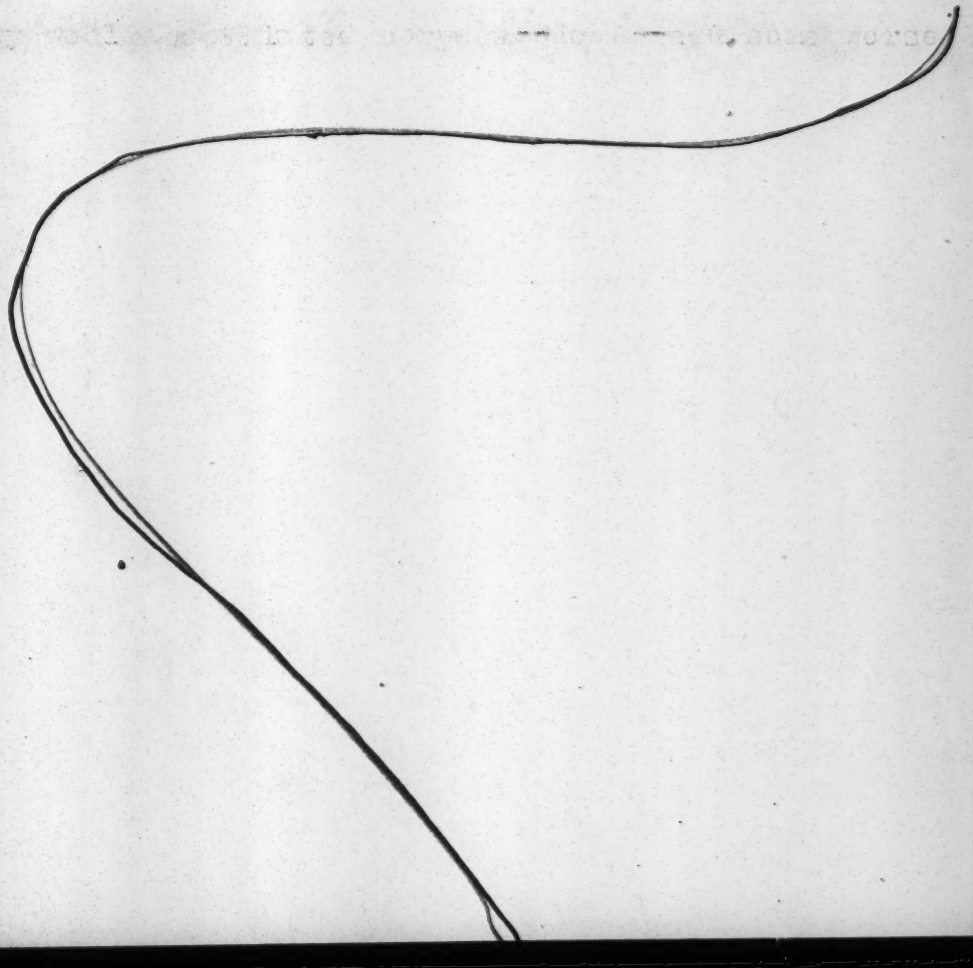
Matthew went back and walked again through the horror of Jimie's murder. He ~~collected the shoes from the compartment and so all as quiet took them back to the private car and~~ altered his tuxedo coat. There was a reception room ~~and lounge~~ and a long corridor, but the passengers had apparently all retired. Matthew sat down in the lounge, and took from his pocket the package which Perigua had given him;

Perigua gripped his hand.

"I've searched through ten millions," he said, "and found only one who cared. Now I am going. Here! He thrust a bundle into Matthew's hand. Placard the cars with them after midnight. And say—O here it is—here's a letter.

with it was the letter. He knew immediately whose it was; he saw the coronet; he saw the long slope of the beautiful handwriting; but he did not open it. It could have for him now neither good news nor bad; neither praise nor inquiry; disapproval nor cold criticism. No matter what it said, it had come too late. He was at the end of his career. He had started high and sunk to the depths; and now he would close the chapter. ~~and die~~

In the first miles of the journey ~~from Danville to Cumberland Gap~~ toward Winchester, Matthew was grim; ~~and exalted;~~ cold and clear ran his thoughts; ~~straight to the end—the almighty end:~~ P "Selig der den Er in Sieges glaenze findet". P He was going out in triumph. He was dying for Death. The world would know that black men dared to die. Then came the flash of passing towns; with slope here & there to discharge passengers he ~~seemed to be~~ hurrying, helping and lifting as was his wont. And hurrying, helping and lifting, he flew by towns and lights. ~~And~~ Then coming suddenly back from beneath this dream of loads—from the everyday things—he tried to remember the Exhaltation—the Great Thing. What was the Great Thing? And suddenly he remembered. He was going to kill these people. Just



30-1-156

Yet he knew he would not flinch. He would go through with it all to the last horror. The cold white thing within him gripped him—held him hard and fast with all his writhing. He would go through.

The shadows of ~~the~~ gay mountains with snow sprinkled here and there. The lights on hill and hollow—the long shining rails and piling, curving shadows, ~~Mary~~ threaded caverns, paused, came back and forward, curved and ~~jammed~~ disappeared. He stood stiffly and heard the gay laughter of the smoker, ~~the~~ and one shrill voice, floated back with ~~the~~ war of answering banter. "Laugh no more!" he whispered and then his thoughts went racing down to cool places, summer sun and gay gleaming eyes. The cars reeled forward, gathered themselves, became one great speeding catapult and headed toward the last hills. Beside them, a little ~~the~~ river, silver, whistled softly to the night.

30-1-157

He collected his shoes and set them carefully down before him, arranging them mechanically in serried ranks—warriors, he smiled, the shoes of the dead and he strangled as he smiled; strong, big, expensive brogans, soft sleek, slim calf, patent leather pumps with gaitered sides, slippers of suede and brown and ~~gold~~ grey.

Slowly he got out his shoe brushes, and then paused. His heart throbbed unmercifully and then was cold and still. It was one o'clock. He put out his hand and felt the letter. Tomorrow she would hear from him. Towmorrow they would know that black America had its men who dared—whose faces were toward the light and who could pay the price.

He laid the letter on the table unopened and took up the rest of the package, the bundle of ~~printed~~ typed manifestoes which Perigua had prepared and printed himself. Slowly Matthew read the little six by eight poster. It was rhodomontade. It was melodrama. But it told the world that Negroes

Matthew read it and signed his own name beneath Perigua's.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

The wreck of the train is to avenge the lynching of an innocent black man, Jimmie Giles ~~Scott~~ on this train December 16, 1926.
Murder for Murderers.

Caps. + in center

Miguel Perigua
~~Matthew Towns~~.
Matthew Towns

by men who seek our disfranchisement and slavery.

All right here, cap." Then in the ramble into the city he finished other berths, brushed a few more passengers, stowed dirty linen and as they glided into the stateion again, he was at the step unloading, immaculate, wooden - "Thank you sir, thank you!" And then it came.

"Towns, step this way - gentleman wants to see you."

He came into the private drawing room of the special car again. On the table lay something under a sheet. About the door several of the passengers were crowded. Matthew saw one well-remembered figure - a woman florid, big and boldly handsome with a nattily dressed man, old-faced. She turned just as Matthew approached, screamed and fainted away. Matthew did not pause. He entered the car. The conductor was there, the two quiet men and a grave-faced stranger. And then there entered the Princess, the Japanese and several of the guests. They all sat but Matthew stood silent, imperturbable, his uniform spotless, his head up. One of the strangers spoke.

30-1-158

"Your name is - "

"Matthew Towns."

"You are a porter?"

"I am the only porter on this train."

"The others struck?"

"Why didn't you?"

~~"I thought I ought not"~~

"I did but was ordered with two others to go as an emergency crew."

"Where are the others?"

"I do not know. I presume they deserted at Danville."

"Did the other porters tell you?"

"No."

"Did they know?"

"I am sure they did not. If they had they would have told me and naturally I would have left with them."

-All right here, cap." Then in the long ramble through the city he finished his other berths, brushed the last few more passengers, stowed again dirty linen and as they glided into the great station again, he was at the step unloading, immaculate, wooden--"Thank you sir, thank you!" And then it came.

"Towns, step this way--gentleman wants to see you."

He came into the private drawing room of the special car again. On the table lay something under a sheet. The conductor was there, the and two quiet men and a grave-faced stranger. And then there entered the Princess, and the Japanese and several of the guests. They all sat but Mathew stood silent, imperturbable, his uniform spotless, his head up. One of the strangers spoke.

"Your name is--"

"Mathew Towns."

"You are a porter?

"I am the only porter on this train."

"Do you know this man?"

"I have seen him. This gentleman can vouch for him." He pointed to the Klan chief.

"You knew that the track was destroyed last night and a wreck imminent?"

"I was told that there was danger ahead and I warned the conducter and then I pulled the cord."

"Who told you?"

"I will not tell."--

"Did this man tell you?"

"No."

"Did the other porters tell you?" "No"

"Did they know?" "I am sure they did not. If they had they would have told me and naturally I would have told them you did not see them leave"

Oct -1-23

Aboard the dear Servant of the Passenger Men
Carried Mathew on well-furnished Legs - a woman
Blond and Bobby Dunbar with a motley dream man, age forty. She knew just as Mathew
Shrewd and Pitiful as ever. Mathew did not know

105 111

i right here, cap." P Then in the rumble into the ~~sleep~~ the finished ~~sweeping~~ The other ~~ma~~ berths, brushed ~~more~~ more passengers, stowed dirty linen, ~~and finally~~

~~and then he turned about & the dark orders~~
~~awaiting passengers~~. The train glided into the
Atlanta ~~terminal~~ station

30-1-159

And then it came.

"Towns, step this way—gentleman wants to see you."

He ~~came~~ walked back thro' the train into the lounge ~~drawing room~~ of the private ~~special~~ car ~~again~~. On the table lay something under a sheet. About the door, several of the passengers were crowded. P As Matthew entered the car he saw in the vestibule ~~again~~ and for the first time since one awful night, ~~one~~ well remembered figure—a woman, high-colored, big and boldly handsome, with her lowered eyelids and jeweled hands. Beside her was a weak-looking man, faultlessly tailored, with an old and dissipated face. They were in the waiting throng. The woman looked up. Her eyes widened suddenly and then quietly she fainted away. P Matthew faltered but an instant and walked steadily on. He entered the room. The conductor was there, the two quiet men and a grave-faced stfanger. And then there entered the Princess, the Japanese and several of ~~the~~ other guests. They all sat, but Matthew stood silent, imperturbable, his uniform spotless, his head up.

One of the strangers spoke.

"Your name is—"

"Matthew Towns."

"You are a porter?"

~~"I am the only porter on this train."~~ "yes"

~~The others struck, why didn't you?~~ "The Porters had planned a strike in Cincinnati"

"I was going to but I changed my mind."

yes why didn't you strike

"Why?"

"Because the others decided not to — and because I heard that the train was going to be wrecked

~~"I heard something."~~

~~"Where?"~~ "By the porters?"

"I cannot tell." "Certainly not!"

~~"From whom?"~~ "By whom?" who told you?"

"I will not say."

~~"What did you hear?"~~

~~"That this train would be wrecked"~~

"Did the other porters hear this?"

"No, I was the only one."

"How do you know?"

"I am sure."

"When did you hear this?"

"Just before the train started."

"From Chicago?"

"No, from Cincinnati."

"But you were in Chicago."

"Yes."

"And planned the strike there?"

"Yes. I helped to."

"What did you do, when you heard this rumor."

"~~I phoned and~~ offered to go as porter."

~~"Why didn't you offer before — were you afraid of the other porters?"~~

"Well — ~~No~~ a porter—my friend was lynched on this train a week ago. ~~I didn't want to go back on it.~~ I urged the strike.

"And you—you changed your mind?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

~~"I heard of a possible wreck."~~

"How did you think you could prevent it?"

"Well—I did prevent it."

are a man of education and culture. You have travelled and read. I know that you have suffered injustice and perhaps insult and that your soul is bitter. But you are to blame, if you have let this drown the heart of your manhood. You have no real excuse for this criminal and dangerous silence and I have but one clear duty before me and that is to pronounce upon you the limit of the law for guilty foreknowledge of deliberate and premeditated murder of your fellow men. Matthew Towns, I sentence you to ten years at hard labor in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas."

35-1-141

The sun burst clear through the dim windows and lighted the young face of the prisoner.

Someone in the audience sobbed; another one started to applaud. A young woman found her way in and talked to him. She said she was Sara Andrews and represented the colored press. Matthew answered vaguely. He did not like her and he was looking for someone else. Finally, the Princess came, moving quietly to where he stood with shackled hands. The windows all about were barred, and at the further end of the room stood the stolid officer with a pistol and keys. Down below hummed the traffic.

Matthew Towns with shackled hands, followed the guard into the anti-room.

She took both his manacled hands in hers and he steeled himself to look at last time at that face and into the deep glory of her eyes. She was simply dressed in black with one great white pearl in the parting of her breasts.

"You are a brave man, Matthew Towns, brave and great. You have sacrificed your life for me."

Matthew smiled whimsically.

"I am a small man, small and selfish and singularly short of sight. I served myself as well as you and served us both ill because I was dreaming selfish little dreams. Now I am content; for life which was twisting itself beyond my sight and reason has become suddenly straight and simple. Your Royal Highness," He saw the pain in her eyes and he changed: "My Princess," he said, "your path of life is straight before

you and clear. You were born to power. Use it. Guide your groping people. You will go back now to the world and begin your great task as the ruler of millions and the councillor of the world's great leaders. Your dream of the emancipation of the darker races will come in time and you will find allies and helpers everywhere and nowhere more than in black America. Join the hands of the dark people of the earth. Discover in the masses of grovelling, filthy, ignorant, black and brown and yellow slaves of modern Europe, the spark of manhood which fanned with knowledge and health will light a-new a great world culture. Yours is the great chance—the solemn duty. I had thought once that I might help and in some way stand by the armposts of your throne. That dream is gone. I made a mistake and now I can only help by bowing beneath the yoke of shame; and by that very deed I am hindered—forever—to help you—or anyone—much. I—am proud—infinitely proud to have at least had your friendship."

30-1-162

The Princess spoke and as she talked slowly, pausing now and then to search for a word, she seemed to Matthew somehow to change. She was no longer an Icon, crimson and splendid, the beautiful perfect thing apart ~~and everywhere~~ to be worshipped; she became with every struggling word a striving human soul groping for light, needing help and love and the quiet deep sympathy of great fine souls. And the more she doffed her royalty and donned her sweet and fine womanhood, the further, the more inaccessible she became to him.

He knew that what she craved and needed for life, he could not give; that they were eternally parted, not by nature or wealth or even by birth,

30-1-163

but by the great call of her duty and opportunity and by the narrow and ever-narrowing limit of his strength and chance. She did not even look at him now with that impersonal glance that seemed to look through him to great spaces beyond and ignore him in the far intensity and remoteness of her gaze. She stood with downcast eyes and nervous hands and talked, of herself, of her visit to America, of her hopes, of him.

She looked at him sadly:

"Were you too proud to accept from me a little sacrifice that cost me nothing and meant everything to you?"

"It might have cost you a kingdom and the whole future of the darker world. It was just some such catastrophe that the Japanese and Indian rightly feared."

"And so innocent of crime you are going to accept the brand and punishment of a criminal?"

"My innocence is only technical. I was a deliberate co-conspirator with Perigua. I—I murdered Jimmie!"

"No—no—how can you say this. You did not dream of peril to your friend and your pact with Perigua was a counsel of dispair!"

"My moral guilt is real. I should have remembered Jimmie. I thought only of my own safety."

"You are conscience-mad. You would have died for your friend had you known, just as now you go to jail for me and my ~~mad~~ wild errand."

"But even granted, dear friend, some of the guilt of which you so fantastically accuse yourself—can you not balance against this the good you can do your people and mine if free?"

"I have thought of this and I much doubt my fitness. I am too intelligent and sensitive. I know and feel too much. Dear Jimmie saw no problem that he could not laugh off—he was valuable; indispensable in this stage of our development. He should be living now but I who ~~a~~ am a mass of quivering nerves and all too ~~delude~~ delicate sensibility, ~~and~~ —

"I am afraid, I seem to you inhuman, but I have come up out of great waters into the knowledge of life."

I am liable to be a Perigua or a hesitating complaining fool—untrained or half-trained, fitted for nothing but—jail."

"But—but afterward—after ten little years or perhaps less—you will still be young and strong?"

"No, I shall be old and weak. My spirit will be broken and my hope and aspiration gone. I know what jail does to men, especially to black men—my father—"

"You are then deliberately sacrificing your life to me and my cause!"

"I am making the only effective and final atonement that I can to the great cause which is ours. I might live and work and do infinitely less."

"You have ten minutes more," said the guard.

"Is there nothing—is there not something I can do for you."

"Yes—one thing: that is if you are able—if you are permitted and can do it without involving yourself too much with me and my plight."

"Tell me quickly."

"I would not put this request if I had any other way. If I had any other friend. But I am—alone."

She gripped his hands and was silent, looking always straight into his eyes with eyes that never dropped or wavered.

"I have a mother in Virginia whom I have forgotten and neglected. She is a great and good woman and she must know this. Here is a package. It is addressed to her and contains some personal momentoes—my father's watch, my high school certificate—old gifts. I want her to have them. I want her to see—you. I want you to see her—it will explain; she is a noble woman; old, gnarled, ignorant, but very wise. She lives in a log cabin and smokes a clay pipe. I want you to go to her if you can, and I want you to tell her my story. Tell her gently, but clearly. She is seventy years old. She will be dead before I leave those walls, if I ever leave them. If she did not realize just why I was here, she would die of grief. If she knows the truth, she

30-1-164a

30-1-164b

And as you think best, tell her I am dead or in a far country—as you will do Adam Smith

Tra
Lus
Dan
Emm
~~Guard~~
Occ
Carl

Hunt
Rubi
Pilla
Bar
Ga

will stand up strong and serene before her God. Tell her I failed ~~greatly~~ with a great vision—great even if wrong. Make her life's end happy for her. Leave her her dreams."

~~"I am afraid I seem to you inhuman, but I have come up out of great waters into the knowledge of life."~~

"You have one minute more," said the guard.

The Princess took the package. The policeman turned, watch in hand. They looked at each other. He let her eyes feast on her for the last time—that never, never again should they forget her grace and beauty and even the grey line of suffering that leapt from nose to chin; suddenly she sank to her knees, and kissed both his hands and was gone.

Next day a great, steel gate swung to in Leavenworth and Matthew Towns was No. 3,277.

30-1-165

became stenographer at the dry goods "Emporium" at a salary which was regarded locally as fabulous for a young woman. Then Southern Negroes began to filter in as laborers and the color line appeared, broad and clear in the town. Sara Andrews could have ignored it and walked across so far as soda fountains and movie theaters were concerned, but she wouldn't. The local druggist wanted to marry her and "go away". She refused and suddenly gave up her job and went to Chicago. There she became secretary to the Honorable Sammy Scott in 1922.

The Honorable Sammy was the leading colored politician of Chicago. He was a big, handsome, brown man, with smooth black hair, broad shoulders and a curved belly. He had the most infectious smile and the most cordial handshake in the city and the reputation of never forgetting a face. Behind all this was a keen intelligence, infinite patience and a beautiful sense of humor. Sammy was a coming man and he knew it. The black population of Chicago was increasing by bounds. Properly organized and led, there were no ordinary limits to its power except excited race rancour. Careful, thoughtful manipulation was the programme and this was the Honorable Sammy's long suit. First of all he had to appease and cajole and wheedle his race; allay the jealousies of other leaders—professional, religious and political—and get them to vote as they were told. This was no easy job. Sammy accomplished it by refusing all the more spectacular political offices; he always held some modest commissionership (whereon his "Honorable") where he had power but little display; then he "played" the clergy, helping with speeches and contributions of large size to lift their mortgages; he stood behind the colored teachers who were edging into the schools; he belonged to every known fraternal order and protected the cabarets, gambling dens and "lodging" houses. Slowly in these ways his influence and word were well-nigh supreme in the colored world. Everybody "liked" the Honorable Sammy.

When Sara Andrews applied to the Honorable Sammy for work he hired her on the spot because she looked unusually ornamental in her immaculate linen dress, white silk hose and short trimmed hair. She had intelligent straight grey eyes

...to Chicago. There she became secretary to the Honorable Sammy Scott. He was the leading colored politician of Chicago. He was a tall, handsome, brown man, with smooth black hair, broad shoulders and a curved belly. He had the most infectious smile and the most cordial handshake in the city and the reputation of never forgetting a face. Behind all this was a keen intelligence, infinite patience and a beautiful sense of humor. Sammy was a coming man and he knew it.+

He was an [illegible] a "[illegible]." He really be was a [illegible] man. In the Second World with [illegible] Negro population ~~[illegible]~~ Sammy began business in 1910. by selling the negro a gamble, [illegible], [illegible], beer, houses of prostitution & common petty thefts & certain men white & black who paid dues in cash. Once this cash be linked the city officials & police, & let Negro people alone & he paid a [illegible] army of Negro men & organized the Negro voters & see that they voted [illegible] for officials who could be bribed. Sammy did not invent this system — he found it in full blast & improved it. He replaced white [illegible] dealers with blacks who were more amenable & the voters and were themselves raised from the shadow of crime & well paid jobs; some even became policemen & treated Negro prisoners with more consideration. Some became clerks and civil servants of various sorts.

Then came emigration, war, [illegible] more emigration and the Riot. Black Chicago was in continual turmoil and the black vote, more than doubled and Sammy's business expanded enormously; there was more bootlegging, more gambling, more women for sale & more crime. Green finished and pushed each older in their eagerness to pay for the privilege of voting & their activities. Sammy [illegible] and by the 1st, 3rd, 4th & 5th wards; he encouraged a [illegible] increase & vice. [illegible] black Chicago. But there were difficulties — ever increasing difficulties. Other Negro politicians in this area & older wards had the same vision & ~~dream~~ ambition as Sammy. They resented his success and thought with some organization as it was now they could defeat him & [illegible] his party

ONE BOY'S STORY

A Story by Joseph Maree Andrew

I'm glad they got me shut up in here. Gee, I'm glad! I used to be afraid to walk in the dark and to stay by myself.

That was when I was ten years old. Now I am eleven.

My mother and I used to live up in the hills right outside of Somerset. Somerset, you know is way up State and there aren't many people there. Just a few rich people in big houses and that's all.

Our house had a nice bit yard behind it, beside it and in front of it. I used to play it was my fortress and that the hills beside us were full of Indians. Somedays I'd go on scouting parties up and down the hills and fight.

That was in the summer and fall. In the winter and when the spring was rainy, I used to stay in the house and read.

I love to read. I love to lie on the floor and put my elbows down and read and read myself right out of Somerset and of America - out of the world, if I want to.

There was just my mother and I. No brothers - no sisters,- no father. My mother was awful pretty. She had a roundish plump, brown face and was all plump and round herself. She had black hair all curled up on the end like a nice autumn leaf.

She used to stay in the house all the time and sew a lot for different ladies who came up from the big houses in Somerset. She used to sew and I would pull the bastings out for her. I did not mind it much. I liked to look at the dresses and talk about the people who were to wear them.

Most people, you see, wear the same kind of dress goods all the time. Mrs. Ragland always wore stiff silk that sounded like icicles on the window. Her husband kept the tea and coffee store in Somerset and everybody said he was a coming man.

too and Sammy liked both intelligence and grey eyes.

Sammy's office at 3636 State Street was ostensibly a law office and several law partners did some legal work in front. But back in Sammy's private office was the real center of things and there in an ante-room Sammy installed Sara. The second day she was there, Sammy kissed her. That was ~~four~~ two years ago and Sammy had not kissed her since. He had not even tried. Just what happened Sammy never said, he only grinned and all his friends ever really knew was that Sammy and Sara were closeted together for a full half hour and that Sara did most of the talking. But Sara staid at her job and she staid because Sammy discovered that she was a real stenographer. He did not have to dictate letters. He just talked with Sara and signed what she brought him a few minutes later. ¶ "And believe me," said Sammy, "she writes some letter." ¶ Indeed it was Sara and her letters that gradually arranged and smoothed the second of Sammy's jobs—the handling of white Chicago and its politicians.

30-1-168

When that kiss failed, Sammy was afraid he had got hold of a mere prude and he was resolved to shift her as soon as possible. Then came her letter-writing and then her advice. She listened beautifully and Sammy loved to talk. She drew out his soul and he gave her full confidence. He discovered to his delight that Sara Andrews had no particular scruples or conscience. Lying, stealing, bribery, gambling, prostitution, were facts that she accepted casually. Personally honest to a fault and physically "pure" to prudery, she could put a lie through the typewriter in so adroit a way that it sounded better than the truth and was legally fire-proof. She recognized politics as a means of private income and her shrewd advice not only increased the office revenue but changed it to safer and surer forms. ¶ "Colored cabarets are all right," said Sara, "but white railroads pay better." ¶ Sara had no plans for "cleaning up" colored Chicago but she shrewdly pointed out the political strength of "reform", kept her careful eye on its manipulation and

When Sara Andrews applied to the ~~young~~ Sammy for work he hired her on the spot because she looked unusually ornamental in her immaculate linen dress, white silk hose and short trimmed hair. She had intelligent straight grey eyes too and Sammy liked both intelligence and grey eyes.

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30-1-169

Indeed Sara brought new subtleties and smoothness into Sammy's business. ~~She also brought a certain contempt~~

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I used to wonder where he was coming to.

Mrs. Gregg always had the kind of silk that you had to work carefully for it would ravel into threads. She kept the boarding house down on Forsythe Street. I used to like to go in that house. When you looked at it on the outside and saw all the windows and borders running up against it you thought you were going in a palace. But when you got inside you saw all the little holes in the carpet and the mended spots in the curtains and the faded streaks in the places where the draperies were folded.

The pale soft silk that always made me feel like burying my face in it belonged to Mrs. Swyburne. She was rich - awful rich. Her husband used to be some kind of doctor and he found out something that nobody else had found out, so people used to give him plenty of money just to let him tell them about it. They called him a specialist.

He was a great big man. Nice and tall and he looked like he must have lived on milk and beef-juice and oranges and tomato juice and all the stuff ma makes me eat to grow. His teeth were white and strong so I guess he chewed his crusts too.

Anyhow, he was big but his wife was all skinny and pale. Even her eyes were almost skinny and pale. They were sad like and she never talked much. My mother used to say that who did not have any children did not have to talk much anyhow.

She said that to Mrs. Swyburne one time. Mrs. Swyburne had been sitting quiet like she used to, looking at me. She always looked at me anyhow, but that day she looked harder than ever.

Every time I raised up my head and breathed the bastings out of my face, I would see her looking at me.

I always hated to have her look at me. Her eyes were so sad they made me feel as if she wanted something I had.

helped Sammy guide the police accordingly. In fine, Sara Andrews became indispensible to the Hon. Sammy Scott and he knew it. He would have liked to kiss and cuddle her now and then when they sat closeted together in the den which she had transformed to an impressive, comfortable and singularly official office. She was always so cool and clean with her slim white hands and perfect clothes. But all she ever allowed was a little pat on the shoulder and an increase in salary. Now and then she accepted jewelry and indicated clearly just what she wanted.

For a while Sammy half made up his mind to marry her and he was about sure she would accept. But he was a little afraid. She was too cold and hard. He had no mind to embrace a cake of ice even if it was well-groomed and sleek. "No," said Sammy to himself and to his friends and even to Sara in his expansive moments after a good cocktail, "No, I'm not a marrying man."

Sara was neither a prude nor a flirt. She simply had a good intellect without moral scruples and a clear idea of the communal and social value of virginity, respectability and good clothes. She saved her money carefully and had a respectable bank account and some excellent bonds.

Sammy was born in Mississippi, he had little education but could talk good English and made a rattling public speech. With Sara's coaching he even attempted something more than ordinary political hokum and on one or two public occasions lately had been commended; even the Tribune called him a man of "real information in current events". Sara accordingly bought books and read papers carefully. She wrote out his more elaborate speeches; he committed them to his remarkable memory in an hour or so.

Why then should Sammy marry Sara? He had her brains and skill and nobody could out-bid him in salary. Of that he was sure. Why spoil the loyalty of a first-class secretary for the doubtful love of a wife? Then too, he rather liked the hovering game. He came to his letters with a zest. He touched her finger tips; he brought her flowers and told her all his political secrets. She had no lovers and no prospective lovers. Time enough

36-1-170

And then she formed and then only moved the World-ad-
Play hang for drinking art fabrication and then the World-ad-work
started hang every where, ~~and then~~ active Merchants, public service corporations,
financial exploiters all moved ~~to~~ to head the law or secure
more favorable laws and wider development Tariff schemes set
no limit of largess & the persons who could deliver the goods.
Sammy never pleasure get in touch with the agencies of the
people moved. ~~to~~

" But then calls our dower in the city council, the legislature
* one the senate

Time amended Sure. " and the got & speak for Negroes
in their districts

But ~~Negroes~~ each one of them must act up as an independent
boss and mind can't do their jobs

" Defeat him at next election Dave Fadrick & the negroes
then you've got & get a better deal on the Negro vote. O &
brown gained strength by attacks on the Johnson adm and gained not
as much in the elections. Sammy studied the engraved and
Farish said nothing more for a while. But after that Red Sammy
" thinking. She always did that

30-1-71

Not that I had anything to give her because she had all the money and cars and everything and I only had my mother and Cato, my dog, and some toys and books.

But she always looked that way at me and that day she kept looking so long that pretty soon I sat up and looked at her hard.

She sort of smiled then and said, "Do you know, Donald, I was wishing I had a little boy to pull out bastings for me too."

"You couldn't have one just like me," I said right off quick. Then I quit talking because Ma commenced to frown even though she did not look up at me.

I quit because I was going to say, "'Cause I'm colored and you aren't," when Ma frowned.

Mrs. Swyburne still sort of smiled then she turned her lips away from her teeth the way I do when Ma gives me senna and manna tea.

"No," she said, "I couldn't have a little boy like you, I guess."

Ma spoke right up. "I guess you do not want or like him! You have to talk to him so much."

I knew she meant I talked so much and acted so bad sometimes.

Mrs. Swyburne looked at Ma then. She looked at her hair and face and right down to her feet. Pretty soon she said: "You cannot mind that surely. You seem to have all the things I haven't anyway." Her lips were still held in that lifted, twisted way.

Ma turned around to the machine then and turned the wheel and caught the thread and it broke and the scissors fell and stuck up in the floor. I heard her say "Jesus", to herself like she was praying.

I didn't say anything. I ripped out the bastings. Ma stitched. Mrs. Swyburne sat there. I sort of peeped up at her and I was a big fat tear sliding down her cheek.

I kind of wiggled over near her and laid my hand on her arm. Then

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(the year Hayes was elected.)

30-1-172

to marry her if he found he must. Meantime love was cheap in Chicago and secretaries scarce and, in fine:

"I'm not a marrying man," repeated the Honorable Sammy. Sara smiled coolly and continued:

"I think I see something for us in the Towns case."

30-1-173

Sammy frowned. "Better not touch it," he said. "Bolsheviks are unpopular, especially with railroads. And when it comes to niggers blowing up white folks—well, my advice is, drop it!"

So the matter dropped for a week. Than Sara quietly returned to it.

"Listen, Sammy," (Sara was quite informal when they were alone in the sanctum) "I think I see a scoop." Sammy listened.

"This Matthew Towns—"

"What Matthew Towns?"

"The man they sent to Leavenworth."

"Oh! I thought you dropped that."

"No, I've just really begun to take it up. This Towns is unusual; intelligent, educated, plucky."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him during the trial and interviewed him."

"Humph!" said Sammy, lighting his third cigar.

"He is a man that would never forget a service. With such a man added to your machine you might land in Congress."

Sammy laid his cigar down and sat up.

"Our weakness among Negroes is that we have never been able to get hold of the young, educated element."

"Asses!"

"Quite so; but we must reckon with asses or they may kick over the machine. Sammy, have some imagination. Your methods appeal to the same crowds in the same old way. Meantime new crowds are pushing in and old crowds are changing and they want new ways—they are caught by new gags; makes no dif-

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30-1-175

30-1-177

Sammy, you got to be more friendly an ordinary political boss and a popular leader among old respectable colored people.

"Respectable hell" remarked Sammy

"Personally" said Sara, "I'd hell y ordinary politician has got to be made respectable for ordinary consumption. Have you ever smelled it face you use in public office. Something that will at once appeal to Negro mob trade and avoid scare off the white folks who want to do political business with you."

"Our weakness among Negroes is that we have never been able to get hold of the young, educated element."

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Ma yelled: "Donald, go and get - a poun of rice! Go now, I said."

I got scared. She had not said it before and she had a lot of rice in a jar in the closet. But I didn't dare say so. I went out.

I couldn't help but think of Mrs. Swyburne. She ought not to cry so easy. She might not have had a little boy and Ma might have - but she should have been happy. She had a great big house on the swellest street in Somerset and a car all her own and some one to drive it for her. Ma only had me and our house which wasn't so swell, but it was all right.

Then Mrs. Swyburne had her husband and he had such a nice voice. You didn't mind leaning on his knee and talking to him as soon as you saw him. He had eyes that looked so smiling and happy and when you touched his hands they were soft and gentle as Ma's even if they were bigger.

I knew him real well. He and I were friends. He used to come to our house a lot of times and bring me books and talk to Ma while I read.

He knew us real well. He called Ma Louise and me Don. Sometimes he'd stay and eat supper with us and then sit down and talk. I never could see why he'd come way out there to talk to us when he had a whole lot of rich friends down in Somerset and a wife that looked like the only doll I ever had.

A lady gave me that doll once and I thought she was real pretty- all pale and blonde and rosy. I thought she was reall pretty at first but by and by she seemed so dumb. She never did anything but look pink and pale and rosy and pretty. She never went out and ran with me like Cato did. So I just took a rock and gave her a rap up beside her head and threw her in the bushes.

Maybe Mrs. Swyburne was pale and pink and dumb like the doll and her husband couldn't rap her with a rock and throw her away.

I do not know.

ference whether they are better or worse than the old—facts are facts and the fact is that your political methods are not appealing to or holding the younger crowd. Now here's bait for them and big bait too. If I am not much mistaken, Towns is a find; for instance:

36-1-174

'The Honorable Sammy Scott secures the release of Towns! Towns, a self-sacrificing hero, now looms as a race myrtyr. Towns says that he owes all to the Honorable Sammy'."

"Fine," mocked Sammy, "and Negroes wild. But how about the white folks? 'Sam Scott, the black politician, makes a jail delivery of the criminal who tried to wreck the Southern Railway Special. A political shame," etc., etc."

"Hold up," insisted Sara. "Now see here: the Negroes have been thoroughly aroused and are bitterly resentful at the Klan meeting, the lynching of the porter and Matthew's incarceration. His release would be a big political asset to the man who pulled it off.

"On the other hand, who would object? I have been talking to the porters and railroad men and to others. They say the judge was reluctant to sentence Towns but saw no legal escape. The Railroad and the Pullman Company owe him millions and were willing to reward him handsomely if he had escaped the law. The Klan owes several hundred lives to him. None of these will actively oppose a pardon. It remains only to get one of them actually to ask for it."

"Well—one, which one," grinned Sammy, touching Sara's fingers as he reached for another cigar.

"The Klan."

"Are you crazy!"

"I think not: consider: the Klan is at once criminal and victim. Its recent activities have been too open and bombastic. It has suffered political reverses in the North and flogging scandals in the South. It is accused of mere "nigger-baiting". Would it not be a grand wide gesture of tolerance for the Klan to ask freedom for Towns? Something like donations to Negro churches,

ference whether they are better or worse than the old—facts are facts and the fact is that your political methods are not appealing to or holding the younger crowd. Now here's bait for them and big bait too. If I am not much mistaken, Towns is a find; for instance:

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And if you are the man & the white political & business world knows this your new disturbingly strong-arm machine & delivers them votes when wanted; and that method of dealing runs a dozen instead de Rosas they can just sell you — why Sammie your block changes.

" Sounds pretty — but —"

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"I think not; consider: the Klan is at once criminal and victim. Its recent activities have been too open and bombastic. It has suffered political reverses in the North and flogging scandals in the South. It is accused of more "nigger-baiting". Would it not be a grand wide gesture of tolerance for [illegible] donations to Negro [illegible]

Anyhow - he used to come and talk to us and he'd talk to Ma a long time after I was in bed. Sometimes I'd wake up and hear them talking. He used to bring me towy until he found out that I could make my own toys and that I liked books.

After that he brought me books. All kinds of books about fairies and Indians and folks in other countries.

Sometimes he and I would talk about the books - especially those I liked. The one I liked most was called "Ten Tales to Inspire Youth".

That sounds kind of funny but the book was great. It had stories in it all about men. All men. I read all of the stories but I liked the one about the fellow named Orestes who went home from the Trojan War and found his mother had married his father's brother so he killed them. I was always sorry the woman with the whips of flame like forked tongues who used to worry him afterwards. I don't see why the fairies pursued him. They knew he did it because he loved his father so much.

Another story I liked was about Aedipus - a Greek too - who put out his eyes to hurt himself because he killed his father and married his mother by mistake.

But after I read "David and Goliath", I just had to pretend that I was David.

I swiped a half a yard of elastic from Ma and hunted a long time until I found a good forked piece of wood. Then I made a swell sling shot.

The story said that David asked Jehovah (which was God) to let his sling-shot shoot good. "Do then lend thy strngth to my arm, Jehovah" - he prayed.

I used to say that too just to be like him.

I told Dr. Swyburne I liked these stories.

"Why do you like them?" he asked me.

"Because they are about men," I said.

"Because they are about men! Is that the only reason?"

only bigger and with more advertising value."

"Well—sure; if they had that kind of sense."

"They got all kinds of sense. Now again, there is something funny about that lynching. I've heard a lot of talk. Towns tells a strange story behind closed doors and the porters say he was wild and bitter about the lynching. Suppose now (I'm only guessing) Towns knows more than he has told about this woman and her carrying on. If so she might be glad to help him. A favor for keeping his mouth shut. I mention this because she has married since the Klan convention and her husband is a high official of the Klan."

30-1-176

Sammy didn't see much in the scheme, but he had great respect for Sara's shrewdness.

"Well—what do you propose?" he asked.

"I propose to drop down to Washington. ~~I've always wanted to go there.~~ And I ~~want~~ need a letter of introduction from somebody of importance in Chicago, to this woman, Mrs. Therwald."

go over to Leavenworth and talk with Towns; then I want to

only bigger and with more advertising value."

"Well--sure; if they had that kind of sense."

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30-1-129

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"Well--what do you propose?" he asked.

"I propose to drop down to Washington. I've always wanted to go there. ~~And I want~~ I'll need a letter of introduction from somebody of importance in Chicago to this woman, Mrs. Therwald."

go to Leavenworth and have a long talk with Towns, then I'm going to

more than a cog, but a dependable cog in the machine. [illegible] the Negroes of this district and demand the fulfillment of a promise, carelessly and to my mind foolishly given several years ago, that after this term Doolittle was to be replaced in Congress by the head of the black political machine, Sammie Scott. Well, it's impossible. I think you see that, Mrs. Beech. We don't want Scott in Congress representing Chicago. He has neither the brains nor the education."

Mrs. Beech interrupted. "But I understand," she said, "that there is a young college bred man who is candidate and who is intellectually rather above the average of our congressmen."

"There certainly is," said Mr. Graham, bitterly, "and he's got a wife who is one of the most astute politicians in this city."

"Yes," said Mrs. Beech, "and I am on my way to one of her meetings. It is at her home on Grand Boulevard. I wonder where I should transfer?"

"I will show you," said Mr. Graham, "We have still a little distance to go. It would be just like Mrs. Towns to pull all strings in order to get you to her house. She has social aspirations and is the real force behind Towns."

"But Towns himself?" asked Mrs. Beech, "Towns himself is a radical."

"His wife is trying to keep him in hand but his appeal is to the very elements among white people and colored people which mean trouble for conservative industry in the United States. He cannot for a moment be considered. I have talked frankly to you, Mrs. Beech. We are coming to your corner now, but I wish we could come to some sort of understanding with the Liberal elements that you represent. I do not think that you, Cadwalader and myself are so far apart. I hope you will help us."

Mrs. Breech descended and Graham rodd on.

VI

The Honorable Sammy was by turn surprised, dumbfounded and elated. He could not decide at various times whether Towns was a new kind of fool or the subtlest of subtle geniuses; but at any rate he was more than satisfied and the efficiency of his machine was daily growing.

The black population of Chicago was, like, increasing by bounds. Properly organized and led, there were no ordinary limits to its power except excited race rancour, as at the time of the riot. Careful, thoughtful manipulation was the programme and this was the Honorable Sammy's long suit. First of all he had to appease and cajole and wheedle his race; allay the jealousies of other leaders—professional, religious and political—and get them to vote as they were told. This was no easy job. Sammy accomplished it by refusing, following Sara's advice, [illegible] all the more spectacular political offices, alderman, member of the legislature, etc., like he was content to hold some modest commissionership (whence his "Honorable") where he had power but little display; then he "played" the clergy, helping with speeches and contributions of large size to lift their mortgages; he stood behind the colored teachers who were edging into the schools; he belonged to every known fraternal order and, of course, controlled & protected the cabarets, gambling dens and "lodging" houses. Slowly in these ways his influence and word became well-nigh supreme in the colored world. Everybody "liked" the Honorable Sammy.

And Sammy found Matthew an invaluable lieutenant.

"By gum, Sara, we have turned a trick. To tell the truth, for a long time I distrusted that bird, even after his great speech. I was afraid he'd be a highbrow and start out reforming. Damned if he ain't the best worker I ever had."

"Yes, he'll do for the legislature," said Sara. Sammy scowled. That was like Sara. Whenever he yeilded an inch, off she skipped with an ell.

"Slow, slow," he said frowning, "we can't push a new man and a jailbird too fast; and then he turned to greet Matthew as he entered. Matthew wanted a month's vacation. "Sure," said Sammy handing him a roll of bills and after a minute's greeting, Matthew withdrew.

"I wish," said Sammy, "he'd grin a little more and do the glad hand not."

"Do you want the earth?" asked Sara.

30-1-182

Then I told him no; that I liked them because the men in the stories were brave and had courage and stuck until they got what they wanted, even if they hurt themselves getting it.

And he laughed and said, to Ma: "Louise he has the blood, all right!"

And ma said: "Yes! He is a true Gage. They're brave enough to put their eyes out too. That takes courage all right!"

Ma and I are named Gage, so I stuck out my chest and said: "Ma, which one of us Gages put his eyes out?"

"Me," she said - and she was standing there looking right at me! I thought she was making fun. So I felt funny.

Dr. Swyburne turned red and said: "I meant the other blood, of course. All the Swyburnes are heroes."

I didn't know what he meant. My name is Gage and so is Ma's so he didn't mean me.

Ma threw her head up and looked at him and says: "Oh are they heroes?" Then she says real quick: "Donald go to bed right now!"

I didn't want to go but I went. I took a long time to take off my clothes and I heard Ma and Dr. Swyburne talking fast like they were fussing.

I couldn't hear exactly what they said but I kept hearing Ma say: "I'm through!"

And I heard Dr. Swyburne say: "You can't be!"

I kind of dozed to sleep. By and by I heard Ma say again: "Well, I'm through!"

And Dr. Swyburne said: "I won't let you be!"

Then I rolled over to think a minute and then go downstairs maybe.

But when I rolled over again, the sun was shining and I had to get up.

Ma never said anything about what happened so I didn't either. She just walked around doing her work fast, holding her head up high like she

inches high to get his undivided attention. Gossip from high and low sources brought him his main information. Sara read the papers and Matthew the books. Thus Sammy's political barque skimmed before the golden winds with rare speed and accuracy.

Sammy came in and they got immediately to business.

"I'm stumped by this legislature business," growled Sammy. "Smith had to resign. The scandal was too much. Now here comes a special election and

if we aint careful it'll tear the machine to pieces. Every city

we need a careful ~~clean~~ man or hell'll be to pay. I promised the next opening to Corruthers. He expects it and he's earned it; but the bosses don't want him. Had a talk with the Old Man just now. Corruthers will raise hell and spill the beans, if I fail him."

30-1-183

"Corruthers is a fool and a bag of wind," said Sara. "We've got to can that type. We've got to have a man of brains and knowle ge in the legislature this fall or we'll lose out. There's some big legislation coming up — street car consolidation and super-power. Here's a chance Sammy to put in our own man.

"Well, can't we tell Corruthers how to vote? He ought to stay put."

"No. There are some things that can't be told. Corruthers is a born petty grafter. When he sees a dollar, he goes blind to everything else. He has no imagination or restraint. We can't be at his shoulder at every turn or in committee; he'd be sure to sell out for the flash of a hundred dollar bill anytime and lose a thousand." Then too even if he should vote good, next year Boss Corruthers would be fighting to beat Smith.

Sammy swore. "If I ditch him, I'll lose this district."

"With a strong nomination there's a chance," said Matthew. Sara glanced at him and added: "Especially if I organize the women."

Sammy tore at his hair: "Don't touch 'em," he cried. "Let 'em alone! My God! What 'ud I do with a bunch of skirts dippin' in?"

But Sara was obdurate. "Don't be a fool Sammy. The women are in politics already although they don&t know it; and somebody is going to organize them soon. Why not us? And see that they vote right." ~~Here was Sammy's~~

~~your chance to put your own man, instead of having a weak~~

always does when I make her mad.

So I never said a thing that day.

One day I came home from school. I came in the back way and when I was in the kitchen I could hear a man in the front room talking to Ma. I stood still a minute to see if it was Dr. Swyburne though I knew he never comes in the afternoon.

The voice didn't sound like his so I walked in the hall and passed the door. The man had his back to me so I just looked at him a minute and didn't say anything. He had on leather leggins and a sort of uniform like soldiers wear. He was stooping over the machine talking to Ma and I couldn't see his face.

Just then I stumbled over the little rug in the hall and he stood up and looked at me.

He was a colored man! Colored just like Ma and me. You see, there aren't any other people in Somerset colored like we are, so I was sort of surprised to see him.

"This is my son, Mr. Frazier," Ma said.

I said please to meet you and stepped on Ma's feet. But not on purpose You know I kind of thought he was going to be named Gage and be some relation to us and stay at our hous awhile.

I never saw many colored people - no colored men - and I wanted to see some. When Ma called him Frazier it made my feet slippery so I stubbed my toe.

"Hello, son!" he said nice and quiet.

He didn't talk like Ma and me. He talked slower and softer. I liked him straight off so I grinned and said: "Hello yourself."

"Hows the books?" he said then.

I didn't know what he meant at first but I guessed he meant school. So I said: "Books aren't good as the fishin."

Then we'll have a big wedding, run over to Atlantic City for the honeymoon and come back fit for the fall campaign.

"Atlantic City? My God!" said Matthew and then stopped as the door opened to admit the Honorable Sammy Scott.

Sammy was uneasy these days. He was in hot water over this legislature business and he vaguely scented danger to his power and machine beyond this. First of all he could only square things with Corruthers and his followers by a good lump of money, if Matthew were nominated, and even then they would try to knife him. Now Sammy's visible source for more money was more laxity in the semi-criminal districts and bribes from interests who wanted bills to pass the legislature. There ~~were also~~ a few nominees who were willing to pay a bit for the honor, but Matthew was not among these. Sara was managing his campaign and she was too close and shrewd to cough up much. Then, too, Sammy was uneasy about Sara and Matthew. They were mighty thick these days. If he himself had been a marrying man—

"Say, Towns," he said genially, "I think I got that nomination cinched but it's gonna to take a pot of dough. O well, what of it? You've got the inside track.

"Unless Corruthers double-crosses us," said Matthew drily.

"That's where the dough comes in. Now see here, I've got a proposition from the traction crowd. They want to ward off municipal ownership and get a new franchise city-wide with consolidation. They're going to offer a five-cent car fare and reversion to the city in forty-nine years and they're paying high for support. They're going to control the nomination."

"I'll vote for the bill," said Matthew. Sammy was at once relieved and troubled. He had an idea that Matthew would get squeamish over this and would thus lose the nomination. That would force Corruthers ~~into~~ in. ~~the nomination~~. But, on the other hand, Corruthers would be sure to do some fool trick even if he was elected and that or his defeat might ~~hurt~~ ruin Sammy's own plans for Congress next year. He was glad Matthew was tractable

Saturday had given free rein to the red-light districts and doubled up the council so more than ever collect almost almost [illegible] work as it would in the afternoons. By business seemed this only resort and hence the news and time of [illegible]

and at the same time suspicious. Suppose Matthew made a ripping record ~~in the legislature~~? He might ~~even~~ dare think of Congress. But no—Sara was pledged to Sammy's plan for Congress.

"All right!" said Sammy noisily.

"But look here, Sammy," said Matthew. "Things are getting pretty loose and free down in my district. Casey's gambling den and there's a lot of liquor, ~~and~~ soliciting on the streets ~~and the like~~; isn't safe for a working girl after dark."

"Gettin' squeamish?" sneered Sammy.

"No—I'm not, but the reformers are. We're just bidding for interference at this rate."

"Hell!" said Sammy. "It'll be ~~shore~~-houses and not Sunday schools that'll send you to Springfield." Matthew frowned.

Sara intervened. "I'll see that things are toned down a bit. Sammy will never learn that big business pays better than crime. I'm glad you're going to vote straight on the traction bill."

Matthew still frowned. They both had misunderstood him—curiously. They suspected him of mawkish sentimentality—a conscience against gambling and prostitution. Nothing of the sort! He had buried all sentiment down, down, deep down. He was angry ~~to~~ being even suspected. Why was he angry? Was it because he felt the surge of that old bounding, silly self that once believed and hoped and dreamed—that dead soul, turning slowly and twisting in ~~the depths~~? No, No, not that—never. He simply mean to warn Sammy that a district too wide open defeated itself and invited outside interference, cut off political graft; gamblers were cheating gamblers; liquor was poison, prostitutes were approaching the wrong people—and—well surely a girl ought to have the right to choose between work and prostitution and she ought not to be shanghaied. And then Sara. If he had the beginning of the unrest of a new conscience—and he had not—it was over these big corporations. He began to see them from behind and underneath.

A five cent fare was a tremendous issue to thousands. The driblets of perpetual tax on light and air and movement meant both poverty and millions. Sure by the interests they could pay better than gamblers and prostitutes, but was the graft as honest? Was he going on as unquestioningly? He had promised on the traction bill without much thought. If this gang didn't steal the franchises another would. And after all traction was not the real big steal. Super-power was that and he talked his thought aloud to Sara, half consciously:

"—O—traction? Sure—that's only the camouflage anyway. Back of it is the furnishing of electric power, cornering the waterfalls of America; paying nothing for the right of endless and limitless taxation and then at last "financing" the whole thing for a thousand millions by unloading it on the public! That's the real graft. I am going to think a long time on those bills!" What did he mean by "thinking a long time"? He did not know what he meant. Neither did Sara. But she knew very clearly what she meant. She was silent and pursed her lips. She was already in close understanding with certain quiet and well-dressed gentlemen who represented super-power. Public service and more seeking out toward

30-1-18

Indeed she had just arranged that the Examiner's office was going to be the distributing agency of all fragments for political influence made by Public Service corporations. Frank's Public Service

and he had no part in municipal ownership. Voters were too stupid & anti business

biggest single deal she had pulled off & she didn't yet Evil Sammy.

(no P)

He met a new world that amused rather than attracted him. First, there were the politicians. They had, of course, but one object—money. But they used their money with a certain wisdom. They enjoyed life. Some got gloriously and happily drunk. Others gambled, riding upon the great wings of chance, to high and facinating realms of coyly, flashing desire. Nearly all these ogled and played with pretty women.

30-1-187

On the whole, Matthew did not care particularly for their joys. Liquor gave him pleasant sensations, but not more pleasant and not as permanent as green fields or babies. He never played poker without visioning the joys of playing European politics or that high game of world races which his heart had glimpsed for one strange year—one mighty and disastrous year.

And women! If he had not met one woman—one woman who drew and filled all his imagination—all his high romance—all the wild joys and beauty of being— If she had never lived for him, he could have been a rollicking and easily satisfied Lothario and walked sweet nights out of State Street cabarets. Now he was not attracted. (He had tried it once in New York. It was ashes.) He was married, now, and all philandering was over. And yet—how curious that marriage should stop interest in women instead of beginning it?

So the politicians came and went—knew him—jollied him and liked him—even drew him out for a rollicking evening now and then; but voted that he did not quite belong. He was always a trifle remote—apart. He never could quite let himself go and be wholly one of them. But he liked them. They lived.

There were others in politics whom ~~he liked less~~ (more and more members of the legislature) ! Grave, well-dressed men of business and affairs. They came for confidential conferences with (over) introductions from and connections with high places—governors, brokers, railway presidents, ruling monarchs of steel, oil and international finance. Money was nothing to them and money was all. A thousand dollars—ten thousand—it was astounding the sums at their command and the ease with which they distributed it. There was no crude bribery

There were several members of the chorus who were
Irish fishermen. They died and did comic. They fluttered about
collecting shell fishes and beat their wings variously and irregularly
over head.

White of North Carolina was counted out, had planned and hoped politically for one end—to put a black man in Congress from the North. The necessary black population had already migrated to New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis; but in Chicago ~~where~~ they had not only the numbers but the political machine capable of engineering the deal. It had long been the plan of Sammy's machine to have the ~~present~~ white Congressman, Doolittle, retire at the end of his present term and to have Sammy nominated. This was the ambition of Sammy's life, the crowning of his career. He and Sara had discussed it for years in every detail. Every step was surveyed, every contingency thought out. over

30-1-188

Now, however, matters were changed. Since Matthew's success, Sara had definitely determined to kill off Sammy and send Matthew to Congress. Sammy sensed this and both these politicians began to st~~a~~alk each other. Sara's task was hardest and she knew it. Sammy was Heir Apparent by all the rules of the game. But there were pitfalls and Sara knew them.

Gradually Sammy became less communicative. He had a number of secret conferences in the early spring of 1926, to which Sara, contrary to custom, was not invited; and his accounts of these meetings were vague. "Oh just a get together—talkee—talkee; nothing important." But Sara wasn't fooled. She knew Sammy was in trouble and struggling desperately. The fact was that Sammy was sorely puzzled. First and weightiest, the white party bosses wanted Doolittle for "just one more term." He held exceedingly important committee places and especially as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, he was a power for tariff legislation. Millions depended on the revision which farmers, exporters, and laborers were demanding more and more loudly. Then there was legislation on the railroads and above all certain nation-wide Super-Power plans. It was no question of "color," the white leaders explained. It was a grave question of party interests. Two years hence, the nomination was Sammy's with bands playing. This year, Doolittle would go back and money was no object.

It was only necessary to count the votes of a political power in Louisiana at any time to dictate the nomination of one colored Carpetbagger among the aspirants that time had come. Secrecy was dictated Candidate at the party primaries had definitely Categorically pronounced. The Negro Assembly in the First Congressional district was unanimous.

Sammy was aghast. It was the coldest hold-up he had ever experienced. He ~~offered~~ promised her office, influence, money and anything for Matthew. She was adamant. She ~~explained~~ expressed great sorrow at ~~parting~~ breaking of old ties.

"Oh, go to hell" growled Sammy and ~~almost~~ slammed the door. He knew her game, of course. She was going to run Matthew for Congress and, by George, she had a chance to win, unless he could kill Matthew off.

Sara immediately gave her story to the newspapers, colored and white, and called meetings of all her clubs. Bedlam broke loose about Sammy's devoted head. He was accused of betraying and selling out his race to white politicians. The Negro papers, by secret information or astonishigly lucky guess, named the exact sum he received--$25,000. The white papers sneered at Negro grafting politicians and praised the upright and experienced Doolittle. It looked perilously like Sammy's finish.

30-1-189

Sammy was no quitter. When he was "down, he was never out." And now he really began to fight. Sammy turned to his old cronies and turned in a hurry. Soon he had Corrothers and a dozen ~~of his ilk~~ like him around him. Sammy promised the utmost liberality with funds and began by distributing several new hundred dollar bills. They decided the case was by no means desperate. Towns could at the worst only defeat Doolittle at the election by dividing the Republican vote. He had ~~no~~ small chance for the Republican nomination. And even if he got it, Sammy could also split the vote and defeat him. As long then as the bosses stood pat for Doolittle, Towns' only hope was to run on an independent ticket. Could he win? Probably not. Negroes did not like to scratch a straight Republican ticket. Meantime, however, in order to insure Doolitte's election and to keep their machine, Towns must be put out of the running altogether. As Sammy said:

"We've gotta frame Towns."

"Knock him on his fool head," sneered Corrothers.

"There's only one thing to do with a bozo like that, trip him up with a skirt."

over

"Publicly known as a jail bird
"What after I got him pardoned as an innocent hero?
& worked that guy all over the country?

"Can't he steal something?"

They went over his career with a fine tooth comb until at last they ~~concentrated on~~ came back to that lynching and train-wreck and his final record

"Who was that dead guy?"

"Why was Townes so crazy about that lynching."

"And say—remember that swell brown lady, who they said tried to save him and was deported? Well, find out about her."

That night Carruthers went East.

30-1-190

" We've got to discover new evidence & admit we were fooled "

"What, after I got him pardoned as an innocent hero and worked that gag all over the country?"

"Knock him on his fool head," sneered Corrothers.

"There's only one thing to do with a bozo like that, trip him up with a skirt."

"Can't he steal something?"

They went over his career with a fine tooth comb until at last they came back to that lynching and train-wreck and his jail record.

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"And say—remember that swell brown lady, who they said tried to save him and was deported? Well, find out about her."

That night Corrothers went East.

30-1-191

"I remember now" said Sarah thoughtfully "that Sarah mentioned a lot of unpublished stuff.

wrong. To us she is always spotless and forever right. But, Sir, I come tonight to make a last plea. Has she not paid to the utter most farthing all debts to you, however fantastic they may appear to her? Can you—ought you to demand further sacrifice?"

"Sacrifice?"

"Do you realize, sir, the meaning of this summons of H.R.H.

"No."

"What I say is from no personal knowledge—I have not seen H.R.H. since she left but the reason is invarible. The day of the Coronation of a Maharajah in Bwodpur is at hand."

Matthew started. "Her Royal Highness is—married?"

"She is to be married."

"And she is summoned to India?"

"She is." Three Indians of highest rank have arrived in this country & I believe they have come & fetch her.

"And why then has she called me?"

"Perhaps sh—she still hesitates between—"

"Love and duty," said Matthew.

"Between Indulgence and the Salvation of the world." cried the Indian passionately.

"And I," said Matthew slowly, "can seal her choice."

"To few it is given to make a higher finer sacrifice."

"You are free. You have but to hint and you can be rich—pardon me—I know. Well, what more? Free, in turn, the Princess. Do the fine and generous act; let her go back to her people."

"Does the princess wish this freedom?"

"She is one who would not admit it if she did. And yet her very solicitude concerning Mrs. Towns—did it not suggest to you that she saw in your re-union with Sara on a higher and more congenial plane—a chance for her to renew her own life and work? Is it possible that she cannot yearn for something beyond anything you can offer?"

"Yes, that occurred to me and I made the offer—perhaps too crassly and ungraciously but with full sincerity."

"True—and now why not follow further and write the Princess

30-1-192

30-1-192

definitely and formally withdrawing from her life and doing it with such decision that there shall be no doubt in her mind?"

The Indian bent forward with strained and eager face.

"You seem—anxious," said Matthew.

"I am," said the Indian. "You do not realize how ~~much depended~~ high our hopes for Bwodpur were with the Princess; an independent sovereignty about which a new Europe of India might gradually gather. Then, her eager and inexperienced mind reaching out, leapt beyond to All India and All Asia; then gradually came a vision of all the Darker Races in the World— everybody who was not white, no matter what their ability or history or genius, as though color itself was merit. And now, now finally, God preserve us, the Princess is stooping to raise the dregs of mankind; laborers, scrubwomen, scavengers and beggars into some fancied democracy of the world."

136-1-192

It is madness born of pity for you and your unfortunate people.

"With every dilution of our great original idea, the mighty mission of Bwodpur fades. The Princess is mad—mad and you are the center of her madness. Withdraw—for God's sake and your own—go! Leave us to our destiny. What have you to do with royalty and divinity?"

The Indian was trembling with fevor and excitement and his black eyes burned into Matthew's heart. "You will forgive me, Sir. I have but done my duty as I saw it," he said.

Matthew looked at the Indian thoughtfully.

"I believe you are right," he said. "Quite right. I believe that you and your friends were right from the beginning and that I was—headstrung and blind. Now the problem is to find a way out."

"For the brave," said the Indian, slowly and distinctly—"There is always a way—Out."

He salaamed to the floor and silently disappeared. Matthew stood a while looking at the door. Then turning hastily he put a few things in his hand bag and going out closed the door. He left a note and key under the door mat and started downstairs almost colliding with a boy who was racing up, two steps at a time.

"Looking for a man named Towns—know where he stays?"

"I'm Matthew Towns."

"Long distance wants you—quick—drug store—Corner." And he flew down three steps at a time. Matthew stood still a long minute, then descended slowly. He stood within the booth. He ~~singular was~~ the miracle. Why had he not thought of it before. Out of time and space he was going to call a memory. ~~The voice of the Princess~~

(a)

At first the voices came strained, far-off, unnatural, interrupted with hissings and brazen echoes. Then at last, real, clear and close a voice came pouring over the phone in a tumult of tone.

"Matthew, Matthew! I have heard the great good news. I am happy,

301-1932

He could not go leaving her standing, waiting, listening. No. This thing must be faced, not dodged. He must talk to her. If she asked, he must even go to her. She too was no coward. Eye to eye and face to face she would say the last word: She was summoned home to India. And then the final parting. They must work for the world—but she in her high sphere and he in his more lonely, forever parted, forever united in soul.

He descended slowly and went into the drugstore and into the little booth. How curious that he had never thought of evoking this miracle before in his heavy loneliness. Yet it was as well. There was, there could be but this ending; (out of time and space he was calling a memory)

"Hello—hello! New York—Hello, Richmond—Go ahead."

30-1-1936

very, very happy. And Matthew, I have news for you. Friends are with me. You must meet them. I want you here at sunrise."

"But Kautilya—is it necessary that I come? Is it wise? I have been thinking long, Kautilya—"

"Matthew, Matthew, what is wrong? Why do you wait? Are you ill? Has something happened?"

"No, no, Kautilya, I am well—and if you wish me I am coming. But I have been wondering if I ought ever to come."

"Ever? Matthew——what do you mean?"

"I mean, Kautilya, that I have a duty to perform toward you and the world."

"Matthew, do you mean that you have changed toward me?"

"Changed? No, never. But I see more clearly—as clearly as you yourself saw when you bade me drain the cup."

"What have you feared, Matthew?"

"Nothing but myself. And now that fear is gone—I have drained the cup."

"Matthew you have never doubted me?"

"I have doubted, Kautilya—I am human—but I do not doubt now."

"You doubted me when I bade you drain the cup."

"Yes, dear one—how could I not?"

"And yet you knew that never and to no one could I give you up? And yet I knew that both must surrender each other [redacted] to—

"To whom, Matthew?"

"To God and the Mararajah of Bwodpur."

A sound that was a cry, gasp, laugh and sob came over the phone.

"O God!" it whispered—"The Mararajah of Bwodpur."

30-1-194[illegible]

"Listen Kautilya—I know—all."

"All?" she gasped.

"All!" A Mararajah is to be crowned in Bwodpur."

"A little cry came over the phone—

"And you have been summoned to the coronation—is it not true?"

"Yes."

"And you must go. Bwodpur—the Darker peoples of the world call you. Would it not be easier if—if with this far farewell you left me to face your—"

"No—no—no, Matthew—you do not—you cannot understand. You must come—unless—"

[redacted]

"Kautilya darling I will come—of course I will come. I will do anything to make the broad straight path of your duty easier to enter. Only one thing I will not do neither for wealth nor power nor Love and that is to turn your feet from this broad and terrible way.

"And [redacted] you God Speed—to greet you with farewell and to hold you on my heart once more ere I give you up to God—I come, Kautilya."

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"Oh, go to hell" growled Sammy and ~~almost~~ slammed the door. He knew her game, of course. She was going to run Matthew for Congress and by George, she had a chance to win unless he could kill Matthew off.

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"Knock him on his fool head," sneered Carrothers.

"There's only one thing to do with a bozo like that, trip him up with a skirt."

Her voice sang over the wires, ~~through it.~~

"O Matthew—My beautiful One—My Man—Come—Come!—and at Sunrise"

"I am [redacted] coming," ~~Matthew, you are really coming~~

[redacted]

"And now?"

"Yes."

"And by sunrise."

"But—impossible."

"Have you read the rescript? By Sunrise, ~~the~~ the first of May

"But dear it is Apl 30. It takes a train—"

"Nonsense. There is an airplane fuelled, oiled and waiting for you at the Maywood flying field. Stop for nothing—go now; quickly, quickly, O my beloved."

Click. Silence. Slowly he let the receiver fall, and turned away. He would not falter and yet almost—almost he wished the truth otherwise. It would have been hard enough to surrender a loved one who wanted to be free; but to send away one who clung to him to her own hurt, called for bitter, bitter courage and bitter courage stood staunch within him as he took out his watch. It was 10 o'clock at night. The field was far away. He glanced up at his room. Then paused no longer.

"Taxi—Maywood flying field. And quick!"

"Good lord, boss, that's forty miles—it'll cost you near—"

"It's worth $25 for me to get there in 2 hours."

The taxi leapt and roared.

The pilot glanced at the brown face of his lone passenger and climbed aloft. Matthew crawled into the tiny cabin. It was entirely closed in with glass save where up a few steps at the back perched the hard-faced pilot. There were seats for three other passengers but they were empty.

There arose a roar—a roar that for seven hours never ceased, never hesitated, but crooned and sang and thundered. They moved. The lights of Chicago hurried backward. It was midnight. The lights swayed and swam

and suddenly with a sick feeling and a shiver of instinctive fright, Matthew

"Can't he steal something?"

They went over his career with a fine tooth comb until at last they concentrated on that lynching and train-wreck.

"Who was that dead guy?"

[illegible] so crazy about that lynching."

and lifted his face to the treetops and strained her bosom to his, until she thrilled and gasped and held the child away from harm.

And the child awoke; naked, it cooed and crowed with joy on her soft arm and threw its little golden limbs up to the golden sun. But Matthew shrank a little and trembled to touch it and only whispered:

"Sweetheart! More than wife! Mother of God and my son!"

Then at last fearfully he took it in his hand and slowly with twined arms they began to walk toward the cabin, their long bodies and limbs touching in rhythm. At first she had said no word but always in grave and silent happiness looked up into his face. Then as they walked they began to speak in whispers.

30-1-196

"Kautilya, why did you not tell me? This changes the world. I came here set to make renunciation of your love."

"Matthew, how could one tell so great a thing in little letters. When I left you I knew we were parted forever, unless to us a child was born. That was my great secret."

"And yet you waited until a month had flown."

"O silly darling, I waited to send news to India and I waited too, for all, all. For his birth, then knowledge of your freedom. Do you not realize? There had to be a Maharaja of Bwodpur of the blood royal. Otherwise brown reaction and white intrigue would have made Bwodpur a satrapy of England. If I could not have a child of your love, I must prostitute my body to some strange husband or lose Bwodpur and India and the darker world. O Matthew, I know the tortures of the damned!"

"And without me and alone you went down into the Valley of the Shadow."

"I arose from the dead. I ascended from heaven with the angel of your child at my breast."

"And now Eternal Life makes us One forever."

"Immortal Mission of the Son of Man."

Crimson climbing roses, bursting with radiant bloom, almost covered the black logs of wide twin cabins; one rising higher than the other; the darkness of the low and vine-draped hall between caught and reflected the leaping flames of the kitchen within and beyond. Above and behind the roofs, rose a new round tower and a high hedge; the fields [redacted] were green and white with cotton and corn; the tall trees were softly singing.

Old stone steps worn to ancient hollows led up to the hall and on them loomed slowly Matthew's mother, straight, immense, white-haired and darkly brown. She took the baby in one great arm, infinite with tenderness, while the child shivered with delight. She kissed Matthew once and then said slowly with a voice that held sternly back its tears:

"And now, son, we'se gwine to make dis little man an hones' chile! Preacher!"

A short black man appeared in the door and paused. He looked like incarnate Age, with a dish of shining water in one hand and a worn book in the other. He was clad in black with snowy linen and his face was rough and hewn in angry linaments around the deep and sunken islands of his eyes.

Thus in the morning they were married looking neither at mother nor son, preacher nor shining morning, but deep into each other's hungry eyes. The voice of the child rose now in shrill sweet obligato and drowned here and again the rolling periods:

30-1-197

The priest in curious short staccatto phrases with pauses in between he lined out a hymn intoned. His voice was harsh and strong and his breath whistled; but the voice of the old mother rose clear and singularly sweet an octave above, while at last the baritone of Matthew and the deep contralto of Kautilya joined to make music under the trees.

"Shall I——be car——
"ried to-oo——the skies
"on flow—ry be—eds
"of ease!

Thus in the morning they were married looking neither at mother nor son, preacher nor shining morning, but deep into each other's hungry eyes. The voice of the child rose now in shrill sweet obligato and drowned here and again the rolling periods:

30-1-198

"——You, Kautilya, take this man"
"——love, honor and obey——
"——Yes."
"——Towns take this woman——"
"——until death do you part?"
"——Yes—yes."
"——God hath joined together; let no man put asunder!"

Then the ancient woman stiffened, closed her eyes and spoke to God:

"Jesus, take dis child. Make him a man! Make him a man, Lord Jesus, and a leader of his people and a lover of his God!

Give him a high heart, God, a strong arm and an understanding mind. Breathe the holy spirit on his ~~life~~ lips and fill his soul with loving kindness. Set his feet on the beautiful mountains of Good Tidings and let my heart sing Hallelujah to the Lamb when he brings my lost and stolen people home to heaven, home to you. My Little Jesus and My God!"

~~"O I don't feel no way tired~~

Suddenly her high voice flamed & sang and the dancing with slides, slow stamping upon the hollow stumps of the dust sang of Ramleh while a little of the Jewish Priest and half-Moslem, ~~kiss the negro~~ ~~"O I don't feel no way tired~~

O I don't-feel no way tired—"

(antiphonally) "Children shout to God glory Hallelujah!

"Am-a-gunna-to-shout—"

"glory within the world's on fire!"

"Children shout God's glory, Hallelujah!!"

There fell a soft silence broken only by the distant morning song of birds. ~~Out of the woods came chanting three Buddhist priests, one~~

And then slowly out of the gloom of the wood moved a simple pageant: two priests of Buddha, magnificent in raiment and between them a mohammedan Imaam, naked save for his white linen cloth, all were tall ~~this one black~~ and one was ~~(one yellow)~~ ~~one pale yellow~~ while beards swept down like snow over golden garments and bronzed flesh. One carried a silver dish of rice and one a golden dish of baked meats and the third a Crystal beaker of water. They chanted as they came: ~~"In One voice"~~

and he, as Matthew saw, was the elder Imaam of Perim

"O thou that playest on
the flute, standing by the water-ghats
on the road to Brindaban."

A second voice shall answer:

O flower of Eastern silence, walking in the
path of stars, divine beautiful, whom nothing human
makes unclean; living sunrise noon and golden night
and wordless intercession before the wordless Go"

and a third voice will shall ad clear

"O Allah, The Compassionate, The merciful, who
sends his blessing on the Prophet, On Lord & on his
family & companions & on all to whom he grants salvation

One friend gave me 2 Millions and Kautilya & Ea other gave
me 4 and with & all pleased as they kneelt. Then the Prophet
took the baby from his grandmother & wound a turban

a striken turban on its little protesting head—a turban with a mighty
ruby that looked like frozen Blood. Then he placed the child upon
Kautilya's outstretched arms. It lay there like an ecstasy of delight,
its little feet, curled petals; its mouth a kiss, its hands like
waving prayers. Slowly Kautilya stepped forward and turned her face
toward the east. She dropped her garments about her feet and stood
naked save for the girdle of jewels and the halo of the morning sun.
She raised the child, high toward heaven and cried with a great voice:

"Brahma! Vishnu and Siva! Lords of Sky and Light and Love; receive
here from this, the daughter of my fathers back to the thousandth name,
His Majesty, Chandragupta Singh, by the of God,
Maharajah of Bwodpur, Maharajadhiraja of Bhupal, King of s of
Gaurisankar, Protector of Ganga the Holy, Incarnate son of the Buddha,
Grand Mughal of Utter India, Messenger and Messiah to all the Darker
Worlds!"

A FELLOW OF HARVARD

1892
Draft manuscript and plot outline

Plot of a novel.

A Fellow of Harvard

The hero is a western born boy of N.E. ancestry — somewhat eccentric from childhood. His delight in school (in St Paul.) was to pore over a Harvard Catalog & picture himself a fellow of Harvard. He wins the prize in his school which sends him a year to college. His committee prejudiced against Harvard wish him to go to X — coll. He tries to enter Harvard but passes an indiff. examination & did no aid. He enters X, and after first year is supported by a church & urged to enter the ministry He is disgusted by the narrowness at X — leaves before graduation and writes a capital brochure which secures him aid at Harvard where he enters as a Junior. His Junior year is spent in struggles for scholarship, his senior in questionings as to the meaning of life & what course he should follow. He misses aid for Senior year but secures prize & works. He secures no class day honors but his commencement part secures him a fellowship. At the goal of his ambition he stands dazed and be-

33-2-1

comes a dabbler and only half does his seminary work, which however shows much promise, he receives a European fellowship. He only half understands Europe — studies not at all, & becomes an avowed socialist Returning before a American, the unreadiness of his thesis will not permit him to take his doctors degree. He seeks in vain for a position & at last finds one in a Southern Negro school where his eccentricities get him trouble with the blacks & his radicalism with the whites. His thesis now published is a brilliant success & secures him a position in the College of X— Here his ideals clash with the mammonism & materialism of his surroundings he neglects his duties & wrecks his masterpiece. At the same time that politics cause his dismissal his work is published. It falls flat amid much ridicule. He already monomaniac becomes hopelessly insane and dies "a fellow of Harvard"

33-2-2

Berlin.
7 Dec '92.

A Yellow y Harvard

Chapter I

George Smith was somewhat but a bit odd. That was the general verdict of the town. In his first photograph taken in short clothes his great staring eyes and pouting lips and a cast of innocent look but nevertheless one not without a certain interest. From then he grew to boyhood and youth [illegible] in the usual manner of his school he was not always the first scholar but was sure to be among the first half dozen or so, and his teachers certificates were on the whole very creditable. They usually showed an average of over 90%, the [illegible] was always one of the on-

33-2-143

expected ~~that~~ balking off in some manner
steady & good. Everybody knew however
that there was free & carelessness or oddity
and therefore George had the reputation
of being one of the most promising scholars
in the public schools

The town was small - a little
western "city" with a busy little week-
day down of traffic - for it was a sort of
half way resort between the farmers
and the great city, and with its new
railway and "brokers" had begun to
assume an air of real importance. The
Gowdys ~~lived~~ were the fair circumstances;
there was the father - a locomotive engineer
hard hearty and jolly, who smoked
took a glass of whisky now and then
had been hard & swear and ate breakfast
in his shirt sleeves. The older son had
followed the fathers footsteps and been trade-

owner & fireman on the railroad & had good chances of promotion in the near future. He liked to be considered a bit tough, and caroused some with the railroad men, but was too clean hearted to be really wild. There was one erstwhile a slight brown-haired girl given to wonderful dreams and castle building, whom the jolly father was wont to clap heartily on the back and declare she ought have been born in the days of knights — which she more than half believed. She at least was firmly convinced of her brother George — more even than George himself, in fact, who considered her girlish. The mother was a sort of negative body, a fair housekeeper, seldom seen, and loved by all in a general sort of way.

The father did not understand George

33-2-144

Watts doubted his relatives and was a bit skeptical as to his genius. However the boy did well and Smith only laughed and said

"Well damn him, let him go on — good hearted boy — I hope he'll make a lawyer or a professor — and like I'm not stuck on either of the callings, still I hope he might do worse"

It was in a meeting of the local chapter of the Locomotive Engineers, that the conversation arose in some way. Jenkins shook himself and struck the wall:

"I'm sorry" said he "but he's gone the wrong way. These are stirring times — times of change and development and we need such young fellows in our movement. I believe the boy is a genius —"

"Him!"

"And if he would take a good honest trade for a living and put his mite to building

our sons, I tell you it would be a great thing."

"yes yes" cryed old Smarden, who had his own family sorrows "but that our sons wont do — no sooner a workman can himself respectable than off his sons go & be kid gloved professions or & college. Education is a good thing — a good thing I concede, but somehow it don't work out right. If we could educate our sons for farmers or for tradesmen — it would be all right, but that's just what they wont be — and damned if I'm blessed if I see my way out of the thing" — I shou George'll go & college."

"Why! — I had not thought of that "returned the father" — fact, I never shook & down once about what he was going & do — hardly think I could afford & send him"

Or was this the assembly broke up and

33-2-145

and Emmie wandered home. She found Mary seated in a chair very deep in the depths of East Lynne while George sat with some book in his hand staring straight at the opposite wall. The girl ran to her father & kissed him which George mechanically returned in greeting & still sat lost in thought.

"Where's mother" asked the father. He yawned sat down pulled his chair up by the stove & hunted for his pipe.

"Dunno" said Mary working a rabbit journey across the water & back again & East Lynne.

"George" said Emmie suddenly, "what are you going to do for a living?"

George came back from great bright worlds & from strange brave thought deeds to a small somewhat clumsily furnished little parlour sitting room with a worsted grandfather picture on one wall, the three graces & "God bless our home" on the other and several unpossible chromos on the

others. He came back & was conducted
's chemistry in his room by
a sleepy little boy; and finally & the
sound of his father's voice.
"What!" he said, not because he didn't
understand, but because he was walking slow.
& very.
"What are you going & do for a living?"
33-2-146
Now what a question & put & a sixteen
year old boy. a living? The thought had scarcely
occurred & him — yes it had occurred
but not in that way, or no not in that
in "living" there was a touch of the sordid
the abandon of a breathless scramble for
bread — and he shrank for that — he hated
it — it had no part in his dreams, in his
great airy castles. If his father
asked him what he was going & do
in life, why then — but no, even then
he could not have spoken for his father

Leonard must have understood him —
& no one would have understood
him — he sometimes doubted if he understood himself. Nothing he did not
the details, but the great vague outlines
always dawned before him, and charmed
and beguiled him by their very vagueness.
And he thought of them so much, morning
noon and night, in his study, in his play
in his long walks, until they had become
so about of him that he never tired of fashioning them realness. These great plans of his were by no means always fixed and the same — rather they were always on flux, changing with the days the weather & the seasons, and especially with the flying years. Their one fixed point of view was that he was always their centre they circled about him, and in them tho they were by no means selfish altogether yet he always bore the boundy the battle as decreed the captain of his voice. What more

A Fellow of Harvard.

			her age	his age
The child	Chapter 1	The revival – mother and love – religion	10,	7
The youth + dreamer	Chapter 2	Risk – love + suffer	15,	12
Simple Sample	Chapter 3.	The country school. – mother love	19,	16.
amer. stud.	Chapter. 4.	Harvard	22,	19
They cynic	Chapter 5.	a fellow of Harvard – the anarchy from advance.	23,	20
The Europe	Chapter 6	Berlin (courtesan)	24,	21
the man.	Chapter 7	? Pola (maiden)	25,	22

Teufels bei Ammerland (Montag)
Leinburg bei Berkheim (Donnerstag)
+ Thelyn (Dienstag)
Mannheim + C (Montag + C *)
Löwen Cafe
[Heidelberg schloss]
+ Eckarte Mittwoch
Drachenfels Sonntag

And she said as she crept a bit closer

to him

"May it I live with you then — and and" she hesitated

then with her head bent

a bit - and love you, and tend the chickens?" She

~~started~~ looked at her half-doubtfully - then lovingly

She crept into his arms & hugged him. He held her close

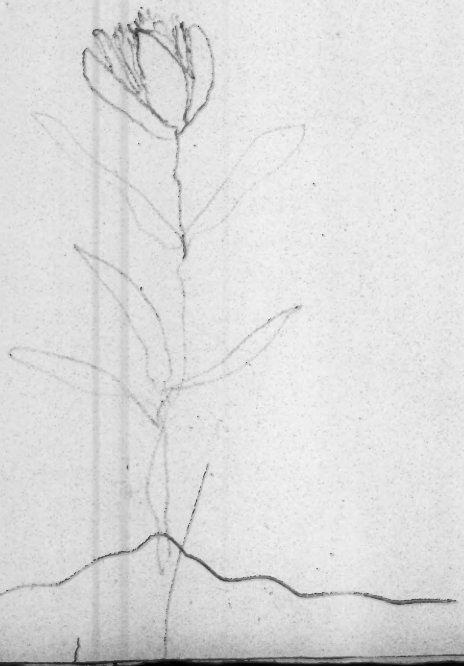
& him and together ~~they~~ the little boys sat

silently, watched the shadows of

the night as they came down the mountain - each

creeping along.

33-2-171



commenced
Apr 14.
revised.

A Fellow of Harvard

chapter I

Just as the red moon rose over the spur of the dark mountains, the laborer leaning on his scythe heard a strange song rolling down the valley in rythmic cadence. It rolled first in one long monotonous recitative, then with a plaintive medley of lonesome sweetness rose in a mighty triumphant chorus that echoed and re-echoed for miles around.

33-2-147

"Reckon the big meetin's begun, Ben," said he, laying down and wearily drawing on his old jacket.

"yes" said the other, who had just come from the meadows, old man Johnson is back from conf'rence and the folks are there and they's gwine to be right lively times. Reckon I'll go on myself, arter I've had a smack o' supper.

a Half hour later and the young fellow was on his way to town. The road was a poor one & lay in the bed of a half dry brook which was filled with cobble stones and mud, here washed out into a deep gully, there a bare and slippery flat rock. At the sides were fast ahead the road lay corn and wheat fields & green meadows; and then and there came on old wandering farm houses, then a half log half board cabin where the young fellow often stopped and talked

was greeted by the inmates or joined by a companion until the party reached the number of four or five. Once in a while they passed a crowded modern dwelling, or a lonesome rider galloped by with a short "evenin'." It was a beautiful night & the young lusty fellows travelled on with great strides joking and laughing. Now it was about the "crops", how the dry weather was ruining the wheat, or how difficult the mowing down in the meadow was; then jokes about sweetheart – who's Ben was "makin' up to"; and why Zeldy and Lou had fallen out; then were a round of harder hunt and back slapping which brought loud guffaws of mirth from the crowd. Meantime the little bridge was crossed and the old mill and the companions came into the town. The evening song which birds had lingered above them in the air like some ~~as es~~ indistinct wail, now burst in words and human melody whose so that involuntarily they hushed their laughing and paused & listened. On a a little rocky hill at the end of the single street stood a bare barn like building out of which a came a single voice – a strong full baritone trembling with hot inspiration

"There is praise in the morning
There is praise on the Day

And the Song of the Evening is
Is stealing away.

Then rolled forth the chorus — the mingled voice of men women & children in one boundless rythm & melody, with tremulous changes where one then sweet voice held the melody, with sorrowful cadence that with the strong voices of the men like anyone mighty doubt, and then is full power rose in triumph:

"Thou thunderest with the thunders
O/ Kings than art King
Most wonderful of wonders
God conqueror let us sing!

"Lord, but the clerrit seem to be a'comin' mighty pretty" said one

"Shut yo' jokin' " was the answer "an' come' long."

They entered the church. It was one great bare room almost unornamented save for a couple of faded wreaths from last christmas, and a "come & Jesus" over the altar from which some letters were missing. Everywhere one could see the bare board walls the beams in the roof — yes, and here & there a bit of blue moonlit sky. Simple board benches filled the floor the in the forward part with back and well-tho' simply made, those farther back only temporary makeshifts, boards propped by stones or by the window-sills. Directly opposite the double entrance doors at the other end

33-2-148

of the long room was the pulpit, on a slightly a box lid affair
raised platform behind which was a narrow recess. Despite these bare and primitive surroundings the scene was picturesque; the house was packed & overflowing inside with people, all of dark complexion the nearest the gentleman we would call black, mostly a very dark brown, some a lighter brown some yellow, some nearly white. Most were neatly dressed — the bare and there were slovenly skirts & ragged jackets. The younger smarter women had bright garments and ambitious hats the older were wrapped in shawls and now and then a red handkerchief artfully folded formed the turbaned headdress of dark and wrinkled old women. The stranger would have first found something grotesque in the strangely dark faces but as he became more accustomed to the the scene and looked more carefully into the perhaps 2 or 3 hundred he have found more interest than amuse. One could see at a glance that they were here were a simple true hearted folk. There was open good nature on there face and a deepheated wealth of life & joyousness waiting to look upon Judged by all ordinary standards they were were a homely people and yet as one watched the lively flashing eyes, the smooth dark skins, the rounded

Dreams, one could well wonder as to the judgement of the future. In spite of all the careless good nature which one could see every where, and marked by the little weaknesses & flirtations of the younger people, it was plain that this was an ernest moment. The sermon had been preached & the minister paused and scanned his audience — a deep, impressive silence hung over the people. A noble figure was that, tall and thin, the black face & piercing eyes crowned by a mass of tangled wavy hair. The long, wrinkled black coat was buttoned closely about him showing a bit of white shirt above. The collar & necktie he had removed & placed beside the bible on the pulpit. One could see that he was a man of no ordinary ability & his speech showed that strange mixture of education called & phantastic ignorance so often met with.

"Children" said he, leaning the pulpit and laying his stone on the bare board before it "the day of the Lord is come; last night I heard the whispering wings of wonder a-hovering on in the sky moaning for souls lost, my children, for souls damned & damned again, and I struggled from my bed and cried unto the murdering

33-2-49

thee back away ye powers of day — mighty God of Abraham, of Isaac & of Jacob, who hast brought thou my people out of dark land of bondage — high Jehovah throw forth thy mighty hand & thy stretched arm, beat back the powers of evil — and as I prayed; to my my children I saw the God of Glory riding on the thunder with blessing in his right hand & curses in his left & the eternal angels singing before him crying "the conqueror of death & hell, of death & hell — arise black herald of mighty people — arise & sing to my people, the day of God is come!" He had commenced in a low earnest tone standing still and upright; as he proceed his pace lightened with the inspiration, his body swayed to the rythmic cadence of his voice which rose and rose till it thundered & echoed amid the bare beams of the roof and rolled out into the restless village

below. The throng of people swayed with and raised a low humming moan, broken now and then by a hearty "Amen" or "Praise the Lord." Faster and faster the words flew from his lips, wilder the long arms gesticulated until in paroxysm of frenzy he reached backward & forward pleading with his hearers:

33-2-50

O you that will not hear his voice, whose cruel & bloody hearts have crucified infinite & eternal Love — Where he hangs on the tree and the doves are hovering over him I have seen his wounds, O ye thousands, red red with blood, see from his side the crimson stream is rippling down the mountain on & on thro' the valley See O ye beloved of god — see, it is pouring in the door, it is reaching thro' the windows, can you not feel it, its warm hands are clasping at you O my little ones come & Jesus, come & Jesus here ye the song — you mother that has seen your babe a struggling with death; you who have your old grey head mother descend into the valley

of Sheldon — look look they come we cried one mothers, children father a fluttering then rising crying come little children — come come to a living God, to everlasting bliss! " The moaning of the throng melted to a wail, and the "amen" was broken with tears. The low clear voice of a woman on some of the back bench now mingled with the voice of the preacher.

We will walk thro' the valley
Of the shadow of death
We will walk thro the valley
in Peace
If Jesus himself shall be our leader
We will walk thro the valley in peace

We will sing thro. the valley etc.

Voice after voice joined in until the chorus rose & sobbed in ~~rythmic~~ low melody. The preacher paused trembling, and the people began to rise from their places and crowded into the open altar space beside the preacher; the front benches were nearly bared of the occupants while the hinder benches remained seated, some with bowed heads, some with wet eyes, some with indifferent if not mocking faces. Another and bolder song began, as ~~hearts~~ souls

broad shouldered yellow-haired man sing in the
deep recitative like interludes & the others joining
in the chorus & keeping time by beating their
hands together and stamping their. Above all
arose the frenzied voice of the gaunt preacher.
Ts 1-2 One by one the other younger people came and
33-2 knelt upon them about the altar or at the mourning. A
chant of gladness or a jubilee of song arose as
each new unconverted person bowed before the
throng of singing clapping christians. Here still
remained however a crowd throng of young
people by the kindlewood benches & throng of
and toward these, the preacher turned by pleading
bent in agony denunciation swinging his long
arms and shouting: "Brood of hell & banditti
of the devils, walking over the red & slippery
flood of eternal damnation on a single
thread of hair; you who have shut your hearts against
the pleadings of Jesus, & drowned the bleeding
Crucified christ — tremble ye miserable sinners,
tremble, sons of the evil, & the multitude
of you — arise & sing to God lest he smite
for my god is a rock in a weary land & a
shadow in a mighty storm —— cursed

As the day broke, ye shipwrecked & hard-breathed ones — cursed!" — he suddenly paused & shouted

~~I then~~ In-a-my dream
I saw a man
On that man there was a crown
In-a-that crown there was a ~~light~~ wheel
~~It-a-wheel in a wheel~~

and the chorus at the altar reformed:

It's a wheel in a wheel
Sing children
A wheel in a wheel.

He stalked back the altar murmuring:

~~I heard a woman cry~~
In-a-my dream
I saw a man
On a that man there was a crown
On a-that crown there was a wheel
And that wheel there was a light
Light wrecked that Rome had been
Rome had been should be no more

and again the refrain
It's a wheel in a wheel &c

A riot came from the benches beside & turning he cried

I heard a woman cry
I heard a woman's cry
I heard a woman cry

And the refrain ceased.

"Crying" Holly holy God
Holy holy God!

It was a strikingly picturesque scene and to the little child that sat on the corner of one of the middle benches, it was the most wonderful thing she had seen on earth. The pale yellow lights threw a dreamy glare over the throng scene which stood out again the soft blue background of moonlight that flowed thro the open windows. The throng of clapping singing crowd around the altar stood like some dark bulwark and the whole building creaked & trembled in rythm & the wild song. Around them knelt the moaning seekers on their knees on the wallking and weeping in the arms of excitement Behind all the throng of silent onlookers, and towering above the gaunt forms of the ensamed preacher. She stared with her great black eyes at the people, she listened breathless to the songs she loved her heart swelled, and she wondered why God did not come down himself & speak to them She grasped tighter the hand of her brother and much trembling she listened to the preacher. A look of wild terror flew into her eyes and the gaunt

33-2-152

preacher denounced the sinning crowd, and the
leaned a half questioning half beseeching look upon
her little brother who sat with a far away look
in his eyes staring straight at the preacher.
Suddenly a piercing shriek rang out and a
woman of the kneeling ones leaped to her feet, her
face was radiant with joy, her clothes disarranged
shrieking she rushed thro the long embracing
the woman, throwing her arms and weeping &
laughing; The wearied singers raised
a stronger song and the little girl sprang to
her feet and two great tears gathered in
eyes and rolled slowly down upon little black
cheek as the preacher preached
"Sing glory to God, for he hath called a weather
soul unto his vineyard! The shriek had roused
the brother from his dreaming & they looked at each other
for a moment with startled eyes then the little
girl glanced again toward the altar and the
saw the old and wrinkled standing in the centre singing
with streaming eyes and beseeching outstretched hands
toward her children. The girl said no
word but rushed to the mother & kneeling hid
her head in her skirts sobbing convulsively; the
boy stood alone stolid staring at the preacher his

gathering tears so that the ~~gallon~~ mass. beams broaded and great high ways covered with cloth of gold and moon-looked like the great arched door way of the kingdom. But there were no angels there, there was no sign of god looking out, and he slumbed by his God half unfriendly when he heard the deep tones of the preacher at his side — "Hell is yawning, god is calling, run & thy mother, child!" And the child went slowly forward and knelt beside his sister at the feet of the mother.

33-2-153

All night the religious orgies continued; Edgar Thornton in the big white house turned restlessly in his bed and cursed the "damned Niggers" and the crow left the bed on the hillside and flew wheeling into the south. All night — but just as the grey dawn sighed over the rolling hill tops the Preacher cried Amen! and a black mother dragging two wild eyed children rushed frog-mad through the departing crowd shrieking "Glory to the new God that has lifted my babes from death and hell, ~~one~~ O children do you see what the Lord hath done!" And the laborer resting his sickle down in the dewy meadow listened and smiled as he heard the echoes, "O children do you see what the Lord hath done"!

~~Chapter II~~

If you follow the "big road" from the town down the bed of the brook by the second turn to the left and enter the first set of bars you come on the meadow, arable hill and wood that belongs to Col. ~~Squire~~ Thornton. It is not a particularly valuable piece of property for the wood is ~~un~~tender, the side hill stony and the meadow weedy. For this reason the Col. lets the land on shares to two tenants, himself furnishing stock and seed and the tenants the labor &c. People say that the colonel drives a hard bargain often with his tenants and that his bookkeeping is not always ~~cordial~~ to be understood, but then the colonel has been soured by misfortune and it is possible that he is not at heart so hard as gossips say. There were times when the Thorntons of Alexandria were a great family. Their plantation sheltered over half the county and the ~~was~~ master of 300 black men and women. The west farm of nearly a thousand acres was really a little kingdom over which ruled for many years the fiery John Thornton or "Congressman John" as he was called. He was a southern gentleman ~~Cordial~~ & commanding in manner, dogmatic and unlearned with a streak of brutality and yet with a certain refinement & reading which always ac-

33-2-154

company habits of command. He was among the
most radical defenders of slavery honestly believing
that horses mules and "niggers" were made for
the use of men and that abolition, was then
as much blasphemy as arrant treason
the smoke of conflict had scarce died away
ere Col Thornton rode into virginia at the head
of a goodly company to defend his fatherland
and its institutions against what he considered
the mawkish impudence of Northern chivalry
He rode forth with his eldest son, but the son came
back alone and found himself debt ridden, his home
fallen in, his slaves freed, his money sunk in the
lost cause. He was a critical moment
and only a hero heart could have risen and beaten
in unison with the new order of things. And the
young Capt Thornton being thirty years of age maimed
and moneyless did not fell a bit heroic, but soured
into a gruff land poor farmer who only for long
his sole companion was George, a boy of 14.

The half of the side hill and meadow
was worked on shares by Sam Johnson
— a black powerful figure quiet and industrious
who loved and obeyed his wife Matilda in all
things except in Church going. He worked early and

late, but the land was poor, and the Capt was
cheated & out heard in his bargains. He always
regarded the contract between him and a Negro
as between man and horse where only the first
party was judge of the justice or effect of the
accompanying deception. When Sam was a good hearted open handed man who
was always helping his neighbors — when in trouble
— in fine 25 years of freedom found Sam still
a poor man, and yet happy in his quiet way.
He took his greatest joy in his 10 year old
son — a boy strongly built like his father with
great dreamy eyes, and dark chestnut colored skin
& closely crumpled hair. The Mother declared that
the boy was spoiled by his father, but the father
always laughed that the other child the 8 year
old little sister was humored & dealt by the
Mother & the matter ended in a general laugh at
chuckle. A comely built woman was Matilda Johnson
taller than her husband broad & stately. When she
stood on the front steps of the little board cabin
at dinner time, bare footed with her skirt
rolled up, her hands on her hips & her head thrown
& call "Sam, Sam! come! long!"
— then she was much the
[illegible] face eyes & teeth

33-2-15

she was a victim of real, and, as time had
brought for 13 years, to love.

John Johnson, the little son, was just awaken
to a serious consideration of the world about him
and was on the whole dissatisfied with it. From
his cradle he had looked out upon a double
world, the one was formed by his mother's round black
face, his father's good natured smile, his little
sister, the black corn, and "collud" folks in gen-
eral. The other consisted of the hale and hearty
Capt Thornton on his old grey mare, the buxom old
Con George, the cream and tallow, town rebels who
tenanted the other half of the side hill and had
a dirty & homely daughter, and last a dirty white
dog who stole chickens & was regular stoned whenever
John come across all white folks in general
with a rock in hand. This George's worlds
were divided into a white one and a black one
and the first meant to him all that was overbearing
unfortunate and hateful, the second all that
was lovable and dear to him. The only thing that
troubled was that he could not trace these two
thoroughfares the world. Not only did these two
worlds seem to grow together at the top
when the sun rose bright and rosy o'er
the eastern hills and did drink up the dew

in the meadows of black & ashes, and waded
Capt Thornton & Sam Johnson and the black cow
and Georgie's dog — not only here was the world
scarcely one but at other unexplored places
they two worlds faded into one: for instance
when baby sister died and the Captain's wife came
and sat by the window and knitted and took snuff
and knit and knit and knit; and again when the
father and the old white neighbor sat on the hog rack
& spit in the old field & told stories and smoked. Yet
on the whole the separation between the two worlds
was abrupt & wide and in spite of the fact that they
looked in common moondreams it would have
been extremely difficult to convince George that
there was any very essential common be-
tween them. From his mother he had received a
strong religious tendency which took off fantastic
his God was no far off stranger but a well known
friend whom John would not have been surprised & sweet
any day on the road singing or up in the forest where the
crows cawed. He always pictured God like the old preacher
tall and gaunt with a sort of awful love written on his
back and great wings on his shoulders. And tho' God
never came & him came in the tales his mother told
of her mother, yet he was never tired of watching for
him. Glorious as was the dawn over the tall dark
33-2-156

~~Preach~~ ~~Robbo & the Lord~~, he bowed head & waited for miracle ~~of the~~ sunset. To him it was not the ending of the day but the coming of the evening — the night. Dear often had he sat on the old chopping block back of the house with his back toward the glowing west and watched the shadow rise over the great pines & chestnuts. There was to him a strange awfulness in the coming of the night — he felt that its blackness belonged to the black world. When it was dark the father came ~~ca~~ugle from the fields, and the mother prepared the evening meal of hoe cake and bacon, and the sister told all about her chickens — those wonderful chicks of hers. ~~She could~~ The white day of the sun was full of Winstons and other white folks and the long night brought jolly black faces around the great fire place or under the moon & stories and good things to eat, and strange dreams — yes he loved the night best, the great soft night that stretched her arms so sweetly about him & fill the air with magic. He had always hastened thus as the fittest time for the coming of the Lord: He moved down the steep winding path yonder by the great silvery birch tree and down over the old field by the great chopping block, by ~~the~~ Teddy's branch into the valley. His great wings would wave above like mighty shad-

Ones, and he would look — how would he look?
Here lay the great hard kernal of all the child's dissatisfaction
and doubt: the god whom he thro' the loving mother
his baby eyes had always pictured was black and
kinky haired, but then came the bible & the sermons
where God's face shone as the sun, and sometimes a
nameless terror seized his little heart lest God
should be white. As he grew the form of the doubt
changed but the content was the same: was the
god of the christians who worshipped in the white church
the same as the god of his mothers people. Was
the great christ that came breathing thro' the night
& love and was so loving & him & his — was
that same soul so loving & the other cold pale noble
which sometimes almost hated? And if it was, why then
would it not grow farther and farther away
from this world, may perhaps it would both
worlds so the three them so together — and then the
child turns from this thought with a shudder for
it seemed he could not love God that had
done that — no, no. He loved rather & pretend his
God as a mighty god of battles dark and fearful
only loving his own and riding on the dark storm
that came thundering down the valley in the world
and playing on the moons crimson evening: he
pretend him as smiting his enemies and over thro'

33-2-157

but half consciously the enemies more white & changed
haired and the hosts of the Lord were dark as
the shadows of the night. Thus the boy grew in
thought, and at the same time was no idle
dreamer he was always busy at something
— a new play house, or a new hermit a
wonderful ice saw or a sawing. mingled with
these more grand plans fantastic for their smug-
gled vastness & littleness, for instance, a great
bridge to span the valley — a steam railway
& busy mill for wood for Mammy & mash, and
a great wind mill which continually blew
out & carts would it come & a gold mine
— all these were in his busy brain. His
little sister Zelda was not so much a
separate being as a sort of feminine echo
of her brother. She always gave in to him, listened
in wide mouthed wonder to his plans, did all he told
her & in simple faith, and when he mischief
rose and hid & wept till he came & put his arms
about her and told her she "mustn't mind" his
naughtiness. And the brother loved the little timid
thing with all his heart, he was always planning
for her, making her toys, taking her on wonderful
exciting expeditions, and although his boyish bravado
often led him to practice a sort of petty tyranny against the

mother vessel, yet it was tempered with an ellemental love & care which the little sister always recognized.

This morning John came across the fields from the conversation in a thoughtful mood. Last night he as his sister had as the people say "got religion" at the revival meeting. The little sister had awaked happy as a lark and filled with a new mysterious responsible vow that she had become a christian. John could not however rid himself of a certain vague dissatisfaction. It was the old difficulty of his childhood, the old doubt, and if its not that of the theoretic form was the practical of his baby days, it practical form was even more pronounced. The two worlds stood to him daily in hateful and bitterest contrast; to reconcile all this with the theology of the prayermeeting and the bible made the boy sorely doubt as to whether he had done his duty and become a warrior of the mysterious God of his early life, or whether he had been a fool and yielded in a moment of weakness to something he did not understand. The more he thought the bitterer was his mood against the whole world. Only yesterday Capt. Worthington had met him on the highway and thought it time to give him a bit of wholesome advice

"Well, youngster, do you go to school yet?"

"Yes sir!"

38-2-158

"It's a ~~short~~ time you went to work isn't it?"
The day was silent.
"You folks, don't want to be throwing away your time over books — you should learn to be honest workmen & not shirk & push above your station. A good plowman is worth a dozen preachers and teachers" and the Squire rode on and did not see the blank and quivering face of the boy. This morning the scene came back to him ~~before~~ & seemed like a gold mound & blew all the flowers of his phantasy away. Good plowman? Yes, he could be a plowman — but in his world in his dear daughter with his mother & father and sister with no cold white world of doubt and mockery from without & blight his happiness —
"I say, Johnnie, what have you got against the tree those you're pounding so."
John turned and stared at his accuster. ~~The~~ George Thornton had come sauntering across the fields with his hand on his pockets in an exceedingly merry mood. He ~~did not realize~~ was a boy of 14 carelessness good nature & broad sense. He did not notice this ~~the~~ clouded mien ~~of his~~ and waited for neither greeting nor answer.
"I say, Johnnie, do you know I'm going away?
"No"
"yes sir! going away to Worth & a big fitting school

where there are lots of rich fellows & they have swell times together - Phillips Exeter its called, an academy. Cost's a heap of money but father's going to send me. Talk about times — gee! — but I'm going to make the team. After 3 or 4 years there I'm going to Harvard."

"what's that?"

"Oh! don't you know what Harvard is — of course you don't — it's a big college the biggest in America, or in the world, awfully high toned, only gentlemen go there. "It's here" and he pulled a thick book out of the bracket "this is the catalog that tells all about it how to get in and —

"let me see it."

"No no! what for — are you going there too"

George laughed heartily while John slapped kicked a harmless little boy viciously out of the path.

"I don't know yet what I'll do when I'm grown up" and George tossing the catalog reflectively "perhaps a lawyer, a big merchant — and own all the land here — I'll give you a new cabin then Jack —

"I don't want it"

"All right — just as you please — perhaps I'll write books and be a fellow of Harvard.

"what's that?"

33-2-159

O I don't know it's a sort of thing you become when you know Cats — I've just got a book with a horrible lot of jingo stuff in it that was written by John Sidenson, M.A., Fellow of Warwood College and he says it's mighty good —
The conversation was here broken by a sharp little cry of grief. We had come near to Cabin, when suddenly the Georges shaggy dog came bounding towards them with something in his mouth followed by the grief-stricken little Zelly.
"Johnnie, Johnnie, it is the gray un, oh oh!"
she cried in deepest despair.
One cut from John's whiplash sent the dog back his howl and sent yelping across the fields. George who had just laughed heartily, broke into a fit of anger
"How dare you whip my dog" he cried
John said nothing but stood defiantly in the path with another stone, and Zelly took the little dead kitten in her arms and sat down by the side of the road & sobbed as tho her heart would break.
"If you or your mast & remember, you little black rascal" continued Geny — but he got no further before which had struck him and in a moment

The two lost little angers were rolling in the dust and pounding each other in the most vindictive manner. The delicate, natural white boy despite his years was no match for the sturdy John and after a moment scuffle, reeling with pain, with swollen cheek he walked away across the fields while the little black victor stuck his hand gaily in his pockets and marched straight up the side hill past the big silver birch, into the great grassed clearing. Into the great branches of this he climbed and sat there tearless & still.

33-2-160

The Captain rode up to the cabin & burst in a towering rage. You damn he cursed at the Cabin as he came from the field "What the devil possessed that little black brat of yours to dare to strike a son of mine — damn you, my father owned your whole outfit — do ye know — owned ever soul & body. And yet by God, you dare to raise your hands against a white man's son at that — I want that damned little hog headed rascal on my place another day — under stand not another — you've spoiled him — all this loafing & playing about — by God I want him to work this plantation & keep about — by God I want him to work this plantation & keep about — by God I want him to work this plantation & keep

The good natured look faded from Sam's face, and he said sullenly

"I ain't usted to no such talk, cousin

"I know you aint, damn it, and that's the reason the whole tribe of you are getting so high and mighty. Only last week there was a lynching bee in Petersboro because a damn nigger murdered his own master's son.

The sleeping devil awoke in Sam began to make and he retorted

"And, by God, there can be another of you down here yer soon— coming out of the cabin.

"Sam" said Matilda "you shut up, and you Cousin Wortham, go 'long home — I'll see what's to be done. I'se mighty sorry de boy touched yer son — he had no business to do it — I haint brought up my young ones to brawl and fight but to trust in the Lord — he will repay Cousin Wortham in his own good time, he'll make us all right — for he's a strong God and a rock in a weary land" — dont she smiled down into the cabin, and the Colt rode sullenly away.

Sam came a little later to supper and sat silently at the table eating nothing. His mother

matched him ~~badly~~ entirely — she always had a sort of reference before the thoughtful Dad. That the most golden piece of the cake or the brownest bits of bacon which she laid before him seemed to comfort him. ~~Replied softly~~ Long the little tallow candle flickered & went out. and they sat alone in the moonlight, the boy restless swinging his limbs and thinking and thinking. and his mother sat in the door & watched him. She ~~talked~~ slowly filled his pipe ~~& came~~ and smoke it, but he did not smile. She mother washed the dishes and shelved ~~us~~ a bit stood a moment looking at her fondly. Then she brought Ennis ~~bone~~ stool & her needle and ~~sat~~ her chair by ~~Ennis~~ Johnnis. But she did not sew — she shut her eyes for a bit and sat still then she took the child's hand caressingly in her own and said:

"Johnnie, has yo' prayed t'day?

"No!"

A grim silence

"Ye ~~had~~ had down like for to ask his pardon forgot in

"Yo've lord?

"Yonar and mine an' Eddy's and everybody's

"And Cash Worthington's?

"yare——

"a and George Thornton's", with clenched fist.

33-2-161

"yes, and everybody."

John sat bolt upright in his chair & said slowly and decidedly,

"George Washington's God and my God!"

The mother stanted dusted her work & rose & drew her full height.

"Boy!" she cried in a hoarse trained voice: "forty years has I served Him, my Lord and my God, 40 years has he held me in my hands in trouble and sorrow yea as I walked thro' the valley of the shadow of death. And he never failed me, he never turned his back on me he listened to my prayer & from all my trials he took me home to sing his praises before the great throne & the strongest leave one only only and the Lord my mighty God came in the night and gave me a baby boy and I lifted up that boy in my arms and gave him unto the Lord & he said & said as my soul liveth mighty God this child shall be a warrior for God & a mighty conqueror for his people — and when my hair a-turnin' grey
here - here tonight that baby has denied his Lord, ask command Peter & turned his back upon his people — O my Lord & my God" & the mother sank into her chair under a great sob. The boy trembled

Brown head & foot, hesitated a moment and then went & put his arms about hes ~~mammy~~ mothers neck. She took him into her lap and held him like a baby close to her breast.

"Mammy" said he, "I ainit a coward, but I canit know everybody I want a good character — I canit understand —"

"Who kin understand the allmighty and who can know his everlastin' plans. Wese de worms 'fore his feet and the beast the dawgs his coward — his hand shall guide us & his finger shall' us lead me but a foot again a stand."

"But Mammy I aint ~~a coward~~, but I want to know I must know O if I only knowed who is this people, who he could."

The mother's eyes flashed & she rocked to and fro, crooning an old song. Then she said at last: "Wese his people: didnit he come & earth for de meek & lowly, the down trodden & destitud, didnit he say, bless his name, that the first shall be last & the last first? Didnit Jesus ole friend Lazarus lay in heaven when de rich white man roasted. Yes wese his people he brought out of the land of the dark days of slavery." She dropped her voice almost to a whisper "You dident know of

33-2-162

of these times my baby, you want on earth dem
when the bloody lash of the slave driver hung over
us, when we stole into the forests and prayed &
wrestled in prayer always coming of God of Abraham
come of merciful faithful and hear the cry of thy
bleeding children — and he came, he came, in fire &
thunder with his mighty arm, his frosted dark
chariots, and with one breath of his mighty
name he beat back the terrors of hell & and
broke the shackles of the slave. "Yes Lord need
yes people — with a strong hand shall he raise
us leaders for this time in his day
mighty men who shall lead dark
hosts into the land of milk & honey
& this my son, this my baby shall be
the watchman to blow the trumpet of god &
to sound the fiery sword again his enemies"
The boy had slipped from her lap and
stood looking at his mother with great eyes.
When he came and both hands on her
cheeks & said
"yes mammy, I will!"
She looked lovingly at her boy, and then went

in & the next room & returned with a little black box. Zelda climbed on her knee and John stood beside.

"The day is come," she said with a sob "when my John must be about his Father's business — he must leave his old mammy" The boys arm stole about his mother's neck but her eyes grew larger Zelda never moved, and the father smoked away & walked the room.

"My grandfather," she continues "was a preacher and the most powerful black man in the county. He was, he said the grandson of a great king in Africa, and people say That he knew much of godly wonderful secret of healin & such like. O but how powerful could he preache & sing — I heared him once as I was a wee thing & I thought it were de Lord Jesus'. Two hundred he baptized in a single Sunday down yonder at the brook at dat was a mighty shoutin' & people white & black came from miles & miles away to see it." and the mother welcome by the memory said in a Zelda stamping her foot & singing

"His master never drove him like the others — he was blacksmith & worked alone with his helper in a great shop not yonder by the big birch. But when the Yankees came & new overseers the times changed

Were were not words where they interfered and the old woman & trembled & drove them like common negroes. One day the head overseer struck, cut him like a dog with the great Barbus knife, and — " the mother shuddered — "I can see the stroke now all shattered with blood & brains, for grandpa raised his great iron hammer and struck the man dead at his feet. Late at night he came past our cabin — I remember his big form as he stood at the door — he only handed them to father and said 'give it to first Gunson, when he is ready to gird on the sword of God & go forth & smite his enemies" And then he strode toward the forest thro the rain & storm & we never saw him again."

The boy had listened with almost painful intent the mother handed him the box and his heart beat low & strong as he pulled the key & opened it. First there was a crumpled stained paper then a large carefully folded one, then old foot of a rabbit & some queer shaped bones. A shade of disappointment and unrest passed over the mother's face as careful search revealed nothing more. Lighting a candle and drawing about the table, they spread out the papers. First the large & important looking one was in breathless silence unfolded. It began in big letters

33-2-164

Written in a fine scholarly hand

like a will "In the Name of God, Amen. I William John Thomas the son of the late Chiamba of Adamawa Africa, a ~~enslaved by the will of God~~ slave of a white man by the will of God & Frederick Gustaf Hart, and a priest by the will of god & his people being in right mind do hereby give and devise to my dear grandson ——" Here the writing suddenly ended and the rest of the black paper was bare. The other crumpled and yellow paper was written in a cramped hand too — indeed hurriedly scrawled. With trouble John deciphered the following:

"My treasure lays buried in the east side-hill wood in the big birch. The boy must be old enough to serve the Lord like a brave and true warrior at 12 clock must he go alone with de bone on his bosom and the foot in his breath and smite the stone an cri "Chiamba" three times, and then lef the stone and singin "do bana koba, gene me" take it with him. it is for the Lord battel against the stone holdey devils, an he dat ——"

Dear was a scrawl and then came the signature

"William Thomas Chiamba"

The look of unrest deepened on the face of the mulla

'Pears I must watch after all" said she hesitatingly and then as she saw the fiery eyes of the boy she continued

"I dunno an I orter told yo', but people used say how grandpa had strange ways and dat – some thought him a goopher man. He cd heal the sicks & no magic ever worked agin him — & down knows whether he was or not, but people say so an he never did but that as he went in de woods that skinny negro a. great black stuff came out & met him and that the trees rumbled & thundered & lightened as they dreadfened to gether. An' some think it was de devil —"

"Hush!" said Esau sententiously over his pipe & Tabby hid her face in her mothers bosom.

"But he was a preacher wasn't he?" asked John

"yes —

"And didn't the Lord protect his servants?

"Yes, yes, child bless his name!

"Then" retorted John decisively "it wasn't the devil & I don't believe a word of the lies agin grandpa he was a great man and I love him" said

he with glowing face. "Then was reflectively he "Perhaps he was a magic-man - perhaps a prophets of the Lord - The Lord sent prophets in olden times why not now" and the boy a mild inspiration seized the boy as the thought of the great man.

"We might go a'ter work and Rock around arbirs" said the mother slowly looking furtively at the clock which showed & half past 10.

33-2-165

"No!" said John, decidedly, it says me alone.

The mother crossed an old hymn and said nothing.

"At 12 o'clock, I must be there 4 days away" said John; filled an enthusiasm he had never known before. The whole mystery and wildness of the affair appealed strong & his boyish nature.

"And what yi' gunn & look fer" said the father softly and his wife and Tommy & the table. Dark the room & everything — with from the first blends a boy quietly ebedmund — yes I know, it's my chestnut where I sit often set. Then I must follow the line made by these trees 17 feet and the wood & there another line again & then 7 feet and then I must

stuck in the ground for a long stone three feet
wide is buried but left with
square — under which lies the treasure! I must
be going" & the boy started up —

"Pleas'e me" said the Father with a quaint smile
that if at there at 12 o'clock she might ask to
be there at 12 o'clock tomorrow at noon?

"Sam quit yo' foolin' and go 'long & bed": said the mother sharply and
Sam took Tildy in his arms & kissed, then
went into the other room, which served as
parlor & bedroom.

"Won't yo' let mammy go 'long with yo' child
said the mother half anxiously.

The boy smiled & kissed her and said
"No, comes 'wid — Taint nothin' mammy &
you mustn't — I'll be back in a ~~little~~ minute
at 12 you must sweep the lantern from the door — put on the mugget."
The Cookgal at him with pride & anxiety in
her eyes and Sam said "Come Tildy bedtime
Come by. To little Tildy the whole evening had been
most wonderful. The grandfather seemed to her
already like one of the old prophets her mother
read about in the bible — who had talked with
the Lord himself. She wondered if he had wings

& draw the milk. She turned her footsteps as his mighty follower and though he would probably find a strange staff or a wonderful mantle if not indeed seven league boots. It was therefore very unwillingly that she allowed herself to be undressed & climbed the ladder with the dark hole which served as hers & Johannes bedroom. She did not go to bed but wrapping the blanket round herself sat down by the little window and watched. The heaven was filled with white and grey clouds through which the corpse riding moon flitted and glimmered and the land the hillside & the dark forest above. She saw her brother as he came out of the door, she heard the measured pleasure of the oxen & perceived that he was standing and making the hay. She saw him as he emerged from the wood shed with his shovel & lantern and strode quickly and confidently up the hill towards the great white house which seemed like the half scared healthy head like the ghost of the grandfather beckoning her brother away from her.

33-2-166

To John it seemed as tho' in one short evening he had become a man. He felt the magic of responsibility and the blood warmed thru his limbs in glad throbs. He had a holy mission from his own flesh & blood, may perhaps from a prophet of the Most High, a mission & Read the people he loved into the promised land — and tonight he was going to pick his arms & armor in the grandfather's trench. He never once thought to question what the heavens might be. He only thought that one to direct the message of the Lord had come to him. He hurried past the big birch to the chestnut, and with his measuring rod commenced his work eager quite forgetful in his eagerness the the unusual hour. He measured the 17 feet carefully, calculated a line of 7 feet at right angles & then with feverish haste struck his pick into the ground; The stone couldn't he couldn't find however one stone; going back he measured again — it appeared right, but nothing but a big cobble stone met his picks. A nervous fear entered his heart. and he sat down and thought over the words on the paper again which he had learned by heart. Thoroughly wh he bethought himself and measured his seven foot line in the opposite direction. Again not

sign of a stone. In stead of the shadow of a great disappointment which hung over him. He went back again and started more carefully. It occurred to him that he must allow for the grow of the chestnut – may better he measured from the middle of the tree & then was most careful with his measurements, but the dirt still fell in soft earth. Still undaunted he took his shovel and dug with the earth as foot or more in several places until finally somewhat further away than his measurements indicated he at last struck a stone about three feet under the ground which after industrious digging loosed & he found 3 feet wide + 7 feet long and perhaps a foot thick He dug away the earth carefully and laid the whole stone bare. His heart beat high with excitement & he sat down on the ground with his lantern beside him & react for his mothers signal for midnight. First he took the peculiar bone out of his pocket and stuck them half reverently half shamefacedly in his breast; then he took the hare's foot from his pocket and looked at it. He had often heard from the older Negroes wonderful stories about the rabbits foot & altho' he had come & thought them mere stories, yet there lay always a certain

33-2-167

of indefinite belief & dread that he knew that his great grandfather had believed in it he felt a certain regard for the old smelly thing. He put it back in his pocket and sat and waited & waited. Gradually the sereniety of the whole situation began to grow upon him. The gloaming of the moon among the dark trees, the ~~grave to~~ strange sounds that broke the oppressive silence soothed and the white hill that glimmered like a sheeted ~~ghost~~ in the distance. He looked at the hole before him and started & that all how like a grave it looked; a great wave of fear swept his heart until it hammered at his bosom; his ~~throat~~ throat became dry, and when a a gust of wind swept among branches and stumped & his feet and trembling peered into the dark forest behind him and then turned toward the house he saw the money light which indicated the hour of 12. His heart almost stopped beating, but all the fear was gone; he muttered the mystic words and grasped the stone — he could scarcely stir.; with redoubled strength he tugged at it and moved it but a few inches. Breathing the shovel he dug away the dirt at the sides so that he could turn the stone

and the dutch thers made. It was fully a half hour before the boy covered with desperation succeeded in pushing the ~~coverd~~ slab away and discovered a bleached skeleton and a great iron. The terror that struck the heart of the boy at first was so great that he sank helpless on the ground, then he rose siezed the great anvil and leaving lantern & tools rushed to the house.

33-2-168

The mother was armed by all the mingled superstition and sarcasm of her nature as she let the boy go into the woods on his strange errand. She had kept the message of her grandfather for years with religious zeal and as she saw the boy growing gradually more and more dissatisfied with his surrounded she had at last given it him, ~~and had~~ fully believing it contain money with which she could send the boy away to one of the great mission schools which the young school teacher had told her about. She was disappointed at the contents and filled with an illdefined unrest, all the under stirrings of her childhood came back to her & she feared that she had sent her boy into the evil influence of some spell. She sank down & held her

Such - she decided to let him go — then when he was once gone she tried to work but could she sew continually to the door, she thought to rouse her husband and then turned from the door and at last taken the great bible, opened it and spelled out slowly & laboriously the chapter on Daniel, then with song then she sang a hymn — rose and swung the light as a signal for twelve & then fell on her knees and prayed as only a Negro mother with her rich legacy of faith and song can pray. The boy staggering under the great smoky anvil and covered with cold perspiration rushed into the door, tottered & crashed. The mother and gathered him clasped him & kissed him, shoved the door to, wiped his forehead with her apron and made him sit in the great arm chair and drink some warm brandy & water. He had just recovered enough from his fright & weariness to commence to tell saw the gleam of a lantern of his adventure when suddenly they heard heavy footsteps without and the opened & in the father stalked, with a good natured smile on his face. "Sara," cried the mother aghast "I thought you was in bed — what yo doin"

"Sara doin father coat & hat on the bench there and the lantern and debrushed the old gown he had

Sleeny on his shoulder or a chair, and then said good natured by

"I fes' thought I'd see 'at the Devil didnit teck the boy

John didnit know whether to feel hurt or grateful as he learned that his father had secretly accompanied and watched over him; Matilda in spite of her disappointment at the sacrilege could only stammer

"Yo' dam — goose a — darlin."

and she kissed him.

33-2-169

It was just the turning to the mysterious evening was not just what Sleeny & John. His boys nervous phantasie had painted all in great exotic tongue colors each and above and now his heroic flight seemed just a bit ludicrous. And after all what had he found — a heavy old rusty sword. He eyed it doubtfully as his master said:

"I knows it, it water stan' in de shot beg Granpa & he allus vowed as it was a good us, tho he never used."

Sam meantime took it up and said"

"Peeks to me a fat lizzat for nose" said he reflectively. Matilda started up & brought an old knife and and & soon had the rust off. In the continual turning over John was once he heard a rattle within, and after careful examination they found that one of the bone round

horn unscrewed. Within were a pile of round things all enveloped in paper. John seized one and opening it found a yellow 10 dollar gold piece. The mother was beside herself with joy.

"I knowed it, said she "the ole man made a heap o' extra money by working overtime and I was allus sure that he'd hid it"

John & Sam now told of the grave and the skeleton. They all concluded that the old man had either been buried here by companions after death or that this was part of some underground hiding place where the old man had crawled & killed himself. Some of the papers contained gold others silver and others only copper — in all some $200 — a sum that made the poor simple people gasp. After a while the mother arose disappeared into the bedroom and presently returned with a little bundle in her hand. It was old thick stocking and she unrolled it with a look of pride; it contained 100 silver dollars. John's eyes grew large & Sam too stared in open mouthed surprise.

"In the name o' the Lord" cried he "whair did that from?"

The mother answered slowly: "An' God so loved the world 'at he gaved his only b'gotten son, at we might not perish, but have everlasting life" — an

I'se gwine to give my son to de Lord as a thank offerin. Ever since the Lord answered my prar and gin me a boy has I saved every penny — and dis is 10 years savin. My boy must go away now into the great wicked world for to fight for his people agin the hosts of the devil. And this is his fortune." They sat long into the night planning, the father, mother, and the father dozed too when at last the mother prayed long & wildly for her son; then they kissed each other and the boy that slowly climbed the ladder & the last was years the he who climed it the night before.

33-2-170

There sat still by the window a little dear stunted bundle. It crept to him and said chokingly

"Johnnie is yo' gwine 'way, fo' sho?

"yes Zelly I'm goin' to be away yonder over the mountain and beyond Alexandria & the great city. And I'm a goin to be a great man — perhaps a preacher, perhaps perhaps, a Fellow of Harvard

The moon shone under a great black cloud and the girl student Zelly crept nearer and put both arms around her brothers neck & said

"An when yo's a great Fellow, mought I come & live with and — home you" — she hesitated half afraid that that wouldn't be dreaming — and added humbly

an - an Tend the Chickens

John looked at her ~~erude~~ dumbfully then tenderly and then drew her close to him and put both arms about her. and so they fell asleep

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THE GUILT OF GOD

undated
Summary and notes for a proposed novel

THE GUILT OF GOD

Book 1

In Atlanta Georgia. The wife of the prosecuting attorney misses some valuable jewelry. They are poor whites who are just beginning to get up in the world and this jewelry is one of their first extravagances. She suspects the young son of the colored maid. She does not like the maid although the maid is unusually efficient, but she is educated and proud and the boy is queer and wayward. A detective has been summoned from the north to look into the matter of the migration of Negroes, a conspiracy among Negroes and northern whites is suspected. This detective is consulted about the loss of the jewelry. The boy is summoned and the mother comes with him. The mother defends him pointedly but the boy rather impudently acknowledges the theft. He used it to help Negroes get north. The wife of the prosecuting attorney wants him sent to the penitentiary at once but the prosecuting attorney himself hesitates. It is a queer case. There may be something back of it. He consults the detective. The detective thinks that undoubtedly it is a part of a larger guilt. He suggests that they consult the woman. They have the woman into the parlor. She sits down as though she belonged there. The prosecuting attorney is incensed and yells at her. But the detective persuades him to let the detective interview her alone. He speaks to her gently, takes her hand and looks into her eyes. She gasps and thinks he is probably colored but passing. Then she tells him the story. They were a young couple married just after graduation. He starts in in the post office and she teaching school. The position of both is difficult and they decide that they must make money. They attend a meeting where a colored man alternately sneers at them and

49-17-3

exhorts them to be thrifty, to save and to invest, to start an industrial insurance society. They put in a little money and the society is started. Immediately it begins to go wrong from lack of experience, from shiftlessness, from dishonesty. The husband decides to take a plunge. He gives up his place in the post office, takes all his money out of the savings bank, mortgages their home and puts everything he can into the society. He becomes its manager. It begins to prosper. His wife gives up her work and takes a position in the insurance society. An old relative runs the home and takes rather careless care of the boy, their only son. Then comes difficulties, especially difficulties of investment and trouble with the state insurance department and the new laws which are made. The manager senses the hostility of the whites. He consults the insurance commissioner and is advised to keep his funds in certain banks. When astringency comes he accepts loans from these banks, depositing insurance stock as security. Meantime he has risen to considerable prosperity. They build a new and beautiful home. They bought an automobide and thus avoid the Jim-Crow cars. Then comes the clash and the bank takes over the direction of the insurance society. The husband loses everything and commits suicide. The woman goes out in service and the boy begins to go astray.

After the story is told the detective consults the prosecuting attorney. He declares that he is sure there is more back of this than appears on the surface and he wants the boy put temporarily in jail so that he can summon him. Then he starts out with the boy handcuffed to him. They talk together. He finds the boy frantic for freedom, romantic, untrained, musical. He unlocks the handcuffs and promises the boy freedom on one condition. He has a job for him to do. The boy hesitates and consents. At midnight they ransack the prosecutting attorney's office. The detective does not touch the money or the

49-27-14

bonds, but merely takes a list of the voters in the white democratic primary. The boy goes north. All this takes place in the golden sunshine of a southern fall.

Book 2 - Chicago

It is cold weather with snow and slush on the ground. The boy grown to manhood without an overcoat is loafing near the corner of 35th and State Streets. His face is handsome but hard and cynical. He is tall and thin and has the long nervous hands of a musician. Digging his hands in his pocket he produces only a nickle and laughs, then turns at hearing a cry. A woman and man have come along 35th Street having gotten off the trolley car just beyond the viaduct as it comes from the east. They are white, the man is drunk and wild looking, the woman is young and beautiful, but evidently a woman of the street and they quarrel until the man strikes her frantically. Then the young brown man saunters over easily and knocks the white man down. The two look at each other, the boy with amusement, the girl sulkily. "Have you got five dollars"? she asks. "I have exactly five cents" he returned politely and they both laugh. She says that she is through with the man who is calling out of the gutter. "He isn't a man he is a dog". Then they walk along toward State Street. "What do you do?" she asks. He answers "I gamble" and turns to leave her. As they come from under the light she looks at him. "I know you" she says. "You are the maid's son, and I" she admits, "am the prosecuting attorney's daughter. My parents went to Los Angeles and became rich and respectable. I couldn't stick it. I went to college and then to art school and then to the streets." Then as she shivered he took her to a neighboring cabaret and said "Well, at least you will get something hot here." Then he starts gambling and wins. Finally they go out together. After a time the ~~white~~ wild drunkard comes back and

49-27-15

the three begin to know each other. The wild man has been in the war and shell shocked. He thinks he is a radical. He is interested in the complete unionizing of labor, especially he wants the colored workers unionized . He asks the brown boy's help. The three of them attend the union meetings. The colored laborers come into the union but the three see what is happening. In the union they are being made tools of union officials. The union officials prosper. They start a great cooperative movement. At the head of it is a young westerner of high ideals. They have a hard fight on account of the discrimination ofwholesale houses. They start their own wholesale, but still matters go wrong. The wild man sees this as the surrender of unionism to capitalism. The three consult and determine to steal the funds. The girl says "Then you can do real gambling." They go into the office of the wholesale at night. The boy takes the funds, the wild man kills the manager. The detective is called in. He recognizes the boy. "That is not what you ought to have stolen", he says, "money is of little account, I doubt if it will do you any good. What is needed is the list of the directors in the cooperation that crushed the union." This the boy brings him. At the trial it is proved that the wild man is insane. The detective takes him west. The boy and the girl who have turned state evidence are freed and go east.

Book 3.- Los Angeles.

It is the spring in California. The former prosecuting attorney and his wife have just finished a beautiful new bungalow on the Hollywood Hills overlooking the sweep of the valley of Los Angeles. It is a gorgeous place, a little beyond their means but they are making money. Years ago after he left Atlanta he withdrew his money from the savings bank and invested in copper common, a new par non-voting

~~stock. It began to rise~~

479-27-A

stock. It began to rise by leaps and bounds. Stock dividends were declared and a great metal merger spoken of. He was worth several hundred thousand dollars. He expected to be a millionaire. His wife was especially respectable and interested in art, although bitter because of the loss of her daughter. She accused her husband of over indulging the child. There came an altogether unexpected and inexplicable crash. Copper common failed, the prosecuting attorney was a pauper. He and his wife started suit to recover, claiming fraud. The detective is called in to help. "What is needed", he said "is a list of the directors of the bank who arranged this deal." Then he sends the wild man who is with him, not to an asylum but westward on the ocean in a ship to recover and he and the prosecuting attorney go east to New York seeking justice.

49-27-17

The Guilty Girl

1 Atlanta – Servants Scene
2 Chicago – [redacted] Industry
3 Los Angeles – Commerce
4 New York – Banking

Trees
- 1 – Fall
- 2 – winter
- 3 – Spring
- 4 – Summer

Music
- 1 – Folk army Negro
- 2 – Jazz
- 3 – Songs of all sorts
- 4 – Grand Opera

Chamber

419-27-24

Democratic vs. Boys & Girls

Stole $10,000
" Jewelry & Clothes away
Conspiracy & Murder
Gambling
Jewelry & riot

6-22-23

The Power & the Glory

Atlanta – The marriage & the baby. – The death & Lola & the boy – the insurance company – the town & ignorants wrecked – the big boy husband comes & the arrest – success & failure – the lottery. The judge & flight & Chicago

Chicago – The prostitute & the trade union – fighting degradation & unionize. The blood seals & the thief The Thief & the prostitute. The Labor Leader & the failure warning & the judge & investigation.

Los Angeles The rich judge & saving family; saving town Steel Common. Economic collapse & the degenerate.

New York – The Russian Jew – making money – the bank. The bank explodes – Consolidation – murder investigation The old man & their prostitute & degenerate. – The turning back of Time :: Consolidated wins steel common & wrecks S.C. overthrows Labor Leader & prostitute; Labor Leader overthrows union & wins wins Negro Democrat & invades Chief The guilty Directors, the unmoved Criminals.

49-27-26

The Conversion of Gid

—

The Almighty

1. A group of colored people in Atlanta or Charleston are played for skillessness & lack of race pride by white & black. They start an insurance company. Fakirs nearly ruin it but better ones get control. Despite this the enterprise falls into the hands of the whites & the negro leaders are driven & Deluded. The boy grows a idiot - ~~of course he got dominos a prostitute~~

2. A group of white workmen organize a union in Detroit. They exclude negroes & foreigners & invest capital in a labor bank. The union fails & the laborers must learn

3. A group of ~~negroes~~ people ~~gain~~ ^ save the income ~~They buy factory & then steal company~~ put their money in a savings bank & then buy & operate & then "steal company". The company fails & the boy becomes a ~~bank clerk~~ degenerate american

4. A new york Jew boy starts out & made money. He goes into a bank. Murders & steals successfully. The band acquires great properties. He as director owns railway, insurance, steel industry & banks. They consolidate. Out of the ruin rises crime & prostitution. The courts suspect it & the Esther-man reveals the truth — The Disfranchised Owner, the Band Bandit — and the Director shows how the Jews has raided the Constitution, & the degenerate has surrendered the power the most enslaves the Esther-man.

479-47-37

1. Colored people of Atlanta found a band, fail & wreck a theo
2. White people of Chicago form a union fail & make a dustbin.
3. Rich people of Los Angeles save money invest lose and become a degenerate
4. Rich people of Boston stand gain & make a toolgate
5. Bankers of New York gamble win & face revolution
6. The lower world rises in revolt guided by God.
7. The vision & Consummation

79-27-28

The Judgment of
Joshua L'Homme dieu.

Book 3.

Rudd is a timid clerk who wants to be a
lawyer.
goes to Los Angeles as lawyer settles with Dubois
Becomes attorney for Dedi alone, invests & loses
Realtor
wins — Mrs. R drowning
The two girls
The colored Algerian
The new development in Hollywood
Movies
invests loses & wins
The great Investment — D.A.R. — Claire
Calvin Delk
Race suicide
The marriage
Disaster looms

49-27-19

The manager of the Varsity accepts a sale - "H" of $10,000 per club established. The Boy & girl & wild man meet him. The go over lists of Varsity. The boy takes custom of list. The wild man in range kills the manager The girl takes the money. Police & detectives D. address At trial W.M. confesses murder B & G acquitted Moore denies mentioning money D takes bail & says where are you going — & gamble. The go & the gambling house N.Y. — Chicago gambles on food prices N.Y. on Liberty & income rights. I drive an office. I go meet wild man.

Detective — Joshua L'Hommedieu
P. Attorney — Peter Rudd
Colored Husband — John Buller
Boy — Don Buller
girl — Claire Rudd
wild man — Ranny Rael
President — Jared Rael

49-27-26

N.Y.

Debbs of Emrbe

Enter Power - Electricity

Rare resident

Smith

ord.

4/9-27-18

Back of New York — Summer — Colored waiters are gambling in Harlem; others are gambling in homes, in Broadway. Bad in a small house to [illegible] the Boy is taken (Lord Gordon) & the Girl as stenographer. We visit them. The Universal Comfy Band office is the President — a real New England spinsterly home, & the Detective. The President and they entered this office & yet took nothing." Then an assistant says Caesars Waters are going up." Ah" smiles the D. they speak of your plan to contract C.M. & They have covered them "quiet stock" and the P. — we must get inside & Publish but I'm interested in them this & if they don't go Do for let them crash in.

In the Evening they meet at Boy & Girl — At an End I welcome brother — ade a stenographer They have gambled last & "my dear" both cannot now & must divide all on Caesars. The Detective enters. The Boy recognizes him. The Girl covers him. He smiles "Cash in at 200" He says & gives me the list of Board Directors. They make $250,000. My God! Treachery — Deceit But they must keep their word — they steal the directors list & the D. & Policeman arrest them. Addressing the Defendants they find the Presently attorney of L.A. meets them pleading restitution. The P.A. recognizes his daughter & the Boy. Accuses the Boy & surrender but D brings in Wild Man with his Pardon and.

all are against — the D arranges escape & closes quiet — Pres. closes decline of empire — Eve closes other side D. closes quiet of riders, workers, investors, bankers — God & how they cannot hunger, cheat humiliation glorifying & War.
Eve saves. — Country dies — Country lives

4/9-27-29

In Park 2

Boy empty plays — girls dances

Boys mother & Church folk drag him home — he closes Girl

Girl runs home in L.H. exhibits — loud talk mud slinging

& ask her to give up Boy — she laughs & closes

Beauty & Boy

In Park 3

Miss P Alloway is chairman y Women's Club's and

Committee. The charges cancel — No no No!

a retired girl & negro — Estelle Tennille!

Burgy D.A.R. testimony.

"An I dey ain't nothin' wrong about. They's good citizens of generals down dere in jail & slaves of deserters makin' de limonzenes. Why hell if your old grandaddy was a slave you know you can bet your life they had 'em clothing bullets & dressin' the officers in suit.

After the great Gonzalla

Suddenly she dropt to his feet & clung there crying, praying & crying. "O Don Don" she moaned "God bless forgiveness me. Kiss me inside my wide dusky cheek & there. And he's just a little baby wit' — yours, Don, yours! Just Don went quick down to Kings Highway and we heard a singing. Way was soft with the dawn and the sound of gentle hands would go flying about & then, oh my Christ, the blood your love, will glow ~~and~~ holy tinder, underneath the sheen of subtle tinged tinted silk thin about each curve of my gaily gartered legs. There shall be red shoes with my feet in shining lacquer tinted little high heels. There shall be two gloves on one hand & two shells on one breast and in my arms a dark gleam two little breasted female & and around my neck a chain of ~~gold~~ shell linked, filled & heavy of hole & tinseled gold

And Don O Don beside me you shall stroke my great & mane god with thread & curled rebellious hair. Tinted your deep & dark pools of eyes & thick curled lids

49-27-20

& great shining sword & hands as long & pretty. Your inside collar would feel back from your hard & lovely neck decked by a blazing tie. Your cloak should hang across your diverse & golden shoulders & You should fall to kiss & adore your pure knees as I do now. There should be one ring a great crimson ruby on the long finger of your right hand

And we should sing Dove song as we go dancing songs & ballades & mightily stern. There shall be a wreathe of roses on your pocket & fine trumpets & beggar & little tunes, for stately deeds need stately tunes & such times, for them was our God Christ decked could demand stars. Arise Dove, O my Dove — arise!"

He bent & looked his lady on her, clothed in her clothes, clothed as he & she as one pleased & trembled as he asked

"My Lord & my God; My Lord in heaven & earth on side; My creed of sweetness divinely & fair, Claire - Claire, Claire - de - Lune. My woman, my mother & my friend"

And then the door opening again. Girl he'd met 10 fairiemen & 10 shining newsboys hurried forward & ten Irish wind clubs. They clothed & shining gypsies with them variate & escorted them & Ted all. And back behind them shadowing ahead "the great Dalcho Slowly he smiled & raised his hands. Ide Tod three gypsies

49-27-21

Boy + Mother

Counsels of cleanliness, quiet, retiret

diligence, gentleness, respect

She was good thro with ignorance + sickness — she never yielded + trembled — She never was trembled

In Chicago

My soul, she said gently, (a sweet gentle

woman never whom Evil shall touch by) I shall steal

Peace in the dreams of my God

Come with me — give up the Sinful Woman

of the Island of Oblivion

I cried terribly

~~Ah you are not my Friend~~

I never was, sir. I was a changeling of the devil

Sure must you go to Hell

Me then terrible — This is Hell. Hell and Devil

of a demon hears a sullen hollow sense below

I meet the heavier land mark

go you are no long my son

49-27-22

MANSART BUILDS A SCHOOL

1959
Notes concerning the publication of the novel

HANNAH BUILDS A SCHOOL

4/19/82

• 55 — Ehre, obey Lin 32 37
— last line should read "learn that the child was Samuel
•117 — line 3 "commence" line 16 "matter of colored people"
•121 — "trouble" line line 11 from bottom
122 — line 10 "would"
124 — " 15 "comblaw"
156 — " 8 "enough"
162 — 5 fr bottom "Cudgzakan"
170 — 11 fm bottom "Mbrigand"
•183 — L 14 "Squoggy" 21 Scroggs
205 — L 19 "Cockadoo" L 12 fm bottom "Go"
215 — L 4 (overturned
270 — L 9 "Ehud-a-Wagthy"
•276 — L 2 "pictures" L 6 fm bottom "Thought"
297 —
300 — L 9 "Whipped"
301 — L 12 "Mapuleum"
305 — L 4 "fuzzled"
307 — L 21 "Goodred"

NEGRO NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS

The Tribune
4215 S. Central Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif.

Washington Afro-American
Washington, D. C. -

The World
210 Auburn Avenue, N.E.
Atlanta, Ga.

Baltimore Afro-American
628 N. Eutaw
Baltimore, Maryland

Boston Chronicle
794 Tremont Street
Boston, Massachusetts

The Call
1715 East 18th Street
Kansas City, Mo.

Amsterdam News
2340 Eighth Avenue
New York 27, N. Y.

Call & Post
2319 E. 55th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Philadelphia Afro-American
704 S. Broad Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Pittsburgh Courier
2628 Centre Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Phylon
Atlanta University
Atlanta, Georgia

Negro Educational Review
P. O. Box 4675
Jacksonville, Florida

The Lighthouse
San Diego, Calif.

Florida Star
Jacksonville, Fla.

Chicago Defender
3435 Indiana Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

Boston Times
Boston, Mass.

Michigan Chronicle
268 Eliot Street
Detroit, Michigan

New York Age-Defender
15 West 125th Street
New York 27, N. Y.

The Crisis
20 West 40th Street
New York 18, N. Y.

Black Dispatch
324 N.E. 2nd Street
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Philadelphia Independent
1708 Lombard Avenue
Philadelphia, Penasylvania

Richmond Afro-American
Richmond, Virginia

Journal of Negro Education
Howard University
Washington 1, D. C.

Journal of Negro History
1538 9th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

40/9/115

THE ORDEAL OF MANSART

1957
Draft fragments

42-2A-150

The Black Flame

A TRILOGY

BOOK ONE

THE ORDEAL OF MANSART

By W.E.B. DU BOIS

CHAPTRE I

COLONEL BRECKRINRIDGE

It was October, 1876. On the Battery, the wide plaza which fronts the sea in Charleston, South Carolina, four persons were about to meet; and in a certain way their meeting was critical for a nation and a world. The sea was shining in the evening sun which hovered red above the shadowed city to the West.

On the white-pillared porch of his home, Colonel John Breckinridge was sitting not far from his wife. He was medium in height and spare, almost handsome in countenance, with a sifting of grey in his hair. He was disturbed and unhappy and angry at himself because he was so moved. The reason was simple. He was about to tell a lie. Colonel Breckinridge was not accustomed to say anything which did not seem to him true. Partly this was moral conviction; partly inherited training; and largely, the result of economic independence which made reliance on other opinions or prejudices quite unnecessary to his manner of life. Of course his frank and arrogant expression of opinion was often curbed by natural kindliness and inbred courtesy. It seemed to him quite excusable to tell a devastated beauty that she was still as charming as ever; or to console and assure a sick and elderly friend on his appearance of health.

45-9-55

But today he had been asked to assure a poor white labor leader that if he would withdraw his voting power from control by the middle class up-state white farmers who were trying to annex and submerge the landed aristocracy of the rich lowlands, that this group would get the political and social recognition to which the middle class white farmers now so arrogantly aspired. This new group was ~~poor~~ composed of city artisans and small farmers who had never owned slaves and

now hired little or no labor. They resented the piedmont Land-holding whites only a little less than they hated the Negroes; it had been suggested that by playing on these two motives, an alliance might be made which would save the old landed aristocracy of Carolina.

Ordinarily, Colonel Breckinridge would have been the last one to be selected for this delicate negotiation. But the most powerful of the new white labor leaders, Scroggs, had stubbornly insisted on dealing only with Breckinridge, for Breckinridge was a man of his word. He would not consider Orr, Butler, Gary or even Hampton. It was Breckinridge or nobody. This was at once flattering and annoying. Of course the Breckinridges were gentlemen and therefore men of their word. But quite as obviously, no Breckinridge was going to promise to recognize artisans or laborers as equals on any level. Hampton used all his charm to persuade the Colonel to assent to meeting Scroggs and offering him alliance; but Breckinridge refused to tell a lie. Yet he knew that he was going to lie in spirit if not in actual word. He was within profoundly uneasy as he awaited Scroggs.

45-4-56

He was now expecting his visitor but showed no sign of noticing the man already approaching; he glanced at the papers in his lap and smoked. His wife, too, saw the stranger coming and continued to embroider slowly, occasionally glancing off at Fort Sumpter burning in the sun, and Fort Moultrie beyond.

Mrs. Breckinridge was a Du Bignon of Louisiana. She was not a beautiful woman; her face was long and her skin sallow; her mouth and ears large, and her frame tall and almost angular. But she was evidently well-bred and even sat with an air of quiet distinction. Her hands were long and exquisite; her hair piled carefully in a black shining mass with hardly a silver thread; and her clothes, although evidently not new and in part home-made,

had been styled in Paris. It had never occurred to Mrs. Breckinridge that aristocracy was an effort or an ambition. It was simply a fact. Her forbears had been nobles under the Roi Soliel in the 17th century; they that had met disaster and even poverty in the 18th, but what difference? They were still aristocrats, and when their fortunes were restored in the New World it was but natural, inevitable. She had been educated partly in Paris and used to visit France almost every other year until this war came. But nothing could permanently change the world nor the people in it.

Colonel Breckinridge, on the contrary, was distinctly English by instinct and descent. His clothes came from London and fitted perfectly, even when old and slightly frayed. The Breckinridges had played their part in English history for centuries. He still had titled cousins on the English countryside. One did not boast of this nor drag it into conversation, but it was a well-known fact. Yet the Colonel was troubled; he did not have his wife's complacency of position. The rough experience of war, when he was a ~~youngster~~ young man in his ~~twenties~~ thirties, and the aftermath had made him realize that without effort and even desperate effort the old regime might collapse. As a boy he had been tutored in the classics by an Oxford Master of Arts and was graduated at Princeton. When the Civil War broke out, without hesitation he followed his father and uncle into the field, emerging in 1864, at the age of 36, orphaned and with his hereditary fortune sadly impaired. The only reservation in his respect for the English was inability to conceive why the Empire had not wholeheartedly supported the South in the Civil War. He was uneasy at the portents of the future and not so sure of his world as he had been formerly. With faint surprise, but careful to give no evidence of it, as he relighted his cigar, he now noticed another person approaching; a Negro was crossing the Battery from the South, and apparently also coming toward his house.

45-9-57

Colonel Breckinridge was watching with feigned carelessness. He was puzzled and a little alarmed. He was expecting this ~~Poor White~~ Cotton leader; it had all been finally arranged at the club last night. His was the chosen voice of Southern aristocracy, to make alliance with the ~~a~~ newly organized White Labor group ~~of poor whites~~. He hated the assignment, but he could not refuse in the face of unanimity. His was, they had said, the natural voice of his class. Moreover -- and this was what irked him -- he himself needed this alliance. Unless his class regained control, lowered ruinous taxation, and forced Negroes to work for nothing beyond the cost of their support, he faced financial ruin. His crops were ungathered, his lands were almost worthless, and cotton a dollar a pound! And he a Breckinridge, who never before this unholy war had ever known the meaning of poverty! Was fear of poverty making him a liar, or was he acting from high principle?

But who, now, was this Negro approaching his house, and what did he want, and at this of all times? He was not a servant, as his clothes and carriage showed. He walked firmly and held his head up. He was probably one of those half-educated darkies who were misleading and befuddling the bewildered Negroes. But where was he going? Not, surely, to this house and at this time? He could feel the approaching white man glowering at the black man ~~in his retreat~~. This was the time to unify the whites for one end. True, it was also not time needlessly to antagonize the Negro nor breed suspicion. Was someone trying to crowd him into lying simultaneously to both groups of Laborers sides? Was he being forced to bear a double burden of shame? By God, he would never do it! Let Hampton lie to the ~~niggers~~ Negroes, if he must. A Breckinridge would never treat a Negro as a man or even promise to.

As these measured steps of some faint doom approached, the Colonel recalled in a flash the fantastic tale of the last decade. The truth was simply unbelievable. It began in 1865, when black soldiers actually marched into Charleston, down Meeting Street to the Battery, led by a giant with a banner inscribed "Freedom", singing "John Brown's Body". Beginning with 1868 South Carolina, the leading state of Southern civilization, just beginning to reorganize its lost power after the war,

45-5-58

had suddenly been handed over to the former black slaves and a rabble of white scalawags and carpet-baggers. He and his like, at first had simply withdrawn in proud refusal to cooperate in any way. The civilized world surely would not let this horror happen. They had simply to wait until this travesty and caricature exploded in its own filth.

A "convention" elected by the illiterate rabble met. A legislature, composed of black ex-slaves, crackers and Northern grafters, actually sat in the seats where Calhoun, Rutledge and Pinckney once had thundered. He had not deigned to look at the menagerie, but his friends had described it. He had lived in amazement to see a poor white governor; Negroes voting; land given away by a Yankee general; a Supreme Court ~~manned~~ by a Negro, a white Southerner and a white Northerner. Free schools had begun; taxes were increasing; one governor, a white Southerner, had sunk to the bottom of graft and chicanery. And another, a Northerner, now led "reform." It was nauseating.

The astonishing thing that had driven him out of his instinctive retreat, was that this caricature and pretense of government had actually begun to function; not effectively of course, but with a reeling rush forward that was in a way more frightening than the awaited collapse. The fools had actually started schools and given paupers, black and white, the vote. This was rank bribery of the illiterate mob. They had begun to distribute charity to the war victims and even to divide up some of the big plantations. This was sheer socialism and a threat to property which continually rising taxes re-inforced.

in calm haughty isolation, until the world called him and his to rescue civilization. ~~Then came real efforts at~~ reform. There came forward a number of Negroes who had done extraordinarily well. If they had not been Negroes there would have been hope for them; but of the Negroes as a group Breckinridge simply had no faith at all. It was impossible that they should be a part of the state.

forward that was, in a way, more frightening than the awaited collapse. The fools had actually started schools and given paupers, black and white, the vote. This was rank bribery of the illiterate mob. They had begun to distribute charity to the war victims and even to divide up some of the big plantations. This was sheer socialism and a blasphemy against the sacred rights of property.

Of course the Colonel and his people understood the motivation; the black and white rabble was under guidance of consciousless leaders, mostly from the North but partially envious local nobodies. It was about to crack There was but one remedy and that was for the Southern aristocracy to reassert their power and seize leadership before it was too late. The need became imperative when the wily Yankee Chamberlain came to power and began to "reform" the state. Here lay the deepest danger: a reformed state, honestly conducted, but with the aristocracy despoiled of property, with land distributed among peasants, with the rabble making attempts to educate their children, and above all, with Negroes voting and holding office. Unthinkable. Rather begin the war again.

45-9-60

His friends had begun the conspiracy and he had joined. They had reorganized the pre-war secret societies, encouraged mob violence, and made alliance with men like Wade Hampton of Mississippi. They proposed at any ~~cash~~ cost to make ~~him~~ Hampton Governor in 1876. For this they must get the following and allegiance of ~~the poor~~ all the whites. The ~~small~~ ~~up-state~~ middle class and city merchant farmers had to be admitted to the plan at the price of curtailing the political rights ~~of property~~ and sharing some of the power which had formerly been the sole right of the planters. The ~~re~~ up-staters were rough, ill-mannered men, ~~yet they~~ who had social aspirations and a few had been admitted to clubs and organizations to which they had not dared to aspire before the war. Indeed, they were not simply admitted to the conspiracy, but led by the military they took direction and charge.

7

Breckinridge had been astonished at the part which the white middle class was now taking. He had taken them for granted: they would follow and defer to the aristocracy as in slavery days. On the contrary they now had the bit in their teeth; to all intents and purposes these sons of overseers and ~~upstarts~~ small landholders; social climbers and merchant gamblers, were ~~ruling~~ raising to rule the new South just as the landed aristocracy ~~were~~ are losing power. They were seizing all the prestige of the slave-holding planters and in the eyes of the world turning Southern landed aristocracy into a shop-keeping industryal tyranny.

All this Colonel Breckinridge had accepted with poor grace but of necessity.

Finally came a further demand at which he gagged. It seemed that a rift began to appear within the ranks of the poor whites. Over against the merchants and farmers and the idle mob which they dominated, the white artisans and laborers were organizing. This fellow Scroggs represented this new group. Scroggs had demanded to talk with him and the Colonel declined. ~~He had already dirtied his hands as far as he could.~~ But his friends pleaded. Hampton especially was solicitous. He did not like Hampton too well; Hampton was too theatrical, and all things to all men. He was not quite a gentleman. But his arguments were strong. This new worker group might be so manipulated as to hold in bounds the white farmers who wanted to be the future aristocrats and rule the state. White workers might balance small white capitalists with land and trade; also -- and this was important -- thing might be the best means of holding black labor in bounds simply because they hated Negroes so bitterly. Yet if organized they were less dangerous than the mob of thieves and murderers now forming the new Ku Klux Klan. So here, today, was Colonel Breckinridge awaiting this emissary of the white artisans, to assure him that the new state in making would treat the white worker right and that he, Colonel Breckinridge, would vouch for this.

45-9-61

8

He must therefore first get the cooperation of the group which Scroggs represented. These fellows must do the dirty work; they must outvote the present white middle class leadership and if necessary Simultaneously force Negroes into submission. Then

the aristocrats must keep their word with them so far as possible. The poor whites must become some part of the new state. Probably the mistake made by the old South was to think that the power could be kept entirely in the hands of a small aristocracy. That aristocracy must now be recruited by the best of the white South. Breckinridge did not believe that the proportion of persons among the poor whites who could become real members of a ruling aristocracy was large, but nevertheless there were some. These must be cajoled and persuaded. If there was a firm alliance between the aristocracy and these white laborers and small farmers the South could be reorganized and saved with its natural aristocracy in control and at the same time the Negro kept in his place. It was his business therefore to persuade Scroggs that he could be depended on.

The Colonel came back smartly to the present and realized that the Negro actually was slowly but purposefully mounting his front steps. Sam Scroggs, lurking yonder in the shadows of sunset, was watching; if the Colonel received this Negro at his front door what would the Poor White think? He came to swift conclusion and arose slowly to his feet. He removed his cigar and looked straight at the Negro.

~~Tom Mansart paused half-way up and lifted his hat. He began:~~

Tom Mansart paused half-way up and lifted his hat. He began: "I beg your pardon, Colonel Breckinridge," he said, "may I have a word with you?" He could see the Colonel stiffen; his chin lifted itself a bit and then he said with a low firm voice:

"The door is at the side."

Mansart hesitated; he stood straight and looked at the Colonel: "Colonel Breckinridge", he said, "I ~~was once~~ am a member of the legislature of South Carolina--"

But the Colonel spoke with cold courtesy: "So far as I am concerned, Sir, you are a Negro, and no Negro enters my front door."

Tom Mansart ~~turned and~~ started to speak: "Colonel--"

The Colonel interrupted, "Go" he said.

THE QUEST OF THE SILVER FLEECE

1911
Draft fragments

John Taylor talks South & becomes a democrat

42-1B-5

O.Z. Guy to make more money: what else is there to do — now what else is there for a sensible fellow = money surely = money: alternative — O hell the whole damn world is money.

Marie always was a fool.

Smoke? No. Drink No Where a fellow — No — gamble Well what the hell —

~~St. John C~~ originally John ~~was~~ born ~~Kate~~

Land, Labor, capital.

It is like some great [illegible]

He looked at her inquiringly and she told him the world-old tale.

Yes he answered slowly "This is the golden Fleece in the Black Sea.

But at any rate unstolen she added.

"You don't know" he answered looking at the line of cabins that marked the beginnings of the Cressmells plantation "you don't know — Do you think those things yonder get what they work for

Why — they only get their labor — Mr Cressmell furnishes land & capital

& thought the Lord gave the land

Oh well — you don't understand you see — " & she

[illegible] reverent the college economics. She studied his eyes & beyond across the verdant cane fields

"What are you looking for

The implements

She laughed "Well there is much in that I'll admit, and yet —

God gives the land, the Negro the labor & the white man reaps the harvest

But honestly, Miss, the Negro doesn't ~~want himself~~ ~~to do~~ ~~their labor~~ care much

He only enough to make the dollar meet dollar"

And if he worked harder & more steadily how much richer the dollar would be

If one don't wanted he be any richer — that's natural ~~surely~~ surely true.

[illegible] Colby's work is clear

42-18-4

can't you find us a sandwich and something cool? I could not be so inhospitable as to send you away hungry at this time of day."

Miss Taylor sat down in a soft low chair facing the delicious breeze and feasted her eyes on the scene. Oh, this was life: a smooth green lawn, and beds of flowers, a vista of brown fields, and the dark line of wood beyond. The deft silent butler brought out a little table laid with the whitest of cloths and the brightest of silver and found a dainty lunch: there was a bit of fried chicken breast, some crisp bacon, browned potatoes, little round beaten biscuit and rose-colored sherbert with a whiff of wine in it. Miss Taylor wondered a little at the bounty of southern hospitality, but she was hungry and ate heartily and then leaned back dreamily and listened to Mr. Cresswell's smooth southern r's, added a sprightly word here and there that brought a grave smile to his white lips. At last with a sigh she leapt to her feet.

"I must go - what shall I tell dear Miss Smith - no, no - no carriage, I must walk." But, of course, she could not refuse to let him go at least half way, ostensibly to tell her of the coming of her brother. He expressed again his disappointment at his sister's absence.

Somewhat to Miss Taylor's surprise Miss Smith said nothing until they were parting for the night, then she asked:

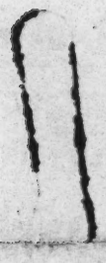
"Was Miss Cresswell at home?"

Miss Taylor reddened.

"She had been called suddenly to town."

"Well, my dear, I wouldn't do it again."

Miss Taylor was angry:



Silver Fleece

Father? Father — did you
hear that?
" Why didn't you answer it " asked
" Know it? No — My God what
kind of machine am I in — I
— she shall be saved —
Do you know Bles loves Jim
now — I can't hear talking — they must
many
are you sure he loves her?
Yes yes
but she
but you — that is all
yes — I sorry — love they must — many

42-1B-3

SCORN: A ROMANCE

Unpublished manuscript, c. 1905 ??

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11-5-45

SCORN

A Romance

by

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

Author of "The Souls of Black Folk."

SCOPE.

Part I. - The Counsel of the Ungodly.

The Portent.	Page	3.
Chapter I. The Hunters	"	7.
Chapter II. Visions.	"	13.
Chapter III. Hoom Bett.	"	16.
Chapter IV. The Tempting.	"	27.
Chapter V. The Fanatics.	"	32.
Chapter VI. The Marriage.	"	37.
Chapter VII. The Gamblers.	"	41.
Chapter VIII. Wealth.	"	49.
Chapter IX. War.	"	60.
Chapter X. The Changelings.	"	69.
Chapter XI. The Invisible Kingdom.	"	75.
Chapter XII. Illumination.	"	79.
Chapter XIII. Fate.	"	92.
Chapter XIV. The End.	"	97.
Chapter XV. The Beginning.	"	101
The Sign.	"	104.

41-5-46

Part II. - The Way of Sinners.

Chapter I. The Hunted.	"	107.
Chapter II. Thrift.	"	108.
Chapter III. The Merchants.	"	112.
Chapter IV. The Tempting.	"	118.
Chapter V. The Fanatics.	"	123.
Chapter VI. Illumination.	"	127.
Chapter VII. The Marriage.	"	135.
Chapter VIII. Fate.	"	139.
Chapter IX. Groping.	"	143.
Chapter X. The Incantation.	"	147.
Chapter XI. The Gamblers.	"	156.
Chapter XII. The Invisible Kingdom.	"	165.
Chapter XIII. War.	"	171.
Chapter XIV. Freedom.	"	176.

Chapter XV. Visions. Page 179.
Chapter XVI. Bribery. " 182.
Chapter XVII. Wealth. " 185.
Chapter XVIII. The Lynching. " 193.
Chapter XIX. The Changelings. " 197.
Chapter XX. The End. " 200.
The Omen. " 203.

Part III. The Seat of the Scornful.

Chapter I. Freedom. Page 205.
Chapter II. Momm Bett. " 208.
Chapter III. The Incantation. " 214.
Chapter IV. War. " 218.
Chapter V. Murder. " 223.
Chapter VI. The Hunted. " 225.
Chapter VII. Hilda. " 231.
Chapter VIII. Edith and Hilda. " 234.
Chapter IX. The Lynching. " 242.
Chapter X. The Mourning. " 245.
Chapter XI. The Tempting. " 248.
Chapter XII. The Chain-gang. " 249.
Chapter XIII. Vengeance. " 250.
Chapter XIV. The Changelings. " 255.
Chapter XV. The School. " 258.
Chapter XVI. The Servant. " 262.
Chapter XVII. Hilda and Hal. " 266.
Chapter XVIII. Robert and Hilda. " 269.
Chapter XIX. The Pain. " 274.
Chapter XX. Illumination. " 276.
Chapter XXI. The Momm Bett School. " 284.
Chapter XXII. Mission Work. " 286.
Chapter XXIII. The Challenge. " 290.
Chapter XXIV. Bribery. " 293.
Chapter XXV. The strike. " 295.
Chapter XXVI. Sister Melida. " 297.
Chapter XXVII. The Beginning. " 300.
The Prophecy. " 304.

FINIS.

41-5-48

-E.W.-

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,nor standeth in the way of sinners,nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

Psalms,I.1.

-E.S.-

The Portent.

On the long shadowed way beside the waters of the Great Lakes walked an old and weary man. He was thin, dark and wrinkled with long white curled hair-homely and forbidding save for the wonderful gleaming of his deep set eyes. As he caught at last the blue sheen of Lake Superior and its great guardian cape his eyes flashed and waving his hand to the southward, he clamored painfully to the crest of Thunder Cape, and seated himself with a sigh, beholding the ~~xxtte~~ land. The sun dipped westward but the old man sat in silence, his whate head between his knees, and only now and then did he stretch his great arms in half fierce weariness, crying: "What shall it mean, O God, what shall this land mean?"

There came a light crackling of twigs in the forest to his rihht, and turning quickly he spied a tall and powerful stranger: his hair was flaming red, his face waxen white, strained and nervous with unspent energy, and riotous strength.

"The power of him" mused the white haired man - "So walked Rameses among the troers of Thebes; so I remember Hannibal on the hills ~~of~~ around Rome", and then, aloud:

"A weary day, neighbor."

The stranger halted half suspiciously, looked this way and that and then full in the face of the speaker.

"Have you come far?"

"Out of the North" the stranger answered sullenly, and the old man added:

"Over the iron ice and cold white land, through the sp tting of winds, and the strength -"

The young giant whirled and stretched his mighty arms:

"See" he said "I am strong - was yours the voice that called me?"

"Y-s - yes" said the old man with a tremor. "I called for Might and Power - "

The younger man laughed and shook his arms.

41-5-49

"Here I am " he said.

The old man pointed silently westward, where a canoe came shooting over the waters. In its bow stood an Indian, tall graceful and brown, swaying with the paddle. Ever and again he whirled to watch the clouds, listen to the wild fowl or whistle to the fish. When at last his canoe like a circling bird leant lightly on the rocky promontory, he sauntered slowly upward crying "Good evening" with singular courtesy, and a rare smile, that lighted his beautiful face.

"Peace be unto you and the blessing of the death of day" said the old man kindly, waving his hand toward his other guest. The two younger men stared at each other but coldly, the brown man bowing slightly, the other not at all.

41-5-50

"Let us eat, father" said the Indian, "see I have brought flesh and fish." The little fire curled and crackled and the three sat silently about it eating.

"A wierd waste yonder" said the old man looking southward.

"A marvel of beauty" returned the Indian, but the stranger muttered

"Strength of the Strong."

"Here the drama of the world will play itself again" continued the elder.

"Why?" asked the Indian dreamily.

"How" echoed the stranger, quickly.

The old man bending forward waved his hands above the smoking embers, chanting slowly. They flashed and flared, and then suddenly out of the surrounding night a woman's form seemed to gather itself with a certain sinuous writhing. She stepped so suddenly and silently among them that the younger men leant to their feet with half uttered salutations. She was a tall woman with eyes of pitiless bl Yet her face was too strong to be beautiful and her skin beauty.
was of such steely whiteness that it glittered in the twilight. She neither writhed nor crept and yet the undulation of her walking suggested both as she stepped between the younger men and turning to

the northerner said with quiet yet bitter scorn:

"Again,O mine enemy?"

He seemed surprised,bewildered,as if catching vainly at some fleeting mists of memory,but the old mna said simply-

"You are weary,sister,sit and eat."

She sat silently at meat eating little her back to the north where the fiery west met the black east,like the warring of hate and ignorance ,with her scornful face between.

A fascination had stolen over the Indian as the shadowy woman came,yet he did not look at her,but stood rigidly watching the old man's hands still waving over the bblue and flicker ing flame. His quick ears caught the distant melody before the others'. And he peered wonderingly into the south. The far off singing echoed vaguely in the dying day,now here,now there. Then the echo seemed to sing nearerynearer,clearer,higher until a burst of rich full melody trembled on the waters,and a slight white clad form svent like a mist up from the lake,singing. She seemed but a girl,thin and fragile and in the coiled white foldi g of her drapery,her face shone black. Then as she came nearer,her countenance grew darkly luminous, and soft like nightfall. She glided to the old man's feet and nestled there,while he stroked her dark close-curled head sorrowfully The sun flaming about her lighted and haloed her garments,and her thin clasped hands.

The northern stranger rose impatiently shuddering with the chill of the night -

"When do we go?"he asked.

"At sunset"said the old man.

"And where?"

"Into the South."

"And why?"

"To see the passing of the Lord"said the old man solemnly. The other man gestured impatiently,the Indian startled,and the tall woman smiled and looked disdainfully at the bowed head of the girl; but the old mna raised his finger:"Here,here a hundred thousand years ago",he said "the Lord passed by;and a mighty wind shook

loose the marvellous mantle of the ice till it slipped silently down adn covered the face of the earth and the land lay white and dead;but the Lord was not in the wind;ten thousand years ago the Lord passed by and a great earthquake rent the bosom of the inland seas,Niagara leapt forth storming and Missouri kissed the mountains and the gulf;but the Lord was not in the earthquake. Yonder a thousand years hence the fire of war and ranine shall shake the nation and madden mad men-but God is not in the scorn of battle. And then",he bent lovingly above the silent form of the girl "in years and years to come - a still,small voice - "and his tones died away

"Hark"cried the Indian starting forward.

"Hark!"cried the old man struggling to his feet with blanched face.

"Hark"roared the great voice of the northern stranger as the full baying of a hound struck on the ears of all - "Hither Chrysus good Chrysus"he cried again and again,until howling and crashing through the underbrush a great hound shot out of the forest - a blond and grey-eyed hound,with great curved back,thin legs and shifty eyes. Eagerly restlessly he crept about the feet of the man;nosing the ground,whining,searching,searching. In the eyes of the old man lay fear and loathing. Twice he raised his hand,twice let it fall, and then the hound sniffing the air shot downward toward the water. As he went baying the last rays of the sun shot up and they heard the grating of a keel. The ship was long and low and dark,with great dim sails. Silently the tall steel-faced woman glided down and stood in the prow peering eagerly southward. The northern stranger followed stumbling over the whining leaping hound,watching the sinuous form of the woman. The dark faced girl crouched unnoticed by the tiller,while the Indian sauntered forward and backward watching the dying sun.

Above the old man sat,his head between his knees. The waves waited in the north,the sea golwed red. Silently the ship started southward and the wind sang in its sails.

41-5-52

The Counsel of the Ungodly.

Chapter I.

The Hunters

It was in 1845. Three persons were riding toward the sea along the lowlands of Carolina one fair October morning. The waters tossed darkly in the sunlight and the tawny land lay black and sombre all about until back of the riders it died toward the wooded north. Something had been said - something slightly untoward, so that conversation lagged then slipped away into silence. Straight way their thoughts drifted apart like three wayward streams, the one rushing tumultously, the other strong, swift and powerful, and the last slipping in gentle silvery curves, now here, now there. Her

4-5-53

Her horse stepped nervously tossing his head but the lady sat staring coldly at the river, her graceful sinuous form curved forward. Her hair was dark, her eyes grey, and her face was not beautiful, but pale severe and regular. Her eyes were full of scorn and a certain pitiless beauty and within her tightly compressed lips her teeth were squeezing the flesh steadily. On the yellow waters yonder she saw poverty brooding, poverty and a flat aimless hum-drum life; she was fighting the fate bitterly, yet helplessly, and she tossed her hands wearily and turned her head toward the right.

The man here had just joined them and was riding a little ahead and half consciously was cutting the weeds cruelly with his riding whip and chewing his tobacco with a quick movement. His legs were long and thin but from his hips up he was massively built and his rough red hair rose above a face carved in mighty lineaments of uncurbed power. He was peering keenly forward into the patches of yellow corn and white cotton, where the backs of black slaves swayed dimly in the distance, while a great hound lean and light whined about his horses forelegs. Niggers! yes, Niggers! that was the secret, Niggers and more land, the stretching of great fields south and west and the driving of black brawn across its bosom - ah, with slaves and land and a wife with blood in her veins, by God he would be senator, governor-

what not? Yes he must marry this girl,and he set his jaw squarely.

Then he looked round at her suddenly but she was looking at Harrison Coles riding on her left and in her eyes lay a kind of impatient curiosity. The young man was daintily built and his face darkly beautiful with curly black locks and waxen smoothness of skin. His eyes were dreaming afar,beyond the land beyond the sea - there where the gleaming white sky just kissed the waters. his hands hung idly and on his lips wavered faintly a bit of song,a wierd Negro ditty. Then suddenly feeling her eyes upon him he said:

"I wonder what lies there just beyond the shadow of the world."

The woman puckered her under lip carelessly. "My lot is cast this side"she said "among lazy Negroes and ~~red~~ black mud."

"And yet Miss Lloyd,"said Henry Jones the other rider reining his horse " a combination of these twothings,mud and Niggers,will yet make us the richest and most powerful -"

"O I've heard that"she returned impatiently "I've heard that since I was a mewling baby and yet every day the mud is thicker,the Negroes lazier and the people poorer."

"Only the sun and sea are true and beautiful"said Coles lightly.

"And they might be improved"said she as she adjusted her hat against the light and turned away from the flat monotony of the cotton fields.

"But the change is coming,is here"insisted Jones" Have you heard that Texas is annexed."

"No"she said thoughtfully.

"And that"he continued "means power,wealth, and -- "

"Trouble"interrupted Coles in low tones. "I beg your pardon, Mr.Jones,but are you not fearful of the consequences of this step? Somehow this news struck my ears like a knell,the End of Something - and the Beginning;and I lay awake last night and trembledat it."

A shade of contempt crept into Jones' tones.

"Trembled?by ~~God~~ Jehovah I yelled with delight - why,man,at last the South has come into her own an empire is opened before her,stretching from the Mississippi to the equator. She will be the finest and richest nation on earth in half a century?"

41-5-54

"And possibly the wickedest!"

"Yes,if strength and power be wicked."

The woman looked up with the shadow of a smile. "Steength and power and dare devil courage"she said quickly "these are the traits that make men and nations - I - look!"

The faint baying of the hounds,till now quite distant had suddenly swept nearer,and then in a moment the brown bush of the fox,led by two little terror-Struck eyes flashed by their horses forelegs. In an instant the lean light hound with a shriek had rejoined the pack and the three horses were tearing across the fields. Up they went and down,across the white cotton fields,through the heavy corn,over the creek. Then wheeling away from the sea they sped toward the great woods.

The wind of the morning that was a smoment since so still now roared in their ears. Jones had bent his great form low and tense athwart his mighty stallion,which was snorting with the rage of the race. Then came the woman:sitting straight in the saddle,her hair flying in half abandon and her fiery young horse tugging nervously at the bit,half frightened at the pounding of hoofs and the flashing of shade and shine. Coles was riding easily and effortless. His bay mare skimming the ground in long swift strides. Ever the woman sought to distance him. But he hung on her flank following her carefu ly with his eyes. The implied distrust of her horsemanship angered her. She lashed her horse till he fled wike a thought into the dark wood behind the thundering stallion. Back ~~in the vale~~ across the fields the shouts of other riders came to them faintly;ahead came the quick deep pant and bay of the dogs and right in front gleamed a silvery cotton field. The fox suddenly turned to the north and the hounds and cavalcade followed,but Jones knew the land better.

41-5-55

"Straight across the cotton,"he cried "and we'll head him,the creek bends up there"he shouted to his two companions and they rode straight at the cotton. It was of unwonted height and beauty,great white polls billowing on a sea of dark green foliage. The riders swept toward it. Irma Lloyd rose in her stirrup and shook her brown hair loose;her eyes were sparkling with excitement and her breath

came in eager sharp pants. Suddenly there was a commotion in front. The black stallion leaped to one side and she heard the oath of the rider as he cut with his whip a tall black form on the edge of the cotton field. The Negro stood his ground and again waved back the horses, shouting hoarsely

"You mustn't cross here, Master forbids it - stop Master, stop Mistress."

He was tall and powerful, dark chestnut in color and heavy voiced. Frightened, the woman's horse reared into the air with wide red nostrils and pawed frantically and then as he was staggering back on his haunches the woman felt herself lifted gently to the ground just before the animal crashed into the underbrush paving the air with his four hoofs. She turned to Harrison Coles and said simply

"Thank you!" Then looking at him thoughtfully she added "Was it pity for my horsemanship that made you lag, Sir?"

"No" he said pleasantly "O no, pity for the fox."

And the woman flushed darkly.

41-5-50

But Jones had not stopped to speak - Reining his stallion as quickly as he could, he wheeled and rode at the Negro, his face pale with anger. Without a word he raised himself in his saddle and whirled his riding whip. It hissed across the face and bare breast of the black leaving a thin red streak. The Negro neither moved nor spoke and the rider seizing the lash of the whip whirled the heavy butt in the air.

"Stop that" the voice was not loud but penitrant. A tall man and thin stepped quickly along between the wood and the cotton. The voice Jones hardly heeded, but as he glanced at the man's eyes his hand fell slowly and the oath on his lips hesitated. The sallow face of the new comer was framed in a mass of black gray sprinkled hair; the lineaments were scarred and carven furiously and back behind the heavy brows sat two dark blue eyes that burned themselves into the very skull.

"Stop that" he said "Tom was acting under orders - I saw you coming and his master sent him ahead to stop you."

"And does he usually order his Niggers to jeopardize the lives

of ladies?"said Jones hotly.

"Ah - that was careless of him - that was unpardonable - yet it was my fault perhaps,not his - go Tom."

Then the tall man approached the lady,hat in hand;"my humble apologies,my deep contrition - I trust you have suffered no injury. These old eyes are growing dim and I did not not ce the lady - I only saw riders addmy cotton -my beloved cotton - I call it mine because it is my experiment. All this has cost me much thought and labor - but you must come to the house. Nay,nay,do not refuse"and his eyes became soft and pleading. "I fear I have spoiled your sport but you must come and rest and let me atone for seeming discourtesy - Pardon me- may I introduce myself?-my name is Calhoun- I am Senator for South Carolina."

The woman stoped forward with bright eyes,sweeping a low courtesy.

"John C.Calhoun"she cried. With hasty apology and disclaimer, the three riders and their host started toward the house skirting tie beautiful cotton field. "I fear I am childish ever this cotton" continued the old man in soft tones: "Childish and miserly. But you see this is an experiment. Many years ago I secured some seed from India and I've had my cousin who owns this place experimenting with it for several seasons -let's see:yes it is fully ten years since the first was planted and this year we've just got this beautiful field. See how long and silky it is - these little strands that bind the world to the South."

Jones walked nearer to him. "True,sir,true,only give us land."

"Tuttut-land enough,land enough,right here"answered Calhoun hastily. "only the power to keep it - and rule it is wanted."

"And,dear,Madame" he continued turning to Miss Lloyd"when I saw these day riders turning toward my cotton field I saw the fruit of many years in danger - you will forgive an old man his hobby?"and he stroked her hands.

"No,no"she returned "you must forgive three children their hot-headed carelessness."

!And especially"said Jones"am I ashamed of my anger but these Niggers somehow are usually so careless and dumb that I seldom restrain myself."

41-5-57

"It must be a great relief and rest for you Senator,to be back home again."said Coles,who had been watching Calhoun in silent and respectful attention.

"No"said the woman quickly,"it must be fearful to leave the heat of strife and the glory of battle after such triumphs as yours and busy yourself here."

He smiled at both a little wearily and said "yes,yes- yest to both of you. I am glad to be res ing amid these peaceful green and growing things with the sense of air and light and freedom. And yet in the heat and dust of battle up yonder there are some things yet I would do - some thangs -" and his voice died away into a murmuring whisper. They walked along in silence. Thenwords forced themselves from Jones'lips.

41-5-58

"The gaining of Texas was a masterly triumph - an epoch in history- the beginning -" he hesitated and then added"the beginning of the Empire of the South."

The old man stopped and looked at him keenly. "I do not un - derstand" he said in a manner that expressed hope rather than conviction. Jones looked surprised,then loo ing him in the eyes said slowly:

"I mean the march of southern principles to the equator."

Calhoun interrupted him excitedly"No,no,that must not be - it must never be. We have empire enough here! Look at these broad empty acres. It would mean war,cruel war to push southward,it would mean the unrighteous spoliation of Mexico. a great free nation like this can set no sulh example to the world."

"But"asked Coles with surprise in his voice"do not people,that is most people usually think this was your program?"

"They dare not,they dare not accuse me of that" he flashed back and his eyes burned again. "No,no,I only meant to round out the nation and to secure our nolatical safety - not empire,not conquest."

"Aye,but whatever it leads to,"cried Irma"the consciousness of having taken that great step,to have moved with power and dominion across the world - O that must have been a night of triumph."

"It was a night of horror,"he answered and they passed into the hall.

Chapter II.

~~The Treaty~~ Visions

From the mouth of the yellow Potomac to the many-mouthe Father of Waters rolls a mighty vari-visaged land. The wild beauty of its face lay in 1845 touched but here and there with human hands. Yet for a hundred years from Virginia and the Carolinas down to old New Orleans little whitening spots had been growing here and there, growing and widening. They had appeared about the time a Scotch-Irish baby was born in the foot- hills of Carolina and as the baby grew the light of the dark land burned in his eyes - the light of the land an the light of the sea. As the dark blue splendor of those deep eyes sank into the head of the growing youth, his forehead overlaid them heavily, till they seemed shrinking back from the world they saw. Strange indeed were the sights on the face of that white flecked land that rolled from the foothills of the Alleghanies to the brown-bosomed gulf; but two were strangest - the backs of black men gleaming in the sun and the ugly scars on t he face of the land that followed the broadening of the white fleeced cotton fields.

As the tall ~~thin~~ young southerner grew and walked in the world looking and thinking of land and life, these two ideals seemed to sink into his heart until they became a part of his very soul and then all of it - the black slave and the scarred land. Held captive mind and heart by these vast ~~ideals~~ thoughts he grew to shadowy manhood His soul dwelt apart from t he haunts of his feet, even as he mingled with men for he was thinking his own way through the maze of life unaided.

41-5-59

Ever the day of triumph drew near, ever it fled afar. He saw the curse of the sca red poverty that followed the rich cotton fields and fought the New England tariff till he gained a victory, but beside the victory sat a shadow that frightened him. He watched his own black serfs and the hired toilers of the north and saw a vision of labor divided according to capacity under the mastery of strong thoughtful tender-hearted men. So he stood in the Senate and told the world of the good of slavery, but beside the triumph of his measures rose a cry for freedom.

All this he thought of as he led his guests along the great hall. "A night of triumph"he murmured and leaving the three with his cousin,he walked slowly to his room and sitting bowed among his books lived that night again and the sweat stood on his face.

It was in Washington;long years he had striven and now tonight he sat by his third great triumph and his third great disappointment. Bemond the broad Mississippi lay rolling masses of rich and virgin soil. It was a kingdom -El DOrado;it was held by men of American blood and they were calling to their own. Here that ever inward striving mind saw the promised Way of Life:with five or six Texan slave states,the two great divergent centres of social and economic interest in the Union would lie forever safely balanced . New Orleans and not New York would gather the shining wealth of the new cotton fields,and Charleston rather than Boston would speak the new world culture and show the wonderful social system built on the black corner stone of Africa. Here was Opportunity,Peace Union personified. The moment must not be let slip. He had seen it ten years before the mob guessed it,and slowly itirelessly worked for it. The constitution of the nation seeced to stand in the way— he brushed it aside - which was greater, crnstitution or union? The Truth faced him waveringly. He deliberate ly lied -which was greater a little matter of fact or the salvation of a social system? And the time slipped and flew,his frail body ached and shivered beneath the strain. Five days more and James Polk of Tennessee would be president -an unknown man and yet his task was undone. Three days more and an unknown politician would sit in his place,perhaps dishonest,probably shallow pated knowing not the mighty interests involved in the annexation of Texas,and cowed by the howls of the Yankees. Now it must be done. It would be done this very night

It was the night of the third of March. The Streets of Washington lay dim and slimy and from the capitol to the White House,the wind swept with sight and howl. Ice lingered in the gutters and flakes of snow twisted and whirled up Pennsylvania Avenue. In the east parlor of the White House sat two men. One walked nervously up and down - he was tall and slender,fair and almost youthful in appearance with this brown hair and Roman nose. He was passing impatiently up and down the floor,clasping and unllasping his hands,twisting his black

41-5-60

stock,rumpling and smoothing his hair. The other sat still and thoughtful beside the table but beneath his brows the fire of his great deep eyes was lighted and burning. Louder and louder sang the storm and the cold rain clattered and crept on the window panes. The hissing of the wind drowned the uncertain rumble of hoofs along the empty streets. Still the tall man paced and fidgeted and the other sat motionless. Was the storm abating;but for a moment then it was screaming and pounding in greater fury,but the men only heard the swinging of doors,the murmur of voices,the low knock and the entrance of a dripping messenger. He handed a roll of water proof to the impatient walker,bowing deferentially. Quickly unrolling the parchment,the slender man seated himself at the table with his companion and the two pored over the engrossed parchment. It was dirceted to "President Anson Jones of the Independent State of Texas"and enclosed within it was another parchment headed "A treaty of Annexation." Slowly they read the letter through.

41-5-61

Then one seized a pen and wrote at the botton,"John Tyler,President of the United States"and the other wrote slowly and wearily "Attest,John C.Calhoun,Secretary of State." In a moment a cloaked army officer stood by the door;the roll was in his hand. "Good luck, Floyd,"cried the President and then a carriage rolled swiftly through the wind and rain.

"You will spend the night here,Mr.Calhoun?"

"No,no Mr.President. I must go home - I need the air and exercise."

"But the storm - "

"That matters little - Good night."

It was done. What? The secretary straightened his bent form and faced the whistling winds. Pressing forward he closed his eyes and drew his cloak about him;within his head rang and whirled,and the blood sang in his temples;without the cold rain was dashing up and down and eddying in the mad wind. Still the man staggered on but half conscious of the turmoil of the elements. It was done. What? The idle question seemed singing in his head. Then the wind caught his breath and strangled him. A paroxism of coughing seized him. He leaned against a

pillar till it passed and he felt the warm thick fluid in his throat. "Blood,blood, "he whispered with his hand on his sore chest "The beginningsx of the end." And then his weary head seized the refrain "Blood,blood the Beginning of the End." He could hear the steady marching of soldiers,tramp!tramp!tramp! No it was but a reeling traveller across the broad street. Then something all in gray,dark misty gray rose before him,dim whitish gray,she seemed,with outstretched pleading arms. He shuddered,she looked so ghostly,yet he knew it was but a wandering prostitute and he shrunk out of her way.

If his head would but llear up and stop its heavy whirling! He fumbled at the door of the lodging house. It opened.

"Oh,Mr Calhoun,you are so wet,can I not do something for you-some hot whiskey or -"

"no,no "he said hastily and stumbled up the stairs. He sand into the great arm chair and closed his eyes. the web that spun heavily in his breast slowly unwound itself. He tried to move and ward it off but his limbs were as stone. Slowly it drifted over him enmeshing him surely,strongly. It was white and silkly like cotton - it was cotton, but unclean cotton. See the specks of dirt in it - ay,great lumps so that it seemed black with dirt - a great dark formless mass of blackness with mighty harms and thick heavy countenance that seemed pressing,pressing on his sore chest. He gasped in terror and felt the sharp shooting of the hurt that pricked and pricked and then spread out in utter pais;he sank back with a vast sense of falling,falling into oblivion.

The door was opened softly;then there was hurrying in the hall and a scream:

"Miss Fowler,Miss Fowler,come quick,Mr.Calhoun has fainted again."

41-S-62

Chapter III.

~~On the lawn.~~ Moon Bell

She was standing before the gray old pillared mansion all in a shimmer of white - white flowers in her yellow hair,white ribbons at her throat and white slippers on her little white-stockinged feet. Her hair curled itself in dainty loving ringlets and her dark soft blue eyes sat like stars in a face perfect in beauty and color. Yes,Miss Lacy

of Charleston was good to look upon,thought Miss Lloyd as she bent her long lithe form over her guest gracefully,and welcomed her to the "Magnolias" "It is so warm to travelling"she said sweetly as her eyes noted the embroidery of the younger woman's dress and the fischu of old lace. And then as she watched Miss Lacy ascend the old stairs with Juno the colored maid,she added "Very,very beautiful - I wonder if she has any sense"and then aloud and cordially,as she turned:

"Ah,Colonel Hodges,now we are assured of a pleasant evening -but no flattery,sir!" and again "Aunt Hetty - dear Aunt Hetty it was so kind of you to come"and so she murmured on gracefully and deftly as the guests assembled.

41-5-63

It was a beautiful sight there on the broad lawn in the ssftened light of the late afternoon. The drowsy scent of jessamine and magnolia stole in upon the breeze and from afar faint echoes of slave songs trembled across the low dark fields. A score of men and women lounged under the great black oaks on low settees and stools,or moved slowly here and there with a murmur of conversation and low swelling laughter. The women were languid,richly gowned,sometimxesb beautiful,always graceful. They sat or moved slowly sbeaking in low musical tones and sweeping their eyes with a certain languoroun hateur. The men were long-haired,clean shaven or aggressively bearded,talked with a dominant assurance,and demeaned temselves with a courtesy almost elaborate.

The older men gravitated toward the young hostess,Irma Lloyd. Her quick wit and keen appreciation set with fine breeding anh tactfulness atoned for her thin figure and plain face. She moved too with a certain sinuousness,a curving undula tion that had an inexplicable fascination about it.

"My dear,this is Major Waggaman,the nephew of President Tyler. He has just returned from that Texan mission over which you are so enthusiastic -My daughter ,Irma Lloyd,Major." The speaker was a tall large bald-headed man with flushed face,thick form,and quick moving eyes. The Major bowed low over the little hand clicking his spurs,and then seeing the cold gray eyes,hastened to say,gallantly:

"I have heard much of the women of Carolina,Miss Lloyd,but scarce

believed what I now see with living eyes."

"A dubious phrase, Major Waggaman. What pray were those terrible tales?"

"Tales of slaughter in cold blood, wounds that baffled surgery and hearts broken beyond thought of repair."

"And so you have come riding, Sir, armed cap-a-pie, bent on conquest and revenge?"

"Only craving mercy, fair maiden, for a passing pilgrim."

41-5-64

So they railed laughingly on with lightly tossed words, the Major slightly disappointed at the appearence of the young lady of whom he had heard so much, the girl looking straight at him that she might catch some glimpse of the real man. Then she said with sudden gravity:

"Was it hard travelling?"

"You mean - I -"

"The trip to Texas?"

"Oh, in parts it was rather trying- I had one railway wreck and a horse back ride across a Louisiana swamp. It was georgeously fearful: great flaming streamers, black paths, mud and snakes. The train service is a direct and awful encouragement to profanity and then the dirty boats and the long lonely horseback ride beyond New Orleans - yes it was a fairly hard journey - I've seen worse but not voluntarily. But I did not know you ladies in Carolina were following the mazes of politics so carefully."

"We're not" she said shortly -then added -"But the Texans - were they not over-joyed?"

"The Texans - well- no - in fact it was rather hard to discover any Texans; the first hundred miles or so I had about given them up. Then I found a few but they weren't as interested in treaties as in Negroes. They thought I had a few in my saddlebags I suppose."

"Adn are you sure you didn't Major?" laughed the elder Lloyd. "I heard they are getting to be cheap in New Orleans." And he waved his hand laughingly as he strolled over to the group where Aunt Nettie with Miss Lacy in charge was fascinating a group of young men and ladies. She was a little woman past middle age with traditions of former beauty which she

still cultivated despite wrinkles and bad teeth. She had litter mannerisms once affected now quite natural which proved many a covert smile, and behind all this a lonely aching kindly heart facing with dismay the ghost of Age.

As DeCoursey Lloyd approached she was saying impressively from beside a little worn fan:

"And that "s what ruined the north- utterly ruined it. There was a day when one met ladies and gentlemen in New York and there were a few well bred families even in Boston, but this poisonous intermarrying -ugh!"

"Did you attend the Glennworth nuptials, Cousin Hetty?"said Lloyd.

"Did I attend them? the very ideala gentleman and the daughter of a slave driver - to be sure"she added musingly "the Glennworths were not of the bluest blood - there are dark spots on their escutcheon."

"What were theyAunt Hetty"said Harrison Coles.

"Nothing for children to hear - and besides, after this mesalliance they are quite beneath our notice."

"The world must depend for its salvation and mastery on the bred and born"announced Colonel Hodges glancing a moment from the radiance of Miss Lacy to Aunt Hetty. The elderly lady assented in deep deference but Coles wondered what would happen if the bred and born all died off or got softening of the brain. "In fact I think we're oely saved by our Indian ancestor. You know we Coleses boast of a full blood Cherokee chief some generations back." Then Aunt Hetty chided him. "For shame Harrison and you an idle bachelor among all these charming girls."

Harrison merely bent and kissed her finger tips and passed on laughing.

A little back from the main groups stood a number of men in earnest converse. "I tell you"insisted a sharp faced man, with quick excited gestures."it is the parting of the ways. Texas turns our faces south. our backs are upon the north and our feet are strated toward the equator. We shall never turn back."

"No, no, Mr. Blakesley, I cannot think that. The idea may be romantic and airy but the American nation is too strongly bound together. We shall not fight Mexico-there's no necessity for it and it would be cowardly."

"John Heathdon,you may call it romantic if you will, but the fate of the south is beckoning and it will go. Calhoun raised the spirit It cannot die."

"But even Calhoun opposes war and endless expansion."

"Calhoun is failing now and does not see so clearly-his mind moves slowly. He will catch up with us yet."

"Then another thing,how can we spread a slave system over the earth without slaves?"

"Get slaves"answered Blakesley"Africa is full of them." And a silence fell on the group. Harrison Coles approached.

"Fiddlesticks"burst forth Heathdon"War,conquest,and the slave tradeIa pretty program for a civilized people. I tell you we'll remain one people and secession is madness. We've ruled the nort by our brains and spirit since the days of our fathers and we can continue to do it - and pit our strength against their vagaries and impotent mouthings."

41-566

But Blakesley interrupted eagerly:

"Not against brute numbers,Sir,not against the ignorant offscourings of Europe with votes in their dirty paws - by God!sir,we must look to our homes and institutions and we must look - South."

"I fear I am too old to look much further in any direction"answered another heavy old man "but here is young Coles -Harrison,my boy, Colonel Blakesley is on his hobby - he see fire ahead and treason and the breaking of bonds;what do your young eyes see?"

"Ghosts"replied the young man "dark gliding ghosts"and he pointed toward the silent moving figures of the black servants,bringing out the tea things.

BLakesley waved an impatient hand out before he could speak the clear tones of the hostess interrupted them.

"Politics,politics,I'll be bound,"she said lightly as she glided in among them. "Politics when tea has been steaming ten minutes ."

"On the contrary-ghosts"laughed the old man,and they all bowed lowly

"Oh this is interesting -and who has discovered them?"

"Mr.Coles,I believe - and possibly Colonel Blakesley,both are dreaming I believe."

"But the dream of the one is prophetic -mark that"said Colonel

Blakesley as he turned toward the tables.

"And the dream of the other?"asked Miss Lloyd as she found Coles walking beside her.

"Is painfully real -see there they go."

They watched the black servants pass the cups of tea and bits of seed cake.

"Ghosts are usually white"she said shortly.

"No our -not ours;they are black and brown-and" as he saw a tall tawny maid slip up to Miss Lloyd with a light wrap,he added -"and yellow". The lady flushed and looked straight at him.

"Whence this sudden interest in serving maids?"

" h,Irma,somehow today the whole thing rings hollow,does it not seem so to you? Beside our lives creeps this black shadow and we cannot lose it. I approached you an hour ago but between the gallant small talk of a soldier about pretty eyes and hands,I could hear the wierd song of the slaves in the rice fields. I wandered by to where Aunt Hetty was preaching aristocracy and purity of Blood while a mulatto servant was finding her fan. And then I went over and talked politics with men who propose to cure a case of too much Negro by adding more. The shadow of Africa is all over and about us. "Even in the filmy daintiness of Miss Lacy's flounces one can see the black arms that toiled to make it white."

"How very original!"she said in low mockery while her steel gray eyes encompassed him "And are you looking for a world this side the stars where men say all they think,where clothes wash themselves,where state-craft fears no mob and gentle folk are not worried by their-cattle."

"No,not all that but something of it; I dream of a land where men refuse to say always what they do not believe,where the misery of and toil of ten women is not needed to make one woman a goddess,and where cattle are not unnecessarily worried by - gentle folk."

She bent over him,her great eyes full of deep disdain.

"Look"she said "Look then my friend till your eyes drop and your dreams make you starve and thirst,O Harrison,Harrison,I hate sickly sentimentality in a world of work - ah,Major Waggaman,have you met my friend Mr.Coles? Bring some chairs - there now,this is

quite cozy Zone lump or two,Major - Mr.Coles brefers lemon. And by the bye,Major Waggaman you come quite opportunely. Dinah" the large black woman paused with her tray. Irma seized one of her hands raised it in her own slight pulpy white hands;it lay there grayish brown - black,gnarled and knotted with toil,and the woman looked shame-faced.

"You washed this dress,did you not Dinah?"

"Yes,mistress."

"Now Major Waggaman whose hands are best fitted for washing,mine or Dinah's?"she asked serenely.

The major gasped in amazement and stammered.

"But my dear madam,how can you -"

"Well Mr.Coles has some thoughts on the sub ject that are really very creditable to his - heart."

And Dinal slunk sheepishly away,while the Major fumbled for the threads of conversation,and Harrison Coles smiled.

"The fact is"said the major finding a doubtful balancing place at last,"The Negro is without the slightest doubt a distinct order of creation, Every one knows-instinctively feels the difference between black and white. Why I have heard Senator Calhoun,who you know treats his slaves with fatherly kindness and knows each one like a book - he has said to me many a time -'If I could but seee a gleam of real first class reasoning power and intelligence in them -a Negro reading Greek for instance or mastering Trigonometry -I would change my whole attitude toward slavery.'"

"And yet there are intelligent slaves"said Coles.

"Intelligent,yes,quick with trained instinct but not with full fledged reasoning faculties. Egad I'm glad there are none such for what could we do if there were,surely not free them and live beside them."

"No,no,but I confess I'm not so certain of the absolute and eternal inferiority of all black folk and I am of the evils of our assumed superiority upon ourselves. Abolition would of course be silly -fatal to black and white but the extension and deification of the system seems to me equally wrong."

"And so as usual" said Miss Lloyd with a certain asperity in her

41-S-14

tone "you end in a maze of your own weaving and sit helplessly bound as you used to when as children we Hesitated at some crossroads or could not decide which game to play. Negroes -bah-they are the happiest creatures in these United States tonight,and you Harrison the unhappiest for wasting sympathy upon them."

"The singers of such songs as theirs"he insisted "the wearers of such kindly hearts - such dum b toilers driven tho they be - are not, cannot be beyond the pale of humanity."

41-5-69

"O no, but beyond the pale of white humanity."

"And how much does that mean?"

"God only knows and he speaks so seldom."

"And then only to prophets or conjure -folk."

"Apparently then this can only be settled by an appeal to witchery" said the Major gallantly looking at Irma. But she tossed her head and retorted:

"EVery well appointed southern plantation has its witch,and unburned too save by the sun."

"Mom Bett"said Harrison rising quickly with half feigned gayety "let's go to Mom Bett. It's years since we've been there Miss Lloyd." So entering into the mischief of the thing and enticing Miss Lacy,the four of them wandered away from the throng and went down the broad fields to the quarters.

The cabin sat within sound of the sea and was low and dark. They rapped loudly at the door. There was no response. They rapped again. Silence. Then Miss Lacy gave a little scream and they all started involuntarily for peering at them thru a square unnoticed hole in the cabin's side was a forbidding face - it was black and wrinkled,with tufted hair,hooked nose and thin lips,and great black blood shot eyes.

Irma spoke with careless gayety:

"Come,Momm Bett and tell our fortunes - we be three pilgrims facing fate."

"I tells tall Mistress' fortune - I tells by fire- "

And the door flew open. They entered the cavernous interior in dense gloom and groped in the close fetid air.

"We must sit on the floor" said Irma " Momm Bett has no chairs"and then noticing Miss Lacy's hesitation -"Never fear the floor is scrupulously clean- Momm Bett is queer."

The old woman was mumbling and gradually they could discern her laying sticks in the fire place - crossing they carefully with low incantation. Then the wood blazed fitfully lighting the dark interior with its festoon of herbs, its old casks and boxes and the great stones of the yawning fire-place.

Quickly a slender blue flame shot up swaying

"This is tall Irma mistress" said the hag pointing at it and they all looked at the flame smiling until a misty smoke half enveloped it.

"Tall mistress had dream" whispered Momm Bett.

"Several" said Irma flippantly.

"Dream, last night - dream dream."

"Well, yes" answered Irma, gazing thoughtfully at the veiled blue flame.

"Listen: I dreamed that I dreamed ~~~ lying on the rocky shores of a great water. My soul rose as smoke before the face of a dark old man with a wondrous eye and as it rose beneath his waving incantation it gathered itself together and I stood before two men - a white man and an Indian. A white man of marvellous strength and daring and an Indian, beautiful ~~and~~ but moon struck. The old man pointed to a great ship and we three sailed in it toward the Great South to take and subdue the land and I stood in the prow all eager with the eyes of the strong man on me, but the Indian was watching sunsets. O yes and there was a voice singing. And as I saw my soul thus facing forth, I dreamed that my dreaming body woke and I rushed down to catch the great ship but the lake was dried into a black mud and a hound was Howling on the shore." They sat in silence at the tale ~~till the voice of the~~ but

41-5-20

As she spoke a great ruddy angry flame shot up and hung over the thin blue light, roared about, enveloped it, killed it.

"That there strong man" muttered Momm Bett- and then pointing her lean black finger at Irma she cried:

"The strongness of the Strong man - be scared- be devil scared"

Irma started impatiently "It's getting late" she said and they all began to rise, oppressed more than they would say by the air and the wierd surroundings - but Momm Bett held them - "See- see" she said pointing to the glowing of the embers. "See- babies."

They discerned a fanciful resemblance to two children's heads one in the white ash, one in charred black wood.

"White and black" mused Harrison Coles and Irma laughed.

"White and black" whispered Momm Bett as she swung back the great black door. As they filed through she laughed a wierd mirthless laugh

"They'se twins" she cried "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"It's really wonderful" said Major Waggaman.

"what an air of really effective mummery these old humbus can use."

"Isn't it" answered Irma "but I'm afraid Mom Bett is losing even her usual terrors - O Aunt Hetty you are not going so soon? And Colonel Blakesley. We shall see you soon again, I dearly hope. I fear I have sadly neglected you." Good night, Mr. Heathdon."

And so one by one, the guests departed, till the law lay dark and still beneath the dark oaks and the twinkling stars. Only in the dim twilight the glitter of the radiant Miss Lacy flashed by with roll of wheels and clanging of bit.

"Hrw absurdly beautiful she is " mused Miss Lloyd - " ridiculously pretty and without an ounce of brains. She has not said a sane word today only lolled and posed and glanced in childish innocence or vacuity, and spread her finery. Sweet Heavens with beauty like that, I think I could whirl this dear old earth right mad. Well, well, the Lord is very wise. He furnishes the insides of some heads and the outsides of others and doubtless it is well, very well." She mused silently. Then half aloud "His mother must have been a sweet thing like this and hence his wavering nonsense and puling sympathies. Too beautiful for a man and too soft, but-yes father, I'm coming - your evening pipe? of course it is past time. Why where is it?"

41-5-21

They had passed into the wainscoted library where two great candles burned dimly on the oak table.

"Oh, don't you remember? I took it to my room to fix the stem last night. Wait a moment. No don't call the servants, I'll get it myself." And she went quickly and noiselessly up the wide staircase.

She opened the door of her chamber and paused abruptly. It was a wide low room; on this side was the smooth white canopied bed; on that a french dresser of mahogany with curving legs and gilded ornament. Between them facing the door was a tall cheval glass; and standing before the glass the startled lady saw a tall undulant figure not unlike her own, ~~clad~~ get younger clad smoothly and gracefully in white silk; ~~she~~ held the candle in one hand and with the other she was coiling her dark curly hair high on her head and curving her slight neck to catch the effect. Then suddenly she saw the opening door and the entering woman. Turning swiftly she crouched back with a little cry of astonishment.

"Mistress, I thought - I didn't know "Miss Lloyd drew herself up angrily.

"Juno - you impudent - how dare -"

Then she stopped and shrank back with a little gasp. The candle a in the dark maid"s hand lighted the faces of both curiously, and she

saw her own face reflected in the glass closebeside the mulatto's. A phrase of the afternoon conversation flitted quickly through her mand. "Back ghosts -was it not the wraith of her own face that stood so strangely lighted there? Why had she never noticed it before in all these years? Her brown hair lay there darker and curlier. There was the same high narrow forehead - the same straight cheek and proud mouth,done a bit more swellingly. Then there was the same tall thin figure and trick of swaying. Miss Lloyd shook her head slowly and slipped backward to the shadow of the inglenook in the old fire place. Her breath came slow and hard and she felt a sense of chill creeping up her ankles. The dark girl trembling with apprehension was shrinking almost into the glass and the candle fluttered in her hands.

"Forgime me mistress - I didn't mean nothing - I was just trying on your pretty dress - I haven't hurt - "

But a dry voice came from the darkness.

"Juno,who was your mother?"

"Mom Bett - Mistress, Mom Bett - the old conjure woman" and the girl bated her breath.

Irma shuddered.

"Who was your father?"

"I don't know, -Miss -"

"You lie! who was he? - tell me?"

And her hands crept stealthily about seeking something.

"Mammy says it was "-

"Who?" still the hands crept.

"Old Master."

The hands closed round the heavy tongs. She glided slowly toward the girl:

"Sister" she said musingly and the girl dropped the candle.

"Beast"she whispered. The cold hard iron struck the maid full across the face and with a little sobbing moan she waved and crumpled to the floor.

The hall was bright and cool,but Irma Lloyd groped her way down the staircase as through a gathering darkness:she looked into the libray

U.S-72

"Come up stairs,"she said slowly "your daughter is unwell." DeCoursey Lloyd half-hearing listened,called,then leaped to his feet and hastened out into the hall. No one was there. He hurried up the stairs and opened his daughter's chamber door.

Out underneath the oaks Irma Lloyd was walking swaying her white arms in the night air.

"O my poor dead mother"she said.

Chapter IV.

~~Proposals~~ The Temptation

Henry Jones was riding up to the Magnolias. Far down the way he met Miss Lloyd cantering through the early morning mist.

41-5-73

"You are an early riser this morning"he said,reining his horse.

"Yes"she answered simply.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No '- ~~I did not look at the papers~~" what is it?

"General Taylor has been ordered across the Neuces."

"That means war?"

"That means war."

"I am glad."

"Glad?Are you? good! so Am I."

"Yes" ,she said slowly "the land needs a baptism of fire to shake it from its legathy."

!And to start it on its new life and destiny."

"Destiny?"

"Yes,the day that the Mexican War opens,is the day that turns the rod of empire southward."

"The rod of empire"she said musingly thinking of her dream."is wielded by men and not by destiny. If men would put power and strength into this movement - but do you really think this generation of young southerners are energetic enough to move the world?"

"Miss Lloyd today there are 100,000 sworn men -" then he stopped suddenly.

She looked at him in quick interest.

"Go on! she said.

He silently lifted the lapel of his vest and pointed to a silver star and golden circle. Then bending forward he said:

"For ten years the movement has been spreading. Never fear. Miss Lloyd there are still men in Dixie to dare and do." He hastily drew a map from his pocket. "Look" he said "here we are half way between the equator and the pole on the borders of the Atlantic. We set our faces continually toward the icy north and east. Bah! We should turn south and west. The equator is the center of the world and the Pacific the real world ocean. India, China, and the Mediterranean have given the world its real culture and kept ahead so long as the heavy hands and level heads of a master race made the slaves work. The Germans tried working with their own hands and the fool Yankees have followed themdelving like Niggers. But we southerners have discovered the real secret of empire. Make the world's cattle do the world's work. Turn our faces toward the palms and sunshine and the gorgeous splendor of the tropics. Drive our slaves across the Mississippi down thro ugh Mexico"and his finger followed the course eagerly"here over thes half-Nigger Spaniards of Central America" then his hand wandered into the air in a broad gesture "then South America and the West Indes, we're just filling them with Niggers" he half whispered.

"A dream of empire" she whispered. Looking wide-eyed and rapt straight into the fiery face, drinking in his words. Then suddenly she felt her hands prisoned and his hot breath puffed upon her cheek.

"Irma, Irma" he was gasping "with you, God's darling - oh, with you I could help rule this empire - I could make you a very queen over a thousand blacks and make the damned pale bloodless North cringe and whine before our power. Miss Lloyd - Irma - won't you love me?"

The avowal had slipped upon her so quickly and unexpectedly that she could not say a word. She felt an almost unconquerable desire to laugh. She did smile but feeling his great body trembling and his strong hands squeezing hers, she hastily withdrew them, and came to conscious thought. She could not marry him. His father had been a slave driver - a poor white from the hills. He was not a gentleman.

J1-6-74

His linen was not always clean and he smelled too much of tobacco. What would Aunt Betty say- poor dear, Aunt Betty ? it would surely give her apoplexy or delirium tremens. And her father? She stopped and grew hard and white. After all this was a man , a man instinct with power -the embodied strength of her dream. A man who cut rudely across filmy arguments on which Harrison Coles looked down upon as half-bred barbarism - Harrison Coles, the vision of his dark face rose before her -- and all across these piling hurrying thoughts, she heard the passioned pleading of the man beside her, coming as from a great distance, echoing like drifting waters.

41-5-75

"No, no!" she said slowly " you must not talk so, it cannot be - at least I will think - hark! there comes some one . Were you going to see my father. There he comes - good morning - you may come- I shall see you- sometime. Good day." And she cantered on.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lloyd."

"Good morning - I waited for you sometime and at last feared you did not get my message."

"O yes, I received it last night but was delayed a little on the way this morning". They rode slowly toward the house.

"You were speaking a few days ago" resumed Lloyd "of a certain good agency for the sale of a few Negroes quietly."

"Why yes - there is a great demand from the southwest now, and we are helping the movement with all our might. Texas needs them you know."

"I have really more Negroes than I can use on my land - I was thinking of selling off five or six field hands -and, and there's a ~~woman~~ girl I'd like to get rid of - she's been here so long, all her life in fact - that she's getting intractable."

"Young?"

"About twenty."

"Not the waitress Ella?"

"No, the maid Juno."

"O, Miss Lloyd's maid."

"Yes, she has taken a younger and more tractable girl, Celia - Juno is a bit impudent at times, although good to work."

"I'll send the agent up to look over the lot."

"Today?"

"Why, I don't know - I'm afraid not before next Monday."

"I have some pressing bills you see.-"

"Oh, don't let that worry you. I'll advance the money and then we'll snttle later."

"But I'd rather get rid of them immediately, especially the girl

"Why, send ~~them~~ her over to my plantation, if you like."

"Very well."

They rode in silence a while.

"How is your cotton?" asked Lloyd.

"Pretty good - a good stand and well opened."

"Mine is not so good and the corn too is poor. These Negroes are so caoeless."

"You don't drive them enough Mr. Llomd - a steady hand is needed - particularly now as war approaches and we shall need money and discipline."

" Do you really think we shall fight."

"I know it."

"But will the Abbeville Rifles wolunteer?"

"If it's in my power to make them?"

"Good morning."

"Good morning -I hope for your influence."

They bowed low and parted. Irma meantime had slowly ridden onward down toward the wide throated town. It seemed more dingy and sordid than ever this morning and not even the trees and greetings could light its gloom. In the post office was Harrison Coles, reading the weekly paper.

"Good news?fshe asked quietly.

"No, bad!" he answered, then -"It is good to see you this morning after our little duel - somehow I'm always inflicting my unpleasant moods on people. But won't you forgive me by riding over and taking a peep at my flowers? They are gorgeous - come do not refuse."

They cantered off together and were soon wandering among the carefully kept beds. She tore a red rose slowly to pieces and then smiling up into his face with soft grey eyes said:

41-5-76

"Did you ever strikeany one? - hard?"

"Why,what a question,yes. once - a Negro" he answered "and i felt like a coward for a year."

"hwy?"

"Why? A man striking a helpless thing?"

"H'm but suppose you struck O impersonally so to speak - struck the Thing it meant - the - the wrong it stood for?"

"Then why strike the manstrike rather the wrong."

"O but wrongs are simply airy things - they do not exist until they are gone and then one can't hit them."

"No,but one can strive against recurring wrong."

"But one wants movement,action,real blows."

"In such case we'd be clubbing each other to death continually. Moreover my first attemnt at that sort of thing discouraged me."

"What was it?"

"Have you forgotten? A red-faced plebeian forced himself into our play and awkwardly pushed you down."

She smiled. "I remember - what a beating little Henry Jones gave you when you played knight-errant - aH,well, - a little clubbing now and then" she argued sinking down among the flowers "is good for the system - I fell often as if -"and she tossed a stone against the tree.

"Are you not a little - warlike this morning?"he said.

"Is it not fitting -Will the Abbeville Rifles go to the Mexican War?"

"God grant there'll be no war" he replied. "I think if this war really comes that it will mean a struggle in our ranks. I shall oppose the radicals because I believe such a war would be unrighteous aggression - I - Irma don't look that way. I wish we thought more alike on this matter. We are in strange accord in most things -do you not think so,Irma?"

She sat very still. Then he said slowly

"Irma - I love you."

She smiled at him and then he smiled deep into her eyes and they fluttered before him. She arose and shook her skirts.

41-5-77

"I think,"she said,"that I shall marry the captain of the Abbeville Rifles."

Chapter V.

The ~~Hosting~~ Fanatics

The town hall of Wilton Point was low and long with galleries down the side and straight benches across the floor. The tall narrow windows let in a glow of warm yellow light and the quick harsh tones of men and murmur of women echoed across the broad bare platform where the speakers were gathering. It was a great political meeting of the county in the mild midwinter weather,and Irma Lloyd was seated in the gallery watching the gathering of the crowd. They flowed into the building in two streams - the greater stream, black and rumbling spread over the benches - there were men tall and short,loud and quiet;some were well-grooved and stiff and found their own eddies and pools;others were noisier and more careless in dress,copious in tobacco and brave in oath. The second stream, lighter and gayer,rippled into the galleries;wives and sisters with lunch baskets;and there again some stepped erectly and held their chins and skirts high and some slipped in silently and watched the others. Irma saw the tall form of Calhoun as he came up the long aisle bowing here,shaking hands there. She thought he looked paler than last fall and his blue eyes burned almost black.

Some one was speaking. She strained to hear has words but the resonance was bad and the women about her were chatting and flirting their fans. So she fell to watching the faces of the men below and musing on the scene. Gradually she felt rather than saw a certain conscious rythm in the crowded benches below. What was it? A movement here, a floating wave of whispers there,sudden silences, then the nervous ~~xx~~ twisting of bodies - all this gradually began to speak a language louder than the tones of the orator and more distinct. Her sense tingled as they caught this new faint consciousness of the soul of the throng — this mystic incantation. What was the man saying? She could catch only a word here and there -"Slavery - Abolitionist - - -Yankee fanatics - - - gentlemen - - - The South - -Union." -yet

41-5-78

she knew it all by heart - it was the old speech newly uttered, the same old argument so familiar to her. But the audience? They were moving faintly under it as if waiting - expectation sat on their faces and in their whispers. They were not listening they were waiting, intent not on what the speaker was saying but rather on what he or some one was going to say. Once or twice they applauded faintly, once heartily, twice they scraped their feet impatiently and some of them yawned and spit on the floor. Then abruptly came perfect quiet - a little hush so that even the faces in the gallery breathed more quietly -"Our great leader, the peerless Southerner, John C. Calhoun, senator from the Palmetto, state." A round of ringing applause greeted the introductioe but it gradually died away with what seemed to Irma an expectant lull-another silence. The hall seemed charged - tingling with some subtle electricity. Men's muscles were more tense, they bent their heads and their bodies and the air itself listened, even in the galleries.

41-5-79

From where she sat she could just see Calhoun's tall form silhouetted against the further wall and catch the gleam of his carved white face. But his voice seemed weaker and only now and then did it carry audible sentences to her ear. Those below were hearing however and she watched them listen in intense interest. For many moments the heads were tense, expectant; then eyes wandered and hands moved so that a faint rustle waved across the room.

"But ,Gentlemen, annexation is not war" the terse sentence struck every corner. There was a quick quiver of movement, hurried whispers and again palpitating silence. Calhoun's tones had lowered and his finger was carefully laying out the logical sequence of thought. She caught the mannerism. He was arguing, abstractly, subtly; she strained to catch the words and then gradually became conscious of a change in the listeners.

A man far in the corner dropped his boot heavily on the floor. Some one rose and passed out . The two little movement seemed to cause an interruption rbut scanning the mass more carefully, Irma saw that they had not caused a change but were rather symptoms of it.

Everywhere attitudes were more careless and muscles relaxing. Little noddings and gestures just a shade impatient appeared and with the faint signs of less strict attention below the swish and murmur started lightly again in the galleries.

"These men want deeds not words - war not argument"mused Irma and her eyes glowed.

Then she caught sight of Jones yawning slightly and she felt like yawning too,but checked herself and looked away as she felt his eyes ever seeking hers. Where was Harrison -oh,there standing with his back to her,looking out the window.

"Squirrels"she guessed,"or the pale blue sky." Mark! Calhoun's voice was raising again - but she did not try to listen. She leaned back and watched the listeners twist awkwardly,smile,whisper,here and there,and then break into loud applause but not prolonged,not hearty.

"What an elegant speech"said Miss Lacy bending toward her.

"Charming."answered Miss Lloyd.

Then the audience talked to itself. There were other speakers, but few heard them. There were little knots of whisperers. Men hurried here and there and several groups left the hall. Some scraped their throats and moved noisily,others shifted their tobacco and stretched themselves. It was as though a single-souled body had suddenly dissolved into its elemental individuals and they threatened all to drift in different ways. Still there was evident a certain striving,a silent breathless travail toward synthesis. Was something emerging - some tangible thought,some definite xxxxxr. movement? Yes.Blakesley was whispering earnestly to Jones. Colonel Hodges started up and looked about,then hurried to the further corner. Coles was watching the chairman intently. Yes,she felt the two centres of strength and thinking,two parties, the divergence growing and taking shape before her very eyes. Ah, it was good to be there and watch it;it was a battle,a silent bloodless battle and she could take part in it.Isurely,were not two men watching her face furtively, well,one at any rate - Nay, two for who was yonder old and white bearded man, who eyes burned into hers, & whose hands seemed lingering over the throny — she seemed to have known him somewhere sometime, long-long ago.

IP

08-5-14.

"Ye - es - ha,ha"she murmured in answer to some remark of Miss Lacy's which she did not catch. Yes - a slightly built nervous man stepped from beside the chairman toward the platform passing through the eddying groups of radicals.

"Sprett"whispered somebody. "Mr.Sprett of Charleston"explained a Charleston lady and a heavy limbed planter rose and yelled "Sprett"amid flickering applause. His speech was a perfect flash of lightning - clear,penetrating,passionate - snap-snap-snap! it struck up on those benches. Amusement,interest,amazement -solemn silence and slow hesitant applause followed him. He seized his audience,thought Irma,subdued it,then swept far beyond it. Every word was audible everywhere. Too radical - far too radical:-the South even at cost of secession,a slave empire,war for territory,the African slave trade,free and open - a program daringly brilliant. But it leaves them gasping in mind -shaking their heads and fidgeting, and rings Colonel Hodges to his feet. He begins in a more conservative tone but he is not listened to. The audience has heard something radical -they do not agree with it and yet - and yet the ferment is working slowly,powerfully.

"By God,there's something in that Sprett"growled a fat low-browed man standing directly beneath Irma. Then as the mass sat there swaying in thought a man appeared waving a letter. Up the aisle he ran. A pause - then the great tones of the chairman:

"General Taylor has been ordered to the Rio Grande."

A yell shook the house till the belfry trembled and the rook within rose from her nest,circled about her eggs,whistled and flew screaming toward the black forests beyond.

Scarce had the audience choked itself through the narrow doors of the hall,than the bugle call of the Abbeville Rifles greeted its ears and the younger men hurried up the street to the rickety old building which served as an armory. Irma and Miss Lacy came down together at the end of the throng and Miss Lacy was twittering over the bugle-

"So martial,you know!"

DeCoursey Lloyd joined them.

"Well,have you ladies politics enough for one day? Do

41-5-81

we own a lunch or shall we go to the hotel?"

"O a lunch here on the green - A couldn't enter that dirty hotel -ah,here is Aunt Hetty and the rest. I know they've brought good things. We shall have a jolly party."

"And shall we not wait for - for the soldiers?" asked Miss Lacy,blushing rosily.

"Goodness,no!"said Aunt Hetty,"Harrison tells me they are liable to be squabbling all night - some are determined to volunteer for the war and some are opposed. Then there is the election of officers. Harrison should be captain -he is by far the best family represented.

"H e can be captain easily enough if he wants to be"said Colsnel Hodges,"although Jones is a better officer no doubt -knows tactics and that sort of thing."

"Jones"replied Aunt Hetty with a sniff. "And why shouldn't Harrison want to be - it is dis duty as a Coles."

"Well Coles is a bit queer you know -flighty,dreamy-like -but then a fine boy ,a very fine boy."

"Let us hope they won't quarrel long enough to spoil the ball tonight"said Miss Lloyd as she was laying aside her wraps.

"O dear,no"echoed Miss Lacy "I so love to dance with a soldier."

"Now to lunch"said Irma "and then we'll help the Abbeville girls decorate the hall -Colonel Blakesley it was a great meeting,was it not?

"~~Splendid,splendid~~ Very interesting,Miss Lloyd,epoch-making,I think -but I fear you could not hear well where you were."

"I did not hear,I saw"said Miss Lloyd as she spread a white cloth under the oak.

Long low festoones of green and white and red verdure decked the sweet smellin hall where in the morning the speeches had echoed. Dim colored lights painted the plain wood-work,and concealed in a wall of flowers,a Negro orchestra was playing quick funny little tunes and slow swelling measures. Groups of gaily gowned girls ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ promenaded up and down and enderly men and women sat about waiting. Around Irma Lloyd,a mass of girls continuallm clustered and she talked to them with a light seriousness that made them laugh and think. Yet in thear hearts a l were listening. Hark!

4-5-82

the band! "Dixie"! the martial bars crept gaily up the street - the girls crowded about the door. There was a thick rolling of drums.

"Halt! to the right, wheel - March!"

Into the hall they came, gay in kilt, straight, smoothfaced eager in eye and step. Irma turned her eyes slowly - the crowds massed and melted before her.

"Miss Lloyd -Captain Henry Jones of the Abbeville Rifles begs the honor of the grand march."

Chapter VI.

~~The Marriage for [illegible]~~.

It was a slight square of paper and across the top of the first column of print, in sprawling letters it said "War!" Irma read it and reread it. And then sat staring out of the windows across the magnolias, across the cotton fields, across the world. Staring she sat there very still, one two long hours.

"The Abbeville Rifles assemble and march to the railway junction embarking for Charleston to meet other state troops. Let all be on hand to give them a rousing farewell.""

She heard the stepping of a horse and saw the rider dark and handsome, sitting carelessly, bent forward in though, slowly coming up the oak lined avenue. Two spots burned sudden in her cheeks. She rose hastily, slipped down the back stairs to the stables and saddled the whinneying horse with her own hands. Then she rode straight across the fields leaping the hedge, skirting the swamp, until with flushed face and flying hair she whirled into the big road and almost unhorsed a hurried rider.

"Miss Lloyd"he cried "you have heard? I was just coming -"

"I have heard, Captain Jones"she smiled. "War -and tomorrow!"

"Miss Lloyd -will will you not give me my answer -"he stammered.

"Yes"she said quietly.

He flushed and bea his head, then straightened and said almost harshly

41-5-83

"And it is?"

"Yes."

He looked bewildered and whirled his horse about.

"You will marry, me? really?"

"Captain Jones,myf father is bankrupt."

"I know it."

"He and his do not regard you as their social equal and may never do so."

"Time will tell."

"And despite this you wish to marry me?"

"Yes - yes - a thousand times yes."

"Then you may."

"When?"

"Now."

He wheeled his horse and rose in the stirrups. The triumph on his face trembled in his husky tones.

"It is four"he said,"at St.Andrews at five."

"at five?"she said "St.Andrews is six miles and -the license."

"St.Andrews at five"he said with raised hat and his horne shot down the dusty road.

For a moment her face grew white. Then she turned and rode swiftly toward St.Andrews. The little church lay in a shallow basin where the yellow Savannah swept by it to the Sea. Gnarled,unprimmed ivy covered it,and in the evening sunlight it shone in dim radiance, as she rode up to the rectory. Scarce was she there when Jones came beating down the big road,his horse burning,white flecked and trembling The rector hastened out - an old shaven timid man.

"Ah,Miss Lloyd -this is a pleasure,a pleasure indeed - how is your dear fathe -eh? Pardon -Oh! Mr.Jones - a marriage? I- I-really Miss Lloyd does your father -"

"I was twenty-five yesterday,Mr.Pancoast."

"Oh-oh - not that - but - "

Jones impatiently kicked the gate.

"A word with you,Sir"he said.

41-5-84

HIrma turned and wandered into the church yard among the peaceful dead. She picked a white rose for her hair and then when they called gathered up her dark riding habit and entered the church. The rector's little wife was there with scared white face,and a tall harsh-faced man. Within the altar stood the white robed priest and as she walked up the dark aisle a little bird sang faintly and sweetly. The sun shone darkly through the windows and gleaming moats danced madly in the rays. Then someone took her hand and she saw the white arms above her head and heard the grand old prayer intoned:

"Send thy blessing on these thy servants,this man and this woman."

A great sob rose and struggled in her and the pierced Christ in the great altar swam before her wide stretched eyes They had waited for Her voice in solemn silence and it came low and clear,yet,as from afar.

Then he had slipped a ring on her finger but it was too large-

"Man and wife! the rector's voice said faintly - all the corners of the church seemed echoing "man and wife" and the little organ groaned wistfully.

He lifted her t o her horse and bent over her but she put him gently back.

"To-morrow morning"she said "I shall go to Charseston with you and stay there till you return from the war.

He thought it over silently -

"Very well. Shall I not see you again till then?"he asked.

"No"she said.

A passionate pleadingg sprung to his eyes but she put her hands quickly on his shoulders and looked long and earsestly into his eyes,till they fell before her. So they parted.

Her father was alone in the library as she rode up.

"Irma where ever have you been - it is not fitting for you to be riding about alone so late - I particularlm wanted you this evening- Mr.Coles called and has just gone."

"I saw him coming."

"Why on earth then did you go away?"

41-S-14

"I went to marry Henry Jones."

"To marry Henry -Jones?"-He choked and his face paled and flushed. "Are you ~~xrx~~ joking or crazy?"

"Neither - I am married."

"Irma sit down!"he said sternly and a dark look came into his eyes. She sat down and bending forward handed him the marriage certificate. He stared at it - tremblingly seized his glasses and read it,and then almost threw it at her with a great oath.

She rose and stood before him quietly with gleaming eyes.

"Do you know what you have done?"he said passionately -"do you know I am bankrupt,penniless - that you have jilted the man who could have saved us and disgraced our name by a runaway escapade - you a woman grown - you a Lloyd -great God,a Lloyd and a Nigger-driver!"he gasped.

"But not"she answered in white anger " a Lloyd and a Nigger."

A slow flush spread over his whole face and his lips trembled, but she turned away her head,sat down beside the door and with her hands creeping along the lintels broke into silent convulsive weeping. He sank down heavily in his chair and looked at her:so her mother had went once long ago and twined her thin young arms. It must be good to weep like that and melt the heavy burden within. But if one cannot weep one must do something,something;but what? Could he live through poverty and disgrace - narrow want and the glances of friends. He knew what lay cold and bright in the little drawer of his desk,but he shuddered as he thought of it - and yet - and yet how much of life can a man yield and live? A trembling crept up his limbs. He rose stiffly:

"Good night"he said.

She turned slowly and coming to him kissed his cheek.

"Good-bye,father"she said.

All night long the wind circled and shivered in the tree tops, and the lonely voice of the rolling waters sang soft to the hooting of the owls. All night long DeCoursey Lloyd sat stark among his papers thinking,calculating,thinking. All the long night,Irma packed away her clothing,lingered over her trinkets and listened to the

To the voices of the dark.

L8-5-14

Chapter ~~X~~. 7

~~On to War~~. The Gamblers

The city was humming drowsily amid its palms and magnolias as Captain Henry Jones stepped into Savannah, and the burden of its music was ever: Money! Money! Money! to Captain Jones' eager ~~ears~~. He must have cash and have it now and he hurried down among the cotton warehouses and ~~S~~searched till he found the sign "Glennworth and Mackay" A single light burned in the counting room and the man bending over his books Hardly noticed the insistent rapping at first and came forward a little impatiently

"Office hours" he \began "oh, Mr. Jones, glad to see you, come in!"

"Mr. Glennworth, I'm sorry to distrub you at this hourbut I'm here on urgent business.

"So I've heard - so I've heard. Going to fight the greasers are you? -well-"

"That is but part of my errand - first and foremost I want money-cash!"

"So do all of us"said Mr.Glennworth reflectively,leaning back on his chair. He was a good looking well bred man with a half quizzical smile. "So do all of us" he repeated.

"Yes but I I must have it."

"Must is such an awkward word."

"You see my wife's father - "

"Your wife?"

"I married yesterday."

"Luxurious proceeding - very . Wife,then money. Now the best way by far is money,then wife or better still money and wife -t that was my plan"and they both smiled.

"I've just married the daughter of DeBoursey Lloyd."

!So-Ho" exclaimed Glennworth sitting up -"another mesalliance to whet the gossip of Wilton Point -congratulations-old name cheap for cash - I see, I see, and now you're hunting the cash-h'm"

Jones winced a little.

"Well that's not the whole story but it's near enough. I am hunting cash. I want fifteen thusand dollars tomorrow."

"H'm your acres and Niggers will hardly stand for that,will they?"

"No-they won't. They're unencumbered and ought to be worth a $5000 mortgage."

"Well then,what are you banking on?"

"You don't expect anybody to hand you over $10,000 without some security?"

"Yes I do -that is,without tangible security."

"Now look here. Lloyd owes $50,000. He expected Harrison Coles to marry his daughter and rescue him. His daughter married me. Now see here, if I can save Lloyd from ruin I will gain his influence. I'm already captain of the local militia and thus I'm in line to rule my end of Carolina. Do you call that intangible?"

41-S-14

"Yeles"sai d Glennworth doubtfully "but -but -have you no investments?"

"No,oh,you know of course that as a Knight of the Golden Circle?"

"What?have yuo invested much?"

"$10,000"said Jones.

Mr.Glennworth walked the floor thoughtfully. Then he took his hat and said "Come with me."

It was late when Captain Jones left the Glennworth house but he carried with him a check for $15,000 and a letter addressed to "Captain John Drake,in care of Mr.Henry Mackay,New Orleans."

The next morning Captain Jones wrote three letters;one to his wife in Charleston saying "I am offering your father some aid in his difficulties,in the hope of saving the home place." The second letter held the $15,000 check and went to his lawyers;the third letter Captain Jones had difficultye in wording to his taste but he finally directed it to DeCoursey Lloyd,the Magnolias,Wilton Point."

41-5-89

companies
Then he waited. A week passed slowly as the various rendevoused ready to embark for New Orleans. The days were filled with gayety t for most of the young officers but they brought only humiliation and bitterness to Henry Jones. He was outside the social fold and was made to feel it more and more among his fellow officers. There was the day of the great dinner at the Cobb plantation when everybody who was anybody,expected a little gilt edged card. There were seventeen officers at Jones' mess and fifteen invitations came. Mrs. Cobb had under pressure accepted a number of unknown namesybut she halted with Jones. "Jones? Who is Jones? O that fellow. We'll not invite Captain Jones."

It was hard. The food burned in Jones' mouth and he tossed a great fiery glass of whiskey down his throat after he had stumbled to his room. He cursed the whole hanned city that stretched in hot fragrance beneath his and even the coming of Irma's first letter hardly quieted his fierce anger. He turned it and fingered it curiously. Then stretched himself on the bed and read it:

"Husband - it is st ange to use that term - it seems a homely heavy

old word that needs a world of sentimental sauce to make one mouth it handily. And yet I am glad it is mine to use. No-I have not repented of my act. I have quailed before it,wept over it but I should do again if life were to live again. Why did I marry you? Will you think me weak if I confess I do not know? I mean that of the many motives in my heart,I cannot pick the really decisive ones. Yes,I confess there was a tinge of allurement in the romance - the wind of the morning,the shadowy church and the silent wedding and yet I am no moonstruck maiden to throw myself thoughtlessly in the arms of a gallant horseman even though he did rade well and swift. When you first asked me,I n ver dreamed of marrying you. It seemed - forgive me- unthinkable- for I was gently born with all the prejudice of a lady of the South and you seemed beyond that invisible but mighty pale. And yet as I looked at you and through you,I seemed to see more and more that very strength which is the might of a real aristocracy. Around me and mine I felt listlessness and languor and effiminacy,and I came to say to mynelf:If the South shall ever lead the world it will be through the strength and daring of men like Henry Jones. And yet I hesitated long,for I may be frank,may I not,my husband? foo there was about you an certain roughness and lack of the finer nicetie of life that ong repelled me. I shuddered tt your tobacco-chewing for while my father and some of my friends chew, they did it less aggressively and definitly. I did not like your linen,your oaths, nor your table manners. And yet in it all there was something I did like - a certain genuineness,openness and zest for life - the elemental passions leaped so fearlessly across your face that they held a fascination for one taught not to know them or at least to pretend not to. And then above all,irresistibly your life and mine seemed destined to common paths and common ideals. I shuddered at the dreamy humdrum lives of southern matrons about me,to try to be simply sweet and pretty for fifty or sixty long years was too much- then too was not our wealth gone? I want movement,life,work worth doing and to think thoughts with God's real men. You were striving against the taint of common birth and ordid surroundings and lifting yourself to leadership among those who despised you. All these things

41-5-90

worked to lead me to your arms. And I came."

P.S."The old home is saved. I thank you."

He read and re-read these lines pondering over them. At last he arose and went to the window and stretched his great arms to the stars. And on his face sat dark determination.

Two days later another letter to Captain Jones came at breakfast. He looked at the postmark and lost his appetite. Then when he could well saunter out,he hurried up the stairs,and shutting the door tore the envelope off. There w s a large card,a strip of brown paper and an unsealed enveloped with an address on it. Jones glanced at the contents,kicked his chair across the room and shouted. Nen sent his servant scampering to the tailorshop,walked quickly up and down the room and then paused again to scan the contents of the letter. There was a promissory note signed "DeCoursey Lloyd";an engraved card announcing Briefly the marriage of his "daugther Irma to Captain Henry Jones"a and finally a crested note inscribed to "Mr.William Cobb,the Cedars,near Savannah. Introducing Captain Henry Jones."

41-5-91

The "Smoker"at the barracks had brought a miscellaneous crowd and Mr.William Cobb almost regretted his coming.

"Captain Jones,Mr.Cobb-"said someone and Mr.Cobb bowed distantly and looked for eventual menas of escape. The captain smoked silently and then said carelessly-

"O,is this Mr.William Cobb of the Cedars?"

"Yes,sir."

"I had I believe"said the captain searching his clothes doubtfully "A little note to you-"

"O indeed?"

"From Col.Lloyd -my father-in-law."

"Colonel Lloyd?-Col.Lloyd of Wilton Point? I did not know - why my dear Captain - er - - what was the name?"

"Jones - ah here it is."

Mr.William Cobb read how earnestly Colonel Lloyd commended his son-in-law Captain Jones,to his friend's good oufices and begged letters of introduction for him in New Orleans.

That night Mrs.Cobb,the Misses Cobb read and talked and wondered, but the next day Captain Jones was invited to dinner along with Lieutenant Blakesley and Lionel Hodges.

"So unfortunate,my dear Captain,that you did not let us know of your present before and that your marriage cards came so late",said Mrs.Cobb -"we should have had you here often- How is Mrs.Jones?"

And Captain Jones was sorry that he had carelessly neglected delivering the note. It could not b e said that he enjoyed the dinner; he was painfully conscious of his position,unfamiliar with the local small talk,and thinking of other things. Mr.Cobb too was lukewarm about the war and Jones hardly dared give his enthusiasm rein. Nevertheless he almost eagerly accepted guest membership in the exclusive town club of Mr.Cobb for the two remaining days of his sojourn.

He knew what he was facing in thus almost forcing his way among people who looked down on him but he shut his teeth grimily and went to the club that very night. For a time he wandered about lonesomely, received but distant nods or a few general greetings.

As the rooms filled however he found himself among a group of young officers and civilians,who were war enthusiasts. Mr.Jones' real mastery of the larger aspects of the movement gained him attention and toleration,which warmed into intimacy on the part of several of the younger men. Maps were drawn out,figures compiled and books refferred to. A light blue cloud of fragrant tobacco smoke rose to the carved old oaken ceiling. On the seats and lounges sat young men - fine straight high bred facesyfigures good in height,but rather narrow in shoulder;they were dressed precisely,almost over-dressed with heavy jewelry,long perfumed hair and gay blossoms in their buttonholes. Dark servants glided among them with wine and liquors and soon the talk rose from studied interest to flushed enthusiasm and gay banter. A young officerytall and graceful,raised a glass of dull red wine in the air -

"To the empire of the South"he said in heightened voice instantly a score of glasses clicked and loud applause swept round . Jones drained his glass and raised another brimming:

"Death to her foes"he deep voice cried and the applause swelled to a cry. Ah! it was good to be here,he thought,as his body warmed under

41-5-92

the generous liquor and his brain sparkled. Here was the hope of the New South - Gentlemen,bred and born,and ay,and he was one of them;he belonged to them and the thought of his high bred wife leapt within him

"Our Southern women"cried the tall handsome young fellow beside him as he poured out a sparkling glass of golden brandy. Jones threw his arm around his shoulder,men leaned on the chairs and a yell echoed to the roof. The servants smiled silently and hurried more quickly here and there.

"A game - a game - Gentlemen"cried another. And they filed out to ~~gathered~~ ~~around~~ the card tables - a jolly bantering flushed crowd,eager, hot-blooded,careless. Jones found himself seated with four companions. opposite was the tall young civilian of the toast;he was white-skinned ,with brown curled hair cut long - and face clear cut ~~cut~~ and smoothly shaven;aristocratic in bearing and look,dainty in dress and so much the courtier in gesture and phrase that his friendship warmed in wine seemed to Jones like royal favor.

"Spencer St.John Rutledge"said the card which he handed Captain Jones and Captain Jones was glad in his heart,very glad to have such company. A young lieutenant gaily cloaked in grey and gold, and Horace Cobb, the heir of the Cedars completed the table:

The glasses rang,the smoke drifted and the gold clinked on the tables. Jones' luck was phenomenal and his heavy laughter filled the room. The stakes rose and idlers leaving the other tables crowded round and watched. The air grew close and heavy,the talk was louder,the laughter at times riotous. Snatches of song rose here and there and the older men with indulgent smiles began to leave for home. A few came by Jones'tables and looked at the players curiously and one ventured to whisper to young Cobb but he nodded carelessly. Still the table here rang with gold until a small fortune lay before Jones. Cobb's face grew white and he played silently:the young lieutenant laughed and sang bits of opera,but his hands trembled,while Rutledge sat unmoved,cool and courteous.

The lust of gold was creeping into Jones' flesh. He doubled and tripled his wages and still the ~~vari-colo~~yellow red pile grew. He

41-5-93

cast side glances at it and calculated its worth. Hell! there must be near five thousand. Gradually, unconsciosuly his voice grew loud and truculent and his oaths hoarser and freer. His mind flew to his castles - that would pay the mortgage on his slavesy perhaps even - - then suddenly some little dispute arose. How? Few clearly remembered in that close wine-dyed air. But it grew- quick words passed until Rutledge rose impatiently and tossed away his cards.

"Through?" asked the lieutenant with twitching mouth.

"Yes".

"Not frightened ~~I~~ I trust" laughed Jones, sweeping in the gold ~~checks~~ on the board.

"O NO," drawled Rutledge glancing coolly at him, "I play for amusement, not fora living."

"How fortunate - for you" retored the captain flushing.

"Yes" returned the other suavely as he lighted a fresh cigarette, "my early trainink must have been neglected - my father was neither a gambler nor a Jigger dealer."

On the room a silence dropped so tense that the sound of footsteps echoed from the streets without. Jones' face wen white to his hair. He felt the room lurch and reel. Then he gripped himself steadliy and rose stiffly.

"Indeed" he answered "what a pity then to have a coward for a son and a liar?"

And he pushed his card across the table.

The morning mists lay on the yellow sand beside the golden sea. The two carriages crunched drearily among the pebbles, and the men shivered as they stepped into the heavy air. Scarcely a word was spoken. The pistols were brought out, and the two men faced each other, Rutledge graceful and slight, his cold handsome face framed in great brown clinging curls; Jones tall and massive, his face white and spotched beneath a dark red asd tumbled mane, his eyes blood-shot and his hands quivering.

"One-two-three-fire!"

41-5-94

There were two flashes, one sharp crack and Spencer Rutledge gripped the air, whirled and dropped to the ground dead. His dazzling white face lay there in the yellof sand like some clear cameo, framed in ~~dark~~ brown clotted hair. Captain Jones leaned and looked at him, and a great fear gripped his soul. They seized him and hurried him away but not before he had seen the vision of a flying horse, and heard a woman's cry - a woman's low and awful cry.

Chapter VIII.

~~New Orleans~~ Wealth

The voice of Irma came to Henry Jones as he smiled upon the sea. Yet its tones were strange and he could not rightly guage their meaning. He read her last letter with wrinkled brows "I do not think I ever loved anybody. Once a long time ago I imagined so for a little moment - but - I was strangely reared. I remember stretching my little arms once to kiss mother good-bye- but she screamed" The lace, child, be careful of the lace'. I bit the pillow and vowed never again to disturb her finery. I never did for she caught death in the damp air that night and in a month was buried" Henry Jones moved uneasily and thought of the face, the white face lying in the sands. What would Irma say if she knew of the morning's work. Something in that young aristocrat had reminded him of Harrison Coles - the same indefinable grace, and beauty of curve and action. Would she ever hear? Probably not. Such things were hushed up with in the gossip of a certain set, and she was away from the aristocratic news-mongers. He sighed. Harrison Coles? Why did that fellow caome so to his mind? The old dark jealousy rose in his bosom. Had his wife loved that dandy after all? Did she love him yet? He searched her letter eagerly:

"Will you understand me when I say that I do not love you yet? Is love a longing of half-green children? Is it the romance-veneered passion of the full grown male and female? Is it some great white mysterious spirit that hovering in the upper air suddenly sweeps down here and there and fastens its victims, then laves them rapt and

41-5-95

and shining-eyed? No,Henry,you and I as grown sane people know it is none of these,however much thes things may help and influence it. Real love is a slow and awful growth - the knitting of human souls- the pain of life and development. The gradual coal scing of two wills and dreams and purposes into one great passion of work and striving,into great swee comradeship It cannot come - how can it? -to two hearts that do not know each other - that but dimly peer into each other's souls across the mists and conventions of life. They must marry and live with soul and body free to the all-rushing Life and Work,and then perhaps the greater love will grow and come, and out of them,God will weld one mighty soul."

41-5-96

He sat and pondered - first in hot jealousy and disappointment, then in bewilderment. He could not understand her. Was she not his-body and soul?Was she still thinking of someone else?of this Coles? What right had she to think of him even? Then a faint vision rose in him of a life and spirit far from his in some unreached upper air-a life never to be his because his outstretched arms could never grasp it. He sighed and watched the sea,and it lunlled him restfully with its motion.

Imperceptibly the Thing wore away as the great silences of of the sea gave time for thought and self-justification. Would men lightly insult Captain Jones now? He thought not. Then too there were over five thousand dollars in gold down below and in his pockets letters from the Cobbs to the Hendersons and Heureaux of the Cresent City. What could he do but fight or be forever branded? He did not start the quarrel- he had no dream of insult. He had been wantonly affronted in turn for a mere pleasantry. And so day by day he argued and thought and day by day the justification was stronger and the full tide of life left little but flitting dreams and the memory of a face and a cry.

Then too in the cabin of nights there were cards and good fellow-ships. Wine ranyand luck was still kind to Jones so that when the discolored outposts of the Father of Waters murmured round the bow, he had put the Thing far behind him -had well nigh forgotten it, save the far-off echo of a cry and a face.

The city,crouched in broad and tropical opulence at the feet of mighty waters,was filled with soldiery hurrying on to join General Taylor across the Rio Grande. Yet the regiment to which Jones was assigned lingered for suitable transports and equipment.

"There is no hurrying"said the Colonel" the greasers are willing to wait after the drubbing they got at Palo Alto and Resaca. The Lord knows when we'll get boats enough.! And he mopped his brow. Jones was more than agreed for he had business in New Orleans.

41-5-97

A few days after he had landed Captain Jones set out to find Mr.Mackay. He knocked the door of his elegant residence and the black butler ushered him into a luxurious parlor. Mr.Mackay hurried in. He was a broud man,florid and quiet with a decided western accent.

"Yes,yes,I am very glad to see you,Captain Jones -you are looking for Captain Drake. Well we'll find him - do you know him?"

"No,not at all."

EVer heard of him."

"No,sir."

"Well he's a queer kind of man - a little rough you know but you won't mind." Jones shoo his head and they walked on talking. At last they came to the squalid quarters of the city. There crouched in the ditches beside the great mud walls that held the mighty Mississippi sat hovels and sheds and old slave quraters and round about was a dirty ill-smelling throng of slaves and serfs. Even Jones walked gingerly and when they came to a particularly sinister old shed and bent to enter he involuntarily slipped his hand to his thigh and touched the hard steel of his ~~xxix~~ pistol. A man came quickly,a muscular leather faced man of middle size,striding ~~wide~~ like a sailor and cruel-eyed.

"Captain Drake"

"Mr.Mackay"

"I have brought a friend of Mr.Glennworth's and I want him to view your cattle."

The sea captain muttered gruffly and led them back through the darkness to a yard. Captain Jones was amazed at the sight. There were at least twenty blacks lounging about: fifteen great stalwart men -some full six feet in height,some short and broad,all built like

giants,and most of them under 25 years of age apparxently. There were five or six women also,two big with child,all young and buxom. Jones walked quickly to them and felt their muscles and skin. They glared at him sullenly,some almost fiercely,but Captain Drake lounged near by with a murderous looking black whip.

"Where did you get these?" Jones asked for their demeanor was strange to him,and their English barbarous.

The captain guffawed and Mr.Mackay asked,Smiling"What is the lot worth?"

$18,000 " at least."

"Cost us just $1800"growled Captain Drake.

Sudden light broke on Captain Jones. There was some more talk but he said little. Not till they were well up into the city again did he stop,whirl and face Mr.Mackay:

"They're genuine Africans"he said.

"Three months landed"added Mr.Mackay. Jones walked on slowly.

"You are a Knight?"asked Mackay.

"Yes,of the first circle,No.742".

"You should get into the second circle."

"How can I."

"Your letter from Glennworth was a nomination - you have already invested something,of course."

"More than I ought to have-nearly $10,000."

"I must be worth $50,000 today at least - perhaps twice as much."

Jones grasped ,then he put his hands on Mackay's shoulder and they walked rapidly back home,in close conversation.

It was late afternoon when Jones rose to leave Mr.Mackay's home

Wealth! his head was swimming as he reached the air again. He saw the plain prospect of 50,000 perhaps 100,000 dollars. His hands trembled and he stepped into a saloon and ordered brandy. A tattered red-nosed man beside him was very affable and finally begged the loan of a dollar. Jones threw him a bill that sent him half way into hysterics and walked out. All the world was golden in the golden sunshine. A sweet cool breeze from the lake tempered the dull August heat and he sang lightly as he walked and clinked his sword.

41-5-98

Was not life at last opening her coy arms to him? Ah!the strength and glory of it. Now strife was worth while,now battle meanst Something,now -

"Hello,Captain,wherefore this wild gesticulation"cried a merry voice.

"The captain has already attacked the Mexicans and is driving them back in wild disorder"laughed a musical woman's voice.

A richly canarisoned landau with black coachman and footmen and prancing horses drew up beside him and Captain Jones saluted in some embarrassment. It was the Hendersons where he ha dined so pleasantly last night and he gladly took the proffered seat.

"I was looking for some one to dine with me"he explained"and was almost in despair. Now I am to have three guests"he insisted bowing gravely to the dark young be uties and their brother.

The protested. "But the chaperon?" Just here the brother spied t wo well-known faces on the driveway-Mrs.Mackay and Mrs.Glennworth - one of whom Captain Jones had already met and the other he was glad to meet for she was a very young matron of rare beauty and brilliancy.

41-5-99

"Of cource we'll chaperon you"they said gaily -"and where shall it be?

"Frasati's by all means- I have heard nothing else since I came."

"Frasati's"they cried "it is ruinous in price,and our toilets."

But the men laughed excuses away,and the captain insisted:

"Frasati's."

That was life. Music,low,sweeping and languorous;beautiful women, tastefully gowned,luxurious and high bred; a hum of enthusiastic talk,sweet breezes and a faint lingering of perfume;brilliant uniforms red wine ,the clinking of glasses and the daintiest of dinners. Aye, that was life thought Captain Jones as he left the ladies at the ~~door~~ curb and bowing low to their little words of parting walked slowly toward the Pelican Club with the pleasant young brother.

"You'll meet some pleasatn men there"he exclained to Jones"Young Lieutenant Davis,Jefferson Davis,General Taylor's son-in-law,Captain Beauregard and Mr.Johnson. My fatherytoo,will be there - he was sorry to be detained and not meet you last night.

Far into the night they sat there chatting,drinking and somking.

"A few cards? A game? Won't you join us?"several different ones asked,but Jones excused himself and joined the older men in serious talk. He leaned back with his cigar and listened to the voices with half closed eyes.

"Once well started and the war will be short and snappy"said a Georgia colonel.

"Who will command? Taylor,Scott or Benton?"

"Taylor ought,he's a true southerner."

"But a Whig."

"A southern Whig is a southerner first and a Whig afterward."

"I hope so after this week's news."

"What is that? I have heard no hing."

"What,haven't you heard of the proposition of the abolitionists in Congress?"

41-5-100

"No!"

"Williams - No Wilmot is the name." Mr. David Wilmost of Pennsylvania proposed the following amendment to the army appropriation bill

"Provided that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude be permitted in any annexed territory."

Some one swore a round oath.

"There the damned Yankees show their hand."

"Pooh!it can't pass."

"Of course not,but it shows the wind."

"Without doubt,without doubt,and we must meet it."

"We must have Mexico and Central America."

"Nonsense -northern California and enough to square out our territory is all we need."

"Perhaps so,this time,but eventually Mexico and Central America."

"And the African slave trade."

"Gentlemen"and the voice raised clear and authoratative -"such talk is wild -criminally wild and gives the enemies of the south aid and comfore. The best of the South opposes,bitterly opposes the African slave trade and always did. It was English and Yankee greed that brought the Negroes here. Once here we must keep them and slavery is their natural and only condition."

"But how can the south occupy Texas and hold it for slavery with the present stock of slaves?"

"And how can the political balance of power be kept with no new black slaves and hoards of whites slaves - the offscourings of Europe filling the North?"

Jones bent forward a moment.

"Pardon me for interrupting, Gentlemen" he said, "but what puzzles me too is this; where lies the distinction in working blacks for profit and buying them for work?" In buying them in Virginia or in Cuba? in Texas or the Gold Coast?"

"The distinction may be subtle" returned Judge Henderson "but every southern gentleman, I think, feels it."

He was a man of medium height, massive, full-bearded with flowing white hair.

41-5-101

"Instinctively gentlemen, we hesitate at the salve trade - at the barter of flesh and blood, even when black. It is distasteful to us, repulsive, and we tolerate it as an evil like other evils of civilization."

Jones sank back into the corner silently and something gripped about his heart. But a smooth young voice followed.

"Pardon me Judge Henderson, -but isn't this a fair compromise; our thought is for the South not for the Negro. At present a reopening of the slave trade would not be best for the south socially or economically. But this does not apply necessarily to Texas or California and certainly not to any future acquisition south of the Rio Grande. There a slave trade might be absolutely necessary to development and the defense of our institutions."

"Who is that?" asked Jones looking at th tall clear faced lieutenant who spoke.

"Lieutenant Jefferson Davas of the 21st Mississippi" answered young Henderson, and he and Jones sauntered toward the buffet.

It was the last of August and the regiment marched tomorrow. Captain Jones had paid his calls and was packing his portmanteaus. He took up a package of Irma's letters and scanned them. He was thinking of her and how well she would compare with the Misses

Henderson despite their beauty - yes she was of even finer fibre. Then he scowled as he came across one letter that he had meant to read again. He put it in his pocket. He had not time now for he must go down and see if there was any report from Drake.

When he returned he felt as though he had drunken newwine .- rich sparkling wine:for in his pocket lay a folded draft. He rusehd to his room and looked at it $97,642.12-Great Heavens! He was rich,rich. His fortunesx were made and he stood dazed before the window staring out into the dying day. He hated poverty - he hated debts—they had ever bested him; all his life had been a struggle with the shadowy ghost of ruinya miserable sordid grasping for pennies. It was fearful,it was heart-hurting,it narrowed his body,his mind and his soul. Now at last he was free. He fingered the draft lovingly He could stretch his arms now and look men in the face,throw him orders to his Niggers and let his wife live like the lady that she was. He felt like leaping and dancing. His blood tingled madly in his veins. He strode up and down the chamber. He had meant to study tactics that last night but now this was out of the question, he -there was a tap on the door and Jim,his Negro brought him a salver of cards.

Before he could glance at them,the gay crowd burst into the room . It was the cream of the young fast set of the city - he knew the rollicking crowd well and the young officers with them,and it made his blood leap to hear them. His heart was calling for excitement movement,life. He would not go out with them of course - but they were a rare crowd and soon he was laughing heartily with them and the room rang.

"Come,captain,come-it's the last night and you must do the city a last glorious revel;here,you black rascal,bring your master's gayest togs."

Jones hesitated laughingly. He was partially undressed and had no idea of going;but he donned his dress uniform in courtesy to his guests,while they passed his champagne. He was not going far with them but he would saunter a block or two in their joy filling company - and so he walked on and on.

The hours glided and lingered;glided and slipped and hurried.

41-5-102

O happy night! The hours slipped and flew, circled in roystering fun, in mad riot, in wild exquisite ecstacy calleneing heaven and hell. O life illimitable, great flooding surge of passion and desire! Then with deepening morning time loitered, grew hazy, the hours drifted dreamily, floated in long grey stupor, halted in aching, in sick lanquor and pain, and then suddenly stopped in black despair.

He lay prone with his hand clasped tight over his bitterly pain ing head. A sense of abysmal dejection held his whole his whole being. He was a beast, a dog, a grovelling fool and he groaned in sick disgust and naus a. Was he a man to have sunk so low? What - what was it? He dare not ask - he dare not penetrate that oense of utter shame and degradation that stood like a thick veil black before his memory. Yet despite himself as the drizzle of r rain without struck his sense, the blankness of the shadow darkened and lightened into figures. He knew how - the poor child -how shae had tremble d and struggled. O that dark piteous little face - and Henry Jones clutched the bed clothes and his great body shook with tears that would not come. Then slowly it came back all that long night and lying there in the wet grey morning he lived it all again. He saw the gay avenue, the great cool club house, the famous bumper of wine, the rollicking fellows. He could see the ring-leader - of the bluest blood of Louisiana, a handsome devil, with a woman's mouth, a seer's forehaed, and the rascally eye of a rake. His boon companion was his opposite; weakness writ broad and long, milky of skin, watery blue of eye and aimless in countenance. Jones turned wearily from the window -what was the devilish roundelay thatkept ringing in his ears? "Wine women and song" the devil was crying, "Now Sing."

"Let's see How did it go?"

"O women are weak
And women are sleek
And a wench is a wile
for true
For a dusky maid
We'll heaven trade
To the heaving of Hell

41-5-103

for you."

And then how the chorus rang in the hot sweet air

"For you, for you
A wench is a wile
For true."

He saw again the handsome imp seizing his hat and dragging them all forth into the streets at midnight walking arm in arm by twos and threes. He was for coming home but they had seized him on either side and he followed laughing and singing with them for he had remembered the draft at home. They met a policeman and banteringly seized his hat and club and then surrendered them in elaborate courtesy. They stripped a fat black aunty's e lunch stand and then threw her a coin that turned her grief to singing. A young Negro well-dressed rounded the corner hastily; they crowded him to the gutter and when he cursed them, set upon him and left him lying like a stripped dog. Down in the mud by the river stood a brown house squatting by the side of a score of dismal shanties. Within a close curtained door was a dark hall and then a parlour of strangely tawdy splendor - a piano, silk and velvet hangings, spreading easy ~~chairs~~ couches and lounges. Beyond was ~~another~~ a passage way but a dark heavy curtain shut it out. In the hall stood a white woman, fat keen-eyed and showily dressed. Within were a score of dark fair girls -olive, yellow and brown, with hair flowing or close curled, smooth velvet of skin and rich of dress. Their eyes were bold and wnaton, save those of on little golden faced girl, with long unbraided hair who crouched in a corner folding and unfolding her hands. She was lithe, young and beautiful as a goddess, and as the wild crowd of revelers burst half-drunk past the sentry in the hall, she shrank wild-eyed against the wall; but the other women welcomed them, the music rang and champagne popped. Then the dark curtain swung and fell, swung and fell till there was but Captain Jones and the shrinking wild eyed girl. And again the curtain swung and fell. Had the policeman on St. Antoine stree heard the frightened scream that caught the air that night? If so he merely noted whence

41-5-104

it came and smiled as he walked away.

It was nearly seven when Jim the valet ventured cautiously to arouse the captain. He crept into the close reeking room-" "Cap'n Jones-"he said "It's mighty nigh to eight."

The captain groaned,kicked away the soiled bedding,staggered to his feet and swore a volley at the frightened boy.

"Open the window,you damned woolly headed idiot" he shouted. "Why isn't the bath -"

"The bath is ready,master."

He dropped into the sweet cool water,rested a moment and hurried to his sitting room.

"Whiskey!"he said.

He tossed the fiery morsel off quickly and as he set the glass down his eye leff on a piece of paper. It was a drafte for $97,643.12 He folded it slowly and put it carefully away. He glanced at his watch, and his eyes sparkled.

"Jim,my boy" he cried "hurry thes things on to the stachel - we must rush to the wharf - by George the sun is trying to shine- here take this dollar and get something good for yourself ."

They had scarce swung outinto the deep water when the sun gliding out glorified the sea. The band played gaily and Captain Jones smoked and talked. But when at evening the others went down to the cabin for wine and cards he sauntered to his own room, undressed slowly and taking out Irma's letter,fingered it doubtfully then read it,and as he read his face flushed and paled and sank upon the desk;

"I have read with a vagues unrest your social minglings in Savannah and New Orleans. Of course they are good people,all those you name,quite acceptable in any circle and even worshipful in most. And yet them are of a class I am fearful of - if fatal catastrophe ever overwhelms the south it will be because of these same aristocratic Cobbs and Hendersons and Heureaux. I know I am one of them,full of their whims and prejudices and what I fear in myself I fear in them - their scorn of common things - their scorn of life- their easy sinuous lifting of heads,shruggings of shoulders and curvings of bodies. It is you,my husband,you and your kind who in my

41-5-105

dreams are the dynamic to this courtesy and over-ripe breeding, electrifying it and set it going toward clear sighted ideals. And some how I fear their influence upon you in these days of waiting - their gambling and drunkness has such a glacour, their wantonness sulh courtesy and their arrogance is so compelling - be carefulyHenry and remain a man even such as I have dreamed you to be - and I have dreamed long."

"Yes father is well. He has written me once and invited me back home ~~to~~ Beaufort where he is staying but I shall wait until you return. Harrison Coles was married yesterday. Can you guess the bride? Miss Lacy. It was here in Charleston and a gathering of all the clans. We had cards but I only stopped by the church to see the bride. She was beautiful as a dream and about as unsubstantial. There that's unkind, but what does the world want of women merly beautiful? I see her ~~their~~ life now, lazy, aimless existence, slaves at their elbows, heads and feet, dinners and rides and gossip and dinners and rides- oh! -the red enemy of the south is not the North but sheer laziness and I scarce know which is worse, the black or the white variety."

41-5-106

Chapter IX.

War.

It was the fifth of September and General Taylor's army was moving out of Carmargo. It had been hard marching in the fierce August heat, the food was bad and the supplies scanty. Now at last the army had started up toward the hills but Captain Jones was in dnager of being left in Carmargo on garrison duty for Taylor distrusted raw recruits. Jones was sick to death at inaction and he waylaid the General as he rode by on "Old Whitney."

"General Taylor" he said "for heaven's sake let me goto the front, my company is well drilled and will give account of itself."

The general looked him over.

"Join Worth" he said.

So the captain marched forth to war and the hills looked brown and beckoning on that September morning. Long days they marched

and marched,halting at Ceralvo the ninth and then down the mountain passes to Marin. A great valley of the Sierra Madre lay beneath them and in its midst thirty miles away lay Monterey a white towered town flashing in the dark sunlight.

They were resting in a beautiful grove where the six thousand had encamped,the mighty shade above,and below a gleam of the Promise Land,when suddenly the trumpet summoned him. All was hurry and excitement in Worth's division for at dawn they were to encircle the citadel and guard its reinforcement from the West,while the main army made the attack. Before the sun rose they started-now marching rapidly,at last creeping forward slowly and carefully Up ridges and down valleys they moved and the city rose and disappeared before them,beside them at last behind them. With glad hearts they spied the great white road from Saltillo and just as night fell they camped across it,with a sigh of relief.

Then came the awful waiting of war -- the grim hush,the far-off sound of carnage which they might not join - the fighting whose end they could not know for endless hours. They lay on the hot hills - a great dark waving line. A group of horsemen approached from Saltillo but sighting them hurried back.

41-5-107

A large convoy came but a fusilade scattered in confusion. Then the T Texans moved toward the city up hill and down fighting fiercely,but Jones' command waited in silence watching till night fell and then amid the rejoicing came news from Taylor,news of partial defeat and repulse and of heaps of bloodly dead there to the eastward. The next day was ominous silence. The Texans were fighting in the hills hidden by smoke and trees but Jones' division sat still. Hour after hour they lay in that crazy sunlight watching,hearkening,waiting all day,all night. A third day dawned sullenly.

Now and then came the boom of cannon;sometimes bullets sang and little innocent puffs of smoke rose from the glaring city; still they stood and sat about till Jones' nerves were strung to breaking;he paced up and down,he spat and cursed,asked questions and received surly answers or none at all. The artillery was dragged into position but stood silent;Captain

Jones was ordered to the extreme right.

"What shall I do then?"he vociferated.

"Wait"growled the Colonel.

He waited throwing himself on the ground in weary impatience and eg eyeing the city. So this was war,bah!,it's woman's work,flat,tasteless drudgery Why in- but what were those greasers doing stealing along the walls.

"Hodges,do you see them?"

"Yes,but we have no orders."

"Damn the orders"yelled the captain. "They're evacuating,I tell you. Women,forward!"

He heard an angry command behind him but paid no heed. Only fifty men followed him,the cool reckless dare-devils of his company and another,who could no longer lay inactive. They swept like a cloud toward the city then whirled to the right where a black crowd of Mexicans seemed moving.

41-5-108

"Evacuating the wall by "-yelled Jones "into the city,after them boys. Don't let them escape."

There came a little hissing in his ears and Lionel Hodges threw his hands in the air,wavered and dropped from his saddle,and the fnying horses pounded their hoofs into his white young face. For an instant Jones turned sick and closed his eyes,almost sobbing. Then he changed and became one embodied idea - the elemental passion seized him,the lust for blood,the blind rage to kill,maim,hack and dismember. He thundered past the white walls into the thick of the rushing Mexicans. A pale face flashed before him. He cut at it with his heavy sabre straight across the eyes and yelled as the crimson blood spurted on his hands and arm. A handsone yellow horseman rode at him; he dug his spurs into his mad black stallisn and flew to meet him,cursing him with every shameful epithet he knew. The rider reeled at the savagn onset,his horse slipped on the bloody sand,and on his black hair Jones hammered with butt of his army pistol till the brains oosed and curdled fith the black slimy blood.

Captain Jones sang a wild ditty,dropped his reins and waving his pistol and crusted sabre crashed the narrow streets yelling to his comrades "On my darlings,murder the damned black rascals,cut their

nigger throats." With a swish of his sword he carved a fleeing foot-soldier from ear to ear but as he raised his sabre again, dripping red, it struck something and rang and whirled in the air; his horse quivered and stumbled to his knees, but quick as thought Jones aimed his pistol straight between the blood shot eyes that peered at him and the soldier's breath struggled in his throat and stopped. The air whistled and smoked the hoofs of dashing horses clicked on the stones like watch ticks, and the wind was full of husky cries. Dragging himself from his dead horse Jones struggled blindly on, he knew not where, weeping like a child and spitting up black blood. His coat was in threads, his arms bare, his shirt torn from his neck and his face and breast black and nasty with dirt and sweat. The earth beneath him sank, rose and trembled - lurching forward he saw a shadow, a flash and a great muscled arm. Furiously he twisted his body and struck - and struck fiercely, lanquidly, ah, the sweet rest - sleep, blessed sleep!

41-5-109

Had he slept? No, no he must not, he must kill that accursed Greaser. He struggled fiercely to rise but hands seemed pressing him back.

"Let me go! Come on boys" he screamed. But gentle arms bore him down.

"Careful, careful Captain - it's all over now - you'll disarrange the bandages."

He opened his eyes in dull half comprehending surprise and saw the white canvass instead of the steel blue sky.

"But - the - greaser" he whispered.

"Dead" said a soldier bending over him.

"Where - where?"

"That was twenty four hours ago, Captain, now rest - sleep."

And the Captain slept.

He awoke burning and restless. The hospital tent was dirty and close: the man in the cot beyond was groaning in agony. On this side a white sheet covered a form stark and stiff, while yonder the surgeon was sawing carefully.

"Where in hell is the nurse?" yelled a harsh voice "Am I never to get any breakfast?"

Then a nauseating stench was swept in on the hot breeze and Jones twisted in pain and gasped. He tried to think and suddenly remembered his wealth. He was rich, yes, rich amid all this filth and

discomfort. And if the Negroes kept pouring in-

"Mail,Captian" said the orderby hurrying by.

He seized Irma's letter eagerly,tore it open and read it,and crushed it angrily in his hands. All day he lay in silent misery. Then at twilight unfolding a part he read it slowly again:

"Wealth! I cannot realize it. I have been sitting here dazed for three whole days since your letter came and that brown paper with its cabalistic figures. The deeds for the new plan tation down at Port Royal are in my drawer and father sent me yesterday plans for building and beautifying the Magnolias. To think that the prospects of wealth that I thought I had sacrificed should have returned to me so suddenly,so gloriously. And yet - O, a woman is a strange thing- men too,but somehow they conceal it better - a tinge of disappointment,of ominous foreboding has come with thes thousands. Perhaps I'm half sorry to spoil my picture of poverty and worth triumphant over birth and wealth - no, it is not that alone. I do not quite understand how you came by this money and a half fear that - that Negroes had to do with it lies on my heart like lead. I do not know that I lan explain even to myself my exact feeling toward these people. I know they are and should be slaves and servants - they are a lowo order of being fit for nothing else and never will be. But I have a horror of making money out of them- of trading in them just as I would shrink from selling worms and oats. Negroes may cringe at my feet - that is their place - but for me to use money made in their barter - I could never stoop to it,never - it would seem like a reversal of nature,of cringing to them. To make them work is right and the owner's share of their crops is less than is really due him for supervision. O dear,I'm writing an essay on slavery and an incoherent one. But you understand me,Henry,do you not? This money is not blood money,black blood money is it? I know it is not,forgive the thought but tell me it is not for my heart is strangely heavy for you now that you are going to the front. O, it is not the noise of battle that makes war hideous - it is the Silence,the great white silence that broods over the field after the battle and wraps the living,dead and dying in its awful mist."

He groaned and let the paper drop. Why should he try? She did not love him - she could not love flesh and blood. She wanted some impossible saint,some dreamer full of poetry and impossible aims - some -

one rich by magic perfect by nature and famous by God's command. He was of the earth a struggling everyday fellow,a duty soldier with a hole in his lungs,some one to be preached to like a Sunday School urchin - Oh hell!" and a great dry sob made the frail cot tremble.

Without the last termsoof surrender had been concluded and General Ampudia was marching away.

General Taylor sat on an old barrell smoking a pipe. He was a dark fat man;his coat was ragged,he had no collar and his straggling beard was matted and dirty. A colonel in bright uniform was speaking angrly:

41-S-111

—"Against all discipline,General,he had no orders."

"Huh?"asked the General.

"His orders were to await my commands - he rushed headlong before I knew it and refused to return and nearly upset your plan of cooperation."

"Humph!"

"I want to protest emphatically against such mad hair-brained conduct. It deserves court martial. By sheer accident it was successful today."

"Licked 'em did he?"

"Why,yes sir,he entered the town!"

"Sammie?" A young lieutenant appeared. "Take my greetings to Colonel Henry Jones and tell him to report in person after a month's furlough."

And then the General trotted to his tent.

A week later Brevet-Colonel Henry Jones of the First Carolina Volunteers was moving leisurely up the coast on indefinite furlough. He was travelling in a coach,with four well groomed Negro servants, for the wound in his lung was severe and the surgeon recommended Carolina air. Perhaps in three or four months he said Jones might return to his regiment,perhaps. And General Taylor released him unwillingly and faced Beuna Vista. Colonel Jones did not hurry. The heat was tempering - the sea air was invigorating and the Colonel had many things on his mind. When he reached Fort Brown he left his luggage and servants and walked out one night with a stranger who was awaiting him there - a tall swarthy nautical-looking man. There is a sharp in-

let in the sea here at Brazos Santiago, just this side the Rio Grande. There Colonel Jones ~~they~~ embarked in a long low boat late ~~in the~~ one afternoon, ~~manned~~ with his guide and by six stalwart seamen and they were soon threading their way among the thick wooded islandn that throng the lagoon. The man pointed out various islands in low tones and Jones scanned them. Then they came to a low long porous sand bar which they skirted and examined and then turning out they were soon tossing in the open sea to Colonel Jones' very evident discomfort. Soon they sbied a ship riding at anchor. She was a large bulk of a ship loaded low in the water, black, sharp-nosed with masts and spars for a great stretch of canvass - evidently a swift sailor. As Colonel Jones boarded the vessel the sickening nausea of its stench was too much for his already disturbed stomach and with short greeting he hurried below. He lay looking from his port hole when a dark mass fell past it. Hastily peering out he saw a black bloated body, raw with sores and with blurred staring eyes tossing on the waves. He hastened back to his couch and lay silent. In a few hours he ventured on deck. Night was falling and anchors were lifting. The decks were covered with prone black bodies. Then there were low groans and the rattle of chains and when the wind turned eastward for a moment the stench on the captain's bridge was overpowering. Fortunately the breeze settled in the east and the ship like a great white winged vulture swooped slowly landward.

41-5-112

Jones watched the slaves as if fascinated.

"An awful sight" he gasped.

"Not particularly pretty" growled the captain. "Didn't expect an excursion did you?"

Jones was silent out a great fear was stealing over him. A sailor walked across the prone black bodies in his boots kicking a woman in the mouth when she screamed at her crushed breast, and Jones turned unsteadaly and with his back on the cargo peered into the tossing sea. He could see the low dark thread of sand stretching not far from them as the ship hove to. Then there was breathless scurrying; not a light shone; he heard one shriek but it ended in a crunching of bones and a heavy splash. Silently the forms swung over the side and eight boats slipped rapidly to and fro between the ship and sand. It was past midnight when the captain drunk with sweat hurried up the stairs. "Ready, Quick" he said gruffly and Jones stepped down hurriedly. He was swung

quickly in a tackle and dropped into a boat. His hand touched something warm and slimy. He washed it quickly in the water and as they shot through the water he haerd heavy feverish breathing in the bow. Sc Scarce had he landed than the boat shot back. There was a light sound of creeking chains and strained ropes ,a glimmer of white sails against the gloom of the sky. and the ship faded into the inky night.

"This way,sir"said his tall companion of the morning,and they hurried over the spongy sand that oosed beneath their feet and buried their foot printsp A low rumbling came from the east and the air grew thick and heavy.

"Storm"muttere d the man,"storms every other hour here,hurry-blows like hell across this bar." A dark moving mass surged ahead and now and then there was a low curse and the snap of a whip. Once a form wavered and dropped. One of the drvers bent over it and listened.

"Dead" he said And as they hurried on Jones heard a hasty digging in the watery sand.

41-5-113

The slaves huddled at the far point of sand. A black boat shot out and took them off in little loads now here,now there,among the thick islands that lay to landward. The air freshened and Jones' companion sniffed.

"Jeee it comes" he said. Silent far off lightning beaconed the easd and the roaring of winds away toward the ocean could be heard. The boat rocked and sawyed upon the waters and the sailors hastily beached it and watched the dark curling clouds. The slaves cowered in dumb dread.

The storm muttered and sighed in the low ~~bush~~ brush-like trees. The vates frothed and afar could be caught the surging and roaring of the gulf. Great stinging drops of rain raced against their faces and suddenly the black heaven opened in one great flare of blue green light,Jones saw tthe Negroes huddled on the ground in writhing masses and there a womans arms stretched Heaven-ward as if to catch the crash of thundering sound that tore the air and earth and trees in angry fury. Shriek upon shriek rent the wind - the sea boomed and cried and the waters seemed pouring straight down from Heaven.. Jones wet to the skin crouched in his cloak and watched the wild and awful scene. Then suddenly the clouds piled in black and bursting splendor rolled by,the rain ceased and the blue stars blinked silently on the white heaving sea.

Then the boats went slipping again over the white flecked waters and the black mass dwindled till none were left. Jones,his guide and the sailors then embarked and were soon landed on a little island in sight of Fort Brown.

"Well Captain,I mean Colonel,congratulations I'm sure - what do you think of our system - clock work,hey?"said the host who greeted them.

"But I thought the proximity of soldiers hindered the work?"

"Not since the advent of Uncle Sam - this is chief distributing point now; great business,isn't it?"

The Colonel muttered something,hurried to the office and was soon deep in the papers and reports. Toward morning he lay wearily down to rest and the next night he returned slowly to Fort Brown alone.

There he found Irma's last letter:

"Coming home. I cannot realize it. For five long months I have had no home. Now you are coming and where we meet that will be home. I am glad. And yet a strange fear is creeping over me. Today I saw the Harrison Coleses driving. O,she was so fair,white and red and bonny,grinning and cooing. I should like to handle her just as one fondles a sweet fuzzy kitten. I - I - is it thus that men dream of women? For if so,Henry,what will you think of me? I am looking in my dresser mirror- my face was never beautiful and now it is less so. It is pale, there are new lines across, one between the eyes and one down each cheek;the skin has lost its one time softness and seems tough and white, rough like cleaned gloves;beneath my eyes are blue puffy circles. My hair is thin and of that neutral tint that never figures in fiction. My body - oh-I have no form nor comeliness that men should desire.me. And yet - something tells me I am a larger soul,more filled for work and life. Not for children dear . I hate children . I am not fitted for motherhood - I am too cold,determined - too eager in thought and deed for nursing and mending. A mother needs peace and rest - a quiet nook and animal comfort. With a lesser man I might have sought that - with you I seek life more abundantly.

"O I am terribly frank with you and you are not so to me. A I cannot find all your heart clear before me in your letters and I have searched -groped for it breathlessly,that I might find your soul answering mine.

"Why do you ever ask me if I am true? Surely you do not mean that mere physical faithfulness unfaith o which is filth - and faith, the least of virtues? Do you not rather mean the true effort of a soul toward oneness with another, the atoning sacrifice of one's deep spirit? And does not my every letter tell you how I am striving for that greater Trueness?"

Colonel Jones climbed into his acrriage . The whip cracked over the capering horses and he started home.

"What the devil is the matter with that woman?" he growled.

41-5-115

Chapter X.
The Changelings
~~Birth and Death~~.

A funeral train was winding towards St. Luke's on Sunday morning. Light humming winds sailed to and fro uncertainly and the red sun lay faintly veiled about the glimmering waters. The grey-haired post master leaned against the door and looked with dim eyes.

"One by one" he said, "one by one." And the worlds's one Fear haunted him.

"Who is dead?" asked a dusty rider drawing rein.

"Old man Lloyd - on of the oldest of our citizens and of the best blood of Carolina. I mind me when we were boys together up Abbeville way. Let's see - he must have been nearly seventy - sixty five or six perhaps. Yes, sir - born before the Constitutions, Sir, and I well nigh lived to its end I fear, if Senator Calhoun has told us correctly, Sir and I reckon he has, I reckon he has. He too has just passed beyond."

"Who, Senator Calhoun?"

"Yes - he "

"Was Mr. Lloyd prominent here?"

"O yes - yes indeed that is, up Abbeville way. He never took any great interest in politics to be sure but he was a leader of the aristocracy had large plantations and in times past great influence. of late years to be sure, he lost much of his wealth and moved down here and his daughter's marriage, they say, upset him - but Lord! Jones - that is his son-in-laws , has turned out to be rich as Croesus and bought half the

county."

"Is that Colonel Henry Jones?"

"Yes - he was in the front coach - his wife is not there;just had a child last week and they say she's very low."

"A handsoce woman,I've heard."

"Well no,not handsome but a woman of fine appearance,haughty and aristocratic and bwight-cinded I hear - I never have known her well."

"Married long?"

"Why no -four or five years - look there do you see that wench?"

The funeral train of carriages and horsemen had passed,and a line of black folk afoot were following;they were mostly old people decently clad and reverent in bearing. At their head,stalking alone was a singular figure,a tall black woman of massive frame,erect carriage and swinging gait. Her skin seemed stretched across her great bones like hard thin leather and betweenx it shone in almost painful emaciation. A single garment of coarse cloth was found curiously about her,out of which her head rose in strange forbidding aspect - short tufted hair of greyish black,high cheek bones,straight full nose and swelling lips, all set with surrounded eyes of piercing keenness. The whole aspect of the face was mingled hatred,mysticism and cunning. And yet,repulnive as was the general aspect of the hag her face held something fascinating perhaps even a memory of former attractions. She walked quietly in swinging strides,erect with high poised head and the people as she passed seemed to shring from her, the whites almost imperceptibly with vaguely shown uneasiness - the blacks with half-reverent fear.

"See that wench? that's Mom Dett,"said the postmaster;"well now, in my opinion "| lowering his voice to a whisper,"she poisoned old Lloyd."

The stranger started uncomfortably.

"She's one of those Wooddo women - came here in 1807. I remember it well. I was a young fellow and was down to Charleston and by George, she was the finest looking wench I ever saw. She bought like a beast when they landed her and Lloyd bought her on the spot for $1000;an enormous price then. She said she was some sort of queen and by George she's lorded it over his plantations ever since,till everybody's afraid of her. Lloyd tried to sell her mulatto daughter last year and she raised hell. I believe she poisoned him in revenge ~~for bringing her own here from the old plantation ;~~ some slow poison,for he's drooped and dwindled

every since he came. Others lay x it to his daughter's running away -but pshaw!"

"When shall I be likely to find Colonel Jones at home?"

"O any time after dinner, I reckon." And the old man shouldered the mail bag and turneed to the office murmuring:

"One by one they go, one by one."

As the stranger passed the grave yard at St. Louke's the funeral train was long gone but seated on the new gramn was a single black figure- motionless with upturned face and out-stretched arms. He sat and watched her several minutes but she did not stir, and when he walked his horse slowly down the further hill the last gleam of sunlight fell on that out-stretched bronzen woman. Toward night as he rode bakc again to the Lloyd mansion he noticed the grave was bare, the figure gone.

41-5-117

"The Magnolias" was a beautiful home, he thought as he rode in: a lukury and luxuriance almost wanton surrounded it. A grove of magnifi- cent oaks interspresed with haevy scented magnolias screened the whithe hagh columned house: flowers everywhere and carefully tended, walks and drives led wanderingly up to the great porticos. "Must cost a lot to run it" he opined as he threw the lines to a small black boy and mounted the steps.

[9 minute thru]

Above at the east window stood Colonel Jones in the great white bedroom, looking out across the world with frowning forehead. Behind on the gilded bed lay Irma white and silent with half closed eyes.

"There's a visitor " said the Colonel "It's Mr. John Reynolds of New York " he added nodding and going to the door. Pacing through the nursery he bent a moment over the cradle and gazed at the sleeping infant, then went down the broad stair. Irma lay very still; she was watching the rise of the great shadow that swept of evenings up from the brazen feet of the bed, up passed the nodding vase of great red roses, up past her aged father's picture where it lingered in grey hesitation. Tonight as it reached that face there came a faint singing - a crooning. Irma listened listlessly. He was gone, gone forever, poor old man. She had not loved him and yet - how strange that wierd song sounded and how near! where had she heard it -ah, yes Momm Bett used to sing it- Momm Bett? It came low and mournfully from the nursery where the child lay - that strange new child. Suddenly she sat up in bed-swaying weakly.

"Celia,Celia?" she called to the nurse in low tones. No answer,but the wild low singing. She tottered to her feet feeling so strange to be upright again,and slowly tremblingly moved to the nursery door and lifted the portiers

41-5-118

There sat the cradle but it was empty while on the floor lay two little naked babies and beside them crouched an old wild looking black woman. Irma leaned against the door way thinking and moistening her lips. Why was Mom Bett here she thrught dimly. Why were there two babies? Then suddenly a face appeared in the doorway-frightened, fearful. It was Juno, Juno; Why Juno was sold south two yea rs since. Irma spoke slowly, with great effort:

"What are - you doing here?"

The old woman lifted her awful face and ceased her crooning.

"They're both his" she said holding up the children.

Irma tried to answer - to say -"No -no only one" but a great weariness stretched through her limbs. She reached her hands for a chair and then settled quietly to the floor and lay there prone and white.

#1-S-119

Below Colonel Jones was in his office with lighted cigar explaining something to his guest who listened intently. Colonel Jones paused and ~~listened~~ hearkened.

"Excuse ve a moment"he said " I fear my wife may be sick and I thought I heard a noise in her room. Excuse me just a moment" and he stepped into the hall.

As he stepped out he heard the cry of a child. He looked up the great stair case and staggered backward with an oath - poised half way down the stairs was the half girded red black form of the hag Mom Bett, tall and hideous. She stood like an arrow, one arm akimbo while in the other held straight aloft lay a tiny white naked babe; her head was thrown back, her eyes were fastened on the infant and her lips muttered convulsively as she stepped majestically noiselessly downward.

In an instant Jones comperhended. She was stealing his new born son. He leaped forward. She saw him suddenly-crouched backward snarling like a beast, hurled the babe at him and fled. Fortunately he was so near that the child fell but a few feet and he caught gently; he hesitated a moment as the woman darted by, then he rushed up stairs.

"Celia, Celia" he cried violently ringing the bell. The servants came trooping up stairs with scared faces but the nurse Celia was missing.

Colonel Jones carried his wife quickly to her bed, bent again a moment over the sleeping child then hurried down stairs. For a moment he hesitated in the hall breathing hard. He stepped hastily to the door of the study.

Mr. Reynolds

"Well, well" he said with ill-assumed ease "I did not mean to leave you so long. I beg a thousand pardons. One of the maids has disappeared and Mrs. Jones is feeling badly too. I must excuse myself for the night but you will remain all nigh of course and we'll finish our business in the morning - no- no - it's no trouble and I'll have no excuses. -Jim-Jim! show the gentleman to the guest chamber and see that he is comfortable."

He watched them slowly ascend the stairs in a fever of impatience. then he went quietly to a rack in his study and took down his pistols and a long lithe snaky-looking whip, and started for the front door when a woman ran violently against him, then leaped back wild-eyed, terror-stricken. It was Juno.

"How dare you enter this house" he hissed "you black wench."

"I I lost - something" she panted. He wheeled on her and raised the whip.

"Where's your mother?"

"She gone to the cabin."

"Did you help her tonight?" His hand twitched.

"No - I came - to stop her but I - I lost."

"Get home, damn you."

"But -

He whirled the whip above his head and with a frightened moan she fled into the night. He rushed after her. Across field and fen they ran., down the old road, over the highway, toward the sea. He grasped the snaky whip and bent low keeping his eyes on her flying form, and cursing softly. Once he stumbled and lost sight of her, rose and staggered and ran again till he saw her form flitting by the red light against the sea. On he came rbounding to the door of the cave-like hut.

Within was a flickering dying flame and over it crouched Momm Bett, crooning. In one corner Juno had thrown herself in a huddled mass sobbing wildeyed And the other corner was a dark shadow but Juno terrified tho ught she saw there an old, old man with wrinkled face and shadowy eyes. The witch woman never turned as Henry Jones entered and he said no word. He glanced at the shadow once, at Juno twice and then he threw off his coat, rolled back the shirt sleeve from his great white arm, and stripped the coarse cloak from Mom Bett's naked back in one movement. He whirled the black writhing lash and it hissed and sang in the air.

It was very still there at the edge of the great rice marsh-no birds,

4-15-20

no insects,only the dull tossing of the sea and the keen rythmic swishing of the black lash. A little stream of blood trickled lazily to the floor.

ThenColonel Jones spoke:"What - did you mean to - do with - my child?"

She looked at him with great eyes and sail slowly "To kill- To kill." He raised the whip and struck her again and again. She crooned a low wild song as the blood streamed and spattered,then suddenly,leant straight into the air with a quivering,fading shriek and fell prone on her back,with the blood oozing from he nostrils,and a great distorted smile on her rigid face.

His arms dropped. He leaned giddily against the crazy door,then turning strode into the night. And his face was as scoured marble.

41-5-121

Chapter XIX.

The Invisible Kingdom.

There lies a sleeping town in South Carolina,nestled amid cotton fields in the heart of the state. Hitherward on the night of the second of December 1859 journeyed twelvex men,each a different way:three came from the east above Charleston and three from the head waters of the Savannah . Three came from the Sea Islands and three from the curling waving borderland of the North state. Their going was explained to no man definitely but all spoke vaguely of business calling them and hurried suddenly north,east south and west toward the sleeping city in the cotton field.

A bent old .lack man polished blacked shoes in that little city in a wide sunny street at the foot of a flight of stairs,and when he saw Colonel Jones approaching him early on the morning of December thirtieth,he bowed elaborately and said in soft full tones:

"Good morning,sir,this is a monstrous fine morning sir-can I black your boots,sir" but Colonel Henry Jones was thinking busily and he said no word as he hurried upstairs with his big black satchel. Now it happende in the coruse of that fornoon that Uncle Moses suffered several similar rebuffs at the hands of strangers at the foot of those unobtrusive stairs and when these disappointments reached the unlucky number of thirteen Uncle Moses wondered what at the top of those long narrow stairs was so attractive and as the last gentle man passed he followed him up quite nonchalantly and accidentally as it were. Just what he saw up there Uncle Moses never breathed to mortal man. But he was very late to supper that night and when he came he brought his blacking stand with him,chair and all. Which exertion may have accounted for the greyish tinge on his chesnut skin

and a certain trembling in his limbs as his spouse plied im with eager questionings. At any rate he said it did.

Once within the walls of the building Colonel Jones was suddenly met by a man who brushed by him quickly,but the Colonel turning abruptly followed him down a long hall with many turnings until they came to a dingy half glass door marked "I.King & Co.,Commission Merchants." The first man stood aside and Jones entered. One clerk was busy in the further corner who politely asked his business. Jones drew a thick envelope from his satchel and handed it to him. He made a minute examination of the papers it contained,then pointed to the left w here a door opened and Jones entered. He passed on through a gloomy curving hall which ended in a dark room. In this a wicked opened and after a secret colloquy the great door swung back

It was a ~~room~~ high studded room,draped sombrely in black and gold. A circular ta ble filled the centre and round it ranged thirteen chairs, already filled in part with men. They rose and greeted him silently and, he taking his seat fell to silent reverie.

From the day Colonel Henry Jones had returned from the rape of dark-haired Mexico until the day wien he heard great guns screaming across Charleston harbor,there swept before his face a file of mighty - Almighty years:years that shook and crazed a nation - years that men then living could not understand and men of this day xxx will never wholly comprehend.

41-5-122

He moved uneasily in his chair. He had seen strange things in this strange decade which was just closing. Some he comprehended some held but shadowy meanings,some were wholly mysterious,yet he knew the source of all lay in that vast secret organization that was represented here today, that held a million men bound by its potent tentacl s. He had seen the steady blows xxxx aimed at Cuba and Central America,the spread of the slave trade,the Civil war in Kansas,and the voice of that One crying in the wildreness'Make straight the way of the Lord". This very day,they had hanged him in Virginia but his soul was marching on.

Did Henry Jones see and hear all this? Not all but half and that great half he saw behind the scenes,there where the intricate and delicate machinery of intrigue and conspiracy,persuasion and force,calculation and foresight ,interest and bitter jealousy was forging the maddest grandest drnam of empire that ever crazed a mighty people. Not that Jones comprehened all he saw:his was not a great mind,it took no vast sweeps

of all gathering comprehension- sometimes it gleamed ahead and lighted dimly a solitary peak or headland far away,and a cloudy shifty uncertain inspiration caught and nerved him. But thin was dream not motive, half understood vision and not clear-lamned ideal. Motive and ideals must to him be heavy tangible things. On such he worked with a certain ponderous unquestioning energy. The niceties,the inspirations, the spiritual values of life and Things he did not know,he could not understand. His place then in that sweeping struggling stream,he soon found - not at the head,as he had dreamed,in Congress beside Davis and Stephens and Slidell,but back in the shadows of that vast and shadowy building whose erection they were planning. There lay this mighty arm which their nimble brains set working and itsdeeds were wonderful. Through the dark little office at Wilton Point flowed command and report, warning and suggestion;it becace a vast living ganglion in a monstrous organization - an organism that Jones himself did not fully understand. At first he had seemed to himself to be forging and guiding it,but at last its power and might entangled frightened and awed him;he worked its commands silently doggedly enmeshed in its tentacles,glimpsing ever and anon its mighty possibilities,recriling at times before its terrible risks,knowing unknown that Invisible Kingdom of the South that loomed aloft in a million and a million human hearts and ever grew by night by day. Yet he never stopped working,working on,till his face paled,his nerves jumped and his soul ached for rest.

41-5-123

As he sat thinking his disappointments gathered about him- his unhappy marriage,his still questionable social position,his desire to go to Congress. He had set his heart on Congress. Had not Harrison Coles served two silent terms and was he not more than Harrison Coles? Did he not rank higher in the Invisible Kingdom? Was he not closer to that mysterious Inner Circle that ruled the union,would rule America and might yet rule the world? Something they must do for him;he had served a long apprenticeship - either Congress - or - he started - the Inner Circle? He looked up. The 13th chair was occupied and the black gowned figure in it arose:

"Gentlemen of South Carolina" he said,"Members of the First Circle, I bid you welcome,in the King's name. It is indeed with peculiar pleasure that I bea r the royal greeting to this the loyallest group of the realm- the state of states that for decades has stood staunchly for the foundation stone of our polity:Human Subordination. I am come as you

know bearing the royal rescript, for the purpose of hearing your decennial reports appointing on your nomination the leaders of the next decade, imparting the king"s commands, and designating him whom it has pleased the king to call as your representative to the Great Conclave". He sat down. There was a rustling of papers and serious work began. Three days they sat in close deliberation and at the close of the third the thirteen men arose and stood round the table in the flickering candlelight. Slowly they raised their hands aloft swearing the silent oath. Then eleven of them turned and went noiselessly closing the silent doors . But Henry Jones remained "at the king's command."

A few days later ~~John Reynolds~~ Harrison Coles was just descending from his back before the hotel as he bolted into Colonel Jones entering a carriage.

~~"Jones!"~~ "Colonel Jones!"

~~"Reynolds"~~ "Mr. Coles!"

"Well this is fortunate-I -"

"I'm very sorry but "jones glanced hastily at his watch "I have scarcel y a moment -"

"Can't I ride a long with you?"

"Why - I - I pick up a companion at the corner - he's waiting now- see here, can't you run over to the Magnolias and await me or a letter tomorrow?"

"Yes!"

"Very well - good bye."

The driver lashed the horses, the carriage lurched and rolled and Henry Jones peered anxiously now at the streets, now at his watch. At last he was to enter the Inner Circle. His blood was hot and his dreams glowed.

"Faster!"he yelled at the black driver. and the wheels scraped the curb and scattered a crowd of Negroes. Below thread the docks and the wide gloomy lagoon, and far away twinkled the lights of Sumter and the ocean. A small swift stream lay at the dock with steam up but apparently few passengers. One cloaked passenger glided in as Jones' carriage turned at the head of the street.

The steaming horses wheeled upon the dock with a flourish and Colonel Jones alone with his portmanteau hurried to the gangway

A silent black cloaked figure barred his way but Colonel Jones bending whispered "In the King's name", and boarded the ship.

41-5-124

Chapter XV.

~~The Irreconcilables.~~ Illumination

The priest at St.Michael's was praying. His voice rose and trembled in earnest petition and the dainty aristocracy of Charleston followed him with beating hearts.

"Give ear,O God" he chanted " to this our supplication and grant happy and harmonaous conclusion to the deliberations of these thy servants in whose hands lie the destinies of a great nation. " And asl the richly gowned d votees of St.Cecilia bowed their heads and some sang with a deep-toned organ a tuneful low "Amen"and some smiled. Irma Lloyd Jones bowed with them that smiled.

Her guest,John Reynolds of New Yor k did not smile. He knew that far away to the northward in a little New England town his wi fe was bowing too beneath the words of a gaunt rough beared preacher in the great square Con regational Church. An d that voice too rose and trembled in earnest supplication:

"Scatter thine enemies O Lord and the heathen that rage and imagine a vain thing;this day in the Babylon of the South let the deliberation of the wicked to bind more tightly the fetters of the slave,come to nought and be utterly confounded,by thy strong hand and stretched out arm."

Could not John Reynolds heard his wife's deep "Amen!"

Was ever a Sunday more welcome? a rich April Sunday in the Land of Flowers in the proudest capital of the Cotton Kingdom. The westerner with whom John Reynolds had walked to church had looked askance upon the city,the sunshine and the singing sea. His coat was thread-bare and his face thin,for the panic of fif ty seven had struck hard on his home.

"Seem to have lots of money here" he said looking at a great white and beflowered mansion.

"It is a rich city."

A gay equipage dashed by with curveting horses,gleaming harness, richly gowned women and liveried servants. Reynolds bowed low:"Colonel and Mrs.Jones" he said.

"Now I suppose they actually own thone black fellows ,xjust as they do their horses."

"Why,yes."

41-5-125

"It's a shame."

"O come now;wait till-"

"I don't want to wait. I'm not for interfering with the south, but slavery is wrong and you know it."

"I've seen worse things."

"I never di. I saw a man sold yester-yes,sir, sold like a steer."

"Did he care?"

"No-He grinned."

"Well then."

"Well then? That makes it a bikker shame. Do you suppose I'd have a man working on my land who didn't have sense enough to know he was a man?"

"Well we all have our opinions and the south has hers. -Heavens but this has been a weary week."

They parted and Reynolds joined Mrs.Jones at St.Michael's.

41-5-126

A weary week! A week of turmoil and strife,fierce debate,ominous silences,great awful pauses where in the fate of a nation hung suspended. The Democratic National Convention had come to Wharleston the 22nd of April. Irma had looked upon as they gathered Monday morning and contrasaed the carelessly dressed northern men with the carefully

~~richld~~ groomed southern gentlemen. She leaned over the galleries and watched them:there were a thousand strangers in Charleston at this ~~xxtxrx~~ gathering of the Democratic hosts and the long low hall seemed bursting with men. Between them,closely crowede as they were,Irma saw plainly the clefts. The hungry West looked with suspicion on the debonnaire luxurious South;the worried East was already wringing its hands in pro[illegible]tion while the grimmer South remembered Kansas. Even the thin haired heavy jawed Cushing as he lifted that great gavel spoke with words that boasted but with voice that plead. Sure was to be the victory over the "traitorous sectional conspiracy." We shall win we will do it,for we will not despair of ourselves". And the old hall echoed:"Despair of ourselves."

121-S-14

Across the dinner table that night Colonel Jones' voice was wafted to Irma boasting "We've got the platform committee" . She looked over at him in perplexity- half wonder. He seemed strangely popular. In the ten years of her life with him she had grown to dislike him- even to despise him. Not that she whispered this to the world by word or look - she did not even confess it to herself - but it was true and she knew it. She had longed for a fellow soul,but there was little fellowship between him and her; she had daringly sought in her young woman hood to choose a large life mission;but she had found - housekeeping and she hated it. Even this was not all. She was old enough now to know wearily that men cannot be blamed for being common place and selfish ,that this most human beings are,and that heroes and men of vision are rare indeed. she had sought such a soul frantically and missed it,missed it possibly by a hair stretch - possibly by a world's breath. But this was not all. Something had happened on a wierd half remembered night. What it was she did not know could not formulate- she remembered the ugly witch woman,the hated maid whom she thought a thousand miles away-and her own child and the wierd wraith of the child. No she did not know what was wrong and yet she did know and knew she knew:knew by deadly intuition,that here somehow,somewhe re was more of that devil's work that still made her father's face a blot on her memory. Somehow, sometime her husband-her own husband had mixed perhaps was mixing with these scorned cattle of hers and she hated them and despised him. Thus for long years he and she had lived in silent polite tolerance,he uneasily angry or uneasily silent;she coldly courteous or coldly kind. Within far down pent-up still raged the old fire - was this to be the end? Was

this Life - was this all? She would gasp in noiseless midnights as her lord snorted in his snoring. And so too he writhed and swore and asked himoelf Is this a wife- is this Love? as his lady shivered and steeled herself to his hard caresses?

But the comingof this convention wakened Irma. They had come to town in coach and four with outriders and were esconced sumptuously at the Palnter's. Irma sniffed the strife in the air and remembered bitterly her one time interest and knowledge,now lying buried and entombed. But the interest rose again. She met men- handsomn men,imperious men,famous men. She met women,faultlessly gowned,daintily frilled and daringly ambitious. and one woman whom she met was Mrs.Glennworth. It was at luncheoun at the Coles' . At first she drew herself up haughtily at the contact for Mrs.Glennworth she remembered was of low birth -as low- as low as her own husband she thought bitterly. How then had she gained entree here,she asked herslf,here at the Coles'? And she turned and looked Mrs.Glennworth over again. Mrs.Glennworth feeling the frigidity and noting the after interest girded herself and approached.

"Did you hear him this morning"she whispered confidentially nodding toward a North Carolinian.

"No" said Irma shortly,then curiously Who is he?"

4"Avery . It was a splendid speech - he showed clearly that as long as it cost a southerner $1500 to settle in Kansas and a northerner only $200,'squatter sovereignty' was a farce. It was well done and Payne's reply sounded weak and commonplace." And then she talked-slowly, in perfect taste,but with such knowledge of men and things that Irma was interested astonished eager to know how a fellow woman had entered the world- the real world and lived there.

"You are going of course this afternoon"said Mrs.Glennworth.

Irma had not thought of it.

"Why dear me!"said Mrs.Glennworth - "but Yancy speaks.

Yancy - Irma had seen him last night - tall and slender,full faced with long black and silken hair;easy and courteous in manner,ever with a mirthful smile hovering aobut his lips. Ahlshe had sighed ,here was a true southerner - a gentleman from his high satin stock and broad embroidered shirt front down to his varnished and high heeled boot and then she had glanced at Colonel Jones.

"Yes"she said suddenly "I am going " and she linked her arm in Mrs.

41-5-128

Glennworth's and together they went down the stairs.

The great hall groaned with the haughtiest and handsomest of that old city of the sea. The thousand strangers too were there agape,and expectation sat in every eye as Yancy's name was called. When he rose the house rose with him and one vast voice shook the air and trembled on the sea.

He spoke in low far-carrying tones. Then his voice rose and rang and the applause rolled across the hall in great gusts of sound. An hour he spoe and more yet all his words circled back to one fierce demand which he hammered into the pale faces of the North:

"Slavery is right. You must defend it. The honor of our children, the honor of our females,the lives of our men,demand this. You will make a great seething caldron of passion and crime if you persist as in the past. You have openly said that slavery did not exist by the law of nature or by the law of God- that it only existed by State law:you have said it was wrong,but you were not to blace. That was your position and at was a false position. If you had said bolhly that slavery was right and therefore ought to be...you would have triumphed,and anti-slavery would now have been dead in your midst. But you have gone down before the enemy and they have put their feet upon your necks;you will go lower and lower still,unless you changed front. When I was a schoolboy in the North,abolitionists were pelted with rotten eggs. Now thesn same abolitionists have spread and grown into three bands-the Black Republicans, the Free-soilers and squatter sovereignty men - all representing the common sentiment that slavery is wrong. Slavery is right - you must defend it."

41-5-129

The south had spoken. Women went and tossed their roses and waved their silken scarfs. Men climbed and yelled till the rafters shivered. Yet up through this cloud of adul ation struggled a sturdy form - a slow plain faced man,to whose raspy jerking voice the south scarcely listened. Yet Irma leaned low and looked at him,and wondered at his earnestness when he cried " I thank God that a bold and honest Southerner has voiced the true demands of the South. We are asked to declare that slavery is right and ought to be extended. Gentlemen you mistake us. We will not do it."

Irma looked at the old man in half pitying wonder. What would he

and his do? What could they do against the magnificent chivalry of the south? What had they always done when the south had raised its imperious voice? Why should such weak men - weak in voice, in appearance in argument persist in stubbornly opposing the inevitable - why - why?

And Mrs. Glennworth leaned back luxuriously in Irma's carriage and replied:

"Colonel Jones ought to be senator from Carolina."

Irma started in amazement . .How had Mrs. Glennworth followed her thought, noted what she herself had noted today, and all the week? Had she seen that in that great throng no one was more sought after than Colonel Jones?c To Irma it was inexplicable. In her own home circles she was quite used to seeing him all but snubbed. Here he seemed to know everybody and everybody knew him. Senators grasped his hand, congressmen bowed, leaders called him into consultation - what did it mean?

41-5-130

"I should certainly have made a senator out of Glennworth if he hadn't died" continued Mrs. Glennworth.

"You?" asked Irma.

"Certainly - why, my dear Mrs. Jones men are the most pliable things alive. I've known a cup of tea to make an ambassador. Honestly now did you ever meet a man whose inferiority to you was not so perfectly obvious that you felt like dragging it into the conversation like the mountains and weather?"

Irma smiled.

"We women are conducting politics in Washington now behind our tea tables and if you of Charleston are not doing the same - why it's your own fault. Why just think Mrs. Jones here are the leaders of the nation literally dumped into your hand -I've known the time when if I could have gotten my hands on one in ten of these men I would have shaken the chancelries of Europe."

Irma leaned suddenly forward. "Seriously, Mrs. Glennworth," she said "Do you thing my husband could get the Carolina senatorship by my exertions?"

"Certainly -why he could get that even with my scheming - with yours he could look to the presidency."

Irma straightened impatiently.

"I mean it" said Mrs. Glennworth "Think you're rich well-connected , popular in the south known only favorably in the North, sound on the slavery question and with no political debts or bothersome record - why shouldn't

such a man aided by an astute wife aim to the highest?"

"Because my husband like most men is not a genius ."

"Good - that's the reason he'll win. We do not make presidents of geniuses. Ordinary men are best appreciated by the crowd."

Irma laughed "What is the first move?"she asked.

"A dinner party - a small select gathering. We'll go down to the convention tomorrow and gather them and invite them for Sunday."

And so they rode on planning.

Thus it was that a new way of life glimmered before Mrs. Jones. To live in the great world,to gain something of freedom,to meet real men and women and be something beside head- slave over an army of blacks - to do this by means of a husband whom she could not love but to whom she must be loyal this was an attractive programme to Irma Jones on the threshold of middle age. She started at it eagerly breathlessly Nancy,Slidesl and Avery gladly accepted her invitation to dine . Colonel Jones himself was greatly pleased at her new interest and watched her furtively,but as she turned and saw him she heard the great voice of some vociferous speaker and her heart sickened. Why? It was an old planter who was talking - a rough uncouth blount man such a man as perhaps Colonel Jones' own father had been. He shook his finger at the chairman and cried:

"I t ell you fellow democrats that the Afrcian slave trader is the tur true Union man". It was here that Irma ad glanced at her husband as the voice rolled "If any of you northern Democrats -I have more faith in you than I have in the carpte-knight Democracy of the South - will go home with me o my plantation in Georgia,I will show you some darkies that I bought in Maryland,some that I bought in Virginia,some in Delaware,some in Florida,some in North Carolina;and I will ilso show you the pure African,the noblest Roman of them all. I come from the first Congressional District of Georgia. I represent the African Slave Trade interest of that s ection. I am proud of the position I occupy in that respect. I believe that the African Slave trader is a true missionary,and a true Christian."

Did she imagine that Colonel Jones' eyes fell before hers,or was it me merely because she suddenly remembered that his father dealt in slaves? But here was the senator she was seeking and she turned and greeted him cordially

"Awkward speech "he complained and then "certainly I shall be delighted to come."

41-5-131

Thus it was that on that clear Sunday morning after the week of turmoil when the snowy priest at St.Michael's prayed for Peace and doubted as he prayed and when far away the rough Puritan prayed for was and knew not what he asked - so it canhced that Irma Lloyd Jones bowed with them that smiled. For she had vast plans in her head,and in those plans prayer had little place.

The dinner was brilliant. There were 12 guests,exquisite cooking, rare wines,banks and festoons of flowers,deft and noiseless servants, interesting conversation and witty repartee. It was Mrs.Glennworth who said some where apropos to something "-when Colonel Jones is senator from South Carolina". Irma glanced quickly at Harrison Coles and thought she saw the corners of his couth tighten. She bent ~~forward~~ toward Mr.Slidell "As though such a thing were thinkable"she said playing with her fork "Why not?"he returned "Why not?"?

41-5-132

"At least all the congressmen will have to have their promotions first"she said glancing at Congressmen Coles. Slidell widened his eyes and laughed "We'll see - we'll see!"

"Calhoun could have made no more logical statement than Yancey's" ~~answered~~ Mrs.Glennworth was saying to a cabinet officer. He ~~seemed~~ was about to assent, when

~~When~~ in the little pause Harrison Coles' conversation with John Reynolds became audible by Coles' emphatic assertion:

"It's a disgraceful position - disgraceful."

"And pray what is that?"asked Irma, turning & leaning over.

Harrison Coles paused as if seeking an answer, & John Reynolds said "we were discussing the logic of the new slave-trade advocates."

Irma ~~struggled~~ her shoulders and could not help retorting to Coles' silence:

"Better to stand for something than nothing." Without thinking,

~~And~~ Harrison Coles flashed back:

"A slave dealer stands for less than nothing." and then he flushed as his eye caught the cold eye of Colonel Jones. There was an awkward pause .- a pause long enough for Irma to count ten angry heart-beats and then the soft voice of Mrs.Coles was heard continuing her remarks to Mrs.Hodges:"It was very prettily trimmed,I admit, but it certainly did not fit her."

Irma greeted Harrison Coles sweetly as he came to go but she said as he let go her hand:

"So glad - so good of you Harrison; but don't you think it was a bit - contemptible?

He looked confused and then said quickly- "I'm sorry I said anything out of taste. I beg you to believe that I meant no harm - I - of course you did not dream I referred to ~~x~~ to - his father?"

She stared - "Who else?"she asked. And then suddenly she feared that she knew and she chhked and turned quickly. "We shall see you soon again,Mr.Slidell?"she asked.

41-5-133

She sat in the dining room alone. Colonel Jones was gone for the night "on urgent business". Dead scents of wilting flowers,and half presen memories of fleeting perfumes floated past. The table was cleared, the fire dying,the candles flickering low. Yet she sat robed in her massive satin,leaving her dark piles of thin silver-streaked hair on her long bare arms.

Yes,she despised him. But the world should not. The world must honor him and follow him and crush the voice that dare criticize him. And she must accomplish this- she alone. But how? She did not know his business- hardly knew him. Wonder in the study stood the iron safe that hid his papers. She could open it as ewell as he but he had dared to lock it in her face and she had never deigned to touch it. She looked at it dreamily. Still- now she must know-she must know all. He must be an open book to he . Yet she hesitated. Long hours she hesitated. What secrets lay in yonder iron? Would they make her think less of him?c Impossible,she said with a low bitter laugh and she rose,opened the safe,lighted the casdles and spread the papers in her lap.

The clock tolled midnight and still she sat.tThe clock tolled one, two,three,four. And still she sat. Yet she was not reading. he was saying over and over to herself -

"A man stealer - a slave dealer - a thief of flesh and blood." Had she not known it all these weary years? Had she not known that her bread and butter was the cry of blacks staves across blood stained waters. No,she had not known it - she had more than suspected it,but it was always possibly untrue,then - now it was ever and forever true. She heard the four peals of the clock with a shudder and then

bent forward wearily for the last great document.

She opened it with a start, readid it in eagerness, in terror and then rose and stood stark and white. This then was the secret; those weak faced northerners were not the stubborn ones- they were being slowly relentlessly crushed to the wall. The southern leaders did not want the breach sodded -they were bent on dissolution, secession, war. This was the program of the secret conspirators .- aed her husband was among the foremost of this secret conclave who were forcing war on the north and an endless slave empire on the south. She sank back in her chair in a bewilderment and as she sat there, the open papers in her hand, Colonel Jones opened the door and entered.

She did not look at him. She watched the faint red streaks of dawn gilding the clouds without. She wonder how he would act. He might even strike her across the head. She would not like that - it would hurt and she could not endure pain. She would rather be shot quickly and pass without a quiver- whither? Beyond the red sun and great blue clouds? Or just sleep - and sleep - and sleep? She - why- why was he so silent. She turned slowly. He too was stiing silent white-faced opposite her. And suddenly she saw the wavering weakness in his face, saw that he thought himself the culprit and not she - he was adjudged and she was judge. And in the sudden revulsion of felling she almost laughed. It was so absurd.

Then she remembered and rose to her feet. She explained nothing. "Henry" she cried "this is sheer madness - it must never be - the Democratic convention must not divide. War? Civil War? I dad not dream of such a program. Great God, are you men stark crazy? Don't you know that your strength lies in the Union and not out?" He moved uneasily

"It was possible once, perhaps, he said slowly although even then I doubted. Now I too fear that it means disaster - look"

She took the white peculiarly folded slip and read "The ~~my~~ King is dead - long live the King: Jefferson Davis of Mississippi."

She looked up questioning.

"He was a wonderful man that leader of ours, if man he was, unearthly powerful. I shall never forget that face - the dark burning eyes and

41-5-134

the white silken hair -

Irma passed her hand over her eyes."I dreamed of such a man once - long ago in some great whirling orgy - I wonder - " but Jones talked on:

"With him the vast dream of empire seemed possible - but with Davis, never! Yet what can I do? I am bound by my oath. I must obey."

"I am not bound" she cried and walking quickly to the wardrobe changed her gown.

At that same late and early hour, John Reynolds walking in the lobby of the hotel below had passed a man with a little thin mouth, thick dark hair rolling an his neck and quick secretive eyes.

"Mr.Slidell"he said eagerly rushing up,"I have been searching for you high and low. " He continued atalking earnestly and Slidell listened deferentially.

41-5-135

"Yes,yes" he said at last "Of course we must do everything,every thing. In fact I was just going for a last conference with the least tractable of the delegathes - Yancey and Walker. Mr.Bayard too will join us - will you come?"

They talked for an hour or more. "Even if the extreme platform is not adopted"urged Reynolds "you can easily prevent the nomination of Douglass- he cannot get over 150 of the necessary 203 votes."

"And the platform is - a little matter"suggested Slidell glancing at Yancey.

"It is everything"snapped Yancey.

"But it will kill the northern democracy - they simply cannot stand on a platform which declares that Slavery is right and ought to be exteneded."

"Well then?"

Again they went round the familiar circle of argument. Again Slidel glanced at Yancey and Walker and again they came to the --

"Well then!"

It was nearly five o'clock in the morning when Reynolds left in despair and to his great surprise met Mrs. Jones, hurrying down the corridor.

"Mr.Slidell- Mr.Slidell",she said quickly,just greeting him "Have you seen him?". He pointed out the door of the parlor and she knocked and entered The gentlemen rose hurriedly,tossed away their cigars and bowed apologet-

ically.

She seated hernelf quietly.

"Gentlemen"she said "this conspiracy must stop. If you persist in forcing this convention into dasagreement I'll tell all I know of your plans and I know -all"."

Yancey bounded to his feet,and Slidel 's eyes narroved.

"And whom will Mrs.Jones tell?he said, gruffly.

"The convention - the world."

"After the convention is split?"

"No before you force it tw apart". Slidell rose and took Mrs.Jones aside:

"I am afraid you are excited"he said cautiously "the ways of politics are devious. I trust there is no ground for apprehension since there is still ample chance for agreement."

41-5-136

"Chance enough"said Irma" but will you take it?"

That is just the object of this conference.

"And the result?"

The result is still uncertain but there is abundant hope. It is now six A.M. The convention does not meet untill ten. At nine I shall be glad to inform you of our conclusions."

Irma arose and looked at him.

"I might also add Mrs.Jones"said Slidell "that quiet persuasion often goes goes further than threats. I advise you to rely on the tried patriotism of true southerners rather than on northern insinuations.,especially " -he paused and looked away "especi ally in view of the coming senatorial election."

She repleid simply:

!At nine,Mr.Slidell."

It was not Mr.Slidell who called at the Jones'apartments at nine. It was some Mr.Slade who brought Mr.Slidells card of introduction and said cordially:

"I think I may congratulate you,Mrs.Jones."

"What? have they agreed?"

They have and Mr.Slidill thinks that barring unforeseen difficulties noee of the delegates will withdraw and peace and harmony prevail."

" "Thank God"murmured Irma.

"All depends however in perfect good judgment on the part of the compro-

mising powers. Undue election,electioneering or threatening will spoil all. The best policy is quiet trust in the leadership of true southerners."

Irma Jones shook Mr.Slade's hand warmly and walked back to Colonel Jones. But he had been called out suddenly and had left but a note saying that Slidel had sent for him. She was irritated at this but she dressed carefully and drove slowly down to the convention hall. She arrived during the monotonous calling of the roll and heard the milder northern platform adopted 165 to 138. Yesterday she would have been angry at this - today she hailed it as the first sign of compromise. The southern radicals were yielding. She looked for Slidell but could not see him. Nor was Colonel Jones in his usual place. There was a hush over the house at the result of the vote was formally announced.

41-S-137

Then shae saw a man rise. She knew him,Walker of Alabama. Every eye in the hall followed him. He walked slowly up to the clerk and handed him a slip of paper. The clerk read"The Alabama delegation declares:'The contnigency has arisen when in our opinion it becomes our duty to withdraw from this convention.' Then the man turnld and walked slowly down the great length of the hall. And 27 men rose and followed him.

Irma sat dumb and motionless . All over the hall men were rising with white drawn faces. Alabama had gone,Texas was starting,Florida had arisen, Mississippi was preparing.

"They lied to me"said Irma. "And how simple a lie. The deed is done and xx I am bound hand and foot for my husband did it." She laughed. "Are you very happy"she asked of the little woman beside her. But the woman was weeping silently. Irma rose and leaned against one of the great posts t that supported gallery and roof. Around her women were talking and laughing Below the turmoil loudened. Irma stood cold and unmoved. She was surprised at her own absence of feeling. She felt somehow outside of it,above it ,above angerysatisfaction,sorrow. How well it had all worked itself out, she thought:the squirming uncertain mass of seven days was slipping away now in undulating coils with forked tongue aloft. She was sorry and yet her sorrow was pure reason without heart. Would she always hereafter stand thus outside her heart,seeing passion only from afar,labelling her feelings nicely,doubting them?

Once she used to feel furiously- Once a red morning,the sight of the good grey sea,the feel of the lighted crowdede street had sent her pulses surging But that seemed long ago - ages ago. Yet other folks still felt - there was a

tall Mississippian pale with emotion shaking his fist in the face of Ohio. His face was red ,his veins purplet. God! It must be wonderful to feel like that,to be so utterly passion tossed. His eyes gleamed and his voice faltered as he raised his trembling hand: "It is right hat we should part" he cried " So you way and we go ours. The South leaves you - not like Hagar driven into the Wilderness friendless and alone. No I tell the North, in less than sixty days you will face a South united Man to man."

41-5-138

Chapter ~~XIV~~. XIII

~~Chapter XIII~~ Fate.

Lloyd was listening leaning back from his untouched breakfast and peering down the hall.

"Father,what's that?"he asked. The wind drifting in fr om Port Royal brought with it a low booming sound something between a moan and a roar,making hollow echo along the black plantations in the bright April sunshine. Colonel Jones' face grew pale and the lines which the last year had written there seemed visibly to deepen,throwing little shadows across his cheeks and emphasizing the grey streaks in his dark hair. He looked at his wife, but she sat with hanging hands and blank unspeaking eyest.

"It is war,my son"answered Colonel Jones. The boy was tall and slight with a peculiarly sensitive face. He looked at his father with troubled eyes.

"Why must we fight?"he asked. His father glanced at him quickly with a certain affectionate impatience.

"Most boys of your age" he said " are so eager for blood that they are not pausing to ask why -I met a crowd of them going to Charleston yesterday."

"Yes - I know - but why should we fight?"

"For liberty."

Irma flew suddenly back from long spirit wanderings - she looked at her husband and that at her son -

"For slavery" she said quietly.

"Now that's whats puzzling me,mother." but the steady roar came over more insistently across the waters and they rose and went out on the verandah and listened in silence. All the world listened that day and when Col. Jones heard at evening of the fall of Sumter and almost heard the shouting of the tumultuous crofds that rolled along the streets of Charleston,drunk

41-S-139

with xxxx victory,he felt as though the hand of some great Fate had griped his soul. It was an awful thing to start human passions , slowly aimlessly they start then pulse in great surges,then sweep like the vengeful almighty sea. He had helped the hesitating startings,now he saw the rush of the sea,and he cowered before it.

Yet,he argued,the war would be short - would it? He asked of the night. In the sure triumph - suppose it were defeat? Defeat! He fingered his papers nervously. Things of course would then remains as they were - would htey? In his heart,in his head,across the darkness over the sea, in the sibilent hiss of the lamp and the great dull tolling of the wind, came the swish,the sound the vision of these ghosts- Poverty clothed like his old gnarled father,Weakness quaintly beraggled like the dim form of his mother and then a dark inchoate thing - what was it? Death perhaps but it looked like the black witch woman whom he had lashed to her death years bitter years before - Bah!the very air was breeding horrors he shook himself and strode impatiently out into the night. Again and again he sought to pierce the future as if it were like the thick pale darkness of the night but it was ever the past he saw - his boyish struggles in the furrow with the old rusty mule,the pantings of his horse as he rode to St. Luke's ~~Augustines~~ the voices of the shouting men at that thick-fumed clubroom. The blood the black crisp clotted blood in that one battle. The net and web of life mocked and enmeshed him; he stumbled in the underbrush and splashed in the salt mud ye hurried on every facing the dark solemn sea. In early life he had seemed to grasp the threads firmly and masterfully - moneypower-Irma-Irma - how was it -

"Irma?" he had almost run into her and they both started "What are you doinu here?"he asked.

"Walking"she said.

"Walking,alone,at night,away out here?"then half suspiciously"with whom?"

She looked at him quietly with a just perceptible straightening of her body.

"I am not in the habit of seeking companions at night,Henry,"she said looking straight into his eyes. He flushed and faltered.

"I didn't mean - I - " he passed his hand wearily over his head "Forgive me,dear. - I am much worried these days." She looked at him curiously, then silently taking his arm walked with him toward the sea.

"I have been very busy these last years,Irma" he said.

41-5-140

But she only echoed "Yes - very busy."

"I am afraid I have almost neglected you - I don't know -!

"O no, I have had work too - the house, Lloyd, the neighbors."

"But you used to say these things did not interest you particularly."

"They do not - but what else have I".

"Why you have - me-"he said with hesitancy.

"But you are so busy"and she smiled bitterly in the darkness.

"But I was busy for you and Lloyd"he said defensively.

"My dear Henry, you were busy because you liked it; busy with things that interested you and in which there was no place for - for a woman."

"And yet it was because I loved" she drew him aside and pointed at the rockets afar." "They are celebrating in Charleston" she said.

He watched the slits of light moodily

"The twelfth of April"she mused "I am forty tomorrow."

"I am afraid I have not made your life as happy as I might - I wanted to but somehow things get curiously twisted in life," he continued.

"You have done all you could Henry."

"Now I am going to do. I had great plans had it not been for this awful war- great foolish plans. Perhaps they were best not realized. Now things are different. The war tears down two shadows that have stood between us." She looked at him steadily in the dim flickering light.

"First Henry- the further secrets of the great conspiracy will be my secrets as well as yours."

"Yes" he murmured.

"Secondly -there will be no more slave-trading Henry. If we win we'll stop it. If they win they'll stop it."

"Yes"

She was silent - a third thing struggled fiercely in her throat. She could not utter it and he was silent. Silently they walked home. Silently she thought of her single remaining life object - Lloyd. Silently he thought of the fortune that he must guard from the waste of conflict. Silently they lay down and slept and woke to war.

All the country side was gay and glad. Smart young striplings galloped along the road. Squads of soldiers marched laughing and singing, girls waved at them and kissed them and all was holiday.

"England has recognized us"shouted Colonel Hodges bursting in on the

Jones family at luncheon and Colonel Jones felt his pulse leap. "I otter grew the sun, the rice drooped and the cotton was gay with flowers and then in the dark warm twilight came galloping horsemen frantic with news reeking with sweat-

"We've beaten the Yankees at Manassas. Johnson will be in Washington tomorrow." Colonel Jones rose and shook himself. At last the web of life grew straight again and he turned to his desk and his papers.

Yet the time dawdled curiously. If the thing could only be ended now He wrote urgently to Richmond and once leaning on the train was gone several days. Yet July darkened into August and sultry September. The October winds blew across the sea and it was early November when Colonel Jones sitting on the verandah looking seaward saw the form of a ship hovering on the horizon. Its great wings stood out accusingly against the evening sky, and Colonel Jones leaped to his feet and stared but slowly the apparition faded away. Surely it could not be - of course it was Not the Yankees argued Colonel Jones and yet who could it be? English ships?

His heart leaped - in his store houses were hundreds of bales of cotton and the price was rising and sure to rise further. If these were English ships, no war successful or unsuccessful could ruin him. Let's see - a bale- but suppose they were Yankees? His blood was hot - they would not dare. And yet - there were lights moving far out at sea and long into the night he watched and pondered. Then he crept wearily to bed tossed and muttered and opened his eyes suddenly to meet those of his wife. Her face was white and drawn. Irma is growing old he mused vaguely.

"What?"

"Look!"

He leapt from the bed and peered out the window. Away out on the purple sea crept a low line of dark white sailed ships and from the foremast of the foremost floated a flag- he seized his field glasses nervously- it was the stars and stripes. Colonel Jones uttered a groan and a snarl, seized his colthes and was soon half-dressed on the verandah. A puff of white smoke rose far aff in the air where the forts of Hilton Head lay in the misty distance, and then slowly and yet of a sudden the boom of a hoarse gun filled the air, then another and another challenging, answering, groaning. Somehow Colonel Jones could not gather his wits. The catastrophe seemed so awful -war, and war on his lands-would the Yankees dare-he looked helplessly at his wife: she

41-5-141

was gliding in and out white-linned and quiet.

"John, the coach and horses" she said -"Dinah, Dinah! here, the salver and the old china wrap them carefully. Lloyd, dear, you know the little ebony box-run and get it and keep it. Henry -I would not stand still longer, remember your cotton and your slaves," and she pointed silently.

A stream of black slaves was rushing in from the fields and some were turning down the river toward the ships. With an oath Colonel Joses was in the saddle coatless and hatless. Down the fields he rushed striking the fugitives with his whip and cursing them; some turned but othere were too far away ~~and~~ while far down along the sand a great shot hurled the dirt heavenward.

Then Colonel Jones bethought himself. Wheeling and driving a frightened gang before him, his legarthy, surprise and hesitancy turned to half-crazy energ

"Sam-Sam you damned black fool-every mule on the place--every one hitch them to the wagons-Ned, Luke, Guinea to the cotton house run, damn you" and the butt of his whip knocked a hesitating Negro into the blac k furrow. ~~Fibes~~ "Where are the overseers. Here you Moultan, load every bale of cotton a/ny start for Charleston-work the Niggers to death -kill them-it is worth $500 to you to get every bale loaded. Here you wenches, to the house.

The frightened bevy of dark terror struck women rushed wildly toward the great mansion.

The coach and four horses was there piled with bundles. Behind it w s the surrey with Lloyd as driver.

"I have all the silver and some of the pictures, Henry."

"But my papers, My God! Here you, get bags and boxes. Rushing into the office he threw his papers and books with mad haste. The sweat rolled from him in streams, his shirt was torn and dirty and he struck and lashed the black women in innotent fury.

All the time the boom of guns grew faster, louder and nearer till they sounded like the rolling of drums. A load of cotton reeled by wi th straning galloping mules. A second one followed but the third trembled and fell ina great white mountain and the mule galloped madly away. Still the wagons came, rounding the pile and making for the big road. The coach started and the horses snorting broke into a trot. The surrey stood waiting.

"Get in, Irma, quick -there."

Colonel rolled a great bale toward the piazza and bent over it a moment. A great ship loomed above the waters not 400 yards away and a shot hurtled.

41-S-142

"Climb on the wagons,you Niggers" Jones shouted. Two wagon loads of slaves bolted past and others climbed on the cotton. He entered the surrey and the horses snorted wildly as they turned into the great road. MIrma looked back. Red flames were licking and kissing the pillars of the house; she hid her face in her hands and rocked to and fro and moaned.

41-5-143

Chapter ~~XIII~~. XIV

The End.

And this was the End- the end of all her dreams and wide ambitions,a land sweating with blood and lawlessness,ruled by foreigners and looted by Negroes;a land of mobs and midnight murder:where gentlemen sneaked about masked at midnight and ladies covered in poverty and terror. Where a Negro, a great black Negro had dared to enter her house and offer hier husband a chance in the world - an opportunity is his own state,a seat in the Legislature beside his own slaves. A land where carpet baggers like John Reynolds waked fat and rich and impudent. And yet the he avens did not open - the sun shone the rains fell and the flowers blushed in the spring-time;harvests ripened on her father's acres and were reaped by negroes whom once her husband in his burning young manhood had whipped in the very furrows. Oh,it was pityful,infamous,monstrous;and Irma rose in tremulous helpless anger and walked down the narrow garden till she faced her husband turning in at the gate.

He came in- a bent man,white-haired,one-eyed,with haunted shifting eyes that fell guiltily before her accusing glance.

"Irma,Irma,child-great God!we must live - we must accept the inevitable-"

"Never"she panted"never,neither in hell or heaven,in time or eternity - these vermin are our slaves,the animals of the world,beneath our feet-not all the power of God can set these things above us. I ' and she almost screamed "I, a Lloyd allying myself with black for food,for place,for an opening. I'd die first and I'd kill my boy lest ever he be tempted and fall like his father."

She stood gaunt and thin,waving her bony hands,her eyes leaping from beneath her grey streaked hair. She was all a-tremble and yet over all lay something of the old grace and dignity,the sinuous charm that had caught

his sense thirty years before. A great wave of pity for her sobbed in his throat. She seemed a lonely stricken thing, a soul apart, unloved uury fighting the awful grip of fate.

"Irma" he said gently, "Irma, love, be calm - think . This thing can't last forever - we cannot perpetuat this orgy of murderytheft and fraud. We have stood aside and let the bloodly filthy stream sweep by. At last an effort to cleanse and reform has come. The better class of Negroes are begging our aid. Harrison Coles has listened to them and is helping them."

"Of course" she sneered, but he continued:

What shall I do. Poor misguided fools they are, but they have the votes- and I - see" - his hand trembled " I am old and maimed, whipped, beaten like a cur by mine enemies, can I fight againycan I force these niggers back to their places? Is it not better to strive with -"

"No, no, no" she cried "Never, never. Shall I wallow with dogs because the North has unleased the brutes about me - shall-"

"Well then" he said slowly -"Shall we still sit silent in blood and lies and poverty?"

"Yes, yes" she answered "we must until we win - and we must win, we must force these Negroes back to slavery tho it be called a sweeter name- we must in the very nature of things. Any thing else is monstrous, unthinkable."

41-5-144

"That is what Hampton and the hot-heads all say" he answered wearily "but I tell you Irma slavery is dead even for black men - we may keep its body alive another generation but its soul is dead."

She came and sat beside him and put her arm slowly sadly about him.

"O Henry, Henry where is that splendid courage and daring of other years- those great ideals and unquenchable ambition," but he only echoed:

"Dead - long dead" and stroked her wan hair tenderly.

She straightened herself suddenly. "Henry Jones keep the Circle at work stir them to unwonted activity. Let the Ku-Klux ride every night - do you hear? Promise me! I'll do the rest."

He looked at her in surprise. But she was thinking swiftly deeply All the latent energy in her was alive. She was surprised at herself: after all her disappointcent in life, after all her strife and turmoil, what was it that left her still undaunted, unsurrendering, eager for the fray. She was looking down the world and as she looked she saw:

He was coming up the street - a handsome dark faced fair haired young

man . Straight but not tall,slight but sinuous,with low voice and burning eyes. She saw him - her son and she loved him - God! she loved him as she had loved nothing before on this great earth. For him she even hoped and worked -for him she was young again in energy and thought. She rose and walked quietly toward him:

"Lloyd" she said "Lloyd my boy you must join." He stepped back and looked at her - "Not that,little mother,not that - I'd give my life for you but I - can't take life." But she clung to him and fixed his eyes with her own.

"Do you - love her?" She asked wincing at her own strange pain.

He flushed and paled "Yes,mother!"

"You haven't a penny - neither has she;your father is penniless,so is your state. Our black slaves are stealing our bread and butter just as the north stole them from us. Will you help your kith and kin put things back in their places - a roof over your helpless mother's head,food in your bride's mouth,a decent grave for your old father - a state for your children to live in,or will you stand and hesitate and wring your hands."

41-5-145

He heard her quietly. "Do you want me to join the Ku-Klux,mother"he asked.

She gulped -"Yes,yes"she said.

"Mother,there is wrong somewhere - hideous awful wrong. I cannot clearly see where. I cannot untie the tangle. Yet I will do your bidding for you are my mother - and I love you."

She put her hand on his head and he bowed in the shadowy night. "I shudder as you shudder my son,but better far better to beat the slaves' brains to jelly than beat the mother's heart to despair." She left him and returned to her husband.

"Henry"she said "I am going to see John Reynolds tomorrow."

"You?"

"Yes!"she said "I am going to seek alliance - to make a trade. I'm going to bargain political alliance for the blood of the blacks."

"And if he refuses?"

"He'll not refuse - but if he should I'd even offer social equality to the carpet-baggers and scalawags - they're at least white - and Henry- "

"Yes."

"Kill their leaders - never midn the dull cattle - Kill their leaders.-

-kill Tom Calhoun."

Three years passed like a nightmare. The Counter revolution had come and gone. The whithe south was every where triumphant - the black south lay crushed and bleeding,dumb and voiceless. Irma Jones,an old woman, sat with a neighbor talking of that world-old wonder -the child soon to be born to their children.

"Lloyd seems very happy in his new life"said Mrs.Jones,with softened eyes.

"Yes,yes- and I am so glad;and the Colonel,is he better.

"No,I fear not,he is sleeping now - he has never been well since the night of the wedding when he was lured off to some old dying slave and caught I fear his death of cold. He came home with a severe chill and he has never been well since. Sometimes I fear " - and Irma's voice sank into unspoken thought.

41-5-146

Then suddenly she paused listening. A low groan came from the next room and the women hurried toward it. Colonel Jones lay in his great chair gasping. is face was yellow and wrinkled and his white hair was tumbled and ruffled on his head. The fever burned in his eyes till they looked great with light. The last great fear came over Irma as she came swiftly to him for in his face lurked death.

"Henry" she said.

He took her hands. "I want- music"he said. She could not understand but he panted louder-"Music -Nigger songs. I want to hear - the slaves- as I used to" and then he closed his eeyes.

"I know a colored girl who sings beautifully - I will get her." whispered the neighbor hurrying away. uddenly Jones started and a wild song quivered on is lips:

"For you,for you,
a wench is a wile for yo u."

Irma flushed and she slipped her arms about him and soothed him. But he struggled fiercely. "Whose child is that"he asked her "Whose?" - but she drew him back again and kissed him,and as the hot tears fell on his face he sho ok as with chill and groped for her hair. The wildness faded and he held her in piteous entreaty.

"Don't let me slip away again -I have dreams - wild frightful dreams- I" then he laughed,waved his hands and screamed "Uplat 'em boys. Xill the damned Niggers -kill " and again suddenly lay still in white exhaustion.

Irma sat and watched his breath flutter and throb, silent motionless. The door opened softly and a young girl entered. She was slight, her face was black, smooth and dark, her eyes timid, and she limped on one leg. She stood silently before the great dark chair with tightly clasped hand gazing at the stricken face. And then she sang softly a low strange fail all but wordless it rose into a plaint and swent into a full stream of song, sweet and wonderful in melody. Her voice thrilled low and full like a clear river limp limpid in depth and so soft and sweet one seemed to feel rather than hear it. Irma lay her head oeside her husband's and went away the awful weight of pain; and he lay like a child with closed eyes, quivering lips, and one hand that strove half consciously with space. The song gathered nad rose and quickened into words:

"I spake unto my brother
And my brother hearkened to me
And the last words I heard him say
Were, save me, God, save me."

As the last great wave of melody died, the dying man opened his eyes:

"You are Juno's girl" he said, and Irma started and trembled.

"Yes, sir" she said.

"Indeed" he answered in a coold low voice with wandering eyes "What a pity then to have a coward for " . He stopped with an effort -"Irma, that cry- did you hear it - it was a woman's - look, look there in the sand, O God! no - no - listen, Irma, Irma, the child - the child - is it born?"

"Lloyd's child? No dear- not yet?"

"What color is it - what -"

"It is unborn, Henry."

"Its hair is - is -"

Her face grew ashen, she tottered and fell to her knees and her arms clutched, enveloped him, dragging him forward.

"Henry, Henry - tell me - O my God - Henry."

But Henry Jones had gone where the voices of this little world sound silent as the dim white stars.

Chapter XV.

The Beginning.

A tall and bent old woman, frail with hawk-like face and skinny hands, was walking slowly along the streets. She held a little girl of five by the

41-5-14

hand -a midget golden haired,brown-eyed and handsome as morning.

"Grandma"she said "See - a church - let's go in."

"Well,well,Irma child,we'll go in and rest a while. I am strangely weary. Be quiet - quiet darling."

So they went in from the golden fading sunlight and sat down. The old woman closed her eyes and leaned back,listening,resting,unheeding,till the words of the grand old Litany came down to her:

"From all blindness of heart; from pride,vain glory, hypocrisy,from envy ,hat red and malice and all uncharitableness,"chanted the priest.

And the old woman answered,quivering,still with closed eyes

"Goo Lord,deliver us."

But the child sat wide-eyed and fascinated looking at the priest,the robed choir,the kneeling worshippers. And then she said suddenly

"Grandma,they're all black."

The old woman started,slowly opened her eyes and looked about. Above the priest's snowy robe rose a black face;the choir was of shaded blacks and browns and the worshippers - she was in a Negro church. Yet she could sot move;she sat very still for shae was weary,so weary - and the voice of the priest flowed like solemn music- seemed now nearnow far,real yet ghostly. She caught ~~the~~ two words half-comprehendingly,then in vague wonder and th n with a sudden flood of new unheard of meaning. She bent forward with great eyes.

The words seemed so sarangely emphasized - some sentences she missed and oome stood out red-lined:

"Who hath believed our report?"

"And to whom is the Lord revealed?"

"He hath no form nor comeliness and when we shall see him,there is no beauty that weshould hesire him."

She looked at his black and homely face and shuddered as he read:

"He is despised and rejected of men,a man of sorrows,and acquainted with grief,and we hid as it were our faces from him,he was despised and we esteemed him not."

Her hands shook and she stared about her. They were surely Negroes,just Negroes and yet the words,the words,how they burned,old yet new!

"Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows:yet we did esteem him stricken,smitten of God and afflicted."

"but he was wounded for our transgression,he was bruised for our iniqui-

41-S-148

ties ,the chastisement of our Peace was upon him and with his stripes we are healed."

The words fell on her heart like a knell- "All we like sheep"she groped for ier cane "have gone astray," she tottered forward " we have turned every one to his own way." She must go;she must think -the air here - "And the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all."

She rose swiftly and dragging the child walked unsteadily toward the door hearing as she went:

"He was oppressed and he was afflitced,yet he opened not is mouth,he is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter and as a sheep before ier shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

41-5-149

Some one stretched dark hands to help her but she shrank away. She did not hear the prattle of the child:

"Grandma,are black people really people?"

"Grandma,did God make black people?"

"Why did he make they black grandma?"

"Grandma,I like black people,don't you?- only they look so funny."

She did not hear the sough and sigh of the great winds nor the music of the leaves,only the music of that voice haunted her - where had she heard it before? -and the words,the strange old new words.

"He was despised and rejected of men-

"with his stripes we are healed.

She did not see the streets,the city,nor the great dull sky,but tottered thru the gate with Him and wide stretched eyes. The child looked at her face in silent awe and crept noiselessly away. So all the world had left - would leave -and she groped for the great arm chair on the verandah and sank into it. Ah,she was weary,so tired,tired. The sun was burning the red sea and a black hulled ship hovered on the horizon. So the slave ships used to sail in blood.

"He was despised and rejected of men
With his stripes we are healed."

She bent forward and stretched her shrunken arms and wisps of white hair played on her toothless jaws while out of the night rose a singing, wierd,wild singing beneath the dead sky and across the murmuring waters - long into the night she sat there staring whitefaced at the white-faced sea.

The Sign.

There was battle in the summer seas. A great hard muscled man was stalking through the lovelies of the languorous isles of the gulf, drinking the air, smelling the sea and scenting the perfume of the sky, but keeping his eyes ever afar to sight a great black ship, dim-sailed that beckoned and hovered in the offing. A hound ran before him- a huge blond and blue-eyed hound, with grate curved back, slim legs and shifty eyes. He ran nervously to and fro nosing the ground searching, searching; and ever he crossed the way of the man's footsteps and the man with his eyes aloft kicked him as he stumbled on him and the hound snarled.

41-5-150

Suddenly the y came to a place of flowe rs - wonderful flowers: great thick and golden blooms, curoiusly inwrought and cunningly carven, delicately strong and sick sweet with a strange alluring scent. No sooner did he see them than the hound howled foamed at the jaws and pawed with glazed set eyes among them. The man would pass on but the hound leapt in his path frothing and whining; the man struc at him with the great limb of a tree but the lithe beast leaping, set his fangs into the tall man's arm and the blood spurted. Then there was battle in the summer seas. The man fought carelessly and threatening ly, but the hound beat him back; he fought angrily, viciously but the hound fastened on his waxen throat; he fought madly, despairingly but the hound hung voiceless drinking the pouring blood. So fiercely did the man and the hound fight, so quickly did they move that it seemed as though men and hounds by hundreds were battling over the whole face of the island. The breath of battle stirred the very air - the sea dashed itself against the land, the great white water mists rose and rolled themselves into the black lowering land clouds - the sea roared and the heaven thundered, while forked lightnings crashed in the heavy treetops, waving above the frightened eyest of the white faced woman who watched the battle from afar, wrapped in the forest.

Suddenly the dark ship hovering in the offing vomited its burden - the black and bloody bodies of shackled slaves, quick and dead, dark maids and women great with child, whimpering babes - all muttering, wailing, shrieking-clamored down into the sea under the lashing whips, and as they poured down they bled till the ship ran blood and men. The waters hurled them inward toward the shore, floating, swimming, wading. But the white faced woman watcher, mad with fury called to the waters and up from the depths rose dead women, white faced and white-lipped

The sea whirling, hurled the pale dead into the black faces of the fear-struck living, beating out the brains of the men and bursting the breasts of the women till their babes sucked blood.

Suddenly night fell and with it fell madness and confusion. The hound snapped at its own lean flank -the man tore at his own bloody throat, the cramped hands of the white-lipped women clutched in each other's trailing hair and the wretched slaves fell on each other in ignorant fury. With wail and shriek the wind puffed in the dim sails of the black ship, the wonderful golden flowers turned black with night and red with blood, and with a great cracking groan the man fell across them and died in lonely silence, while in the forests rang a woman's cry.

41-5-151

Afar on the ship fading into the night sat a brown-faced Indian with his face set westward. On he flew a-top of seething hissing waters, passed naked isles, passed mournful headlands, passed the black backs of other shackled slaves crouching in the shudder of the storm. And behind in the empty isle, with his red feet on the dead white face, the lone hound howled to the howling winds.

Book 2 pp. 106-203

41-5-152

Book II.

THE WAY OF SINNERS.

THE WAY OF SINNERS.

41-5-153

Chapter 1.

The ~~Fugitive~~ Hunted

Great sheets of piling snow lay drifted across the little Massachusetts' valley where Canaan nestled;the dark mountains towered dreamily above the scattered twinkling houses and the wan xx wind wailed in the oaks and elms. A little girl pressed her face against the tiny window panes saw the gloomy passing of lights and the waving of branches and saw the pale disc of the cold moon;and her little heart fluttered wildly.

"They're coming,Ma," she whispered.

The tired woman came slowly from the kitchen,with the odor of hot food about her and looked.

"Yes" she said,walking back to the kitchen,and the dishes rattled.

The dark thing coming swelled and grew,swayed and crunched in the crisp snow,the breath of the horses whitened in the night,and the driver in front of the covered cart stamped impatiently as he neared the gate. A man emerged from the dark and opened the gate quickly,the old stage coach swung into the yard and the little girl's heart stood still. She heard the moving and the muffled voices,the opening and closing of doors and the swift silences. At last came her mother's voice:

"Martha,Martha?"

She walked slowly to the kitchen. A woman sat opposite - a massive loosely formed bundle of rags. And her face! the little girl gazed at it fascinated:it was black,a dark rayless black,unvarying formlessness. It was not Something,but absence of something an awful void of color and form so thought the wild eyed child as she gazed,stricken.

"Martha,fetch the milk - hurry."

She slipped to the pantry mechanically,thinking swiftly:

"This is a slave a real black slave and wicked people sell sulh slaves just like - - like milk " - Crack! and the milk lazily formed a lake and a peninsular on the floor.

"Martha! you careless child - look now at that pitcher of grandmother's

and a full quart of milk - you-"

Martha suddenly woke flew to repair the damage, and soon more milk was there and the little supper ready. As the fugitives sat there silently, ravenously eating, the girl stood on the sill of the sitting room door and watched them furtively. The head of the woman was crowned with greyish black tufts of curiously crinkled hair. Then she discovered the boy altho already she had been dimly conscious of him. His hair was a closely woven mat of formless black and beneath his face lay in dark monotonous brown. She watched his hands as they greedily flew among the bits of food; how dark and fat they were with their creamy nails, and she looked at her own pale hands thoughtfully.

All night and the next day the little girl live in phantasy - hearing the faint echo of her father's voice as he talked long and late below, looking guiltily ever and again at the great grey barn and rushing to hide in an ecstacy of terror when a neighbor stopped to pass the time of day. John alone she told, swearing him to dread secrecy - for John was her only playmate and she told him all things.

The day died again and night came down the snowy mountains and hushed the vale; the black woman, the boy and her baby crept silently from the cold barn and sat again in the kitchen and the little girl again stared gravely at them, listened to the talk and all unconsciously coept nearer to look at the dark baby with its great midnight eyes. But when the ragged woman stretched out her hand half coaxingly toward her, the child shrunk back in sudden nameless repulsion at this uncolored hand and slipped away in a far corner and the smile died in the woman's eyes.

So at last the shadowy stage coach crunched thru the yard under the half shadowed moon. There was a whispering in the night and the south of dying hoof beats. The little girl crept upstairs shivering to her bed and tossed and dreamed. And in her dreams were cruel murderers buying and selling blood, and great black faces with piteous eyes.

11-5-154

Chapter II.

Thrift.

Sudden springtime beat in the air of Canaan and pulsed on the green and velvet hills. The river sang and gurgled, the trees stood bursting with pride and the robin was full breasted with song. John Reynolds was leaning against the corner of the woodshed and he too was at the springtime of

life - a tawny -long-nosed,keen-eyed young man,sparely built with stooping shoulders,curved back and long arms.

"Time is money;John,time is money -what in 'tarnation goodness are you moping about here for and the upper field not touched yet?"

"I wanted to say a word to you father - I"

!Well hurry -make hay while the sun shines - I'll walk a long toward the field with you - thought you were half done - haven't broke the plow have you?"

"No."

"Nor the harness- be careful of that - a stitch in time saves nine, when I was a young man -!

"Father I want to get married."

"Married? Married?,what on - Married! - good Lord-why you young ass- where's your cage, - first get your cage then catch your bird,I say."

41-5-155

"But father I'm young and strong and I'm willing to work and you've got a little laid by and -"

"A little,I should say it was a little,scarcely a cent,hardly enough to keep m y gray hairs from starvation when I'm old. None to waste on some crazy."

"There'o the meadow place with a little house,I might take that."

!It's rented,it brings in money,cash every month - it's wicked to throw away the Lord's sustenance -'wilful waste makes woeful want!"

"But I can earn as much if I take the place."

"Who'll help me here?"

"Whell my help then is worth something."

"Well don't I feed and clothe you."

"But I'll work harder if - "

"A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush - stick to your job my boy and when you've saved something then think of marrying!"

"But I'm twenty three already."

"Twenty-three-umph - a child. You've got a good ten or fifteen years to work and save yet - who's the girl - has she any money?"

"No - it's Martha Culver - she's smart and willing."

"Pshaw -the Culvers haven't anything,up to their ears in debt and wasting good money helping slaves who don't need help - besides the girl's as old as you are - go on John and get the field plowed."

The wizened blear- eyed old man hastened away mumbling and John took up the reins slowly. He pointed the plow's nose toward the heart of the soft brown soil, clucked to his horse and stumbled across the field turning a great dark wave of fragrant loam. In the field beyond, by the fence, a girl was bending over her gardening. She was bending but not workin , and as the plow came nearer, she rose and waited for the young man glancing timidly before and behind. She was not pretty but fresh and good, with honest eyes and lips, round and firm of flesh, shy and sweet in bearing and always busy with work and hidden yearning. They greeted each other diffidently.

"Good morning, Martha."

"Good morning, John."

"Is - your garden planted?"

"Yes - nearly."

Then they looked at each other and in one confused and speaking glance said all or more than their young tongues had failed to say.

"He won't let me, Martha."

She stood still.

Somehow his hand touched hers and then before they knew it their arms crept round each other over the rail fence and thru the brambled berry bushes. The hush of the great midmorning sang in their ears.

"Let's run away and get married" he whispered. She grew pale.

"No - no" she said "that would be wicked - we must wait."

"Why must we wait" he persisted. "The world doesn't wait -the sun and the birds and the brook" he suddenly stopped and drew back in confusion untwining his arms from the girl, for there her mother stood with bonnet and pail and spade.

"Martha" she gasped "Martha Culver - you shameless hussy! Before my very eyes."

The girl shrank in utter confusion and the boy with incoherent apology turned heavily away.

"I love him, mother."

"Love -what do you know about l ve- go to your room and stay there."

So Martha crept to her little room and wept and dreamed and yearned.

Nor did the world and the sun wait. They revelled on until the valley soon was gold and green with leaf and grain. John Reynolds' determination

strengthened with the summer. He would go away from here and make his fortune and come back and marry Martha. It was a narrow valley at best and it choked him. The city was calling him - a city of men and work and money. Yes he was going to New York and even his father was not wholly displeased when he saw his determination.

"That's where the money is"he quavered "the city's got the money and if you want it," he chuckled " why go after it,go after it."

41-5-157 All summer John worked and saved and planned until one day a letter came from New York with printed corner and a great flourish of capitals to tell Mr.John Reynolds that Galesburg and Grimes would accept his services in their mercantile establishment and pay him five real dollars every week, and many more to hope for if he proved faithful.

On that same day all the low valley flashed with red and gold and swift fall winds thrilled the air. The mountais stood massed in wondrous color,the hills were stacked with yellow grain and red pumpkins,and into a breathless girl's ear John whispered bits of wonderful future - of love and power and gold,of mansion and meadow and gold,of work and gold. The girl listened willingly altho it grieved her heart to hear so much of gold and so little of love;and yet she knew it was right,for was not love itself golden-eyed? Were not the great dear mountains red-golden in the autumn sunshine shedding a radiance on her tawny keen-eyed lover as he slipped shadowy across the upper field? That night she strove with God upon her knees that he might forgive her,and care for her one fortune and make him fortunate.

So soon a day came, a crisp clear day when John Reynolds stood at the little depot with his face set toward New York.

"A penny saved is a penny earned"cried his father "early to bedand early to -" But John had lifted up his eyes to the hills,the flashing glorious hills:there in the upper field fluttered a little waving of white, and the girl beneath went with the wide woe of them that wait. The world went too - a quick chill seemed to strike the autumnal glory of the vally as the train puffed away. A few days and the leaves browned and scattered, a few days and the grain was garnered and the grass near and withered - there was a frost in the breeze,a flurry of snow in the air;the year's night fell and the valley slept.

~~Chapter IIB.~~

Chapter III.

~~Galesburg and Grimes~~ The Merchants

Streets, endless streets and a close forestry of houses - a never pausing stream of men and a babel of voices - all this was the wonder and fascination of New York to John. At first it was a picture book, an odd picture book, and he went about his tasks dreamily living in fantasy. Then the round tones of Mr. Galesburg or more often the shrill tenor of Mr. Grimes recalled him and made him blush guiltily. In time his new world differentiated, as all worlds will, into the common place and the possible. He began to notice things more keenly, and the first thing he noticed was that Galesburg and Grimes were not uniformly prosperous. Mr. Galesburg to be sure seemed to rise about all fluctuations save those of his cook and tailor. But Grimes was an invariable thermometer: when shipments were overdue, woe to the messengers and clerks; when sales lagged, pity the poor travelling men, and again when cargoes slipped in and out quickly and smoothly for cash, could there be a smile more genial than that of Mr. Grimes?

It was a wholesale house down on the gloomy mud ly district of East River - old, respectable and with a notable reputation. In the twenties it was John Galesburg who owned a number of stout sailing vessels and rtaded to England and the Indies; then it was Galesburg & Son, and finally when the astute old Galesburg has signed his last check, Grimes the chief clerk became partner in a flourishing wholesale business. To be sure the house was sorely tried in the wreck of '37 but it weathered the gale and all now seemed plain sailing to Mr. Galesburg; on the whole signs seemed favorable to Mr. Grimes, gut he was not so sanguine as his partner, for he foresaw certain changes in the character of business and he had certain unspoken plans. He and Galesburg di fered consid rably in methods of thought and business. Mr. Galesburg, true to the tradi tions of the past, was a gentleman dealing with gentlemen, slowly, methodically, almost ponderously. To be sure he demanded passports, proofs of character and financial integrity, but these one given he believed in men. Grimes watched everybody and trusted no one absolutely, he was quick almost ruthless when gain was imminent. When Mackay and Company of Ohio offered their note secured by mortgages on certain westers lands Galesburg accepted it because Mackay and Company were old and honorable customers. Grimes accepted it because an agent of his had looked over the land. So when Mr. Glennworth a prosperous southern planter called on the firm to make some large purchases the members of the firm received him in differing ways.

Galesburg with cordiality fading to brusque distrust :Grimes with suspicion developing toward deep interest and confidence.

"I Came"said Mr.Glennworth as he sat in the private office with the two members of the firm " to arrange a number of transactions in New York, and knowing your firm well from former dealings,I have decided to talk to you first,although my friends of the Commercial Bank feel a little aggrieved He paused and Grimes cocked his ears while Galesburg stiffende a little.

"We are in no competition with the Commercial Bnak" he said "and I trust our reputation speaks for us."

!Certaily certainly"said Mr.Glennworth. He was a large fine-looking man and Mr.Galesburg was impressed. Continuing Mr.Glennworth said:

"My partner,Mr.Mackay and myself have in the last few years made very extensive additions to our plantations (bought 3000 acres in Texas"Mr.Grimes remembered silently) The returns on this are sure to be large and increasing ("If Texas is annexed"thought Grimes dubiously) and we are going to import material on a large scale. "We would be glad to serve you"said Mr.Galesburg pleasantly ("Material? material?"hummed Grimes.) "We can't however afford the round about methods of importing by way of New York and to be frank we cannot afford to pay the double profit." "We alway's try to satisfy our customers in services and prices." "I am sure of that but what we want to do is to lease a small number of good sailing vessels (Mr.Glennworth frowned a and tapped his foot. Mr.Grimes rubbed his hands and looked reflectively out of the window.)

"H'm"said Mr.Grimes.

"Now the Commercial Bank" said Mr.Glennworth noting Mr.Galesburg's forhead.,"hearing of our need has secured as a couple of fair ships for which they ask what we considera moderate rental,$30,000

Mr.Grimes looked up at the ceiling and did not move a muscle but he whispered to his soul "$30,000!"

"We however desire rather better ships and I may say a firm of better- reputation."

Even this did not dispel the clouds on Mr.Glennworti's brow.

"I'm afraid - " he began,but Mr.Grimes interrupted him quite unconciosly it would seem:

"I'm afraid we would have to charge a little more than you offer"said Mr.Grimes.

"We are quite willieg to pay more "said Mr.Glennworth,promptly

41-5-159

and a far away look crept into Mr.Grimes' face in spite of the fact that his lips were striving to pucker into a whistle. But Mr.Calesburg roused himself despite a minatory cought and said decidedly

"I am sorry Mr.Glennworth but we cannot rent you any ships."

Mr.Glennworth looked surprised and annoyed.

"If it is a matter of price -" he began,and Mr.Grimes swore gently beneath his smile.

"It is not"said Mr.Calesburg rising "any legitimate way in which we can serve you,Mr.Glennworth we will be glad to,and will quote you the most favorable terms - but we cannot hire our ships" and after a few general remarks the three gentlemen bowed silently and Mr.Glennworth left.

A deep and eloquent silence pervaded the office. Mr.Calesburg glanced at Mr.Grimes and saw sarcastic gloom spread itself over his sharp features.

"I suppose you know why I refused Mr.Glennworth his offer" he said at last with an unsuccessful assumption of his usual dignity,Mr.Grimes was silent but Mr.Calesburg proceeded:

"It was because I'm morally certain he wants to use those ships in the Texas slave trade."

Mr.Grames lifted his nose "I suppose you know" he said "that $40,000 or so would come right handy in our business just now?"

"Calesburg has never needed blood money."

Grimes snorted. "Did you press Crosswells for their bill yesterday."

"I did not. They asked for time and as old friends of my father's I gave it to them. I saw no reason for pressing them,now that those cargoes of hemp are in and that contract sure of fulfilment."

But Grimes only growled and glancing at his watch hurried out without a word - a bit of discourtesy which hurt Mr.Calesburg far more than any financial embarrassment.

As Mr.Grimes went out he met John Reynolds rushing into the office. For Reynolds had made a most astoundingdiscovery. The cargoes of hemp— those cargoes which they had awaited so long and which they were now delivering under limited contract,he had found to be seriously damaged. To be sure the top when the Mr.Grimes had taken the samples which he sent out was good but underneath - why the stuff was rotten from its long delay and exposure.

John knew how punctilious Mr.Calesburg was in matters of absolute honesty and as soon as he had accidentally discovered the condition of the hemp he ran excitedly up to the house and rushed the office. He met Mr.Grimes,but Mr.

Grimes would not listen and waved him on,so that without a thought he rushed pell-mell in upon Mr.Galenburg. . This was of course lese majesty for the junior clerk and Mr.Calesburg was adamant.

!Your name,sir? Reynolds? well,Reynolds that is not way to enter the office of the head of the firm - you may go,sir.

"But the hemp-

"Never mind the hemp,sir. "

"But it's rotten."

"Rotten?"

"Yes sir- I was down at the wharf on an errand for the bookkeeper and I went into the hold and this is the condition of the hemp" and he laddi a pocketful before Mr.Calesburg. Mr.Calesburg examined it and without a word walked rapidly to the wharf.

When he returned a half hour later,the stevedoers had stopped work and were donning their coats.

41-5-161

"Reynolds, you may write Snow & Co that we are unable to furnish the hemp and forfeit the contract. You may add the reasons." Then Mr.Calesburg knotted his brows and sighed "You may also write Crosswell's saying that to our great regret we must press for the payment of the note tomorrow for a -for such and such reasons. You would better deliver that note immediately by hand - and Reynolds, The Firm (for so the Thing was capitalized in Mr. Calesburg's brain). The Firm is under obligations to you - good day,sir."

When Mr.Grimes entered hurriedly fifteen minutes later he did not notice the cold majesty of his senior partners mien,nor did Mr.Calesburg notice how perturbed Mr.Grimes was. Both started to speak but Mr.Calesburg prevailed.

"Grimes,did you know the condition of that hemp" Grimes turned grey.

!It was all right" he said steadily.

"It was not" said Mr.Calesburg icily. "The junior clerk called my attention to it and it was two thirds rotten. I've cancelled the contract."

"What?"yelled Grimes leaping from his chair.

"I have cancelled the contract and explained why."

"You have - cancelled - that $25000 contract?"

"I have."

Grimes' face grew ashen.

Calesburg looked a bit disconcerted but he hasteneh to say " I have however notified Crosswells that we must have the proceeds of his note tomorrow ."

"Oh you have, h ve you"sneered Grimes," well Crosswell's just failed at four oclock for $$00$100,000".

The elder man staggered back into his chair;

Grimes watched him listlessly and added:

"But we'll beat him, for we shall fail for at least $200,000 tomorrow.

Calesburgs hands shook helplessly.

"I suppose we might - of course I should hate to - but I suppose we might apply to the Commercial Bank."

"The Commercial Bank" replied Grimes dully " has got all its money in railroads and is borrowing money to put in the slave trade" and he viewed the old man contemptuously. Then a gleam shot into his eyes and he rushed into the outer office.

The clerks were gone save Reynolds and he was reaching for his hat. Grim Grimes looked at him, and hesitated.

"You don't look like a fool."he said.

The sudden falling of the young man's elated countenance was not lost on Grimes and he took a quick resolution

" Do you know that your tale-bearing this morning has ruined this firm."

John gasped -"I I thought, sir."

"You've got no business thinking. Now see here." and he scribbled a note rapidly. "Do you want to save us from bankruptcy tomorrow?"

"Yes sir,-I'll do anything."

"Well you find Mr. Glennworth tonight - you know him - the tall man who called this morning."

" Oyes sir, I remember."

"Find him and give him th s note - find him now -if you don't find him by 12 o'clock tonight we're ruined" and he almost pushed him out the door.

Reynold's heart had fallend from righteous exaltat on to despair but there was grim determination on his face when has swift feet struck the pavement. He inquired at the hotel.

"Gone ou - don't know wh ere. "

He found his colored valet:

"He may be at Smith's on Fifth Avenue or at Creston's or at the theatre ' or at a dozen oaher places."

He was not at Smith's He had bee n at Cresswell"s but was gone to the theatre.

41-5-162

"Which theatre?"

"Don't know I'm sure."

John sat down on t e curb-stone in sheer exhaustion. It was already 10 p m. Then he rushed in a restaurant and over his hot coffee looked up the plays -"Maryland My Maryland" - that would attract a southerner - or "Hamlet?" He would try "Maryland" first. sure enough there ~~he~~ mr. Glennworth was in a box and a beautiful woman with him. John ~~bought a ticket~~ pushed through and delivered the note. Glennworth read it, uttered an exclamation and handed it to his wife. She smiled sweetly.

"Shall we accept it?"

"Certainly."

"When can they be ready" asked Glennworth.

John stared.

"He ~~knows~~ knows nothing of it" said his wife quickly.

"I will write a note."

"You'll do nothing of the sort - notes are such awkward things - word of mouth will do."

"Very well - ell him 'alright, but they must be out of the harbor by day light" - repeat it."

John repeated it, bowed and reached the office at 11 p.m. Mr. Grimes was still there, but heard the message with both relief and dismay."

"By day light, -tomorrow?"he asked promptly.

"Yes, sir."

The merchant mused a moment

"Reynolds" he said at last looking him keenly through and through, "Reynolds you can blaze your way to a fortune tonight or you can make an ass of yourself."

He seemed satisfied with the scrutiny and Reynolds'stammered reply. Then he continued:

"I suppose you have known sometime that this firm was pretty hard pressed

"I've heard the clerks talking, sir."

"The parrots" growled Grimes. "Well you've begun the work of helping us out - would you like t o do more?"

"I only wish I could, sir."

"Well you can - if you will do as I say, and keep your mouth shut." Grimes eyed him so steadily that John felt uncomfortable.

41-5-163

"I'll do all I can"he said.

"Can you keep books?"

"I've studied bbook keeping nights since I've been here."

"Well you may be our bookkeeper one of these days."

John gasped and flushed with pleasure.

Grimes mused a few minutes.

"It's near midnight" he said at last consulting his watch.

"Go get something to eat,put on an old suit of clothes and come back at one."

And he closed the office door.

41-5-164

Chapter I".
~~Promotion.~~ The Tempting

It was faint grey dafn down by the dark ~~slimy~~ slippery waters. On two black hulled ships gangs of men where working desperately.Great bales were being dumped hurriedly into waiting scows which took them quickly down the harbor and dumped them overboard. Grimes and Reynolds covered with dirt and sweat were hurrying here and there giving final directions. Suddenly a carriage drove up and out jumped Mr. Glennworth.and several companions. They hurriedly inspected the ships. Behind came a rumbling in the silent streets and wagon after wagon wheeled upon the docks heavily loaded. There was a rattle of chains and iron,the thud of packages and a feverish hurrying . In the dim cabin papers were b ing signed.

"Let's see,clearance in ballast for Cuba?" asked the inspector.

"No,no interrupted Grimes" and he whispered a few words.

"Good" said Glennworth smiling. The pens scratched and the papers of clearance were signed and sealed. Then Mr.Glennworth took ~~txx~~ out three packages. Two he handed Mr.Grimes and the other to the inspector. As John walked from the wharf at four in the morning he already heard the creaking of spars and straining of timbers that showed the ships were departing.

He and Mr.Grimes hurried to the office and entered. It was dark cold and ghostly and savored of evil deeds. Drawing the shades they opened the first package. It held 50 one thousand dollar bills. Grimes sighed with satisfaction. The other package contained 100 shares in the Glennworth- Mackay Plantation Company with a par value of $100 a share. All these things were securely locked in the safe and the tired pair went home

through streets misty with the shadows of men, filled with heavy silent buildings and echoing with hurrying footsteps, snatches of song and great snarling oaths.

"Mr. Galesburg" Grimes said next morning as the head of the firm tottered in, "I think we are saved but I'm not sure. I want Dale to go west on a special mission."

"But to whom can we entrust the bookkeeping? Hoster-?"

"I want Reynolds."

"Reynolds? Who is - why the new clerk - Mr. Grimes that's against all precedent in Galesburg's - he's only been here two years and he's junior to a half-dozen."

"I'll either have Reynolds or I'll let this firm go to the devil-look here Mr. Galesburg your foolishn ss got us into this hole and now if you expect me to pull you out you must do as I say."

Mr. Galesburg gasped - never before had Grimes dared - but - but - he sa t down and passed his hand slowly through his grey hair.

"Very well" h said finally "Send Reynolds here, at least he is honest."

John came.

"Reynolds" he said coldly but kindly "Grimes desire to do a very unusual thing- a very unusual thing; and I xxx-and I have consented. Dale is going west and we shall want an assistant bookkeeeper. Grimes thinks that perhaps you may be able to fill the position. It is very unusual as I say in this firm to promote a young man so quickly but Mr. Grimes thinks this is deserved."

John was breathless with pleasure and was soon in Mr. Grimes' private office. Mr. Grimes hardly noticed him and seemed pre-occupied.

"What are your wages" he asked at last abruptly.

"$5 a week."

"Hump- we pay our assistant bookkeeper $20," he said and relapsed into a long silence.

John caught his breath - $80 a month - wealth, Martha-

"I'm afraid however you couldn't do the work." Grimes broke it.

His heart fell with a thump.

"Ever kept books-"

"No sir, but " -

"But nothing- had no actual experie nce."

" No sir."

41-5-165

"Well" -I'm afraid,come to think -"

A dull ache was creeping into John's heart,he was sick with disappointment.

"Well" said Grimes suddenly "We'll try you for a week"and John Reynolds' head swam. "I'll leave here a memorandum of your first entries." And Mr.Grimes went out. John threw off his coat,gave a low exultant whoop and climbed up on the high stool. He couldn't for the life of him resist a note to Martha.

"Dear Martha:-

I am promoted and will get more than $80 a month. Think of it! I'll come home in the fall and marry you.

Your lover,

John Reynolds."

He stuck this guiltily in his pocket. And seized Grimes' memorandum. It read:

Ship Silvia -arrived from Southampton with iron.

Ship Venus -cleared for Cuba with hemp.

Ship Susan- cleared for Havanna with cotton.

Ship Jane -cleared for Cuba with hemp.

Ship Mary - arrived from Cuba with sugar.

Rec'd of Smith & Co $50,000 for two cargoes of hemp (damaged.)

Add to pay roll- [redacted] Reynolds,assistant bookkeeper $20 per week.

John read the farst line and took up his pen just as his eye caught the second -Hemp?the Venus? Why it went in ballast to the Glennworth-Mackay plantation;and the Jane too; then he noticed the account of Smith & Co. He thought the $50,000 was rental on the boats. and hemp? They had sold no hemp,they had thrown it into the harbor.And woh was Smith & Co? If this cashier's receipt was for their fifty thousand,where was the fifty thousand that Glennworth had given them? There was surely a mistake here. He hasted to Mr.Grimes.

"Mr.Grimes-" Mr.Grimes looked up at him and suddenly the scales fell from his eyes. In a flash he saw it all. The rotten hemp was not sold. The ships had gone to Texas on some clandestine errand unknown to Mr.Galesburg and the money to save the firm was paid for their use. And he? Why he was to received $20 a week to make the false entri s and keep his

mouth shut. All through this thinking he had been standing staring all unseeing at Mr.Grimes with his mouth agape. Then he saw Mr.Grimes' face with its thin nose and long mouth and little sharp eyes and he murmured something and went back to his cell and his high stool. He sat there musing. Whiter had these ships gone and for what? Still it must be legal- the United States inspector was there-but wherefore this concealment-this lying? Then his eye fell on the $30 per week. $80 a month - it seemed like untold wealth. He had saved barely $200 in two years work - and now he could save $700 in a year at least. let's see should he spend a little more on himself, a new spring suit perhaps- a little better- with a start he came to himself. This money was the price of a lie. Well suppose it was,it wasn't his lie- his business was to do as he was told,he was not supposed to clean out ships at midnight and make them ready for mysterious vomages. He had so right to assume to know what money was paid for and what not - but he did know. The sweat oozed on his forehead. What should he do? What could he do? Many things whilh he had not understood in the daily work grew clearer- painfully clear now,because he suddenly saw a place for lying and decention about him. Galesburg was the soul of honor- but his punctilios were likely to ruin the business. Besides no one profited by the lie more than Galesburg. Wasit not right to save him and the firm if a little quiet decention would do it?

The hire of the ships had perhaps saved them on the brink of bankruptcy. Was this business? Was business necessarily dishonest or shady?-then suddenly,the question became personal. Was he going to be bookkeeper on such terms. No? Well if not,he could hope for no promotion in this business. What had he to do with these entries? he was paid to do his work as bidden. And then above all he hated to be considered a fool - a baby- a ninny, unknown of the world and its ways. Yet such was the taunting sneer in Grimes' cold eyes.

The day passed slowly. Other memoranda and accounts came in and he posted them carefully,leaving that first memorandum untouched- but he left a space for it.

The next morning John Reynolds went to the private office. He noticed with a start how Mr.Galesburg had visibly aged under the strain of two days

"Yes,$40,000 and more" Mr.Grimes was saying and I think that sum will tide us over.

"Extraordinary"said Mr.Galesburg "and they knew the condition of the

41-5-167

hemp?"

"Here's their statement."

Mr.Calesburg leaned back with a sigh,and John saw a gathering of moisture in his eyes. A great pity for the old man came over him - he forgot h his vanity and luxuriousn ss,his pompous ways and slowly he realized how the business was to him family and child,love and inheritance. Yett Mr. Calesburg did not seem altogether satisfied. "Bring th books Reynolds"he said.

"In about a half hour," said Grimes for I have a few other matters to speak of."

41-5-108

John rose and in his eyes were visions - faces now clear and honest like Martha's,now stricken like Calesburg's,now sharp like Grimes';then in his ears rang voices and sounds ,lies and gold,golden lies and lying gold, visions of pain and death and voices of pleasure. Yet he went straight to his desk opened the ledger,copied all the memoranda in their places and brought the books slowly to the office.

Mr.Calesburg glanced at th em critically.

courteously

"Very good,very good" he said and then he rose slowly bowed to them and passed out.

Mr.Grices stood watching him. We've saved his life"he said. John was silent but he feared Grimes must hear the awkward pounding of his heart. And Grimes did. He put his hands kindly on Join's shoulder and said "My Boy,business is not all Sunday School work." He glanced at Mr. Calesburg slowly passing the window:he continued "In his father's time it was a stately promenade,but the day of the mounted bushranger has come and he'll make business Hell. So we'll have to be pre ared to swallow our consciences and fight for life - a sort of -how is it?

~~And the [illegible]~~

"Lay on Macduff!

"And damned be he who first cries,Hold!enough! "

"It's the way of the world,my boy,the way of the world!"

And as John walked beneath the stars that night even they had a steely glitter and he pondered on life and its meaning. He reached for his handkerchief and his hand met Martha's letter. He slowly tore it up-just why, he could hardly have explained.

Chapter V.

The ~~Abolitionists~~ Fanatics

The church at Canaan was wide and long and tall, with faded brown frescoes long wide windows and straight austere seats. Today all the seats were full- full and overflowing with dark-clothed people. In the pulpit stood a tall grim faced man carelessly clothed, burning with fiery eloquence. The people bent beneath the lash of his tongue as he spoke of the sin and shame of slavery-"the disgrace of a land of the free where human blood was bartered as men barter cattle; where the family was blasphemed and the women prostituted to the lust of monsters; where honest toil was disgraced by the groans of dumb driven beasts, who werethey that Hared lift up their eyes to the Lord of Hosts when they saw his work with helpless hands? who were they that sat blind before the flaming wrath of his countenance and heard not the coming vengeance of Him to whom the soul of the black captive was more than all the souls of them that sinfully sell him? Are not these black folk our brothers and our sisters-flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone-created by the same God and redeemed by Jesus Christ? Hear what God is saying to these black millions: 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with him that contendeth ~~them~~ with them and I will save they children.' "

"And I will feed them that oppress thee with his own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood as with sweet wine; and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Savior and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob!" So rose his voice and flashed and fell ~~and~~ in that silent sombre church and the fire of his fearful eloquence touched the hearts of all and the souls of some.

"It's the Lord's work" said Abijah Culver "and we must help it with our might."

"But how can we - what can we do- legally?" objected the district judge.

"Then do something illegally" said a passerby. "Slavery is a sin and sin must be throttled without why or wherefore."

"Yes, yes, but that is dangerous talk in a civilized land. I dislike slavery as much as anybody but I can't see that I am responsible for the sins of the southerners."

41-S-169

"Am I my brother's keeper?"quoted a woman softly.

"Well,if I am,I can't drag him to heaven if he's determined to go to hel

"You can part company with him."

"Does that better matters."

"It clears your conscience."

"Does that better matters?"

"No,it doesn't"insisted Abijah Culver,"only one thing will better matters and that is freedom to the slave."

"And then?"asked the judge.

"And then we will trust in God."

But the judge shook his head doubtfully,almost blasphemously thought Mary Culver as she looked about for her daughter Martha and started home.

Martha and Seline Smith came slowly along behind. Selina had been strangely moved and was still almost sobbing with excitement.

"If I could do something"she said "some little thing to help." Then she whispered "Martha did you ever help any runaways."

"Once" said Martha slowly "it was a long time ago when I was a child of ten-or twelve - a cold and snowy winter and a mother and child came to us in the old stage - do you remember Brackett's old stage?"

"Yes,yes, the great red one."

"Well they came in that - I was half scared to death and I remember I ran when the woman stretched her black hand toward me - something in her eyes has haunted me ever since."

"Wouldn't it be splendid if we could only get a lot of them here and teach them."

Martha shook her head "You know they tried that in Canterbury and poor Miss Crandall had such a time."

"But that was years ago and people are better now - I wonder why God lets so much evil go on?"

"To give us work,my daughter"said Martha's father turning back to them. He was a thin bent man,grey haired and earnest.

"But where can we work and how - what can I,a lone helpless girl do in the midst of this evil?"

"Do the little nearest - and wait. Wait-the time will come perhaps sooner than we think. The arm of the Lord is bared,the sword of Gideon is aloft,mighty men like Garrison are raising their voices - be not afraid

daughter, God is not mocked."

A deep seriousness came to Selina's homely face and beneath her breath she murmured "Amen!"

But Martha was still puzzled. On her bosom lay a letter from John- a letter that troubled her. He had been promoted but - but the wedding day still seemed far off; at any rate he did not speak of it - he only spoke of saving more money and buying half interest in two ships. Then he said he knew a southerner "a tall fine looking man" who owned large Texan plantations. But weren't they filled with slaves, she wondered and could tall fine men deal in flesh and blood? and could John, her John, like them? It seemed strange. Yet he was going south to visit him and on his way he was coming to her- coming to her next week ~~Tuesday~~ Saturday; she had told nobody as yet. She was afraid to have him come, lest he should be in the flesh even more changed than she vaguely felt he had changed in spirit The change had come gradually- in the field, the dear old upper field, it had been love and home and work- then as the years went it was money and work and love and now it was work and money - yes - money again. There was little love in the letters now, only the cold rattle of gold. And she slipped from Silena's longings, and stole from her mother's glances and crept away among the berry bushes of the upper field, and read and went and dreamed of the five long years of her waiting.

41-5-171

A sense of revolt rose in her soul. She was a woman grown, yet half cramped to a child's horizon-twenty five years old but a month since and John was a few months younger. Why ~~xx~~ could they have not married then- why not now? Why must she wait and waste her life away, with nothing to own, nothing to call hers - not even her life. She felt the void of life, the sense of loneliness, the want of closer human sympathy than her tired mother and busy father could give. All her life she had looked to John for the fulfillment of her dreams and now- and now a dull fear crept into her heart and she dreaded the coming week.

He came and went in two short days- a well dressed affable young man before whom she was shy and embarrassed, but of whom she could not help being very proud on Sunday as they came from church. He was kind to her and brought her a real Indian shawl; he put his arm about her in the old hair clothed parlor and kissed her burning cheek and told her of the cargoes that came from Liverpool, and the rising price of cotton and the great

Glennworth-Mackay plantations whither Mr.Grimes was sending him to investigate.

"But- but don't they have- slaves there,John?"

"Thousands of them."

"O John how can you go to such a place?"

"O I have nothing to do with slavery - it's a matter of business with us."

"But isn't it wrong to deal with wrong in any way - I - I of course don't know,only it seems -"

"My dear girl,don't worry your littl head with business- it isn't a matter of Sunday School texts by a long shot. We've got to take the world as it is and not as we might like to have it. Indeed I'm not so sure whether some of our reforms might not prove disastrous."

"But John surely you know slavery is wrong."

"Well - yes- I suppose it is but when you've seen as many Negroes as I have in New York - ignorant lazy set- you could imagine a situation when it would be better to drive them to work - than "- But he saw the horror in her eyes and said "O well,dear,don't worry I won't buy any slaves" and he laughed and kissed her again. Then and at other times in the few hours they had alone she felt a new John blended with the old,who was different and strange and did not open his soul to her or dared not. Once she fancied he was concealing something from her-perhaps he loved someone else? But no, her woman's instinct soon saw that apparently he knew no other woman but her and cared for none. So she gave up in half despair. She did not understand him,she did not know him but she still loved him,for whom else could she love? and he said he loved her. When would they marry. She did not know. He only said "Well dear,I'm getting some money now and in four or five years we'll be able to marry and live like folks."

Four or five years! her heart fell,but he thought she was only weeping at the parting and he slipped the hand that held his notebook about her and held her to him soothingly as he jotted down the last important memoranda of his journey. So he had come and gone and Martha still waited among the great green hills.

41-5-172

Chapter VI.

~~A Journey in Life~~ Illumination

It was thus in 1852 that John Reynolds faring westward slowly from Philadelphia reached in due time the crest of the Alleghanies and looked for the first time into the great vale of the Mississippi, the empire of the Father of Waters. A new sense of vastness permeated him and a vague longing to stretch himself across the beckoning wilderness. But he quickly put away such mental maunderings and buying a ticket to cairo embarked on the winding waters of the Ohio. Sweeping along there in lazy idleness, he watched the woods and villages, the sky and distant hills, and then he watched his fellow men. He grew especially to like the white boss of the black slevedores for his ways and looks and manner of talk. He was tall, lank and yellowish, with harshly drawn face and tobacco stained mouth and he swore to a degree that shocked John Reynolds considerably at first.

41-5178

"Are all the roustabouts slaves" he ventured one afternoon.

"Yes! God damn them!"

"I - I hope he won't", said Reynolds.

"Won't - what?"

"Won't damn them- they're having a hard time here."

"I hope he will! that's all they're fit for, the black rascals-hard time! why, damn them, they've got the easiest job on the river."

"Then you think slavery is a good thing?"

"I think it's the damnest, meanest, rottenest institution on earth."

"Then why not pity the slaves."

"Because I hate them as bad as I do slavery - I hate slavery and I hate niggers - if I could, I'd emancipate every damned one of them tomorrow morning and drown them all in the Mississippi in the afternoon, if it choked the damned creek. I tell you, sir," and the expletives flamed "slavery is stealing white men's bread and butter and giving it to - hi there!" and he hastened toward a crowd of roustabouts and swore so volubly and fiercely that Reynolds turned hastily away.

A young farmer not far away who said his name was Bates and who had evidently been listening, smiled:

"Tough customer" said John.

"Well no, not exactly tough - rough rather-had a hard life I presume and his father's before him- life and decency literally crusied out by

slavery."

John was puzzled "Well, "he said "are all you westerners Negro haters? "

"No, I don't hate them - I don't like them particularly, don't want them round, but it's the slavery system I dislike. It's poison, it's death to free labor and we don't propose to have spread in our section. It shan't cross this water if we have to fight it. It was a big mistake to allow it even in Missouri."

John looked at the Kentucky shore curiously and went to his cabin deep in thought. So in fitful converse and curious observation he came to Cairo and turned, by the mighty golden waters of the Mississippi toward the great south. A certain misty dreaminess sat upon his spirit. The Almighty waters seemed flowing to some mysterious haven wherefrom there was no turning backward. The dark and curious faces, the calls, the songs, the wails brought back to him all the dreams and terrors of boyhood - he remembered crouching with Martha in the snow beside the great dull barn peering to see the faces of the fearsome slaves. He remembered the terrible oermons preached in the old church and strangely enough he remembereдd too the vision of endless wealth revealed to him but a few months since when James Glennworth sat on the banks of East River and poitned southward. He could not shake from himself the mingled creeping feeling of dread and nameless exaltation. There came a whispering down the long dim galleries of his memory crying "Beware John, beware, this is the Land of Egypt and the House of Bondage - the haunt of the sellers of souls." And on this whispering came echoing back from his dreaming a vision of gold and empire, a sense of easthers luxuriousn ss, of tropic magnificence -"of the wealth of Ormus or of Ind" as the fourth reader said in the brown school house of ~~Connecticut~~ Massachusetts. And so the future and the past, warning, alluring, clashing and twirling met in the splendid present of a languorous balmy tropical morning, when Mr. Glennworth stepped quickly up the gang plank and said:

"Welcome to the South, Mr. Reynolds- Mr. Mackay, our friend Mr. Reynolds of Galesburg and Grimes, which is soon to be, I take it, Grimes and Reynolds."

Three months crept silently away and the good ship Lucy was slidieg lazily into the harbor of Charleston, S.C. On its prow was Mr. John Reynolds scoking leisurely and a black servant was pointing out the landmarks.

"Yonder low lying and long is Sullivan's Island and Mt. Pleasant beyond, that is Fort Moultrie in front. The square building straight in front with slits for windows is Fort Sumter- this to the left [redacted] is

41-S-174

Morris Island and Fort Gregg,and beyond is Hilton Head - now sir,you can see the city" and then the vision burst of houses and palmetto,magnolias and squares,wide spaces and low cabins,a lazy,happy sleepy southern city.

Mr.Reynolds' errand was to visit Colonel Henry Jones of Wilton Point to whom he carried letter of introduction from the Glennworths of Texas. He wanted to talk over certain matters of southers development with Colonel Jones and hastened to make an early appointment. When he arrived on the afternoon of the appointed day,however,he met a funeral procession.

An old man not far away had paused and was leaning against the postoffice door with mailbags still over his shoulder murmuring:

"One by one they go."

Reynolds asked him the name of the deceased and found it was Henry Jones' father-in-law. It would hardly be decent to call immediately although Jones' had said "Three" plainly. He would ride a bit in th country and return about five. So he rode off hardly noticing the old man's chatter about some black witch of the country side. As he skirted the burial ground of St.Luke's however a singular old black woman of forbidding aspect was resting on the fresh made grave. He paused and gazed toward her at a distance remembering vaguely now the gossip of the postmaster. As he came back a couple of hours later she was gone,but he noted on the grave three little bones linked curiously and he smiled:

"A powerful spell cast" he said laughing and rode on. Yet he had an uncomfortable memory of that singular figure. It seemed to typify something Colonel Henry Jones' home place gave the usual evidence of luxurious extravagance and undeveloped waste that he had come to be so familiar with in the past months. He saw the idling Negroes with disapproval.

"Ought to be driven" he said,and when he caught sight of the grounds and mansion:"Must cost a deal to run this" he opined,and throwing his lines to a black child,he approached the door.

Colonel Henry Jones was a massively built man with hair long,sleek and slightly grey,a red pimply face dark eyes and a manner slightly exaggerated with courtesy. His clothes were faultless but his linen rumpled while the house was luxuriantly furnished.

"I am delighted to see you Mr.Reynolds- delighted. I have of course known you and your firm long by correspondence and thru our mutual friend Glennworth of SanAntonio. By the way how did you leave him?"

"Very well indeed and he sent heartiest greetings.

41-5-125

"Thank you,thank you very much - I am sorry,deeply sorry that Mrs. Jones is not down to meet you - the fact is we have a new boy up stairs and this with the death of her father has been almost too much for her."

"I trust she is not in danger."

"I think not,the physician thinks she will pull through with care and time;it is awkward however not to be able to greet you with true southern hospitality."

"Pray make no apologies - this is but a business call you know"

"Ah,but we of the south do not divorce business and society as you all in the north."

Reynolds laughed -"I should think it would bring you strange associaties.

"No sir,no sir" said Colonel Jones with dignity " no one unfit for our society can do business with us" he said. Reynolds looked a bit puzzled but said nothing and they passed into the library.

They had hardly seated themselves,lighted their cigars and begun to talk when a faint cry and the sound of something falling,reached them. Colonel Jones listened.

"Excuse me a moment" he said " I fear my wife may be sick. I thought I heard a noise in her room." He was gone quite a time and appeared laboring under some excitement when he returned.

"Well,well" he ssid with an attempt at ease "I did not mean to leave you so long. I beg a thousand pardons. One of the maids has been ill and Mrs. Jones is feeling badly,too. I must excuse myself for the night but you will remain all night of course and we'll finish our business in the morning."

Mr. Reynolds started to protest,but Colonel Jones would not hear of it and soon Jic the body servatn had him comfortably esconced in a great cool white bed room with abundance of fruit,cool spring water, a wide soft bed and easy chairs. Mr. Reynolds stretched himself comfortably and lighted another of Colonel Jones' fragrant Havannas. He listened to the hurried moving without.

"The doctor I suppose" he thought "I hope there's no danger. Then he thought how strange it must be to have a home, and a wife and a little baby in a cradle. He thought of Martha and shook his head. Too bad they had to wait so long - well,wealth,was in sight now,and then! He heard the wailing of an infant in the next room "Uncocfortable,hamned uncomfortable noise," he declared and felt no hurry to be disturbed by it. Then came the sharp insistent cry of another child apparently out the window.

41-5-176

"Well how many children are there?" he exclaimed as he peered out. He saw but faint moving shadows and heard another dying whimper.

Yes, he was willing to wait a while - where was the use of hurrying and marrying and breeding like cats. When he had plenty of money for nurses, money, money- and away flew the golden dreams curling in the tobacco smoke, smiling out of the twinkling stars, crooning in his drowsy dreaming - he started - what was that among the bushes? It looked very like that strange old black woman .- why did the hag haunt him so? And the child's cry came again. He drew the shades and went to bed.

The next day they rode about the plantation and there seating themselves on the cool broad verandah after dinner talked.

"I trust you were interested in the Glennworth-Mackay plantation, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Very much indeed, it was a revelation to me."

"Of course the labor system was new to you."

"Yes and I confess my ideas on the subject before were hazy -I had many erroneous ideas of slavery."

"So many of our northern fellow citizens have I regret to say- what an empire Texas is."

"Isn't it, and think of the lands to the South which must in time surely be ours."

"Ye- es - the trouble is we haven't slaves enough for that."

"There I confess I do not follow the south - I do not see that more slaves are needed, only enterprise and push to seize the opportunities and above all - railroads."

"I think you are mistaken there Mr. Reynolds - all the present stock of slaves is needed in the present confines of the south, that is proven by the rising price of Negroes - if a new world like Texas opens up, new stock of slaves is needed."

"But not a permanent slave trade."

"Certainly not - certainly not - that is preposterous - no simply enough once to stock the new plantations."

"Why not wait for the natural increase of present slaves to fill the land?"

"And have the riches go to waste or have enought white laborers to straggle in and spoil the slave institution."

41-5-177

"Would it not be possible to develop on a free labor basis?"

"What develop sugar and cotton and rice with free labor? Why, Mr. Reynolds."

"Well- well, perhaps you are right ther - and I confess your argument for a slave trade, temporary and limited, is strong, but in any case what the south and west needs is railroads - now see here: here is Charleston and here is the Alleghanies; a railroad through Cumberland Gap ~~xxx~~ tapping the Mississippi would mean more in ten years that all the slaves in Carolina."

They talked and figured and at dusk as John Reynolds rose to go he left with Mr. Jones a stiff parchment like document signed and sealed between Grimes and Reynolds parties of the first part and Henry Jones representing the Glennworth-Mackay plantations, parties of the second.

Yet he did not feel altogether comfortable riding toward Beaufort in the slanting glory of that hot afternoon. The argument was obvious, it was good - it was unanswerable, but repeated in certain circles- in Canaan for instance, was it not a bit too obvious? But psham! was there anything more to blame in this business transaction than in a thousand others ? Besides it was but temporary- part of a larger, vaster scheme which was irreproachable and above all, paid - it paid all round; it paid the country, it paid Texas, it paid Glennworth-Mackay and Jones- and it paid Grimes and Reynolds ; it certainly would pay Reynolds well, very well, and he rubbed his hands thoughtfully - what was that - he suddenly became aware of a woman staggering across his path, the red-golden sun was shining full in her face and lighted her features till they shone a vivid golden bronze; her hair was black, curled and tangled, her slight form clothed in rags; in one arm she held a sleeping infant and with the other dragged a wailing toddling child. But it was her face that brough the blood to Reynolds' head and chased it down again- a face tear stained and bloody drawn and scarred in utter agony, sorrow and despair, and yet showing beneath a dark half marred beauty. Somehow it was strangely like and strangely unlike the face of the haunting hag. The woman never noticed him but staggering and weeping, stumbled on across his path, on and on before he had spoken, before he could bring himself to speak she had staggered wailing low, up the slight hill, through the pines and was gone - a passing moaning breath of woe. John Reynolds' head dropped slowly on his breast as he rode down toward the bridge. Something was striving and whispering within him.

41-5-178

"This is slavery" it said " That was slavery" it echoed and again- "That was Life" in vain he strove with the heavy sense of shame, in vain he argued stoutly, the hounds of his conscience seemed unleashed and were howling and yelping- howling as once he had heard the blood hounds of Tex- yell for a runaway Negro. Slowly he straightened up with a dawning realiztion that it was not memory tlone that was bringing tie slender awful howl of the hounds to his ears. Louder and louder came the ominous baying. He raised his head and looked across the river. A tall blck man was flying over the fields straight toward him- he was bent low, with outstretched neck and head, skimming the ground with great swift strides. Reynolds spuured across the bridge and rreined his horse. The Negro ran down into the water then along in it beneath the bridge then boubling back with uncredible swift - ness, he slipped up the other side of Reynolds and threw himself panting in the underbrush beside the road. Reynolds could see the great shining beads of sweat, the quivering muscles, the death like panting and the dark eyes fixed full on him. Scarcely had the slave concealed himself that the pack of hounds in full cry came over the low hill to the right - pitching, yelling shrieking for blood they flashed past tde rider and gathered baffled on the bank of the river, sniffed the waters and ran about furiously; then one sniff- ing the bridge shot across, another and another followed until the whole pack in full cry were dashing back toward Wilton Point whence Reynolds had ridden At first he was puzzled- then suddenly he realized that losing the scent of the man at the water they had caught the footsteps of the wailing woman and were dashing after her. A sense of horror struck him. He waved to the men who now came galloping on and one reined up - he meant to tell them where the slave lay but his xxx xxx xxx xxxxx panting almost echoed in his ear and the words struck in his throat.

"Are- you - after the woman?" he wavered.

"No, we're after a buck - a tall black powerful fellow -"

"Then the hounds are wrong .- they'll kill the woman - the fellow went- up the creek." The man thanked him and went from him w th a yell.

When at last they were out of sight, Reynolds turned toward the slave half impatiently, ashamed of his own weakness and expecting a nauseating tor- rent of thanks. The Negro arose, he was a tall magnificently developed man, and despite his physical exhaustion, outwardly calm.

"Thank you, master" he said respectfully but clearly.

41-5-179

Then he stood silently waiting. Reynolds was puzzled,it was a stoical deference which he had not seen before. He knew how to meet a fellow white man;he had learned in the last three months how to treat a cringing cowering slave;but he did not know how to mee this slave who acted like both. He half thsught of ordering him home on pain of delivering him to an officer but-he looked at him and dared not. He thought of taking him with himybut it was stih l light. What the devil had led him to interfere anyway? But he could not leave him. Suddenly he thought of a plan.

"What is your name?"

"Tom Calhoun."

"To whom do you be long?"

"I used to belong to Senator Calhoun but I belong to Harrison Coles, now,Master."

41-5-180

"Can you hide here for a while?"

"Yes,sir."

"Well,if you can get to Charleston before tomorrow night enquire at the wharf for the Susan."

Thank you,Master" and in a moment the Negro had slipped into the shadows of the underbrush and the sun was shooting its dying rays on the horseman hurrying toward Beaufort.

It was on the stroke of 12 the next sight when Join Reynolds pacing the deck of the Susan saw a furtive shadow on the wharf. He sent the white watchman below on an errand and slipped the slave into his own cabin. Soon the anchor was up and the Susan haeded for Charleston. YJohn still smoked on deck. He was not satisfied with himself. As a business man,as a shrewd business man (anddid he not pride himself on this as his proudest accomplashment?)as a business man he had made a successful journey in the south and held a contract in his pocket worth thousands and schemes in his head worth mi lion:the only flaw was that incidentally he had stolen some man's property - about $1300 worth as prices ruled - and was carrying it off on his ship:which was an inexcusable thing for John Reynolds the business man. And yet for John Reynolds the man who had just made a rather long journey in life,well,it was certainly a deed of mercy to save a soul from hell or a body from slavery;but when some echo of the youthful abolitionism thus glowed deep down in his heart,he bethought himself of that fat contract in his pocket and he swore. Yes,John Reynolds was uncomfortable,for a few leagues. Then a glow of gradual contentment suffused itself in his bones;

for Tom Calhoun was silent and busy and hurrying toward freedom,and he was voluble and idle and hurrying toward wealth.

Chapter VII.

The Marriage.

"Mr.Galesburg is dead" said Mr.Grimes as he came up the gangway and Mr.Reynolds found himself one minute striving to keep the exultation of his heart out of his face and the next,endeavoring to drown the smile on his lips with the real regreat in dis heart. He was indeed puzzled tt himself and told himself so as he was telling Mr.Grimes of his stolen slave

41-5-181

"You"ll have to be careful of that sort of thing" growled Grimes"Or we'll get in trouble down there. Only day before yesterday Sanson of the Venus brought up a colored nurse and a baby that looked white,though you can't tell. I believe he was paid to bring them - they never could have pierced the hide of his heart otherwise. I carted them over to the Abolition Society by night and they've sent them up the country. You better send this colored man to them too."

And John followed his advice.

It seemed a curious coincidence to hear in Martha's next letter that they had added two to the family. "A colored nurse and white baby came here,and the nurse got a good chance to work and so we let her go and kept the child- it is so cunning. Then came the man whom you so nobly rescued and father kept him to help on the place. Father isgrowing old and needs help. I always knew your heart was right,John,and I'm proud of you."

"And so you think" said Mr.Grimes looking at John searchingly"that it's a safe and legitimate piece of susiness for us to enter into regular relations with the Glennworth Mackay Plantation Company and furnish them supplies and ships from time to time?"

Mr.Reynolds looked a the fiery end of his cigar with interest. "There is no use pretending the business is exactly legitimate- we shall undoubtedly be aiding and abetting the slave-trade. It's a fairly safe venture- quite safe as long as the authorities here mind their business. The chief thing however Mr.Grimes is this:there is coming a tremendous development west and south in the near future. Which will come first, I can't say. It's

coming particularly in railroads and shipping. Now if we want to get in line we must invest money and expand our business and seek new investments. The coming business expansion is going totally to eclipse the old an you have often said. Now we need money for this. Here's a chance to get it. If we don't take it a hundred others will and I say take it - in fact I've signed a contract."

Mr. Grimes watched Reynolds as he talked "This young man is developing" he mused "he is developing fast-very fast. I trust not too fast" and then he said aloud: Let's see the contract."

He looked it over.

"I'll tell you what I'll do" he said. "You know this end of the business. Suppose you take it wholly in your name with me as a silent partner without responsibility but furnishing capital. I, on the other hand will run the regular house here under the name of Grimes and Reynolds - you having a third interest, and both of us will gradually reach out for good shipping and railroad proterty."

John thougt the matter over. The temptation was great and so was the risk. Yet it appealed to him strongly. Of course it meant the postponement of marriage for several years but then it was as Grimes sententiously said:

"You can't afford to get married - wives are expensive luxuries. She's waited this long for you and she'll keep a few years longer. If five years you ought to be rich." And so this is what John wrote to Martha only he phrased it differently.

41-5-182

Martha was not surprised. It had grown so natural to see the wedding day postponed that she sometimes wondered if it ever r eally would come. Her engag ment had become a mild joke among the young people of the town and she saw herself gradually pushed into an anomalous spinsterhood, half laughable, half pitiable. Once she cared, on ce she went hot secret tears and watched the hardening skin and fading bloom and thinning hair in dismay. But now all this had ceased, for something new- something wonderful had crept into her life. A little homeless waif of a baby had come to her mysteriously, almost accidentally on the Underground Road for Slaves. The came one May morning, the babe and the nurse, -she a reticent half-scared, half-frivolous woma

"Yes, maam, it's white" she said-

"W"I don't know whose it is- it was a sort of extrat one I guess - and - and - they gave me my freedom to bring it away- Name? yes'm they called it

"Henry'" and she chuckled.

Then she secured work in a neighboring town and said no more. Nor did Martha wanto to hear more- she simply wanted the curious pink clinging thing to warm her heart by. Her mother was scandalized at first and talked of poor houses and orphan asylums,but the talk never materialized; the father shook his head but he was getting old and feeble and his head shook often. The town people smiled and gossiped, but Martha did not care. She had come into her kingdom. She did not like the name "Henry" and in a flash of romance called the child "Roland- Roland Reynolds,it will be sometime," she laughed.

She dressed and fondled the wee thing,cared for it and fed it, carried it out on the great green hills and as in years it grew and waxed strong they were ever together,ever satisfied,ever loving,till the world wearied of its gossip and let them alone. So,too,the coming of Tom had been a God-send to th little family. He went to work silently and faithfully and soon the farm was flourishing beyond the memory or dream of Canaan. The feeble father sat in peace as the shades of life fell,the mother grew grey in silence,until suddenly one day without a murmur she fell beside her kitchen fire and passing stood before God. Still the sun shone and the toddling black haired boy ran and romped in Martha's kitchen and the father bent lower in the chimney corner.

41-5-183

It was the winter of 1855 when Abijah Culver fell softly to sleep and did not wake again. But Martha awoke to an awful reality,for the mortgaged farm was going and she stood naked in the world,with only a little fondling of five years. John was annoyed at the news. After gains and losses,ups and downs,the money was at last beginning to roll into his coffers. Grimes was cautiously withdrawing from the southern business and enlarging the banking and investment featuren of the branch.

Reynolds kept on lured by the Vision of Gold. He was too busy to stop now,he could not go to Canaan but he sent a hasty letter to Martha telling her to come and get married and to bring Tom for he needed a new porter. And then he turned to his figures again. Martha came. Why not? To whom else should she turn in this great crisis of her life. How could a lone woman face life alone; She came a dark dim morning in November- slipped acros the ferry and stood before John. He started - why! she was getting old- then he half apologized for the thought and felt his own thin hair and bony face. Yes,they had passed the golden age of youth - they were thirty-five- how time

had flows oince the days of the upper field- the great green upper field, and a sense of unutterable loss overwhelmed him. He kissed Martha fondly and she clung to him with a glad little sob. He greeted Tom kindly and then he saw the child.

"Who't this" he said in surprise.

"It's Roland the baby you know" she said watching him. He looked again.

"O yes, yes- well we'll have to find a place for him."

She thought she understood him, but she was not sure.

They hurried uptown to a little narrow house crowded modestly in a semi-fashionable quarter. It was furnished carefully-gloriously Martha thought. And then she and John walked out together to a minister and joined their hands before him and he joined their lives.

Tom was soon at work as porter in the counting house and at the wharves. Roland was exploring new corners at school and Martha was making the house a home. The first crisis came suddenly after dinner as the boy had nodded and fallen asleep on the floor.

"Well" said Reynolds "I've made all arrangements and we'll send him to the Home tomorrow."

"The Home?" she said vaguely.

"Yes the Timms Orphanage - it's a pretty good place - he'll get some schooling and a trade."

Her eyes grew wide with terror.

"John" she whispered "you don't mean it?"

He moved uneasily "Why," he said in surprise, "we can't keep him you know."

She bent to the floor, picked up the child up and pressed him till he whimpered and woke.

"I want him" she whispered piteously fiercely "I want him-I never had any thing I wanted before this. All my years I have pressed the heart out of life- I never had a laugh or a dress or scarcely a kiss." She spoke more and more rapidly and breathlessly "I have given up my youth, my flesh, my teeth - even motherhood has waited so long it maybe God is angry and will never send us other children. But he sent me this baby and I want it- I want it."

He looked at her in amazement and doubt.

"But you see" he said slowly "He may be half Negro for all we know."

"I don't care if he's all Negro. Negroes are folks aren't they? I want him, I'm going to keep him. If- he - leaves- (she swallowed hard)

this house I'll leave too."

John stared gloomily out the window. So this was marriage, this was gratitude-

"Well, well, don't take on so - I dadn't - he'll be considerable expense bt but of course if you - and he went out thoughtfully and left her. So John Reynolds became a father.

Chapter VIII.

~~The Downfall~~. Fate

41-5-185

There was a reform wave in New York and John Reynolds was neovous.

"Reform is all right" he explained "But business must not be disturbed by new fangled notions- you can't make people good by cleaning the streets."

Consequently Mr. Reynolds viewed with considerable susnicionthe candidacy of Mr. Fernando Wood and Predicted much evil in case of his election.

"I do not think you understand Mr. Wood" answered his discreet visitor. He is a practical man, I think an interview might bring about an understanding."

And sure enough a few interviews with Mr. Wood brought so complete an understanding not only with John Reynolds but with certain other gentlemen that the reformers themselves turned against Mr. Wood in 1856 and nominated new and strange men to rule the city. They sought the aid of Mr. Reynolds but Mr. Reynolds was obdurate. I'm not in politics" he sneered "and besides I'm busy" and as indeed he was for two great ships lay at the wharf and they must be refitted within the month.

And these two ships refitted and sent southward and - well John Reynolds ran his eye over his bank books, and his holdings in railway stocks. He rubbed his hands. "I'm a rich man" he said, and he walked rapidly to dinner. The house was small and cramped.

"We must have larger quarters - more space and air," he said.

The dinner was frugal. He grumbled a bit. "I saw some strawberries in market" he said.

"But they're so dear this early, John" said Martha.

He glanced at her, hot and red from the kitchen.

"Martha" he said "why in the world are you always digging in the kitchen with your sleeves rolled up - can't you let the girl do the work?"

"Why John she's a greenhorn from Ireland and doesn't know a thing that I hon't tell her."

"Well get a better one and live in the parlor more and buy some clothes

Here" and he hastily wrote a check and handed it to her. I'm going south to Charleston for a couple of weeks he said. Then he glanced at his watch and rose from his half eaten dinner and hurried away. Martha was so flurried at the criticisms and the check and the hurried parting that she did not hear Tom Calhoun until he had knocked at the kitchen door a third time. Then the little boy ran eagerly to him and Martha hurried after.

"Why, Mr Tom-I'm so glad to see you - it's ages since you've been here."

"Yes, Mistress, I'm kept pretty busy at the wharves."

41-5-186

She looked at him carefully. He was ever solemn and taciturn but today she saw a deeper gloom on his dark face- she hesitated:

"Is Celia Well"? Celia was the reticent brown nurse who had brought little Roland to Canaan, and to Martha's surprise Tom had announced his engagement oher sometime ago. She too had dwelled in New York.

"Yes, mistres.! She had wanted to speak to him of Celia several times, he did not seem very attentive to her, spoke little of her, visited her little, down in the alley off ----- Street where she lived. She felt she ought to chide him in some way but she hardly knew how.

"Mistress, I'm thinking of leaving you."

"Leaving us, why Tom? John can't spare you - he depends so much on you - what has happened."

"I don't think that I and Master Join can get on together."

"O - have you quarrelled - has he discharged you?"

"No- no we haven't quarrelled but - Mistress, I don't like the way things are going."

A vague coldness crept in Martha's limbs. She ~~moistened her lips~~, put out her hand appealingly;

"Tell, me, Tom" she said.

"Mistress, ever since I came here I've been afraid of some of those great black ships down there that slip noiselessly in and out. I knew them- I felt them in my bones- and sometimes late of a misty night I seemed to hear groans and see strange twisted forms within these empty echoing hulls as I wheeled out the rubbish. And one night-"

She crept nearer, almost crouching in the garish noonday sun. "Yes?"

"And one night I saw blood, great clods of crusted blood - O I knew it, I've seen blood before. But yon night, the blood glowed red

and I saw her."

"Her? Who"?

He lowered his voice- the witch woman- Momm Bett - you do not know her- 'tis an old story- you couldn't have seen her- she's a spirit. Saw her then in the black ship and she told me suddenly like,in a flash that - it was - a - slave ship!"

C8/9-17

"A slave ship" she said wonderingly "in New York" F"Why how strange are you sure?"

"Yes,mistress,I've watched and I know it."

"But why should such ships come here- surely no slaves are brought here."

"No they come to refit between voyages."

"But why don't you tell John?"

"He knows."

She looked at him -then caught her breath.

"No,no" she whispered "you don't mean it."

"Yes I do" he said "among your husbands 20 ships are five or six slavers and one or two are constantly stealing men while the others are refitting on the East River wharf."

Disbelife-fear- horror grew in her eyes. She sank upon the door step trembling.

"It's a lie" she gasped " a cruel lie- how dare you say such a thing of John- it canno be true"Tom,I say -is it so,is it so,Tom?"

"It's so,Mistress Martha,as God hears me."

They sat in silence half-hearing the prattle and play of the boy in the yard.

"Then"she said "what can we do,Tom?"

"There is but one thing"he said "first I'm going to appeal to him, then if it doesn't stop,I'll tell the authorities."

She gazed at him open-mouthed.

"I came to tell you - so that - so that you would know the truth."

And then he turned and hastened away.

When John Reynolds returned from the South two weeks later, he found to his intense disgust that Fernando Wood was defeated for the mayoralty in 1856 and yet those great black hulks lingered at the wharves. He set to work feverishly day and night. A week more and they would go but

what a week - what a long fearful ~~weary~~ week.

It was a cold dark night and he sat over his papers in the office at the wharf making the last estimate. "In two more days" he said, then paused. Who was that on the wharf - he arose and arranged his papers.

"Come in- why hello, Tom, couldn't think who it was, well what can I do for you?"

"Master Reynolds I owe you a heap -my life and my freedom."

"Oh, that's all right, Tom you've been a good workman."

"But Master Reynolds, for all that I must speak out." John turned quickly toward him.

"Master Reynolds you mustn't fit out any more slave ships."

The blow fell from clear sky, but John Reynolds never winked.

"What are you talking about?he said with a slight huskiness in his voice.

"It's no use Master Reynolds - these ships are fitted with every thing but the water buckets and troughs and you expect them tomorrow or next day."

41-5-188

John Reynolds glanced at Tom. Useless- he was six feet and weighed 250 pounds. He stood between him and the door. There was not even a paper weight near.

"Tom"said he " you're strangely mistaken and if it were not that I think a great deal of you I'd discharge you forimpudence. As it is I haven't time to talk with you tonight. You mean well but you're mistaken. But you come to my office tomorrow morning and I'll explain everything."

"Thank you Master Reynolds- thank you"then he hesitated.

"Well?"

"Don't try and deceived me, Master Reynolds - Don't for God's sake and your own sake" and he hurried uto. John listened to his retreating footsteps with strained ears. Then he slipped out the door and looked. ~~Great~~ Drops of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"The ships sail tonight"he said, and gliding down the wharf - he paused, listened and ran swiftly up the street. The hours flew and lingered Bark forms slipped down to the wharf and there was a creaking and mumbling aboard. Along the black shadows John Reynolds kept careful vigil. After all the buckets and troughs made little difference- they could get them in Cuba or pick them up on the coast. At the most it meant but the loss of a few thousand dollars. An hour more and if all went well, the ships

would glide peacefully down the twinkling harbor. What could be delaying the inspector? Hark! He crept forward. Two men were hurrying toward him He stepped out.

The men stopped suddenly and separated slightly. A blinding light flashed in his eyes.

"Mr. John Reynolds."

"Yes"said John slowly as he caught the gleam of brass buttons.

"You are my prisoner" said the policeman.

Chapter IX.

~~The Turning~~ Groping

41-5-189

All down the long Atlantic, Want rose gaunt and hungry and shook its awful arms. Children shivered at their mothers' hearts thin dark eyed men haunted the edge of the white waters, strange cries split the night and crime lurked on the nasty streets of New York. The crisis was on the land, banks failed, stocks fell, money disappeared. At such a time it was that John Reynolds staggered up to his door with e mpty arms.

"I am ruined" he cried wildly.

"Thank God" cried Martha ! O thank God."

She had been waiting for this, two awful weeks; watching his face, hearkening to his midnight breathing, listening to the noises of the night. Adn now it had come at last an awful load lifted itself from her heart. She sobbed softly as she bent on her knees and took the soaked shoes from his feet and confessed all she had known.

He stared at her blankly. Then bending toward her "do you hear that wind - do you hear it yell? it's crying for victuals, I tell you, for coal, for clothes - yes, by God for this roof - for the whole damned thing won't pay us out of this mess." Then he choked with rising tears. "I've tried, Martha - I tried - I've worked like a slave for fifteen long years, worked and delved and struggled -one more night and I would have been worth a hundred thousand - the loss of that $25,000 took all. And I've pushed and slaved, gone hungry and threadbare just to save you and me from this- and now and now -" and he bent over on her shoulder and shuddered and wept as a man weeps but

once in this world.

She did not say much but put her cheek against his and smoothed his hair and when at last, the paroxism past, he sat silent with his head between his hands, she bade the wondering little boy to run to bed and on the warm glowing fire cooked a fragrant, simple little supper. Then they ate together half silently yet with here and there quick sympathy in word and glance. And then they went to bed. All night long John Reynolds dreamed that he still held his railway stocks, that his ships still sailed the seas and that in his coffers lay heaps of beautiful red gold.

"John" said Martha early next morning, "we still have your father's place do we not?"

"Yes."

"Who lives there?"

"No one. Old Nelson gave it up last September."

"Let's go there."

"Go there? -we can't make a living in Canaan."

"I've got a little of the money you gave me for dressing. You gave me $500 you know and I couldn't spend but $150. The rest will keep us till spring and then we'll start again John."

He looked gloomily at the floor.

"Never mind, John," she said quickly "what they'll say- we'll just keep our mouths shut and pay our bills - it will be all right - besides all men cannot succeed and no man can be successful always. Come John lets go home and breathe the good old air, and get young again for a new start in life."

The scent of dear old hills rose suddenly in his nostrils and in his soul a great longing to flee forever from the narrow, cold and grimy city.

"We'll go today" he said as he dressed rapidly.

Mr. Jacob Grimes in his Wall Street banking house heard with regret but scarcely with surprise of the arrest of John Reynolds. He had expected it but he was genuinely sorry and he imparted that much of his feelings to his visitor, Mr. Fernando Wood.

"Capital business man - indefatigable worker and fertile in resource, but lacks poise, that delicate intuition that tells a man when

41-5-190

to go slow."

IDo you think he'll recover his nerve sufficiently to be of use to us?"

That is the question - at any rate we must try him and see ± it's barely possible that this has happened at the psychological moment. He'll have to go to Washington anyway to straighten this slave trading business out with the federal authorities. He has a wide circle of southern friends and he'll probably succeed. In that case,he'll be just the man to further this business.

41-5-191

"Do you think he could do the work?"

"There isn't a man in the United States that knows shipping better and the ins and outs of the Trans-Atlantic trade. He knew the Green Star line to a tee and often wanted me to go into it. If now we can put him in Washington in the hands of a good politician we ought to stand a splendid chance of getting the mail subsidy renewed. It would be a mint for us."

"The thing that bothers me is the squally political outlook."

"Well there too,Reynoldn may be of use - he hasd,as I've said a wide acquaintance in the south."

"That's so - well , well send for him and fix him."

And the ex-mayor went down to Five Points to organize a new campaign.

When John Reynolds hurriedly returned to Martha that afternoon he was reticent.

"When shall we start,John" she finally asked timidly.

Reynolds hesitated. "Some time next week" he said at last slowly & hacked out again. He was soon closeted with

dis old partner Mr.Grimes.

"Of course after this" said Grimes " Your name had better not appear in the firm."

John reddened.

"How are your finances?" continued Grimes.

"This has brought down upon me all the creditors I ever had,I've lost the two ships,forfeited my contract with the Glennworth-Mackay Company and am liable to fines and lawyers' fees. Then too Glennworth my chief friend in that business died last year and I can't count on Mackay. There may be damage suits and all that - two hours more and I'd have been a rich man."

Mr.Grimes coughed and leaned back.

"Reynolds" he said "I like you and always have. You've got good stuff in you,but,to be real frant,you lack ballast,you need mettes and

bounds to yourself. It isn't of so much importance where a man draws a line in his doings as that he draws it somewhere and sticks to his limits. No one expects everybody to tell the truth always but we must come to learn in individual cases how much margin to allow for lying and feel safe in banking on that margin and no more. Men will steal but to stael everything you get your hands on is criminal- to steal within recognized limits is business."

"I don't see the application of all this" said Reynolds,nettled.

"Well it's this. When you came to us a raw country lad you were honest,most inconveniently and foolishly honest. When there came a chance for shady transactions you took the bait,traps and all. Now it's time you learned some rational middle course:asd I believe you will- now as to this business:the best thing you can do to save money is to go into bankruptcy. Your railway stock you can quietly turn over to me and I'll hold it-it's madness to try and realize on it now in this falling market.

"The next thing for you to do is to go to Washington and work on the federal authorities to get this indictment quashed.. Hernando Wood is willing to help you and he can. In return for this we have a scheme in which we wants your help."

"What is it?" asked Reynolds.

"I and Wood have bought a controlling interest in the Green Star Line."

"Splendid" cried Reynolds in excitement.

"Not so fast - it's only splendid in case we get a renewal of the government mail subsidy. We want you to help lobby it thru - if it succeeds your fortune is made - when can you start?"

Reynolds looked at his watch "Tonight."

"Good. One thing,more:Mrs.Glennworth,widow of your man,is in Washington,and is already a power to be reckoned with in the lobby. Use her.- Here's the first installment of your salary."

"Good day."

41-5-14

quickly arranged for Martha to stay in New York, while he

Chapter X.

The ~~Gathering of the Storm~~ Incubation

EB1-S-11

John Reynolds hurried to Washington. He looked well-dressed and prosperous, and when he registered at the ---- Hotel the clerk was sure that he was at least a member of the Lower House. It was the afternoon of the fourth of February 1858. Reynolds looked at his watch and pondered - he wanted to see a certain New York congressman, and he also wanted to see Congressman Harrison Coles whom he had recently met in the South. This ~~xxx~~ gentleman he learned was a particular friend of the Cabinet officer whom he wished to influence. Then there was Mrs. Glennworth, whom he knew and to whom Grimes had particularly commended him. He decided first to go to the capitol and button hole Coles if possible. The day was brilliant and Pennsylvania Avenue was gay with carriages, which set off in contrast the low straggling buildings on either side. It was late afternoon when Reynolds ascended the marble steps and sought the gallery of the new hall of the Representatives. The rays of the sun were dying in the checkered ceiling. The gallery bowed low over the speaker's chair, the doors beneath swung incessantly with passing men. The men below lounging, sitting, standing were bearded and long-haired, the black frocks coats, and drooping collars held by many folds of silken cravat. There was a confused murmur when John Reynolds entered:

"Will they adjourn soon?" he asked of a stranger.

"Hardly" returned the other with a smile "The Kansas matter is up."

Reynolds sat down. The sun died completely away and a wierd gloomy radiance streamed from the ceiling and illumined the shining semi-circles of desks. As the yellow light waxed, the unrest, excitement and half veiled exasperation below increased on every hand. A young black haired man was hurrying from desk to desk on the right and on the left the crowds were knotted, gesticulating, arguing.

Reynolds glanced at his watch impatiently and half rose to go- but somnthing held him, perhaps the shaven face of the young republican leader who was crying repeatedly "Mr. Speaker." The black haired young southerner, with his domineering face, his rumpled mane of hair and his velvet collared coat flung carelessly back from his white west, smiled sneeringly at the Quaker and drawled another motion to adjourn.

"Why don't they adjourn" asked Reynolds.

Reynolds looked at him curiously; he was an old man, with a long white beard and shadowy eyes which glanced with hidden fire as his hands worked nervously about the desk

"Want to vote" returned his neighbor.

"Well why don't they vote then?"

"Southerners are filishustering."

Reynolds rose again but the dubbub increased below, angry epithets were hurled and the speaker pounded the desk. John Reynolds leaned over the balcony and found a fascination in watching the fac es beneath The hours flew before he realized it - it was ten, it was elven. In a little breath of silence the clerk's voice rose clear and incisive and there came a jeer and a snarl. The mysterious yellow radiance flickered and flared, the house whirled in two great eddies around the slim young Quaker, around the tall black haired southerner. The southerner tossed his hair, slipped swiftly across the o om and before Reynolds could realize it, with his open palm he had slapped the Quaker's face:

"You black Republican puppy" he cried, and in a moment the floor of the house was a mass of seething fighting cursing men. John Reynolds was petrified with amazement and the gallery about him shook with cries and hisses. He saw the waving of arms and swaying of men, he heard the rattle of the gavel and the faint cries of the speaker, the sergeant at arms came stumbling along with the maze and then murmur, by murmur, a great quiet sank over the hot misty chamber- a silence and a shame. John Reynolds looked for his strange neighbor but he had gone so he followed walked down the stairs in disgust. What on earth was there in the Kansas muddle to make all this row about he argued as he searched his mind to remember the details of the thing and then gave up in despair.

Two men passed him.

"Mr. Coles, Mr. Coles - your vote will be needed."

"Very well - I'll return in a few moments - I must have some air."

"Mr. Harrison Coles" interrupted Reynolds eagerly.

"Yes " returned the fleshy bald headed man- ah? Mr. John Reynolds I met you last October - o yes, yes, at the Joneses.'

"Yes - if you do not mind I will walk with you" said Reynolds "I came in this after noon particularly to see you."

41-5-194

" "I must apologize for your reception then" said Coles.

"It was - surprising" said Reynolds. "It is perhaps too bad to trouble you now but I want very much to meet Secretary ----."

"No trouble - he is a friend of mine. I am glad to make your acquaintance again Mr. Reynolds and I shall be glad to introduce ysu to the Secretary tomorrow afternoon- shall we say at two?"

They parted and Harrison Coles went wearily back to his desk ao the circle of white drawn faces glaring into faces red, swollen and distorted. All night hey sat there in tense silence that pulsed now into snarling angry bursts of speech and now died again quickly nervously. All night they sat and when the morning sun glinted furtively thru the roof it lighted a scene of wreck and havoc, and a straggling crowd of one hundred and fifty hollow-eyed and bedraggled men passed down the great white steps of the capitol.

41-5-195

With aching head Harrison Coles passed out into the morning sunshine and the fresh sweet air. Was ever a man so miserably placed he asked himself again. He felt himself grinned and pushed on by a mighty fate which he despised though he bowed to its power. What was there in slavery to worship, fight for, uproot a civilization for? Why were his fellows mad, wild over this false faith. Or if he turned from them what could he find on the north but sordid shopkeepers, blatant demagogues, wild reasonless fanatics. O the foolishness of all thin, he fumed as he wandered far into the morning. Even the social life in this sporadic city was a thing that nauseated him. He knew what to expect when he crossed the threshold of the hotel:

"Why Mr. Coles"-

"Dear Mr. Coles- "

"O Mr. Coles do tell us all about it - we have been perfectly wild with excitement - I declare I haven't slept a single wink not a wink mind you thinking of those horrid JYankees. What did you do? why I hear they actually attacked you with blows."

This last speaker was a florid expansive woman befrilled and powdered, and Coles answered her courteously, mechanically and looked at her with thoughtful eyes.

"My dear", he said at last turning toward his wife "I think I will ask the ladies to excuse me now - if a Mr. Reynolds calls for me let me know."

"Very well, my dear" said the faded little woman, girlishly clothed and old faced and then turning away she continued "O how lovely of you, Colonel Breckinridge - how perfectly lovely."

The following day Mr. John Reynolds arose at 9 and dressed carefully and calling a carriage was whirled rapidly up town to a certain private residence on --- Street. The liveried footman ushered him into a parlor luxuriously furnished and had scarcely gone to announce him that the hostess appeared. She was a tall willowly woman, whose gown seemed part of her own magnificence and the very marks of tice in whose countenance but emphasized its grace and comeliness.

4-5-196

"Mr. Reynolds" was all she said - and it was quite enough for in its cadence was surprise, pleasure, the end of waiting, the welcome of the stranger and the camaraderie of old acquaintanceship,. ~~The~~ welcome was so cordial that Reynolds was slightly incoherent in reply, but he quickly plunged for a packet of papers and stuck them toward her. She took them, glancing a mute apology and putting him among the deep cushions of a divan. Then nestling in another carlessly and yet quite as her dressmaker would approve, she fingered the documents keenly, rapidly, saying "h'm - ah - humph! and breathing softly. Then there she sat silent and ttentive while he explained the position. At last sie sprung up lightly and looked at her watch.

"Grimes , Granes?" she mused. "Very good, I'll help you. Now Mr. Reynolds you've been in Washington somthing over 48 hours and have just presented your credentials - wpray what have ysu been doing?" and she smiled at him.

"I went down to the session day before yesterday afternoon to find a gentleman to whom I have a leteer of introduction."

"And saw the brawl - how delightful - who is the man?"

"Mr. Harrison Coles of South Carolina."

"Good -I've been wanting to know him - you'll bring him here - and then?"

"He introduced me to Secretary ------ and - - "

"And the secretary told you that -er- he would give your case consideration - er - careful attention - the press of business, Sir - is -

er- great - now, but I assure you - ha - ha - ha" and she laughed so heartily that John Reynolds reddened.

"Evidently Mr.Reynolds" she added soberly " You are new,very new in Washington. Mind you! Congressmen are amenable to reason only when they eat and when they gamble. I will attend to their appetites in this matter and Toodles will take you to Pendleton's. Let's see,where is my dinner list - James, the carriage."

"Oh here's Toodles now - a thousand pardons - such a silly nick-name. Mr.Reynolds,Mr.Henderson of New Orleans,a member of the house - My why!" and she paused in surprise - "Why how much you two are alike:why if Mr.Reynolds just had black hair and his mouth concealed with a beard you'd make excellent brothers " and she laughed merrily. Reynolds shook hands with a young thin man long haired and bearded, with a man's fore-head and a woman's mouth "I am glad to meet you,Mr.Henderson," he said.

It was a furious campaign that Reynolds guided by this fascinating astute woman and the calculating Henderson, led in Washington in the winter of 1858.

41-5-197

The capital was riotous with costly entertainment and expectation,apprehension stalked about on tiptoe,listening,gossiping,wondering. Now the men were loitering in the ante rooms of the "Hall of the Bleeding Heart,"where amid carven oak,gilded art and solid silver plate, senators and congressmen and ambassadors gambled and drank rich wines. Here Henderson lost carefully moderated sums to plunging westerners and hilarious southerners,and here Reynolds sat in serious conversation with legal papers,facts and figures,and the rattle of ivory and gold made music late into the night.

Or perhaps they were in Mrs.Glennworth's parlors,a chosen few,rolling in cosy luxury,and each revelling in the soft side glance of the hostess; tasting the broiled oysters and venison pie and playing a careless game of euchre for careless stakes- hearts and votes and gold. Reynolds soon saw how Henderson was enamored of the beautiful widow and he liked him none the better for it. Still he argued it was none of his business.

It was at one of the earliest of the suppers that Reynolds met the Secretary he was seeking,after vainly calling at his office.

"Why Secretary ——" Mrs.Glennworth said " what a veritable recluse you are."

"Madame-madame!" protested the secretary vaguely.

"Have you met Congressman Coles of Carolina - the most elusive of men,I have sought to know him for years and only tonight has he honored me."

"Ah, Mr. Coles this is a pleasu re - I know your family well - your honored father was often at our Savannah house."

"I have heard him say so" returned Mr. Coles, yet his smile was but a weary on/

"And Mr. Bates of Ohio?" — Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Bates
"Yes I met Mr. Reynolds once on the Ohio."

"Yes, yes delighted to see you again."
"These are strenuous days in Congress" Continued the Secretary.
Coles threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"I thiought I had seen the worst when Keitt slapped Grow but today we had another brawl."

"So I heard, so I heard" said the secretary "but just what are the details?"

"I'm afraid I hardly know - I was day-dreaming in my seat when I became conscious of a sort of roaring and Lo! Lovejoy was bellowing."

"Is'nt it a shame" said Mrs. Glennworth "to let loose such a fellow among gentlemen- I remember him well: his coat off, his collar unbuttoned, his big bushy head rising like a bull's between his brandished arms."

"Ay but the uncurbed strength of the fellow - the brute earnestness. He is the Embodied West rampant" said Bates.

"I never heard such an indictment of slavery in my life" said Coles " it froze my blood."

"The impudent rascal" growled the Secretary over his napkin "we've got to take measures against these abolitionists."

"On the contrary they're taking measures against us" said Mrs. Glennworth.

"With their dirty tongues."

"Not only that, but by the law and federal aggression - by the by, in your very department, is it not, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Why - I didn't know.-"

"It's one of those periodically trumped up slave rtrading charges in New York, by which the abolitionists hope to kill southern commerce."

"O those charges always fall flat."

"But they have actually had the impudence to indict our friend Mr. Reynolds- have they not?"

The Secretary waved his hand-

41-5-192

"Yes,yes but the whole proceeding will be yquashed and by the way,Mr. Reynolds will you come over to the department tomorrow?"

Mr.Reynolds said he would and then they all listened to Mr.Coles whs was detailing bits of Lovejoy's speech:

" 'Slave holding' he yelled is the sum of all villianies - put every crime in the crucible and combine them aall and the result is slaveholding." Pryor who sat beside me was furious aed leapt to his feet. I sought to restrain him but Lovejoy kept bellowing

All the time he was advancing toward the Democrats and waving his great fists. The sweat poured from his face as he yelled in their very faces ~~of the Democrats.~~ 'the principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is this:If a man is a cripple,trip him up; if he is old and weak,and bowed with the weight of years,strike him, for he cannot strike back; if an idiot take advantage of him and if a child,deceive him. This,sir,this is the doctrine of Democrats,and the doctrine of devils as well,and there is no place inthe universe outside the five points of hell and the Democratic party where the practice and prevalence of such doctrines whould not be a disgrace.' "

"This was too much for Pryor - ~~he leaped to his feet~~ he reached forward - with his ~~clear carven~~ face aflame and his long sleek hair flying ~~and rushed forward.~~ Then bedlam broke loose. Barkdale of Mississippi stood on his desk and cursed Lovejoy with every epithet he could find."

"Yes" I read them" said Bates. "A black hearted scoundrel, a nigger stealing thief, a perjured liar,and infamous villain and a few other gems."

"Did you happen to notice the old man standing beside him"asked Coles.

"No!.

"There was a curious old man beside Barksdale - a small dark old fellow,with a fringe of curling grey hair and forked white beard - looked like a Jew or some eastern mystic. He stood holding out his hands at first I thought in remonstration toward Barksdale - then it seemed more as though he was stretching them toward Lovejoy in some wierd incantation - the sight of him seemed ~~wierd~~ uncanny and the gleam of his eyes was piteous,awful. I can find no one who knows him or apparently noticed him."

"Some vanishing wizard" laughed Mrs.Glennworth.

"The fracas needed no withcery to make it any worse than it was" said Bates.

14

41-5-199

"I tell you this whole situation is altogether too serious to be comfortable."

"It means secession"said the secretary "if not war"and they rose and soon sought the parlors.

Harrison Coles and Bates walked home together that night.

"Well,what do you think of her"said Bates between puffs.

"I don't like her - she's a serpent-like dangerous woman. I knew her when she was a girl but I've tried to avoid her."

"What's her game?"

"Well just now she and Reynolds are lobbying for the Green Star line subsidy and some railroad schemes."

"And they're great schemes" added Bates.

Harrison Coles stopped stock still.

"The schemes are great but I fear the schemes" he said and then putting his hand on Bates' shoulder he continued:

"Mr.Bates if the true south and the true west could unite on a great policy of economic development like this which Reynolds is exploiting,we could save the country"

Bates lighted another cigar "It's worth thinking over"he said.

41-5-200

The first part of Mr.John Reynolds' mission to Washington was easily accomplished next morning when he called on the secretary at the department. An hour latter a message went to New York quashing all further proceedings in the case of the United States vs.John Reynolds et.al. 17

After paying costs and damages,clearing up bankruptcy proceedings,Mr. eynolds found himself with some cash on hand not counting the railway bonds in Mr.Grices' hands.

The other matter of the mail subsidy and other schemes went of necessity more slowly but the progress was favorable and when Mr.Grimes read Reynold's letters,he rubbed his hands together softly and invested more heavily in railway and steamship stock. For Mr.Grimes financial schemes were even larger than Reynolds suspected and Mr.Grimes saw million ahead.

Meantice there was plenty to do in making friends with the various congressmen and heads of departments and preparing for the opening of Congress the following winter. (19

"And the summer?" Mrs.Glennworth said "Saratoga by all means. The Southerners are in force there and the Southern influence is the ruling one in Congress."

"The west is coming" suggested Reynolds.

"But not yet arrived!said Mrs.Glennworth.

A little silence intervened.

"I am greatly- very greatly obliged to you" said Reynolds " for helping me here_ without your marvellous guidance I should have floundered in this morass."

Mrs.Glennworthcame and sat on the divan near Reynolds. She was gowned in something pink and rustling and the folds of her voluminous skirt billowed to his very knees. Her shoulders were white and bare and soft brown hair coiled over her ears and shadowed the faint rouge on the lines of her cheeks.

"Mr.Reeynolds"she said,then hesitated.

He mumbled something . He was never able to talk when this woman grew confidential.

41-5-201

!Mr.Grimes is - rich isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And we are poor-"

"Well I've just escaped utter ruin."

"And yet with Grimes' help and influence you can rise again."

"Yes."

"Are you sure of his influence."

"No I'm afraid that he has but partial faith in me."

"You have one sure way of gaining his full confidence."

"What's that?"

"I propose to marry Mr.Grimes."

He stared at her. "And if I do" she continued reflectively -"I shall not forget - my friends; will you help me?"

Chapter ~~XI~~ XI.
~~The Inner Circle~~ The Conspirators

Mr.Grimes was sitting alone in his New York office in mid October 1859. Around was every evidence of the rich and prosperous banker - the great dark mahogany desk,the rich furniture,the wine colored carpet,the tasselled bell rope. Mr.Grimes lay back in his cushioned office chair and read the delicately perfumed epistle again. She had accepted him and his ashen heart long unused to exercise was strangely jubilant. The summer at Saratoga had done it - yes,that had done it. It had cost a lot of money-cut she was worth it - Gad! she surely was:what a corking woman, what an eye, what a form! Saratoga! what a place it was. He closed his eyes and saw again that Babylon in full and shameless swing - the ladies in low-necked gowns and bare arms lolling in their carriages,the men silk-hatted and gorgeous with broadcloth and perfume,gaping and gambling; and every liveried black servants,loud strident laughter,a flood of gold and gayety and feverish ease.

Yes yes - it was rather too gay for a regular thing and costly too-but what of that? He was rich and destined to be richer - the thing was fixed and that woman, that wonderful Mrs.Glennworth soon to be Mrs.Grimes had done it;fifty congressmen pledged absolutely,70 others - pshaw! it was certain,and Mr.Grimes chuckled and took up the morning paper. Then he frowned:"John Brown's Slave Insurrection in Virginia" met his eyes. He read rapidly down the page,and cursed:were these crazy abolitionists about to stir up the devil again in Congress and spoil all his well laid plans? He threw down the paper and rang the bell as he scribbled a note "Take this to Mayor Wood"he cried.

A few weeks later Mr.Grimes was hurrying to Washington, and there was a disturbed look on his face,when he rushed into thn elegant M Street residence He hardly had time to greet his fiancee with much more than the compressive nod which he tossed to Reynolds and Wood. Then he mopped his bald head and gasped:

"Well?"

"Congress is crazy" complained Reynolds.

"Hell's loose"said Wood while Mrs.Glennworth silently arranged herself in her fauteuil;then she rang the bell and a dainty tea tray appeared. She poured a cup and Grimes gulped it down and gnawed a cracker,while Mrs. Glennworth's soft tones began:

"My dear - Edward (the pause was the slightest perceptible but Grimes actually blushed) the case is this:the deadlock in Congress has stopped all business indefinitely;how it will end God only knows:ergo,let's take council."

"You mean - to say our bills are in danger."

"They certainly are - the senate is all right of course-our fifty

41-S-202

stock holders on the floor of the house are also still earnest and eager but the other 70 votes which we had solid are melting under the strain and people are asking questions - awkward questions. Some twenty are rallying around Coles and Bates and concocting a new scheme while the rest,well we're afraid of them."

"The fools" growled Wood" if it hadn't been for this John Brown business and the whole nlavery tomfoolery we'd a jammed this through two weeks ago."

"I know Coles' scehme"said Reynolds,"he wants to form a southern and western syndicate and buy us out;he's mentioned it to me cautiously and here's a note that came today asking an interview."

"Good!"exclaimed Grimes "bait them,and if this bill seems likely to fail we'll unload on their syndicate."

"I'll hunt them up right off"said Reynolds rising.

"And if possible get them out of the city over Sunday while we work-let's see,you could take them over to New York to meet a few of the director,o or -"

"I'll work it"said Reynolds as he hurried out.

Drwn the avenue he flew with knitted brow and working fingers,up the broad white steps and into th e capitol. He looked around sharply and then glided through the lobby and on the floor. He spied Coles almost immediately seated on the leathern couch underneath the overhanging balcony in deep converse with a stranger. Reynolds looked the old man over and then remembered the bald head , forked beard and deep eyes of the stranger whom he had accosted in the balcony on his first visit to Washington. He approached and spoke affably:

"Pardon me,but Mr.Coles,I think I see a chance to get your proposition through our board of directors."

Coles arose hurriedly with a light in his eyes:

41-5-203

~~LC4~~ 157½

"Good!" he cried and started to say more when the rising babel of voices in the house drowned his voice, and the white bearded stranger started to his feet with burning eyes; ~~he was short, bald and silvery haired, with olive skin and forked beard.~~

Coles ~~started~~ turned back toward him in surprise "you have - I have seen you here before, have I not?" he said eagerly, ~~turning toward the stranger~~

"Yes - yes - many times" said the old man without turning and then he raised his arms and stretched his hands - was it a gesture, born of an intense tropical nature, was it a chance beckoning to someone in the crowd beyond or was it as it seemed to Coles a mystical incantation; a signalled unleashing of angry passion and strife? He turned wonderingly back to Reynolds, but ~~Bates~~ Reynolds ~~had sunk down where was still sitting on~~ the couch, hearing but three words - "John Brown" the "Impending Crisis" and always and ever "Slavery" and he had fallen to gloomily watching the scene and fingering the prospectus.

A sense of the same weary war of words came over ~~him~~ John Reynolds like bitter disap-

41-5-204

pointment. He leaned back heavily on the upholstered lounge - all was excitement, tense bitter interest in the one all absorbing Thing. There was no use lobbying today - it was all a failure bound to be a failure - he was a failure. He closed his eyes and moved uneasily. Why was it he ha d no interest in these things? Why could he n t work himself into a frenzy about a few lazy Negroes, a crazy old man or a foolish book? Why could'nt they sit down like rational beings and get to the world's real work; raising cotton and grain and transplanting it, completing the railways and above all build ships to sail before the stars and stripes - he opened his eyes with a start and became suddenly aware that he had been listening to a voice that roared passionately fiercely above the turmoil.

41-5-205

The desks had been removed from the center of the house and rows of benches substituted in English style: here the house was crowded and knotted and an impassioned voice rose high and harsh. "This outrage on the soil of Virginia as perpetrated and not a word is said. The South here asks nothing but its rights. I would have no more; but as God is my judge, I would shatter this republic from turret to foundation stone before I would take one tittle less."

A thin emaciated man on the right rose and bent forward as the southerner spoke and smiled at him. Harrison Coles noted with a start how much the eyes of the this congressman looked like the eyes of the stranger of the waving arms, as though some mystic light had leapt from the one to the other. T Then in the silence that followed the burst of a pplause that thin clear voice arose:

"I do not blame the gentlemen for threatening to rend God's creation from turrett to the foundation - for they have tried this threat fifty times and fifty times they have found weak and recreant tremblers from the North who have cowered before it." In an instant a man on the opposition leaped to his feet. The thin man waved his hand courteously - the speaker knocked for order but the southerner roared above them all.

"Let the black republicans sail under their true abolition colors, let there be no flinching - stand by your colors and then we of the South see if do not mean what we say -" the speaker was so angry that his words fairly choked in his throat; yet the thin man opposite stood suave and imperturable:

"That is right!" he murmured "that is the way they frightened us before."

There was a movement on the right and again on the left and then like a huge black wave the whole house came slowly swiftly tumultuously surging toward the speaker's desk, eddying about the frail form of Thaddeus Stevens. There came a pause - a swift awful pause - but Stevens nev r flinched. He waved his hand:

"A breeze - a mere momentary breeze - nothing else" he said, looking

up to the galleries where the pale angry faces of wome n and men gleamed at him.

It was the supreme moment. The hands of the strange old mna whom no one seemed to notice but Harrison Coles quivered as if to leap aloft in the last beckoning of frenzy when Coles leaping forward with a low exclamation of horror twirled his slight figure about and met his shadowy flaming eyes. Reynolds saw the movement and started up, too. For a moment these three looked into each other's eyes and then slowly the tumult fell and the three men sank upon the couches under the black brows of the galleries, bent forward, their hands hanging listlessly, their eyes dreaming. Three times had Harrison Coles seen the House thus frenzied; at midnight, aat morningv, and at noon. First they had sloughed their anger impetuously in oath and blow beneath the mystice yellow lighting; then they had held their hands but their ey es looked hatred and their voices whispered a fearful Thing. But today in the full blaze of high noon they named the Thing and looked into its bloody face, hissed hot and bitter insult, and held their hands till they gripped into the flesh only because in that supremem moment the Vision swept before them.

41-5-206

So too before these three men the Vision swept today. Was it because their nerves were wrough to breaking pitch? Was it because the white dark stranger pointed h is thin long finger - was it - whysoever it was - it was, and to these three men, so alike, so widely different came in one flash as comes perhaps to every man once in this world a moment when the shadowy bounds of present seem slipping away and the Past and mighty Future mingle and blend in one resistless stream, sweeping toward Eternity. Sitting there they saw (did they not see?) the leachings of these strings loosened, and the red fingers of yonder swaying men lingering at each other swelling throats:

The curious red carpet at their feet, dotted green, turned slowly to velvet greensward, stained dull red; over the heaped and white faced slain rode bitter visaged and wanton men and the great whorl of angry smoke swung in. the sky to a vast and awful form, black-faced, vengeful, piteous, sorrow-scarred like the face , like - the face of ~~the same black~~ that sat on DeCourcy Lloyds garage hag whispered ~~James~~ Reynolds ~~Bates~~ and he leapt to his feet; like the face of the witch that told Irma's fortune one unhappy day, sighed Harrison Coles and he rose from the couch. Of one accord they turned to the stranger who had sat between them but he was gone.

They walked out silently, neither speaking his deeper thought, neither knowing that the other had seen the other's vision, both half frightened at his own hallucination, both seeking with seeming carelessness to dismiss from mind and soul a scene which ever after they were destined to remember with a shudder and a wonder

"You'd better come with me to New York and talk over this steamship matter" said Reynolds at last with an effort

"Is Grimes there?"

I think so - but it not Grimes we want to see for he is opposed to any change of plan, but there are several of the directors open to argument.

When can we see them

I'll run up and arrange a meeting saturday

Very well I'll come and bring Bates

Colonel Higby too? He's on the appropriations committee you know

Coles frowned "well yes I suppose so he said

& they parted.

When on the following Saturday the four men Coles Reynolds Bates and Higby started up the stone steps of Reynolds New York residence, three of them started in surprise at the black man who was emerging hurriedly from the area-way. Tom Calhoun started back & and hesitated.

Reynolds glowered at him in surprise and anger and plunged up the steps. Higby looked at him narrowly and turned

41-5-207

after Reynolds. "That looks like a runaway Nigger." he said. But Harrison Coles after the first start smiled quietly at the hesitating black man:

"I am glad to see you, Tom" he said.

Reynolds meantime glanced back at Higby "He is a runaway" he said.

"By God! he ought to be sent south."

"Can you prove property?"asked Reynolds with a peculiar look. Higby caugh k it.

"Cnrtainly" he answered with a wink,and they stepped into the back hall and whispered a moment.

Harrison Coles was walking slowly to the depot Monay morning with bent head when a woman accosted him breathlessly. She was a fleshy woman,with timid eyes and a flustrated appearance- "I - I" she said "you are Congressman Coles are you not?"

"Yes."

"I - I am Martha Reynolds,and Tom Calhoun has been arrested as a runaway slave. He told me to tell you and you'd help him."

Mr.Col s frowned -Who claims him" he asked.

"Colonel Higby."

"Colonel Higby! Where is - Tom?"

She gave hic street and numbers "The hearing comes off this morning at 10."

Harrison Coles turned back.

He found the Commissioner's office crowded with officers,southerners and a group of pale sombrely dressed persons whom Coles regarded curiously.

"I understand Colonel Higby that you fully identifed this person as your slave" the Commissioner was saying.

"I do."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"Mr.Reynolds."

Mr.Reynolds swore that Tom was a runaway. He did not of course know who his master was but he believed him to be Colonel Higby.

There was a perfunctory examination of papers and the commissioner's mind was evidently made up .

"Well - " he began,when a voice interrupted him.

"I should like to be sworn as a witness" said Harrison Coles.

Higby glanced up in surprise and Reynolds in apprehension.

41-5-208

Mr.Coles was sworn and said "I can prove that this man xx is my slave. He formerly belonged to John C.Calhoun and was bequeathed to me through my aunt. He ran away years ago and I did not see him until yesterday. I think he will corroborate what I say."

"It is true,sir," said Tom Calhoun quietly " I belonged to Master Coles and Mr.Reynolds helped me escape north on his ship."

Reynold's pale face turned crimson and Colonel Higby marched to the door without a word.

"Do you wish to take this slave with you?"asked the commissioner.

"No" answered Coles "I wish to set him free." and then without warning there rose from the group of plain clothed pale faced watchers a slow long half wailing song. It was the long meter doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Harrison Coles walked over to John Reynolds. "You are a contemptible scoundrel,sir" he said "and I'll have no further dealings with you." John Reynolds was pale and worried when he reached home. He had certainly made a mess of this business. The Washington situation was thus more desperate than ever,and the x vision of Wealth yesterday so near was today further off than ever,while in its place hovered Poverty and Want. He stood staring grimly out of the window,when a carriage swung swiftly around the corner and grated on the curb. A little footman hopped to the door and opened it and Mrs.Glennworth swathed in furs mounted the steps.

Mrs.Glennworth had come hurriedly from Washington. After John Reynolds had left Mr.Grimes and Fernando Wood in her parlor,the group had sat some time in silence

41-5-209

160

~~After Reynolds had left the party in Mrs.Glennworth's parlor sat a few moments in silence.~~ Then Wood said:"There"s something in all this that I do not understand. What does the South want? They've got already more than they dreamed of asking for ten years ago. The next election is easily theirs: i'm going to win in New York and we've got Douglass beaten:with this city and state and the party solid we've got the nation easily,and the south can have the presidency if they're reasonable-but somehow there is something else in the air,there's some hidden hand-something I don't understand."

"I understand it perfectly"said Mrs.Glennworth in a low voice and she rose and pulled the shades,glided to the door and listened,then closed it softly.

"Well"said Grimes"who's back of all this-~~whoWstirring~~ who's stirring the muddle and keeping up this agitation."

"The Inner Circle"said Mrs.Glennworth hugging one knee and stretching the other silken stocking toward then fender.

"O,I've heard of that mummery- the Knights of the White Camelia-the Golden Circle and all that but -"

"Yes - it's mummery" said Mrs.Glennworth !"but it's more than mummery- I know because I belonged."

"You?"

"Well Glennworth did and that was the same thing- see here:there's a secret oath bound organization now more than a generation old that has a death grip on the whole south. Its leader is some mysterious personage whom none seem to know. They meet with him in grand conclave every decade on the ninth year. The meeting of this year 1859 will be the fourth or fifth meeting. After each meeting come some sudden dashing stroke - Missouri and nullification in the earlier years,Texas after the meeting of"39, Kansas after'49 and after '59 - what? This much I know , and this much if carelessly bruited might lead to heart-failure - " and she laughed nervously.

The men were silent. Then Woods said slowly -"the explanation singularly fits our history although it sounds a bit flighty,I must confess. Yet there'o something in it."

"It's true " assented the woman. "I know what I say."

"But what can they want?"

"Want? they may want the earth and as a first step to it war and secession,then a southern slave empire sweeping over Mexico and the West Isdies and then -"

41-S-210

The men looked at each other doubtfully but the woman continued:"at any rate we must know their program if we expect to carry out our schemes or to cehckmate them. They meet within the next three weeks - some one of us must meet with them."

"It's a dangerous business"she said thoughtfully :"I shall want some money,a yacht and - Reynolds, yes Reynolds,I thing he'll do."

The other men looked relieved

"I shall take a Christmas Vacation - in Europe accompanied by Mr. Reynolds who will act as London agent of the Green Star. I shall return in ~~two~~ a few weeks. And Mr.Reynolds - if he stands the climate - will return with me and also with some very interesting information" She lowered her voice and whispered on rapidly and they listened. Then Mr.Grimes stroked his chin thoughtfully and wrote a check. Mr.Wood said:"There'll be a swift little steam yacht at the foot of Des Plaines street by next Friday night."

41-5-211

It was this conversation that brought Mrs Glenmorth hurriedly to New York, to break in upon John Reynolds gloom.

~~Simms Reynolds at the parlor.~~

"Are we alone?"she asked peering about cautiously.

"Quite - noobdoy but my wife is here and she is far back in the kitchen."

"John Reynolds,we've got a dangerous mission. If we succeed you are on the highroad to wealth and I'm Mrs.Grimes. -if we lose, - well, do you carry much life insurance?"

Reynolds looked at her narrowly.

"What is it?he asked.

"You remember Toodles"?

"Yes - Congressman Henderson."

"Yes Congressman Henderson" she repeated mockingly "well Toodles is going to attend an important meeting Christmas week - a meeting of the leagued leaders of the South."

"Yes."

"Um - Toodles - likes me."

"Yes."

"I propose that we accompany Toodles and that you attend in his place."

"I?"

"Yes,you!"

"But - but what will he do?"

"Who? O Toodles? O leave that to me."

"Well then where does the danger come in?"

"The danger? Well we're about to penetrate the inner mysteries of one of the strongest secret societies the world ever saw. Discovery means - disappearance."

Reynolds winced. The scheme was not to his liking. He was a business

man not a spy.

"Why must I go" he complained querulously."

"Because" she answered sweetly "with a little hair dye, a false beard and a stick in your back you'd be an exact counterfeit of Toodles. I remarked it the first day I saw you and that day this schme was born. Then too if you don't go Green Star is likely ts go to smash, Grimes to go bankrupt, Wood to lose his political hold, while we - we, my dear Mr. Reynolds we - o pshaw! See here - "

41-5-212

And then she sat down beside him and talked. He saw the end easily- he always did when this fascinating woman bent her will upon him. An hour later she arose laughing

"It's settled then?"

"Yes."

"Friday at four at the foot of Des Brosses"

"Yes."

"And remember you are to stick by me like a leech - never leave Toodles and me a half hour alone until - until the signal" and she rustled down the steps.

The cold hard glitter of snow and ice held New York in its grasp as the trim yacht snorted down the bay. All day it rolled and tumbled before the icy winds and the harsh beating of the frothy waters. In her cabin Mrs. Glennworth lay grey and sick, wrinkled and unrogged, on deck, Reynolds stumbled and lolled and hearkened, while in the deck smoking room Henderson sat limp and white pouring raw whiskey down his throat and cursing volubly. So they rolled on miserably for a day and a day until one night a little smiling wind from the south blew back the grey black hair from Mrs. Glennworth's eyes; then a soft cooing breeze warmed Reynolds freezing xxxxx xx heart and at last a great warm breath of eternal spring brought the white faced Henderson lurking to the deck with trembling hands. The little vessel laughed and danced upon the foam, the ice had gone the mists followed, the air grew balmier and sweeter. Great blue and cloudless skies stretched over them and the misty scents of the tropics set all their sense tingling. They swept down by the low dark Florida coast, they wh rled by the green crowned shores of the Bahamas: the golden glorious sunshine flooded the deck and Henderson oiled and scented bent over closer to the wonderful intoxication of Mrs. Glennworth's eyes and the frou - frou of her silken laces. Ever too John Reynolds stalked and hovered by, bursting in with a remark, asking a sharp question, or persisting on some tiresome anecdote, while Henderson cursed softly and his long white fingers twitched. It was rare acting on the part of the lady, Reynolds hastened to acknowledge, and once meeting of a sudden in the companion way both burst into low laughter and Henderson above started, turned and hearkened suspiciously.

At last early Wednesday morning they hove to near the northern coast of Cuba.

"When does he go to Havanna?"whispered Henderson.

"I fear he will not leave till you do."

"Damn him - Grimes sent him as a spy I believe, I xxxx xx."

"I fear so."

"I've a notion to shoot him"muttered the man fiercely.

"No,no"she said looking about fearfully and then hesitatingly.

"Must you go - soon?"

"Yes - the conclave opens tomorrow -Thursday" I must leave tonight,O Zirra-"

"Hush boy -"then with half averted face "go tonight and return - tomorrow night."

He seized her hands "Zirra-- do you mean it?"

She hesitated but he plead with red hunger in his eyes,till suddenly she blazed her eyes upon him,dropped the shawl low on her white neck and ~~towering~~ her form in sudden passion cried softly :

"Yes - come - tomorrow night,Friday night -ah,Mr.Reynolds - we were - Mr.Henderson has to leave us - isn't i - sad?"

And with a sudden turn she was gone.

Heender son left afternoon going apparently toward the island of Cuba. All the next forenoon in the cabin Mrs.Glennworth worked over Reynolds ,dying and twisting his hair,fitting him with a false beard and staining his complexion.

"Suppose he xxxxxx'x shouldn't return."

She laughed as she twisted his mustache and he trembled.

"O Toodles will come unless they wall him in."

"Is it far?"

"I think not - I've a notion the meeting is on one of those hidden Florida keys ten or twelve miles north,where the slave traders used to nest. Probably he has a steam launch near and can run up in an hour - there behold Congressman Henderson, No 792 of the Inner Circle, Knight of the White Camelia -"she cried in low tones and clapped her hands.

All the long afternoon they waited;saw the red sun drop laeguidly into the calm grey sea, saw the purple night rise in the east and come slowly stealthily across the world darkening the waters and burnishing the stars. The crew rowed ashore singing. Slowly wearily the hours of the night dragged by. The ocean gnawed against the shore and the ship swung lazily. Afar off came the splash of oars:Reynolds seized his cloak and pistols and Mrs.Glennworth turned to her mirror and raised the little powder ball - it was not he, for the sound soon died. Still they

leaving only Reynolds on watch

41-S-213

watched and waited.

"What can have happened?"

"He'll come"she said nervously.

Reynolds sank back in silence. Here was a pretty mess, the idea of a reputable merchant, cloaked and disguised like a murderer, hanging about in mid ocean on a wild goose -

"Hark" she bent forward with strained face, and peered from the darkened cabin northward.

"He's coming:

Reynolds disappeared in the darkness.

The woman slipped to her cabin. She draped a silken shawl on her gleaming arms and firm heaving bosom; her gown flowed in one great shimmering undulating wave from bust to ankle, curving and filling in sinuous beauty. She shook out the dark coils ou her hair, touched the powder to her cheeks and waited.

Silence - long silence. Then the soft tinkle of waters - dip - dip- a grating of wood, a low hail and a hasty muffled footfall. A dark cloaked form appeared on the deck, hesitated a moment - glided across and descended to the cabin. A moment it paused: suddenly the cabin door flew back and the ~~light blazed on the~~ soft light of the chandelier gleamed on the silken draperies of a half hidden couch; sparkled on the gold and silver and linen of a richly dressed table where the wine in the cut glass decanter glowed blood-red and the food and iced fruits lay in delicious soft colored mounds. In the midst swayed the ~~magnificent~~ curving form of the waiting woman, alluring, splendid; half mystical in the artful beauty of her framing.

"Zirrah" he whispered passionately.

She whirled half round and hid her face in her hands then as the silken shawl fell from the pink and heaving flesh with seeming sudden abandon, she stretched her bare white arms and cried:

"Come!"

An hour later another cloaked form glided across the deck and descended.

"Careful-not a sound"he said warningly. He stepped into the boat and the rowers drew away with muffled dip. Then when they were half a mile out the little engine began to pulse but it pulsed but little louder than the heart of John Reynolds who muffled and disguised was flying to the Grand Conclave in Congressman Henderson's stead.

Within a half hour Reynolds espied a dim light far ahead-on they whirled over the billows - then came a flashing of lights which slowly disappeared in the tall tree tops as their keel grated on a silent shore. A single dark figure stood there silent and shadowy and Reynolds'

41-5-214

heart leapt to his mouhh. He did not hesitate however but seizing his pistol firmly advanced . A blinding light flashed in his face and then without a word the figure turned and walked quickly into the dense damp forest beneath the great white stars and Reynolds followed.

Chapter XII.
The Inner Circle.

It was broad day. A black bearded man splendidly uniformed in crimson and gold stood before a great carven oak door knocking and his hand trembled as he knocked. The door flew abruptly open and a blast of trumpets rolled in vaulted corridors. The room into which he stepped directly from his simple quarters was of stately magnificence. It was tinted in crimson and gold - two rows o massive pillars lined each side holding great rounded arches of gleaming mosaic. The light streamed in from painted windows above the pillars and high over them hung the carved and vaulted roof. Dom the length of the hall between the inmost pillars, stretched a broad

41-5-215

table of rich dark wood, polished and inlaid, resting its curved claw feet on red velvet carpets which guarded the marble floor. Twe ty one golden chairs, with crmison trappings surrounded the table. The chair at the foot was empty. From the others rose twenty men as the black bearded man entered. He stepped forward quickly with eager face - h knew that one this one, all? yes, all of them, as he glanced rapidly and the great names of the South crowded to his lips but froze there for the remembered what must happen if they knew- if they suspected. They were clad in the same gorgeous military uniforms as he but each different, cream and grey and blue, and they bowed gravely and courteously as he seated himself in the empty chair.

41-5-216

Directly opposite to him and close to the unoccupied end of the table, was the throne silghtly raised above the level of the floor. It was of pure white marble canopied and carven magnificently and garlanded with cloth of gold. Upon it ~~rose~~ blood a great black chair, strait and ancient and on the great sparkling arch that folded itself above the chair hung a circle of jewels and gold.

Two gigantice black heralds- men mighty in limb and stature stood by the amrposts and as the last great crash of trumpets struck and wailed through the hall - as the richly girded company rose and faced the chair, the black bearded man bent forward in amazement.

A singular figures was already seated there. The slight body was shaped in a flowing silken robe that swept the soft ~~black~~ red carpet. Above rose a face transparently white, pinched and shrunken; the top was bald so that the forehead rose like a pale Home: the upper lip was shaven but from the chin flowed a long white forked beard and the fringe of silvery hair from his head slipped down and mingled with it. The eyes were dim and shadowy and the face lay perfectly still in calm dignity as though in deep reverie. He seemed unearthy, a thing haloed in mystery, unsubstantial, yet real with a stinging forceful reality that gripped the heart of every man there. That vast mysterious power that lay in th se men's hands, that power before which a continent was bowing, and the Five Seas resounding, seemed here suddenly incarnate flesh and blood and yet that flesh spiritualized and the blood, bloodless and thin. Over all h is face and form hovered and appearance of extreme age, endless years, long, long acquaintance with the infinite

Past and Reynolds ~~the man~~ thought involuntarily perhaps, with - the Infinite Future. The man aroused himself nervously looked about him and ever the unasked question slipped to Reynolds ~~him~~ ins-"Who is he?"

As if in answer the old man spoke and his voice sounded full and musical as it rang in the great hall:"My Lords,it is now full forty years since I placed myself on this throne. Whence I came and why matters little to you. I have seen the cracking of empires and the staggering of nations until weary with the old world's ~~wilderness~~ I sought in the new world the true divinity of Might,the true doctrine of human inequality and human subordination. First I set myself to establish the supremacy of the central all dominating Will - the principle of monarchy to which the South was ever true. Through that will we strive to establish a great slave empire stretching from Hudson Bay to the south Pacific and from Sea to Sea."

41-S-217

He paused and scanned their strained faces.

"The march of ur empire has been irresistible,magnificent. The day of the crisis of its fortunes is at hand. The vaster the triumphs the deeper the dangers. Our foes ~~and~~ are militant and faintly suspect our power and designs. Their power is growing and their purposes are apparent :their aim today is not simply the limitation of our power it is its uprooting. So let it be. We meet the issue. Our imperial mandate for this Solemn Conclave of 1859 is this:Shall we continue to cling to the Union and force the Nation to expand with us and slavery southward over all the Americas,or shall we separate from the North,hurl ourselves suddenly southward over Mexico,Central and South America and the islands of the sea,free the African slave trade,and turning again northward roll the United States and Canada ~~with~~ into the greatest empire the world ever saw - America.

"Wherefore we are met,Cousins,in fifth solemn conclave,at my command. Turn then to the task before you and the God of Might guide your deliberations."

Long minutes and hours ~~and~~ days they s at about that dark and polished board beneath the vaulted roof. Their voices rose and fell,their bodies lounged and quivered,their eyes flashed and dimmed. Yet their every word and turn of thought,the thin ~~throne~~ strong leader caught,turned to quick sharp phrase and threw back to them their own argument in brief

burning snapping snatches of condensed argument. So that John Reynolds black bearded and cunningly disguised found himself watching and studying the speakers as they argued but listening to their arguments only as they fell transformed and simplified from the leaders mouth:

"Let us cling to the Union."

"We cannot, abolitionism expells us."

"The abolitionists are not in majority."

"But they that would limit slavery and slavery must expand or die."

"Then overcome thin party for slavery limitation."

"We cannot, Calhoun tried logic, Clay tried compromise, Taney tried law and we have tried force in Kansas."

"We lost for want of slaves."

"We lost because of our enemies' strength."

"Let us leave the North."

"Wait! can we not carry the nation into war for expansion southward?"

"No, this has failed after ten trials- one in California, two in Mexico, three in Central America and four in Cuba."

"Can we not bring on a foreign war."

"We have tried that twice with Spain and England and failed."

"Let us leave the North."

"Wait! Would they let us leave in peace?"

"Yes, after some bluster."

"Would the whole south leave with us?"

"No, we are sure of South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi. We have a chance in Georgia, Louisiaina and Texas. We cannot carry the rest, unless- "

"Can we not try further compromise?"

"We have gone too far. Expansion of slavery is our least demand, and expansion of slavery is their greatest grievance."

"Then we must ——?"

"Secede!"

"We cannot secede without "-

"War!!

"War?"

"Anything but war!"

"Nothing but war!"

J1-S-218

"Why?"

"Armed aggression from the North will unify the South."

"But the north will not fight."

"We must make them fight."

"How?

"Anyhow."

"Why?"

"We are between the devil and the deep sea. Stay in the union and slavery will fall;leave the union and only the lower south will follow; hence war to unify the south,and take fifteen states out of the union into the Confederacy."

"But if the North fights,it may win."

"The chances are against it. We are prepared,half the North is friendly and foreign nations will intervene to save King Cotton."

"But if the North should win?"

"We would be no worse off than now."

"Suppose they shoud abolish slavery?"

"We would re-establish it under another name."

"And if we win?"

"With our trained army,we would sweep down to the Isthmus and across the Carribean."

"Then to South America."

"And then?"

"Back to the United States and Candda."

"Then Africa and the slave trade."

"Then - the World."

"The question is Surrender or Fight?"

"Compromise or Secession?"

"Secession and War?"

"War and Secession."

"Let us vote- ilver for Compromise. Gold for War."

So at last they voted - the gleaming balls of gold and silver rolled along the table to the feet of the king. The giant black man,blind and noiseless,rained them as they fell and dropped them in the silken folds of his lap. The trumpet blazed against the dully echoing walls and the whole company arose.

12-5-14

~~secession~~

"Secession and war by your votes" said the king.

"Secession and war"echoed each man in turn.

The silence of death reigned in the hall. The eyes of the King were closed and his face was glittering white. Slowly,slowly he stretched forth his think and wasted hand and laid it on the great black book which the kneeling giant held. The councillor arose and trooping silently forward each laid his right hand upon the king's and in low hushed tones,they swore the Great Oath.

Then they made obeisance before the king and slowly withdrew stepping backward face forward to the throne until they all disappeared amid the gloom of the massive pillars. But Colonel Jones and John Reynolds lingered and looked. The king ntill sat motionless and lo! his white hand lay upon the book crushed as with a weight of stone,the fingers grinning the pale flesh drew oozing blood and inthe burning depths of his great eyes lurked a sorrow,infinite like the very passion of Christ. And Reynolds stole noiselessly out into the night.

Across the waters flew the little boat in mad haste leaving a blaze of phosphorescent light upon the inky waters. John Reynolds head was in a whirl had he been dreaming,was it true?or was it some curious nightmare? And he sta ggered to his feet with a jerk as the cat slipped noiselessly up to the dark ship. The watch hailed her gruffly. Reynolds clamored quickly to the d ck and whispered a word. The watchman ste ped to the companion-way,and disappeared;there was a long silence. Then,below came a sudden crash of glass and slamming of doors,a cry and an oath,quick footsteps,and a man,tall pale and dishevelled,with boated blood-shot face leaned far over the rail a moment,swaying and blinking in the pale moon light.

41-S-220

"Clark" he cried.

"Ay-ay, ir!"came ~~kk~~ from the boat below.

He clamored dizzily over th. side-bare headed and uncloaked.

"Quick -to the island"he screamed and the little boat sighed

snorted and leapt through the blazing waters. A moment he lay back white and sick,gasping till ahe cool night air bather his aching head and cleared the cobwebs of his long debauch from his bewilhered brain. Then suddenly he sat up.

"Clark?"

"Ay,ay,Sir!"

"What - what time is it?"

"Two o'clock in the morning sir!"

A pause - "Is it -Saturday or Sunday?"

"Tuesday morning,Sir."

"Tuesday"he yelled "Tuesday" he whispered and his head fell on his bosom,while his white hand groped slowly tremblingly to his hip. The little boat rose on a billow,leaned and rocked,and plunged in to the yawning hollow;the wind moaned low and tearfully;and then suddenly the quick sharp crack of a pistol shot awoke the slumbering echoes of the gulf.

Chapter XIII

War.

41-S-221

There sat in the South a woman,angry-eyed. Her face was the twinkling shores of Old Virginia,her hair flew in the forests of the Blue Ridge adown her back;her breasts were the striving mountains of Carolina, the smiling waters of the Gulf girded her mighty loins and her vast limbs lay south and westward,sea on sea. In her hands she held a formless Thing,whose bitter cry deafene her hearing,and whose dark blood dripped on the whiteness of her soul.

To northward lay a saint busy with his dirt and stones,his woolen and gold,until to his thick ears the frenzy of that crying pierced - the frenzy and the danger; he stretched his weak left arm doubtingly down by the eastern seas,warding her nimble flashing hands,but his great hard muscled right arm crept doggedly onward by the Tuckoreland and Tennessee, swept suddenly from Atlanta to the silver set that zoned her. It held her vise-like,while the freed left hand beat and plucked at her naked breasts and blood throat,and his gnarled knee pressed her soul into the dust. Cruel,past pitiful was her plight,pain crouched in her voice and the shadow of death in her eyes. The red orbs of the frenzied tireless victor

beat in her hair,and his great voice kept whispering "War is Hell". So she dropped the blood-bought black Thing - and lo! it was a man.

Why did they fight in the dust of that red morning asks the child who sat and saw,the man who stands and hears,echoing echoes. "It was brutish lust"snarls the Woman. "It was wedlock,holy union" reasons the Man. Yet even as they speak their souls whisper each to each - "It was the Thing, the stricken formless Thing,the black and shadowed Thing that was,the man that is and is to be,ever and evermore."

This is the taleof the days of the years of our history from sixy-one to sixty four,as it really was. But the tale to them that heard it new was far different. Few realized its inner meanings,or saw through its mist and smoke,its larger movements. Yet to some simply souls,like Silena Smith,the truth stood from the first revealed in all its tremendous import and epic sweep. She was a homely woman,unattractive in body and soul. Her life had been a life of daily toil,without relieving incident save the weekly church service,the weekly wash,the weekly ironing. Her hands were hard,her hair thin and unwaveringly straight,her form showed no womanly curves and to her life but once had come even the phantom of a man's love. Even then no word was spoken,the man smiled and forgot,and the girl shrunk half ashamed into herself and breathed no whisper of it, even to her own heart.

41-S-222

And yet for all that,as if in eternal compensation,God had set within this thin body a soul whiter than the white drifts of Taghkonic,a spirit purer than the pure waters of the Housatonic,and a heart child-like- in innocence,yet more than manful in its readiness for every unselfish deed,e every throb of sympathy. She looked at life unwaveringly with her simple pale grey eyes - to her it held no mystery- nothing but two great facts, God and Pain. God hated pain and she hated pain aed she and God strove to abate the hateful thing. Where pain lurked there she was,and thither in earnest supplication she called her God- whether it was a broken-legged bird,or a n old woman twisted with rheumatism or a black people shackled with slavery. When before her ministrations unhappiness and ache and hunger fled a vast happiness filled her soul and she crept too some corner of the earth and lifted up her heart and said "For this my life,I thank Thee."

These days, however, were days when she was bent in the gloom of despondency. Never before had ~~days~~ a time like this come to her. Before she had always seen her duty shining clear and hastened to it. Today she saw it bright as the sun, yet veiled from her. The Son of God marched forth to war-but his daughter?-his daughter to whom duty was life's supreme pleasure, she must sit silent and useless because she was a woman. And Silena Smith wept. The fall of Sumter struck Canaan like a sudden north wind but it called for men, not women. The rout on Bull Run brought her white and trembling wailing to Martha's ~~kitchen~~ New York home with Frank & Rachell but she was too frail for nursing, the sanitary officers said. And then ~~with the years~~ as Martha kept her there came a ray of light; she watched it and it grew and grew.

"Martha" she whispered "have you heard of Pierce's Ten Thousand Clients?"

"No" said Martha listlessly, for she was thinking of John.

"Well you know our ships took Wilton Point?"

"Wilton Point? said Martha with sudden interest "Yes I know, that's where John is."

"What's he doing there?"

"Well you know he's been south since the war broke out. He is on a ry contractor and has leased some plantations "

"Oh the leased plantations! What does he say of them?"

"He writes very encouragingly."

"Martha! let's go there & teach!"

Martha looked at her in surprise.

"Go south - in war time?"

"O Martha," she cried " they are there in great throngs, the fugitives, the helpless, homeless, black people, they need food and clothes and teachers - they need us, Martha, our hearts and words and human sympathy; I am am going, I must go- come with me Martha."

Martha sat up with sudden inspiration. John was there- she would be there a long time. He was in danger- perhaps sick, uncared for, untended. Estrangement, subtle, unspoken, yet certain had stepped between them since that fatal crisis ~~in New York~~ - he was so often from her no - long days and years- why should she not go to him? What would he say- did she dare?

Day after day she pondered, swayed now this way now that. Then a letter came. "I've had a slight attack of fever" John wrote "but I think-" She put it down and reached for her sunbonnet.

"Silena when do you start" she asked ~~across the fence~~. one day.

41-5-228

X

!Next month, in July" answerde Silena.

"I'm going with you" said Martha.

Night after night far into the darkness these two sat planning the great crusade. They made clothes for the studry growing lad, they pored over old school books and they studied maps.

"I'll get Tom to help us move and store the things" said Martha.

"Is Tom still here?"

"Yes - he married Celia, you know, and they're working up at the Colored orphanage, she as cook and he as janitor. He comes down every once in a while xx xxix or else I send Roland up."

41-5-224

Tom came and the moving was planned. Then came that month of all the war's red months, the worst; when at Gettysburg one hundred and fifty thousand men dashed themselves pitilessly against each other, and left 50,000 corpses on the field; that month when starved and panting Vicksburg gasping in the coils of the anaconda, surrendered and the Father of Waters "rolled unvexed to the sea"; on the thirteenth day of that blood-bathed month Martha and Silena and Rolnad sat on their boxes and bundles awaiting Tom and the dray. All the long afternoon they watched and fidgeted hearing now and then ominous sounds from the dusty city which they could not understand.

"What can it be?" asked Martha.

"Can anything have happened to Tom" said Silena peering out of the window The wind was sending great ~~heap~~ quiet of dust swirling along the streets and low rolls of thunder came drifting westwardh. Soon a ~~great~~ sharp shower of rain dashed upon the streets and an unwonted ~~guest~~ quiet settled on the perturbed city. ~~It was early the next morning and just at dusk and~~ while it was still raining that a dray wheeled swiftly around the corner and Tom staggered up the steps.

"Why Tom, what?"

" Quick -" he cried "Quick or we'll miss the boat". They saw the xx bloody bandage that swathed his head, they saw the grim horror written on his face. Silently fearfully, they worked till the dray was filled.

"Come - you too" he cried "we don't dare wait for a cab" and clamoring in among the bundles, they were whirled away. Tom peered anxiously ahead, wheeled through the less frequented streets; once they saw a dark crowd of massed men ahead but Tom turned quickly aside; once they saw smoke and flames to the northward, but Tom dave no answer to their anxious queries. He sat still as death on the high sea, clutching the reins convulsively [redacted] while a little rivulet of blood kept trickling from the dark crusted bandage.

"Where's Celia?" asked Martha once.

"Dead!" he whispered hoarsely and she shrank back in silence.

The dashed upon the wharf just as the roustabouts had started at the plank. Quickly the baggage was thrown aborad,Martha and the boy were hurrying on,but Silena turned just in time to see Aom waver and fa l like a great log on the wharf.

"Quick lady,all aborad"they cried.

)Ut she was obdurate.

"I cannot leave him so"she cried"I will not."

4-5-225 "Take him aborad"cried the Captain "no Negro will be safe in New York tocorrow."

Why-what is the matter?"

"The draft riots" he answered as they placed the fainting man on the deck and the ship swung into the bay.

So it was that Martha Reynolds and her boy,and Silena Smith and Tom Calhoun sailed southward in July of 1863.

Martha was now exalted now terrified at the step she had taken. Suppose John should return and find her gone -suppose he should renounce her in anger,suppose he were sick,dead?and she tossed and moaned and kissed the boy. Then in the great white mornings as the ship rose and cut the foam, the glory of this her first daring,the joy of her first freedom,the wonder of the strange crusade sent the blood dancing and she stood long minutes rapt in silent prayer. Long they rode silent,with air and curling waters rushing past,but ever the same sweet solemn sky. But on the third day a l ight house greeted them,then a fringe of treest. The sun dropped rosy to its dreaming, then sprang all fiery from its morning bath and then lay Wilton Point to the westward with its deep black shores and its bare low buildings. Ships rode in the dark waters of the river,on beyond rose great magnolias and old mansion,and the sheen of tents. The hearts of the women swelled within them as they looked down the gang plank into a dark mass of dusky f ces. And coming thus slowly down to them with wet and wondering eyes Martha glanced and stopped

"John."

"Martha."

Chapter XIVX.

Freedom.

All night he guns had roared and spit above the fierce voice of the storm and this fair sweet morning John Reynolds walked among the dying and the dead and as he walked and saw, strange new thoughts came to him and the vision of a strange new world. He realized for the first that never before had he really looked on black men as men - he had shrunk from them in uncontrollable repulsion, he imagined them with thoughts different from his thoughts, feelings which did not play and battle like his, deeds smaller, narrower, more instinctive. But today the thrill of change lay on his soul. Here were men who with unfaltering eyes had walked into the mouths of these screaming sneering guns of Fort Wagner and never wavered. Some of their

41-5-226

torn bleeding bodies lay before ham - harsh black faces set in death, soft brown faced lads writhing in dumb pain, great maimed a nd twisted bodies moaning in utter misery. God! were these not men, brothers, free human souls? He saw a mother hiding her dark face in the blood stained bosom of her boy; he heard a father lifting hands and voice to th e burning copper sky and yonder came the death wail, rolling over the dark and blood stained water.

The salt tears crept silenly down his cheeks and in his blindness he almost stumbled over a little group.

The man, tall and powerful, lay stretched silent, rigid on the cotton rows, his right arm mangled and wrenched, dark with clotted gore. A woman lay prone across his great breast choking and sobbing, chafing his hands and kissing his immobile face, and bending near with silent awe-struck faces and wi[illegible] tear-drowned eyes knelt a boy and a girl.

"Is he-dead?" he asked John.

She raised her head passionately. "No - No! he is not dead, God couldn't let him die nof" she whispered in fierce anguish. John started. Where had he seend that face - that brown stricken face, with lines of care and beauty riven across it contradictingly; He bent and found the faint flutter in the silent breast. Then he ran and stumbled, hallooing across the fields unti l the guards and nurses heard and came. They carried the sorely wounded man down through the fields to a low cabin that nestled by the sea and laid him gently on the thick white bed, and bound up the stump of his mangled arm.

"Why - it looks like- it is -Tom Calhoun" said Reynolds in deep surprise. "I left him in Canaan- I thought-"

"Yes" the woman whispered. "It is my Tom." And the boy whispered to the girl "It's papa Tom." But Reynolds was again looking at the woman. Where before had he seen that stricken comely face?

As Reynolds walked away he thought rapidly: These folk were free-they had the making of men in them- they were men. This put a new face on matters. Were they not destined to rule this s tate and this section? If they evidence as much ability in ruling as in fighting, they would, especially with the money and arms of the government behind them-H'm; he mused. In that case it would pay to join hands with them, make friends with them and help and lead them. With their friendship their labor, and ordinary

41-5-14 C22-5-22

brains and ability this land could be made to blossom as the rose.

The sun was falling athwart the surging waters of the sea and the solemn golden twilight was bathing all the languid tired land. Thoughtfully Reynolds turned westward, threaded the oaks and magnolias, and finally approached a section of the old barracks and stepped within. The scene for a moment dazzled him: a thousand black men and womenyoung and old were crowded, crushed together on the narrow old benches. Old lamps, pine knots and candles threw a wierd and shadowy radiance on the scene. All was silent save xx the rustle of paper and the slow halting utterance of one old woman reading. John Reynolds had seen men working with swellieg smuscles- he had seen men laboring with strained eyes and faces, but never before had he seen such evidence of concentrated striving in a mass of men as that which lay before him now. A ragged old man with tufted gnarled hair and weather beaten face was crouched here over a grimy book, his great blunt finger following the line with painful care; beside him sat a girl golden haired and blue eyed, her head aloft, her body quivering, her lips moving rapidly as she repeated something to herself over and over again.

41-5-228

Far to the right was a gaunt thin woman with her dull eyes glued on an old broken slate; the sweat stood in beads on her forehead and a piteous bewilderment lay in her face; and behind in the flickering radiance of a great pine torch sat a little boy fat and brown, his book fallen on his lap, his eyes closed - his soul away in dreamland on the hills of God, only his body ~~alone~~ left in the low hot room.

Flitting here and there among the throng, bending now to explain, now to encourage, now in sympathy and then in gentle warning, glided Silena Smith. Always lbefore Reynolds had thought of her with a smile- a thin awkward homely unsexed thing - all tears and longings. But at the sight of this woman, he paused amazed; the same woman as homely as ever but transfigured by a radiant enthusiasm, quick, insistent fervid in word and movement. Allthe hesitatn dreaming was gone, blossomed, fruited into realization. With Martha, whom John found struggling with a large classinthe second reader, it was different. She was wearied and bewildered, and longed for her kitchen. These folk were eager and kindly, but too they weredirty and smelling of sweat, and it was with a sigh of relief that she heard the bell ringing to end the lonb evening's workb They walked home together, she and John, silently drinking

in the scents of a southern night and the sat long on the great cool porch with their son.

"Father, I want to stay here a ll t he time and make money" said the boy.

"So do I" said his father glancing at Martha.

But in Martha's eyes lay the vision of peace and snow swept hills.

Chapter XIV.

Visions ~~The Legislature.~~

It was midsummer. The heat was pelting down on the wide silent street of the capital and the sandy bluff gleamed on the rippling waters of the Congaree. Up the broad Palmetto Avenue came three boys of 15 or 16 years of age. One came from the new two storied houses of the east side- a big thick bodied black haired young fellow with a red aggr essive face and a quick shrewd eye. The second came down from the silent decorous mansions to the southward - an olive skinned, golden haired young man slight in build and singular in beauty, his eyes wandering dreamily beyond the flowing river. The third youth ran hastily up from the low straggling cabins of the North a t all, dark brown-faced fellow, with laughing eyes and a tightly curled cass of hair. The three met at the threshold of the capitol: "Good morning, Mr. Jones!" said the dark haired one with something of deference in his voice, to the one of the lighter hair. But the other had extended his hand to the dark-brown runner - "Hello, Bob" he said and the Negro said pleasantly "Hello, Mr. Lloyd." They all passed in and seated themselves at the clerk's desk in the Hall of Representatives- the Negroes at a small table to the lefts, the other two at a larger table to the right. They viewed a strange scene -the strangest America had yet known. One hundred and twenty five men sat grouped before them- in the centre and in front 50 white men- around and behind them seventy five men, black and brown and yellow. One man was speaking, a broad shouldered black man with a fine brown and a voice that showed education and refinement. The whites craned their necks in astonishment, the Negroes sat in wondering, proud silence.

"Who is he" asked Lloyd Joses bending over to his fellow-clerks?

"Elliott, R.B. Elliott- he was educated in England at Eton and some other place they say" answered Roland Reynolds.

922-5-14

Lloyd Jones looked at the rest of the dark faces. There were several other intelligent faces, some sharp, some bold, but the mass of them were the timid dull countenances of slaves and the sons of slaves. The white members were more strongly differentiated: there was a silent knot of stiff southerners, and a gang of loud mouthed mountaineers; there were a score of sharp faced northerners, a number of uniformed soldiers and a dozen business men like John Reynolds who flitted here and there making friends and arranging matters.

"This is my son, Roland, Mr. Elliott; Roland I want you to know the leader of our colored brethren. Mr. Elliott is going to have charge of our rail road legislation" and Reynolds hurried away.

"Why, Tom, glad to see you" he said later " I hear you led your district by a good majority."

"Yes, Mister Reynolds - they voted for me - I don't know why" and a look of bewilderment lay in the dark face of Tom Calhoun.

All the afternoon the house spent in organization, and in veiled and whispered conference; and then as the burning sun began to seek the west, they filed slowly out, lingered on the steps of the capitol, and the greensward. The city paused and gaped curiously at them. Henry Reynolds and his father mounted horses and were soon leisurely going along the shaded avenue. The deep low scent of magnolias hung heavy in their n ostrils but they hardly noted it, for they rode close together and continually scanned a large blue print, which was between them. John Reynolds was talking.

"You see, my boy, south of Baltimore only three seaports really count Norfolk, Charleston and New Orleans. Now the race betw een thesethree ports and any other upstarts like Savannah or Mobile depends on which of them can first tap the Mississippi v alley the great west is our storez house of wealth and if the Blue Ridge railway taps it and opens up the way through Knoxville to Cumberland Gap, Charleston will own the great west for we'll beat New Orleans to Europe by a thousand miles" and so they rode on talking earnestly.

As they turned into the avenue a woman had stepped on the cross walk and the flutter of her dress frightened Henry's horse so that he reared and the young rider reined him harshly and struck him with the whip; the womin stopped suddenly staring full at the youth and a little cry crept from her lips. She was a tall woamn dressed soobrely, but with

41-5-230

an air of grace and breeding.
"Mrs. ~~Henry~~ Irma Jones" whispered Reynolds to his son, but he did not venture to greet her. She had quickly recovered herself and walked on and yet she was searching her brain - that boy"s face ,the movement- the anger- how like, how strangely like-" and her mind flew backward. She turned to continue her walk and her face lightened as she caught the swing of a youthful handsome form in the distance, coming toward her. Lloyd was walking beside and talking eagerly to a gentleman of fine face and aristocratic bearing. Who was he?asked Irma Jones to herself rawidly running over her acquaintances. He turned at the further street, leaving the young man with a courteous greeting. Lloyd stood looking after him a moment, then espying his mother hurried to her, put his arm on her shoulder and kissed her:

"Good evening, dearie" he said. She greeted him in turn.

"Who was that, Lloyd, I did not recognize him."

He looked at her quickly and then looked away:"It was the state treasurer."

"The state treasurer?" She tried in vain to recall "What is his name?"

"Mr. Cardozo."

She stopped abruptly and crimsoned"Cardoza-Mr. Cardoza . the Negro?" she asked.

"Yes" he said in low tones looking full at her -"The Negro, so-classed."

"Lloyd" she said passionately "Lloyd" she repeated sorrowfully-"

"Lloyd" she whispered "Lord God's sake and your mother's, drop that pitiful sympathy of yours for mongrels - remember that even in the bitterness of revolution and defeat you are still a southerner and a white man"and there were tears and anthem in her voice. He drew her arm in his and touched her hair lightly.

"Forgive me ,dearie," he murmured but his face looked puzzled and pained.

As they came to the house they saw that Colonel Jones had a visitor- a slight sweet faced girl of perhaps 18 daintily dressed, with that effulgent cleanness of body and soul that seem a part of some women. Her bright laughter was pealing as thiy entered the gate and her yellow hair half tumbled down was bent over a half grown puppy with whom she was romping. She looked flushed and sunny.

"Aunt Irma" she said "I'm back from school - O yes -graduated and all and she added with that half haughty shyness which is the buckler of young

41-5-231

womanhood "Good evening Lloyd,". Lloyd bent silently over her head and glanced now at her and now away and spoke but few words. His little playmate of earlier days had blossomed so beyond his dreaming that he scarcely knew how to renew the old acquaintance and whether to say "Edith " or "Miss Coles."

"Edith is much taken with ~~Diavolo~~ Chrysus's puppy and I've promised him to her provided Lloyd will consent." The puppy was a queer long legged hound with grey eyes and buff hide. The mother had long been the property of Colonel Jones but was recently killed and only this puppy was left. Lloyd hastened to assent while Mrs. Jones passed her arm about the girl and asked after her mother and father.

"No" she said at the final invitation " I ~~insist~~ must not think of staying to supper daddy expects me."

But Lloyd offered to lead the restive hound and together they went down the street. She talked in a quick lively strain to her rather silent companion and was not a little disappointed in him. He was far too handsome for a boy and shy almost womanish in his way, she thought and then when young Roland Reynolds wheeled by them astride his great bay stallion she looked on the stranger with new interest and Lloyd suffered in comparison. Roland was big and ruddy and flushed from the long ride with his father to look over some railway sites. He bowed to Lloyd as he passed and turned even as the girl could not help turning to stare back. Lloyd turned too but just as he turned away leapt the hound after a wayside rabbit and Edith could not suppress a little cry of displasure tt the loss of her pet. Roland took in the situation at a glance and rode after the hound in a cloud of dust, while the girl ~~Edith~~ reddened with pleasure and excitement, Lloyd apologized, Then ~~and~~ both fell silent until they saw Roland trotting leisurely back with the leashed hound in hand. At her gate the little princess dismissed her cavaliers bowing demurely to Lloyd but smiling at Roland.

41-5-232

Chapter XVI.

~~The New Regime~~ Bribery

For the second time in his life John Reynolds saw visions of gold. Mrs. Glennworth who had long since become Mrs. Grimes had been true to her word. To be sure he had not reaped as much from his war contracts, as he had hoped to, but he had a snug sum in hand and with the Negro legislature under his thumb, wealth seemed to be but a matter of a few years and a cool head. Above all Reynolds felt new life and new power in the sudden possession of a son. Sudden it seemed because it was only recently that he found in this stalwart growing boy a companion to whom he could tell his plans and a keen

mind to help their realizations. His dreams came to be tinged with a new interest. Hekept the young man about him,gave him little commissions which were executed quickly and shrewly,and very soon came to realize that he had a valuable asset in this strong young fellow. He felt at time a pang that the boy was not really his own but that was only passing,and he determined that he should be his spiritual if not his physical son.

"Roland"he said next morning"you see what it means to us to get that Blue Ridge railroad into our hands. Once the Mississippi valley is tapped and all its wealth will flow through our hands. All we've got to do now is to work this bond scheme through the legislatu re."

"That ought to be an easy job"replied the younger man'with Tom Calhoun to herd the Niggers,and deliver the votes."

"It certainly looks favorable but we must not be too sanguine. The blacks are getting a little restive and educated Negroes life Elliott are stirring them up to make deman.s"

"What hurt will that to to our schemeR"

"Possibly none and possib y it may ruin it. The Negroes have been pretty well fleeced already and they're beginning to nose around for a share of the spoils. If we have to give them too much it will arouse the

Southerners [redacted] and the fat will be in the fire."

"Have we got enough votes to pass the bill."

"I think so if all goes well."

"Why not make assurance doubly sure by buying over Sands?"

Reynolds thought a while "I'll go see Sands" he said. Sands was big and suave,yellow and well-dressed . He was particularly glad to welcome Mr.Reynolds to his humble dwelling and he said complimentary things in his soft oily tones that sounded almost sincere.

"Sands are you going to vote for my railway bill?"

"Well,Mr.Reynolds,I surely would like to."

"Well then do so."

"You see it's this away,Mister Reynolds,we wants to do the right thing but the boys has got it into their heads that we aint getting a square deal these days."

"How so?"

"Well most everybody appears to be getting theirs and we don't get nothing."

"Talk plain Sands."

"Well - then - how much is our votes worth to you?"

"How many have you got?"

41-5-233

"Well there are 25 of us as votes together usually."

"But there are 75 Negroes in the House- how about the other 50?

"O well you can't depend on them"

"You mean they won't sell out?

"Some won't in some will .Most of them is fools and is running after Tom Calhoun's beck and call. My crowd means business."

"Well Sands you come round to my house tomorrow night and we ll talk - cash."

John Reynolds went home wondering for how small a price he could buy those 25 votes,and met Tom Calhoun at the gate.

Tom was a big grey haired Negro,tall and black with a face of quiet dignity and strength,and yet he seemed always clothed with a sense of humility and a doubt as to his own strength.

"Glad to see you Tom- come in."

"No,no,Master Reynolds let me sit here."

"Nonsense come in- here take a chair. Roland you know Representative Calhoun of course. Well how's things,Tom.?"

"Poorly,poorly- we is but wandering sheep,master Reynolds herded w ither and yon,and God alone knows where we'se a going."

"Not so bad as that is it?"

"Worse, it's stealing and thieving and lying all the time and we don't know who to trust. Now Master Reynolds, there's that railroad bill of yours. I don't know nothing about railroads and I suppose its all right. Leastways I'm going to believe what you says. But I wants you in turn to vote for my bill". And Tom presented an oddly written bill to enable the satate to buy land and sell it on easy terms to the freedmen.

Reynolds smiled inwardly for he could imagine what a bonanza this meant for the thieves black and white. But a thought struck him. Was not this a way to secure Sands bri bribe without spending his own money? Of course it was so bad,but was he to hold himself responsible for this simple old Negro's guilelessness?"

"Tom" he said "this is a great scheme - leave it with me to night and I'll see you tomorrow at 10."

"God bless you,Master Reynolds",said the black man as he passed through the gate. It happened however that as he passed down the street he saw the fa familiar bulk of Sands approaching and being by no means a fool he stepped behind a tree and then followed Sands back to Reynolds gate and saw him enter. Then he returned slowly shaking his head and knittin his brows.

Reynolds received Sands with the same handshake and the same smile and placed him in the same chair.

41-5-234

Then he drew his chair up and spreading out a document said "Sands do you own any land?"

"I'se got a few little parcels here and there."

"Can you get any more?"

"Lord,yes and dirt cheap if I had the money."

"Well now Sands,I'm going to loan you $10,000 and I want you to buy up a lot of land quietly and cheaply."

!What sort of land- good land?"

"Any thing you like - but a lot of it. Then where you get a chance to sell this land I want my money back and - O well say half the profit."

Sands looked sxeptical -"You cant' sell land now adays " he commented

"Yes you can if the state buys it and if you are on the committee of purchase."

41-5-235

Sands let a slowly spreading smile creep over his fat face.

"Say- whose scheme is this."

Tom Calhoun"s He wants the state to buy land for the Negroes."

"Is his crowd going to vote for it."

"Yes."

"So's mine." chuckled Sands.

"But careful- don't be too enthusiastic. Assent to it reluctantly."

"O I knows how"said Sands.

"Well then,come down to the office tomorrow and we'll settle about buying that land." Then Sands went out. Reynolds went and bade Roland good night."Yes I've settled that dirty business" he said "these Niggers are a good-for-nothing set - either fools or rascals."

Chapter XVII.

Wealth ~~The Missing Cavalier~~.

Roland was tightening the girths on his favorite horse and John Reynolds was rubbing his hands.

"It went through easily" he said "and now,by boy,we own the indispensable link in the line from the Mississippi to Charleston,with its bonds guaranteed by the state. Its stock went up from 10 to 50 yesterday. It'l be at 75 in a week and all Carolina clamboring to buy it."

"Well,we won't sell" said Roland preparing to mount.

"I don't know" said Reynolds slyly. Roland paused in surprise -"Why I thought."

"Sh-the trunk line ought to come from the west ~~xxx~~ to Charleston as I have always said. But I've heard from Grimes and it may come from the north to Savannah. In the first case we're rich;in the second ~~xcase~~ we must sell and secure a north and south branch."

"But there is no such branch."

"No,but there's a charter granted away back in 1854."
"Who owns it?"
"The Southern Syndicate-Jones and others.
"Can't we get it?"
"Time will tell- where are you going?"
"Hunting with some fellows"and he rode off.

Now it was quite by accident that Edith Coles and Lloyd Jones and her little hound rode out in the bright afternoon and rode right in the way of the hunting party as it returned. Nor did the young beauty hesitate to recognize Reynolds although she knew that he mother and father would scarce like it for the southern aristocracy held up its nose at the carpet baggers son. But Edith,she had met him often during the last year by accident and design and learned to know him.-they talked and laughed and bantered - of hunting and harvest,of school and play,of knights and ladies, of tournament-

41-5-236

"Let's ride a torunament" cried Roland springing to the height of his insolent young manhood,and three or four others cried A tournament,a tournament" and in a trice four had gotten to horse. Of course Edith was going to give her glove to Lloyd as a favor but Roland rode quickly toner, and Lloyd courteously reined his horse and gave him precedence. So she tossed her head and smiled into Roland's grey eyes, held her glove aloft:"This shall be the prize" she said and they turned for the race. They were to run a mile down the road past a half dozen Negro cabins to the great oak and back again to where the young lady sat at the goal post.

Down the road four horses flew. The little cream pony knotted itself and shot far ahead ;Lloyd's brown horse ran evenly and swiftly with the bay close on his haunches,but Roland's great black stallion reared and snorted and pranced and loafed in the rear. Behind them all rushed Edith's blond yelping crying. So they went round the corner beyond the cabins and the girl waited ~~with~~ with bounding heart listening to the dying hoof beats -the silence- the faint chied No - yes,yes they're coming:then thundering the brown nose of Lloyd's horse with its long easy stride slipped round the corner on the inner trac,right behind him red nostrilled and snorting flew the wild stallion ofRoland and far behind the pony and the bay. Then,how did it happen? Suddenly a little half naked black child toddled into the road after a kitten. Hearingthe thunder of hoofs she turned and stopped right ,efore Lloyd's forelegs,fixing her great black eyes in solemn wonder. Edith's heart stopped. With a great twist of arm tnd body Lloyd wheeled his horse to the right and lost the race for Roland never swerved or faltered but straight over the child he

rode,his horse's great forepaw just grazing its head and smashing the k
kitten's blood and fur into the ground. The child unharmed still stood gazing mournfully at her dead kitten with two great tears in its eye ,but Roland knelt at Edith's feet and held ier glove in h s hand.

And she? In all her little life she had not been so torn with contradicting emotion;fear for human life,admiration for dare devil loyalty, respect for human thoughtfulness,conceit at victory,pity for animals,but above all subtle ~~xxge~~ joy at being prized even above - yes above life and death and subtle anger at being prized a t less than a Nigger baby. Whether she was glad or sorry at the outcome she could hardly say,yet she smiled very joyously at Roland and then looked at him thoughtfully with a wrinkle in her brow and let him ride beside her until she looked about with a little cry:

~~"Diavolo"~~."Chryeus!"

The hound was nowhere to be seen. They rode back a little distance but it was rapidly darkening.

"I know he's gone to the swamp again"she said.

"We'll take the dogs and search for him in the morning"said Lloyd.

"Yes"said Rrland quickly. "I'll ride in from the South and you from the North."

"The south entrance is pretty difficult riding."

"Better then for the better rider" said Roland jauntily and Edith looked at him and blushed.

"Then you start early- both of you and I'll ride down by the great oak at 10 in the morning and await you."

"At ten" said Lloyd.

"At ten on my fealty" said Roland sweeping a great bow and lifting his strong ruddy face towards her.

She rode home ~~thoughtfully a little~~ puzzled at the mornings doings and her mother scolded her for ier lateness. "Who were with you?" She named them only she put Roland Reynolds last.

"Roland Reynolds,the carpet bagger,Edith you are not to associate with him- I forbid it- the very idea; "but Edith shook her head and went to her father whose voice she heard in the library. Edith kissed her father and who was with him shook hands with the black man cordially.

"Good evening,Uncle Tom"then she nestled at her father's feet and listened and thought. Tom continued:

"Yes,Master Coles,Master Reynolds says he hates the land steal as much as we do. He says that he expected Sands to make something off of it but he didn't expect such an awful fraud. He sayn he's going to lead a reform movement with the best of the blacks and whites and he wants my help. Master

41-5-237

Coles this may be the truth but I doubts- I doubts. Anyways I wants to climb the thing and I wants your help. I wants you white folk,you old masters to join with us black folk and help old Carolina to have a decent government."

Coles stroked Edith's head and mused.

"The present government is certainly hopeless."

"The legislature is a den of thieves." "Many of our white leaders is selfish rascals. Most of us black men is ignorant and some scampish. If things go to the dogs we'se blamed forit - unborn children will point back to these dark days and say" 'See what Niggers did.' Scandal after scandal has followed this government - cheat after cheat - we'oe got to do something."

"Didn't I warn you against these rascals,Tom?"

"Yes you did Master Coles- you warned and my heart warned me. And yet what could I do? I knows little myself - I needs leading. They offered leadership with fair promises and you forgive me Master Coles - you offered nothing."

"You know Tom that I think the whole thing wrong that I do not believe Negroes ought to vote."

"But you did not believe in slavery,Master Coles?"

"No - that is -"

"There's no middle ground Master Coles- for God's sake stretch out your hand and help us - it isn't power,it is not money - we wants peace,Master Coles,just peace - the right to breathe and belong to ourselves,the right to own our wivesand daughters,the right to live and walk like men - won't you help us?"

Coles shook his head.

The old man still plead"Can't you advise us - what shall we do to escape from the clutches of these rascals and thieves- to escape from ourselves?"

"I can't help you,Tom. I do not know why but I can't perhaps its because of blind prejudice,perhaps it's the voice of God,perhaps it's sheer cowardice but I can't lead you black men. If you were about to die - I might die for you. But I can't live for you I can't do for you what I see with perfect clearness you need to have done for you and I can t simply because you're black and I'm white. God love you old man- you think you are suffering - I'm the real sufferer in this awful paradox - I who see and may not move,who move and may not see. All my life,all my thought is contradiction:I was born to a system I despised,yet I cannot escape it; lost I my money to save my country,

J1-S-238

then took my sword and fought for liberty when I knew it meant slavery: today with my back on slavery I despise the present liberty. It's all dar to me Tom - it's all dark and unfathomable. All my life has been twisted I loved a woman once, Tom and she loved me and yet she rode and trampled on her own heart, for the pleasure of crushing me because I hungered for light and truth, No no word!gs Tom."

The old man went in silence.

"Papp- who was the woman you loved?"

Harrison Coles started in surprise.

"Edith - why Edith of course" I had forgoten you little daughter. Never mind father's tales - get your Shaskespeare. Where were we reading?"

"Tom disappointed but dogged went straight to Colonel Jones and Colonel Jones listened. He not only listened but he treated Tom with a courtesy and consideration quite unusual. for he knew a change must come in the government and that the Negroes like Tom held the balance of power. It seemed to him that present conditions could not endure. Compromise must come and why not withTom?

41-5-239

But Irma Jones who heard the interview from behind the curtains that led to the dining room was furious. She seized Lloyd by the shoulders as he rode in from long wandering and whispered in his ear and left him white and trembling. She sent Coleonel Henry Jones across the face of the land ona along midnight mission and she herself early next morning strated for the office of John Reynolds. He and Roland had been talking sometime:

"Roland" he had said as they started down town "I've had a telegram ~~sent~~ in cipher which means: 'Western connections failed am pushing road from Norfolk to Savannah - Grimes.' "

Roland was ercited. "That meass our railroad is worthless."

"Sh" answered his father glancing around "I've notified the Southern Syndicate and I'm going to sell out to them this morning at the office at 9. You must be there. "

"But father."

"What?"

"I - I've got an engagement."

"Engagement? Nonsense. Our whole fortune is at stake. I'm going to sell out at par which will mean a clear $100,000 profit and trade in the charter for the north and south branch. This latter is of the utmost importance and you must help manipulate it. Young Lloyd Jones may object for sentimental reasons. It was his grandfather's scheme."

"He won't be there."
"So much the better"
"But father".
John Reynolds looked at him. "Whit's her name?"
"Edith Coles."
"Coles? Good! Now look here:under ordinary circumstances she would nd marry you even if she cared for you. She's a blue blooded aristocrat and y you're a carpet bagger. There's on y one chance for you and that is wealth. You let Lloyd moon today while you make a million. Then you shake a few green backs under her dainty nose."

Roland Reynolds smiled shrewdly and was just burying himself in his papers as his father looking out the window uttered an exclamation. Roland looked too. Mrs. Irma Lloyd Jones was approaching on foot and alone. Roland discretely retreated to the inner office and closed the door. To say that John Reynolds was surprised put the matter mildly - he was astonished. She represented much that he coveted breeding, social prestige, wide influence among the still powerful class of unreconstructed southerners. She had not recognized him since the war- looked coldly above his head and snubbed his wife and son. And here she came to his office. He received her warily- being coldly polite and business like, but handing her a chair in the light and then silently seating himself with coolly expectant air and looking straight at her. She did not beat around the bush. "Is it possible for us southerners to come to terms with you northerners?" she asked.

He considered. "That would depend on your demands!"he said.

"We have but one demand"she said -"the complete throwing over of your Negro allies."

"And in return for what?"

"In return for that I and my friends will work for complete alliance with you."

John Reynolds did some swift thinking. He feared a rapprochment between the Negroes and the southerners which would result in the ousting of his party. They had carried the last election to be sure but by a narrow margin ~~and~~ the help of only a few southerners like Harrison Coles and the presence of United States troops. When the troops went, what?asked Reynolds. And too he had heard that Tom Calhoun had been consulting with Colonel Jones and other southern leaders, with what success he did not know. It was a very uncertain

41-5-240

situation and John Reynolds balanced these things carefully.

"In that case I think we can agree"he said after a pause.

"You will throw over the Negroes."

"Yes,if your party treats us fairly."

"We will - it is agreed. What now shall be the first step."

He considered,watching her. "Your son might come into my law office and run for the legsilature next fall."

She hesitated and paled. "Very well- he shall" she answered and then "on your part"she bent forward "suppose you -join the Ku-Klux."

He started,thought rapidly. "I'll do it"he said.

"Very well"she arose and bowed but did not offer her hand,and departed. He watched her musingly:

"I wonder who got the best of the bargain?"he said.

Meantime Edith Coles was sitting by the great oak tapping her little hood impatiently. Of course she knew how it would turn out:Roland would come riding in with the poor little lost hound hungry and painting. He would bow and perhaps raise her hand to his lips. And she? Well how could any woman of 19 help loving a strong masterful man who did things,even if he was a carpet-bagger? Who just mrushed through the world and captured it? And Lloyd? O Lloyd was so namby-pamby- so polite,so considerate - so -"Lloyd? she exclaimed in surprise as he rode up. She looked about curiously -he was alone.

"I think Mr.Reynolds must have been detained"he said interpreting her look. She was half angry and started to speak when she noticed the bundle at his saddle bags as he dismounted and stood beside her. She bent forward.

"Diavolo?"

"Dead,"he said setting down the box which covered the dead and mangled hound. She turned away with unreasoning resentment in her heart. But as she turned she glanced at him and saw a little rivulet of blood coming down his face. She wheeled back.

"You're wounded."

"Just a scrach"he faltered "the cat came after me too."

"The cat?"

"Yes,a wild cat killed poor Diavolo."

She bent forward quickly and saw the clotted blood at the edge of the cap and the awkward binding of it. She grew pale-faltered nad slipping to the ground before he could help her she tore the sheer ruffle from her dress and sent the groom for water. He knelt beside her and she washed his curls and olive skin,and bound the cloth deftly

41-5-241

"and yet— and yet—" and her face grew strangly beautiful as she thought Lloyd —"

about the wound, touching him lightly yet lingeringly. He still on his knee bent toward her and said simply:

"I love you Edith."

And she answered ruefully "Lloyd I'm a very foolish little girl and ignorant of the world and many things - I do silly things at times I'm sure and yet my heart is good and true - and - I long to learn. And Lloyd, if you will let me I will sit beside you all the days of our lives and we two will - love and learn."

He put his arms around her and kissed her lips and the red glow of the morning shot into the glowing of her cheeks, while round about them swayed the soft lacings of sun and shade.

41-5-242

Suddenly she looked at him saucily:

"Why didn't you go and sell your railroad?"

"I couldn't - I suppose I ought to have."

"What is it you're doing?"

"A syndicate has been trying to buy back a railroad which Reynolds owns and he has at last consented to sell. We're putting all we can scrape into it, dear and trading an old franchise and if it fails I don't know when I can marry you."

"But if it doesn't fail-"

He answered with his eyes.

But she persisted "How can it fail?"

"Well I am a little uneasy - perhaps it's wrong - but why should Reynolds sell just now if the investment is safe? He says he needs ready cash and all that but - "

She looked grave :"You ought to have gone Lloyd."

And he answered "All the railroads of the land would I give for the love of one little girl."

Late in the afternoon, long after Lloyd had gone she came down and swung on the great gate in the sunset, deteriously happy and wondering how she had even hesitated or doubted. Rapid hoof beats came down the road and instinctively she knew who it was. First she strated to slip away, then all her woman's wilfulness came upon her and she climbed back on the gate and stuck a lily in her hair and whispered to herself "Six hours late, My Lord" and then aloud "Good evening, Mr. Reynolds - is not this a happy day?"

He leaped from his horse and approached in mingled trepidation and exultation.

"I'm sorry .- so sorry - I -"

She bent forward confidentially looking radiant in the sun.

"Did you beat them? she said.

He lost his head. "That we di" he cried "unloaded the whole thing at a ~~fairy~~ fancy price and got the other right of way for nothing."then he suddenly remembered that her friends were among the victims and he switched "I hope to be a rich man some day,and wealth is power. I should like to be powerful enough to help those I love."

"Yes - and will Lloyd be rich too?"

He mistook her though and chuckled.

"Hardly".

"Has he got anything left - after this?"

"Not after this deal" he said looking at her eagerly for she had never seemed so beautiful and so - so tame.

"Absolutely nothing?"she persisted,curling forward till her ringlets shaded her eyes. Again he mistook her and veered.

"O of course he's got a little something."

And do you know what that little something is?"

!Why no - what has he got?"he asked quickly.

"Me!" She whispered

And suddenly to Roland Reynolds the world was dust.

41-5-243

Chapter XVIII.

The Lynching.

Harrison Coles had changed his mind tho he hardly realized it as yet. He merely said decisively:

"I will never consent to such cowardice."

Colonel Jones seemed very angry -"Then you are ready to Africanize South Carolina,are you"he complained.

"No I am not bit I will not consent to fight barbarism by worse barbarism;to stop wrong by conniving at it - to stop stealing by murder." and looking at Colonel Jones he added slowly "Some of you who received Tom Calhoun cordially to his face are now plotting his and his followers overthrow. I refused his overtures but I id wrong -

Colonel Higby interrupted "I fear you fail to see the danger of the present situation."

"No - on the contrary I recognize it fully. We have had for four years an awful government . Today there are signs of reform. The better class of Negroes is crying for the help of decent men;the best of the carpet baggers are striving for reform. What now is suggested to us? To stand aside and hinder the better because it is not the best. To choke the progress of the very things,which we have bitterly pleaded for since

the war - it's nonsense gentlemen,it's cowardly."

"But can you not see the immense danger of this Mr.Coles"he said. "a bad Negro government is a sure guarantee of eventual white supremacy, ut a good Negro government is a menace to every white woman i n the land."

"Of course it is" growled a big rough bearded man "Why down at Beaufort we had a big black nigger judge for three years who didn't know a letter. All we had to do was to shake our fists under his nose and you bet he did as we said. It was a roaring farce. Now we've got a nigger that wears store clothes and reads books,and by God,white people are beginning to "mister" him. He knows law too and is raising hell with us farmers.".

"Well isn't he a better judge than the ignoramus."asked Coles.

" I course he is and he's a Nigger and a Nigger's no business to be a good judge - and if this one don't take warning there'll bn a vanancy in that office b y the dark of the next moon."

Harrison Coles arose. "My decision is taken,Gentlemen,I am going to call a taxpayers convention to uphold the good and denounce the bad in the present government. I want your cooperation,but with or without it,I'm going ahead." He withdrew.

41-5-244

That night all the country side was alive with riding hurrying men. They came down t he rivernide galloping softly. They flitted ghostlike along the country road,they sauntered lazily through the dimstreets. It was past midnight when Harrison Coles left the Negro school house where a group of black men had been whispering their fears to him.

"Remember" he said "I am acting for t he good of the state. I did not believe in Negro suffrage but now that it is a fact I want those of you who are men to stand up and support decent government. It will cost you something. They mean mischief,even brute force and murder." He walked slowly out the door a nd almost into the arms of a crouching figure. The man slunk sullenly away.

"Beg your pardon,sir,no harm meant -just resting - just resting."

Harrison Coles made no answer but unsheathed his p istol and cocking it,rode boldly out into the street. Passing horsemen peered at him,and as he came to the edge of town,shadows flashed quickly by him;and once one rode close to him and whispered some word.but Coles made no reply and the horsem muttering rode into the night.

The hours drew heavily on. It w s a hot dry September night. The earth was dusty,parched and brown,and sullen winds swept lazily over from the warm river. A little blue flame curled sullenly upward from the wooden porch that flanked Miss Silena's new school. It curled and dwindled,flared

and sputtered. Then it crept hesitatingly along the rafters, licked the pa paint of the columns and tasting new fuel glowed red with impatience, leapt and cracked. Silena slept, her thin hard face, careworn and unlovely, resting on a guant bended arm, and to her ears the cracking of the little flame came like the war away voice of her mother, whispering from eternity. A girl slept beside her , a beautiful dark faced girl with soft clinging hair. But she too heard nothing but the mail of a prince on horse-back, clicking his golden spurs. Down in the Negro quarter Tom Calhoun paced the floor anxiously in strange unrest. There was deviltry afoot in the night , aye, he felt it, he had seend the shadows flitting, hurrying. Was it sun-up already? it could not be! but why was the east so strangely red: it was not the east, it was the west that was red with a wierd ghostlike glow.

"Fire" he cried "come Rob" and he rushed out with beating heart. A black swathed horseman dashed by him but he avoided him. Up the street, he rand and down the hill, up again and the great red curling flames burst on his sight.

41-S-245

"It's the school" he gasped "I knew it" and he stretched every muscle. A crowd of black folk stood crushed in the square, and in their midst the crimson funeral pyre roared angrily toward heaven. Out in the fields beyond huddled the childre, all but the two whose souls on piling smoke were mounting upward to God. Out in the seared fields they stood around the slight form of one little woman, whose thin face shone white in the golden glow of the flames.

Meantime John Reynolds was waiting. That night he saw the red glow of the flames uneasily, for he knew that sooner or later the summons was coming. Violence and muder were spreading and every night the dark riders filled the fields. Frightened Negroes were hurrying to the towns, unrest and apprehension sat on men's faces everywhere and tonight when he went out late to look after his horses he was not surprised to find suddenly two black cloaked figures at his side.

"Well?" he asked coolly, looking at the two masked men.

"You will come with us, Mr. Reynolds."

"Where?"

"Never mind, the horse is saddled.!

They all mounted and rode slowly down the deserted streets and out toward the woods that bordered the city. It was a damp misty night and the stars glimmered but drowsily in the grey sky. On and on they rode saying no word but ever Reynolds caught the gleam of the pistols and felt the watchful eyes of the masked men beside him. They drew into the wood

and passed far into the deeper forest and then they halted and listened to the hooting of owls until the black motionless wood livened into dark fantastic riders. All of them grouped themselves about the prisoner in a wide circle and one said in muffled tones:

"Mr.Reynolds do you understand that southerners propose to rule the sa south."

"I do and as a southerners I propose to help them."

"Dr you know whit it means to be a southerner?"

"I think I do."

"Let us see:-it means first an unalterable determination to keep Negroes in their places- do you agree."

41-S-246

"Yes."

"And their place is not to vote but to work under white men."

"I belive that too;I did not believe it for a while,but I have been convinced."

"You are ready then to cast in your lot with us?"

"Yes."

"Swear our oaths and obey our orders?"

"I think so,so far as I understand them."

"Very well - let us see:we want Tom Calhoun tonight. He is a dangerous Nigger. What are your relations to him?"

"We have been political allies."

"And by that alliance you have thwarted our plans repaetedly."

"I did what I though was to my interest."

"Very good where are your interests now?"

"With you."

"Very well! Tom Calhoun is organizing a league of Negroes."

"I've heard so!"

"They meet tonight?"

"Possibly."

"They meet tonight!"

"Yes."

"You will lead us to the meeting."

5"Why did you not follow them?"

"Never mind, you know why- will you lead us?" A cold sweat broke over John Reynolds. He knew that these Negroes had outwitted the Ku Klux several times. ~~He~~ knew Too of their usual meeting place. Yet he hesitated. It was an awful thing to be a bare faced traitor.

"Do you intend to harm the Negroes?"

"We intend to give them their deserts."

"But do you intend to kill them?"

"No" Still he hesitated. Then he thought of his son, his wife and his plans - he glanced at the pistols - "Well - come" he said.

Slowly they rode out under the dull grey sky, their hoof beats echoing softly as they cantered along the roads toward the sea. At last they turned and listened. A wind sighed in the trees and from afar a night hawk schreeched. Suddenly some one cried "Halt" Reynolds peered around carefully - lead them further into the woods and then pointed silently ahead. A low dark cabin stood there. They knocked. No one answered. They knocked louder and Tom Calhoun opened the door and stood in the glare of a lighted pine knot. He held a rifle in his hand.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"Mr. Reynolds" answered some one.

Tom stepped out, then started, back as he saw the masked cavalcade. Then he smiled quietly.

"A wild goose chase" he said. "We knew Reynolds was a traitor - there is no meeting here, gentlemen."

A haunting sense of shame crept over Reynolds' limbs. He turned his head away and as he did a sharp report rang out - another and another, the cabin was ablaze and three saddles were empty. There was a rush and a struggle in the night.

"Kill him" somebody hissed and quickly he felt himself borne round by the horsemen.

"Take this" cried one and he seized the dangling end of a rope.

"Ride, ride like hell" cried his neighbor.

Four of them rode into the teeth of the rising wind and the rope stretched and strained behind them. The shadowy trees flew screaming by and the paleness of the dawn sat upon the ~~waters~~ tree tops. Reynolds was faint and weary - why did the rope pull and thump and strain so - he turned to look back, but a sudden horror gripped him; on he rode hatless, dishevelled, gasping; he turned again but the black horsemen wheeled abruptly to the right and he caught only a dim cloud of dark dust; then as they thundered out of the forest he turned again and saw at the end of the rope a great black dog all blood and grime and dust; and he reeled and shrieked, and saw no more.

Chapter XIX.

~~Ideals~~. The Changelings

Roland Reynolds was working with feverish energy. The new railroad to Savannah and northward was building rapidly and he was selecting

41-5-47

a ~~sight~~ site for his factories and branch roads. Manifestly this tract of land not far from the seat at Wilton Point was the most eligible but a stubborn old black woman would not sell one bit of land right in the centre. There was nothing to do but to worry her out by persecution and law suits. This was at last accomplished, and this afternoon the deeds for the whole tract lay before him. Wealth & success was ~~his~~ in his grasp & yet he was not happy. Indeed today he was particularly unhappy, for the

~~The~~ wedding invitations to the Jones-Coles nuptials were out and he was not remembered. It was bad enough to lose the girl but to be snubbed in the bargain was too much. He knew that his father had been regarded as a carpet-bagger, and nevere received by the local aristocracy even when, as a result of the visit of proud Mrs. Irma Lloyd Jones, he had turned traitor to his former associatie and helped lynch Tom Calhoun. It was a rather stiff price to pay, and the Reynolds family had looked for the doors of society to fly open to them after such a settlement. But they did not. Young Lloyd Jones went into politics listlessly for a living, and painted pictures assiduously for the loving of it; Mrs. Jones recognized Mrs. Reynolds on the street and Colonel Jones called. But that was all. And the rising young Roland Reynolds was bitterly disappointed.

41-S-248

He sat at his desk ~~in the~~ till twilight. The clerks had gone and he was about to go. And yet something held him. Twice he started and twice bitter thoughts held him back. But the third time he bent forward to rise it was a singular chanting that caught his ear-half chant- half murmur:

"Dark midnight Was the hour
"Dark midnight was the hour,
"Hear me, Jesus."

He wheeled toward the door and started involuntarily as it noiselessly opened and the forbidding face of an ancient black man peered in. He gave no greeting but tottered in with his rythmic murmuring song till he peered close into the young man's face, with his black and red eyes.

"Marse Reynolds, Marse Reynolds" he wheezed "you done turn poor old Juno into the cold. But Caesar lives. Caesar takes him. Marse

Reynolds take care - look sharp Marse Reynolds - the curse is a dropping - a-dropping!nothing can't hold it. I saw her when she made it and it's a coming."

Reynolds had recovered from his momentary surprise and was listening to the old man in half amused tolerance.

"Are wexx all acursed Uncle Caesar?"he said.

"ALL- all you white folks- you can't never amount to nothing,,you can't never die peaceful- for its a coming. Today just today-"he lowered his voice mysteriously "I done see the Shadow ship and the old dark eyed White Man acoming slow like on the water."

The old fellow with his twisted face looked uncanny in the dying sunlight and Reynolds moved as if to go - but the old man motioned with his claw-like hands-"It done begin to drop" he continued" the curse done begin to drop the night of the white and black twins."

Henry rose impatiently,for it was rapidly darkening and moved toward the door,the old man hobbling after mumbling-"the black and white twins -one was black and hes twenty-five today and nursing his old ~~mammy mother~~ and the curse is not for he;and one is white and he's twenty five today nursing old Colonel Jones - take care old Colonel - take care."

Henry Reynolds stopped shortly on the stair. He was twenty-five today himself he remembered.

"What's that you said"he asked sharply.

"Oh there's many white black folks and many black white folks and the Joneses aint the first nor the last to have 'em and there's the curse - there's the curse" and before Reynolds could speak again the old man had glided away mumbling and chanting.

All night the talk of the white and black twins ran in Reynolds' head for he remembered something his father had told long ago of trouble in the Jones home soon after his son's birth. Early in the morning he sat straight up in bed with a bitter thought in his head.

"Suppose - suppose there was something crooked in Lloyd Jones' birth-by God"and he leaped out of bed All the week he nosed about,asking hinting until from a dozenqueer bits of gossip and fact he was sure he was on the track of some mystery;and on Saturday night he sat down in his silent office and wrote on a bit of white paper

"Are you sure Lloyd Jones is a white man?" and

His he sealed it in a plain envelope and directed it.

Harrison Coles received it with his Monday morning mail.

"What's that,papa? asked Editi,curiously. But he answered evasively and went to his study. There he looked at it. Was the shadow of the old curse of the land about to fall on him again? Of course

41-S-249

it was but a miserable bit of anonymous gossip and yet - and yet - the servants old tales had not entirely escaped him before this,and if the thing was going to ve bruited abroad -absurdly untrue,as it of course was,yet the very lie might bring awful misery to him and his. He hesitated a moment and then dropped the paper into the fireplace and watched the flame.

(Read 200A here]

Chapter 20

~~Consummation~~. The End.

Martha Reynolds sat in Mrs.Harrison Coles' parlor. She had ona a very tight silk dress and shoes that pinched fearfully and she felt like an animate gasp.

41-5-251

"Colonel Jones' sudden death was very sad"said Mrs.Coles.

"Yes indeed- he was a true southerner"said Mrs.Higby.

"Yes"Mrs.Coles admitted "but not of course of our best blood."

Whereat Mrs.Higby was made slightly uncomfortable.

"You were not at the picnic"she said turning to Mrs.Reynolds.

"No,I was making bread -"

"Making bread?asked Mrs.Coles in surprise.

"Yes the sponge was just ready."

"You don't mean to say - where were your maids?"

"Maids,oh,the girl - why - I , I always make my own bread -mother always did."

Mrs.Coles merely said "Oh!"but she contrived to put several remarks into that monosyllable.

"Besides"said Mrs.Reynolds "our girl- such a good,neat and obliging girl she was - had a terrible accident - fell out the window that very day and broke her hip."

"How careless"said Mrs.Coles. "but we shall all be glad to call on Mrs.Grimes and her daughter"she said as Mrs.Reynolds arose "I have heard my husband speak of the late Mr.Grimes frequently."

So all the city aristocracy called on the rich widow and her slim shy daughter and learned with interest of the engagement of the young lady to Henry Reynolds.

"They'll be the richest family in Carolina"said Colonel Higby to Mrs.Jones.

"Yes"she answered listlessly.

"Reynolds himself is a millionaire"said another "and the Grimes' are even richer."

"It will be a great thing for the section-how did Reynolds make his

Meantime Roland Reynolds walked thoughtfully home, with wrinkled forehead and whispering lips. Either Harrison Coles would heed that note or - ignore it. If he ignored it, what then? There were the newspapers. But for that he would need some tangible proof- some documentary evidence. H'm. He sat silently through supper abstractly eating under his mother's anxious gaze. Afterward out on the porch he cautiously sought to open the subject with his father, but his father seemed unwilling. A suspicion shot through Roland's head. Perhaps his father knew more than he wanted to tell him. What harm would it do to glance through some of the old papers in the safe? He smoked silently for a while and then went off to bed. When all was still he came down again and rummaged in the safe. There were certificates of stock on the Glennworth Mackay plantations, agreements with Galesburg and Grimes, business letters from Colonel Henry Jones; he looked them through eagerly but there was nothing - yes there was one soiled and crumpled note. He unfolded it and read it. Slowly he walked up stairs and sat down before his mirror and stared at his face. The nose and lips were large, the skin white and freckled, the hair red, crisp and curly.

41-5-250

The note said:

"Mr. Henry Reynolds:-

People that steal Nigger babies from the south had better not adopt them. Look at your brat's hair and nose.

A Friend."

Slowly Reynolds read the note again and then he slowly tore it up.

[Back to page 200]

41-5-252

money?"

"By stealing and lying and slavery,"said Mrs.Jones and the others were silent.

"He had had the contract for convicts during many years"said Colonel Higby at last.

"Happy man"sighed a youngster "that is better than a gold mine."

All this time the happy man was walking down by the sea.

Yes he was rich at last,very rich. See there were his land disappearing on the horizon. This was his check book and here the balance. But he was restless. He had just quarrelled with Martha.

"Silena? Silena the Nigger teacher,to Hesry's wedding? Of course not - what would the Joneses say - what would Mrs.Coles say? Nonsense. You must drop Silena forget her. We're up in the world now!"

And he turned fretfully from the old dumb suffering in Martha's eyes and walked down town.

His son rode by and stopped:

"Where's the bride?said the father forcing wild gayety into his tones.

"I left her up there - she's got no sense and she's homely as a bit."

"Sh! she's rich as Croesus you fool."

"Yes but God! father just think of her beside Harrison Coles' daughter,whom Lloyd Jones has married."

"The penniless fools."

"Yes pennniless - but I'd give more for a breath of that girl's nostrils than for -

"Hush -hush for God's sake boy - don't you see your future!this land will yet be one of the richest on earth and you can be the richest in it - you can -

"What?"

"Well what more do you want?"

"O nothing I reckon -- good night."

John Reynolds turned and followed the rider afar with bowed head, stumbling as though drunk,drunk with pale wine of the world. Something was wrong - every thing was wrong. He saw his son ride into the back gate, but he himself went groping along the path through the old field in the gray dusk of day,thinking. Dreaming of Canaan,of Crimes, of Jones of - he shuddered and tried to forget - yes of Tom,of great black Tom,until slowly at his very side Tom rose and stood. He saw his great black bulk against

the west;he saw the glittering gun barrell just as on that night - he strove to speak whispering,,pleading,"Tom,tom!" and then in great flash and roar he fell headlong in the path.

How long he lay there he never knew. But when he tottered to his feet in the black night he was an old man,very,very old.a And always,ever after there were shadows creeping about him- great waving shadows:shadows that shut out his vision,shadows that slipped across his speech and made him forget in mid-sentence,shadows,and nets and twines and when for a space the shadows lifted his brain blazed with piling struggling thoughts.' He saw everything,knew everything,lived agtin the turmoil of the day, the week,the lengthning years. Then the shadows would ~~rise~~ gather again and drift and fall -always everywhere shadows even on that night when he looked at Martha across the murdered body of their son.

41-5-253

Tonight a neighbor passed him as he staggered onward toward the roaring of the sea.

"Good night,Mr.Reynolds."

Good night - good night - all nights were good like this and all were hateful. See there sat an old woman on the porch - as old as he was and older,who was she? he seemed to know her but the shadows - ah well. Her face was bitter and hard and white and she saw something yonder beynd the dark tossing sea. Was it the something x the great intangible Something that all his life he had missed? True he had not searched for it as he might but now and then he had searched when the quest of Gold gave time, but he had never found it - should never find it,for it had fled afar. What was it? Involuntarily he found himself stretching his hands, his old worn hands,doubtingly against the setting sun. A couple passed him with twined arms walking toward the sounding sea,and behind them a great song arose and swelled across the tossing waters and echoed back again. He stopped and listened,the staggered upward from the sea and toward the setting sun and all was red and dark and black save yonder where, gleamed a woman's bitter eyes staring white-faced at the white-faced sea.

The Omen.

On the great cape that beetles with black brows above the northern waters sat an old man with twined arms and head between his knees. Great windswept snows lay on the land,and green and glistening ice told of the bitter cold that slept in those cold waters. Bleak and bare lay all the world,andthe pale rays of the rising sun glittered and froze in the tall thin throated pines.

Yet on the Indian came whirling has frail canoe inward from the west and gathering his blanket closely about him,and onward crept a thin and scarred half-frozen hound upward from the east. The old man looked upon them both with dull unhappy eyes. The hound whined and whimpered at his feet searching, searching in the ice,and the Indian threw himself prone upon the ice covered ground and lay there staring at the sky. The old man said sorrowfully:

"So soon,so soon,my son? The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." In the brown face of the prostrate man a blue pallor struggled and fought. He spoke thickly and with pain:

"Life is a lie"he said.

"Calling for truth"murmured the old man and slowly he hid his face again between his knees,while ever the blond and limping beast walked between the two,in and out,up and down,forward and back with his nose in the ice,his red eyes glazed,searching,searching.

"The world is ugly"continued the Indian.

"Wanting beauty"returned the old man.

"Men's deeds are evil."

"Seaching for good."

The young man was silent but the old man continued solemnly:

"For truth that speaks no,Beauty that will not see,for idle Goodness, there was in that world,is in this,and will be in the world to be,no goal but Death."

And suddenly the rigor of death shook the dark frame of the prostrate freezing man. Great white flakes of driven snow filled the heavens swirling,circling and gathering themselves into one great fleecy cloud;then they dropped gently like a vast unwoven pall above the bier.

41-S-254

Book 3 pp. 204-304

41-5-255

Book III.

The Seat of the Scornful.

The Seat of the Scornful.

Chapter I.

~~The Coming of~~ Freedom.

All the dark lowlands were sleeping. The solemn oaks dipped to the gloomy waters and a wild bird frightened from her nest rose and shrieked in the darkness circled in the air then settled to her sleep again. But the boy whom her shrill cry had wakened, started from his dreams sat upright in his bed and turned fear struck eyes toward the sea. Within the cabin all was dark and still save a dying gleam in the fireplace and a sound of breathing. The little boy hearkened - how the sea roared like a great Voice! What was it saying? What were those little answering whispers and whence that glowing in the outer blackness? A slow dim terror crept and trembled in his limbs; his dry lips could not speak but he strained with his eyes out the great dark door. See a flaming sat upon the midnight waters, and round it- yes, round it- rode the dark shadow of a shadowy ship, sailing swinging hurrying; and above it swirled a face, a great dark awful - "Mammy", wailed the child Mammy-mammy- mammy! he shrieked is an ecstacy of terror till two great soft arms came out of the night and held him and a voice crooned:

"There, honey, there; it's all a drema, nothing shall hurt mammy's child."

When the child awoke again the sun was streaming across the waters. He wakened his older sister and whispered to her and together in their scanty night gowns which scarce covered their smooth dark flesh, they stepped to the kitchen where the mother was durrying to and fro and singing softly:

"Mammy" said the boy "I dreamed Momm Dett got me, last night".

Ever and again such dreams come through long long years. But one mother Juno had paused in the doorway with a great white cloud of clothes from the Big House. They were big children then, the girl 14 and the boy 11.

"Hush" cried the mother "Hark!"

It was the Christmas of 1862 the week of the Christ Child. Up throught the chill of war on the last night of the old year and the first of the new had risen a new strang Peace and far away along the waters and down from the rolling hills came a new song, a song of freedom. It came down through the streets of the crowded cities and all the city rushed into the streets; it echoed in the great hills and the men of the

41-S-256

mountain hushed their voices and looked thoughtfully into the valleys below. Far down the valleys, down where the blue sea was talking and telling its world old tale, there by a thousand twinkling camp fires came tie new Song and two thousand black men rose and yelled cheered again and agaian and cheered the echo. All through the land rang that wild cheer and the soul of a black nation awoke. Had a black man dreamed a dream of happiness? That night that dream came true. Had a black woman dreamed of a child that was hers and hers alone? that night it leaped in her breast. Had a father dared to hope toown his chlidren? that night they were his. The girl who yesternight owned not even her body, tonight slept mistress of both body and soul. O it was a glad night, the gladdest night four millions ever saw, and ever they shouted and cired and prayed and sang and the sound of the ir sing ng was as the sounding singing of the four voiced winds.

41-5-257

This was the sound that Juno and her children heard that early morning of the New Year and they paused and poised themselves agog:

A man rushed running by -

"What's the matter" asked Juno.

"We'se free" crind the man.

"We'se free" shouted the surging crowd of women and girls, and an old woman hobbling painfully seaward turned toward her with streaming eyes: "We'se free."

Juno sat still and the children looked up into her face. "No" she thoaght "this was not the freedom she had dreamed of. Once she too would have welcomed freedom with songs and tears but now why should she be free since He was far away. With him would come freedom, without him, the chains hung thick and close about her soul. The day flew wildly by and at nightfall the children hung about the mother:

"Mammy who's Tom?" said ~~xxx~~ Mary, the girl - Juno looked at her.

"Who told you of - Tom?" she asked.

"You just said "Tom, my Toc" and at night you prays for him and in your dreams he comes and talks to you."

She looked at them thoughtfully, then gathered them close in her arms.

"Tom's your pappy" she said.

The children paused. The mrther hummed an old strange tune. Then Robert said timidly:

"Mammy, where's pappy?"

Juno sang slower and more slowly-then the taers came creeping.

She rose quickly and went back to the ironing paused over it a moment, then grasped the irons sturdily and they flew over the white linen.

"Pappy"s gone"she said. "Pappy's gone and left us - but he'll come again some time,some long time. My God done promised me and oh - he must come."

"Why did he go mammy?"

"Shall we know him- did he look like me mammy?"

"O,he was high and great and pretty. Smooth and black and stronger than everybody. When first I saw him standing in the young cotton field with his great arms and sweet eyes,my lesh went all a tremble for I knew my man had come,my own man. Yet Celia wanted him and Celia was yellow and witching. I saw her tempting him once as he took her across the great lagoon under the tortuous shadows of the trees;she leaned toward him and put the spell of her eyes across im and he looked at her puzzled-like. O I was mad with jealousy I was crouching in the slimy underbrush and they glided almost within my touch and then disappeared. I was but a girl and I ran home in wild tears and Momm Bett saw me. (She fell silent and the hot irons raced acrss the cloth.)

41-S-258

"She didn't beat me that night."

"Did Momm Bett used to beat you,Mammy?"

"Yes"(with a shudder.)

"Were you a naughty girl?"

"I expect so - I ex ect so - but this night she looked at me with curious eyes and said abruptly'Do you want him?' You see she was a Wonder Woman andknew everything."

"Yes - yes,Mammy,we knows."

"So I crept on my knees before her and told her I wanted nothing on earth like I wanted him. That without him I would die - that I would creep to the slimy lagoon and drink death. She smiled her awful smile and then (the irnos moved slowly over the clothes and beads of sweat rose on the yellow forehaed)then she worked the witchery."

"How did she do it mammy?"

"How did she?"

"Hush boy"cried the woman with a frightened glance. "Hush -this night he came and sang a song before the door with his banjo. Momm Bett brought him in and married us then by the ways of her fathers with blood and salt and song. The next day we went up to the Big House and he asked Master Lloyd for me and Master Lloyd laughed and said "S "Sometime,sometime" for he did not like to have his folk marry off the place. But Momm Bett came and whispered to him then the wedding was set for the next week. It was the month of blossoms and oh,the

world was beautiful. Colonel Jones had just come back from Mexico and with him - with him - Evil came,and pappy Tom beat me and ran away."

"Was you naughty mammy-"

"Yes - your mammy sinned -but she didn't mean to God knows she didn't and then Celia witched Tom and the witchery's still a working."

"Asd if you ask God to forgive you -"

"Didn't I ask - O Jesus - haven't I begged you but you won't hear -but there then. Your pappy went awy but sometime he'll come again- he must come for till he comes I can't die."

Then she and the children fell a weeping and the wind sighed in the trees and the shadows lengthened across the billowy rice fields. A wildness creeps into the mother's eyes and her fingers twitch."

"It's bed time-"she says hurriedly.

"O mammy'tt's hardly dark. Let us stay up and talk more about papy." But the mother hurried them off to bed and seizing her irons again worked swiftly almost fiercely far into the night.

41-5-259

Chapter II.

Momm Bett.

A little boy sat on Colonel Jones' fence swinging his legs. He was perhaps seven years old and looked a symphony in brown - yellowish brown of face,with flying light brown hair,dirty dark brown trousers hitched up with dingy strings - a ragged neutral tinted shirt and muddy red brown feet and legs. All this coloring he was engaged in heightening with bright orang persimmon juice - devouring the luscious little golden bulbs greedily and whistling lustily between.

"Get out of there you little scamp"yelled an angry voice "I'll break your neck if I catch you in those persimoons again." The boy measured the distance of the oncoming owner warily,grabbed another handful of the fruit and dove with incredible swiftness into the underbrush,wriggling,screwing,slipping flying across the fields until with a whoop and a swing of his old felt hat he landed in the limbs of a great black oak at the edge of the cotton field. Finding that the pursuit was not pressed,he finished the persimmons,licked his hands and looked about for further adventure. Beneath this long accumulated layers of dirt his face was almost beautiful but it was spoiled by a precocious sharpness slyness and restlessness. It seemed as if the little body was tingling with pent up energy and the keen mind quivering and sparkning every minute- and over all hung a furtive watching for blows and yells,a preparedness for missiles and oaths and a mocking,mischievous sense of ability to triumph over and laught at a

hrstile world. No sooner had he finished his persimmons and spied the land out with his great shining black eyes,than he shook out his tangled hair and dove again to the ground and in a moment he was moving stealthily among the big green striped waterme lons that lay in the field beyond the cotton. He tapped the melons carefully,cocking his head aside and had just chose a big ripe melon ~~xxxxxxx~~ when he heard a furious barking and saw a big brown dog Hashing across the fields. It was a long pull to the nearest tree and he measured the distance carefully. Then with the melon under one arm and a big stone in either hand he fairly flew acrss the field. It was a race that made the angry planter stare in astonished amusement. The dog skimmed silently with head down and in great skipping curves. The boy ran like a deer clasping the melon. Once when the dog was almost on him he turned and sent a stone straight at the brute's eyes and the dog leaped aside and started again,but before he had dodged the second stone. the boy, melon and all had wriggled like a cat up the tree and squatted on a branch. The dog rushed boldly up and the boy bent over and waited. Just as the dog was directly under him he suddenly threw the big melon straigt at his head. It hit him squarely in the eyes and the astonished animal turning with a fild yelp of surprise and pain turned and flew back across the field like a streak. The boy watched and rested a bit. Then climbing cautiously down he gathered up the fragments of watermelon ate tde juicy meat carefully and threw the rinds at the birds that hovered near.

41-5-260

Then he started carelessly across the fields tramping on the young cotton and whistling merrily.

"You better get out of that cotton boy"cried a girl across thefield.

"If you don't Momm Bett'l get you"added the boy.

The urchin stopped whistling and stared at Juno's two children.

"Who Momm Bett?"he asked.

"She gets bad children" answered Mary.

"Iumph"naid the boy"I ain't afraid of no -- "

"What's that?"said a gruff voice :they all turned and saw Uncle Caesar behind them. He was a curious bent black man,his hair white as snow and bushy,his beard scanty and scraggly. Sharp snappy black eyes twinkled in his head and his face was folded and seamed, wrinkled and forbidding. He glided along slowly bent half double with great brass rings in his ears and mumbling always some unintelligible jargon. The children always half feard him and shrunk from him,yet he had a fascination and could hold them spellbound with his black eyes when he would. Today he seemed so minded. He looked at them sharply till they began to slide off. And even the wild urchin shrunk. Then he chuckled and searched in his great polkets until he brought out a

grimy paper and in it a great piece of striped candy. The children's eyes grew big but they hesitated.

"Is you good children?"he asked.

"Yes,sir."

He turned suddenly to the urchin:

"No you ain't -you name Hal -you runs away and steals and lies and if you don't watch out Momm Bett'll get you."

Hal looked uncomfortable but he asked stumdily:

"Who Momm Bett?"

And the other children.

The older children looked at each other. The idea of anyone's not knowing Momm Bett. They had heard the talk from their cardle and yet it was ever wonderful - ever new.

"Tell us about Momm Bett,Uncle Caesar."

The old man eyed them.

"What you know arout Momm Bett?"he asked. He always said that.

"Mammy tell us things sometimes."

"Go way- your mammy don't know nothing about Momm Beet - I knows- I knows all about her but I won't tell all,nobody could tell all. She was a Wonder Woman."

The children crept neaer. "Tell us something,"they pleaded.

41-5-261

He crouched in the cotton patch and swayed and mumbled and this was the tale he told,only he used curious language which the writer has straightened:

"Momm Bett,Greatest of Wonder Women,came in the year of the great Comingywhen the doors were open and Africa, he Black Land poured suddenly -like upon us and Charleston harbor was black with slaves. This was the way she come. It was red night,hot red night when lights was a-flashing in the north. Just after the hot sunset come a great hailing out at sea - a sudden madfull wind went a-sweeping by with black clouds and lights flew up and down up and down in the east. Then at last the big crowds on the wharf heard a whistling and a great dark ship old,older than anything staggered around the bar from the south with torn sails aflapping,rushing like a devil fiend,and crunching and tearing as she hove up. There was a strange creeking and tearing of ropes;black coated and goopher-looking men walked about." Then Uncle Caesar rose and gesticulated and told how their master had hailed the crowd in some strange tongue that none understood. At last an old hermit from the mountain,he that was half haft and wandered about silently,heard and answered the jargon. It seems the strange folk had been making for a far off land around some goodly cape. There long beat back by eastward storms they had struck a sudden east wind which threw them

violently westward till starving and thristy they had made with difficulty this harborp All this men doubted for they had seen no storms; still when they offersd a slave cheap for food food and water men hurried forward to bargain. An old white bearded man with cavernous eyes brought her ashore. And Uncle Caesar said in low rapt tones:"No sooner does I see her than I knows her. She was a queen and one of the Wonder Women. I creeps upon my face. But they white folks they only saw a black woman,six feet high,willow like and straight as a pine with a mess of puffed bushed hair. A white man started toward her but she looked at him and he crept away. Another grapped her arm but she seized him quick and threw him ten feet along the docks and the crowd roared. Then her eye falls on old Master Lloyd- He was young then,scented gay and pretty,and she beckoned him. He came over luaghing and offered the old man a thousand dollars for the Wrnder Woman. The grey-head looked strangexx at Lloyd and took the money. The black woman smiled right into his big black eyes,waved her hand at the shadow of the ship and followed old Master into the darkness.

41-5-262

"Ha,ha (the old man chuckled)she was a wise woman very wise. But there were some things I knew and everybody knew and she didn't. She was so wise about big things,she didn't know nothing about lots of little things. She thought she was going to be DeCoursey Lloyd's chief wife and queen- slave of course as all wives are slaves,but chief slave and ruler by her cunning and her conjure. And indeed for a time - you better believe - she was. Far off beyond the rice fields in yonder half dead cabin,she sat and queened over the young fooland he seemed love-mad with her. It was a pretty yellowish brown child- your mammy that came to them there and they sat aside each other and sang to it and to the sea. Then men began to talk - leastways women.

" 'It's shameful' " they said.

" !A Lloyd of Carolina.' "

" 'He's no account and fast. ' "

" 'We must save him.'"

"Xx xxxx xxx " 'He must be married to some big white woman.'"

"So they talked and whispered until at last ~~weary of this toy and~~ when he was tired a-playing and a-feared and shameful of his life he took a pale doll from the country and made a proud wedding.

"And then ah,then,rose the real Wonder Woman. She turned on him sudden-like as a snake creeps to a toad. They says the sea that night was red and the whistling wind echode on it. She struck him across his face - do you mind the scar of his right forehead -no,no you'd all too young - well only his dodging save him that hot night. And then she sent for me.. I was his man then and had dared raise eyes to her

the Queen thinking to come by her as I came by his cast of clothes. Bah!she slapped me to the earth and ~~spurned~~ spit on me and ~~there~~ always after I was her dog and she the Qu en. It was midnight,midnight,no moon,no star when we two went out together on the shore. One of the mad storms as a muttering in the southeast and the wind was chill. We lighted a circle of fire on the black beach,till it covered her high form and waved a d fanned about her. Then she led the witchery and at her feet I begun to learn the secrets of the earth - the voice of spirits,the charm of snakes,the conjure of herbs -not all then,O no, but beginning then and after bit by bit in years and years. Then I learned but first bits and lay flat on the earth ~~in~~ scared, still ~~silence~~ while in the circling flame she cursed DeCoursey Lloyd and his doll and their children forever and aday. Then she cursed the land and the sea. God!it was ~~xx~~ awful - I sweats and I trembles when I remember the muttering hunder and muttering woman,the air aflashing with lightning, and hate,the darkness and the flame and the mist-ful bending woman. This land? these white folks? They can't never be nothing,they can't never prosper,they are accursed and I heard the curse. Hasn't it come true?"~~x~~he said lowering his voice mysteriously "Didn't old Master live scared all his life and die of a ntrange thing,didn't his proud-faced daughter run away and marry a scamp,didn't their child"he stopped cuddenly "Listen (he said as the children's eyes widened and their breath came quicker) "Listen:the day old Lloyd deied ashrieking and ascreaming for HommBett -that night Colonel Jones went across the rice fields to whip Homm Bett for her conjuring. He even dared to raise the snaky thing against her but beforeit touchied her monstruos form there came awhistling tearing wind from the south and round the bar shot a big old black ship all flaming. And from it before it touched the shore a white-bearded man,old,older than the sea itself beckoned and Homm Bett was gone and she left only a red ~~glowing~~ shining on the sea."

41-S-203

The old man stopped and sat staring rapt. They watched him breathless,catching his meaning only here and there yet dreaming confused things of ships and wonderful women.

Suddenly Uncle Caesar rose and said as he always did "What you all adoing heah?"~~X~~ It's most noon - your mammy wants you - go."

They rushed away fearfully,running across the low black land until they were out of Uncle Caesar's sight. Then Hal halted:"I don't belive nothing about no Homm Bett and shadow ships"he declared studily But the other children drew back from the blasphemer in horror and left him standing thereywhile they hurried from him talking rapidly,pointing gesticulating;for their world differed from his:Robert,brown and

sturdy lived ever in a world of dreams,worshipping the deeds of HMomm Bett,and Mary, his elder sister a frailer and more delicate,lived in a wierder web of mystery striving inh her half-grown way at the curious heart of things. Ever the two children hovered over the tale of the witch woman,till it was their play and their dream,their solemn thought and the inspiration of their work,as the sea swept harder over the grey and twinkling islands and the winter mists gloomed the air.

41-5-264

Chapter III.

The Incantation.

Juno was waiting. As the night advanced she listened,going often to the door and peering out. At last she dropped her irons wearily and paced to and from wringing her hands until she heard the shuffle of footsteps before the door and a low knocking.

"Uncle Caesar"she said looking at him in suppressed excitement. He growled gruffly and crouching by the fire relapsed into silence watching the flame. She hovered about him clasping and unclasping her dark hands.

"He's alive" he said. She gave a great sob and sank into a chair. The children turned uneasily in their sleep. The old man started. Then raising quickly he stepped to the bed and raising the sleeping boy lifted him high and held him up where the north star blazed through the little window. He ppered darkly into the ark ness but the mrther singing to her knees cried"The chlid,O God,the child"and the half awakened boy whimpered to the night. The old man shook his head.

"Nothing,nothing"he mumbled and he laid the child slowly in his cot again.

"Can't you bring him back?"wailed the woman.

"He's with Celia"he said.

"Kill her" she cried fiercely starting up. "Kill her,conjure her,he's mine"and her voice wailed away into tears. He said nothing but crouched again on the hearth. She bent fearfully over him and saw before him a little waxen figure,black and misshapen. He threw an evil glance over his shoulder.

"She is sick"he said.

"Kill her"came the bitter answer.

He drew a long sharp needle from his coat and heated it in the flame. Then he began to murmur - a faint low mumbling noise - like the crooning of some vast and wandering soul far far away - wierdly and mysteriously chanting its ancient mysteries.

He stuck the needle into the wax and drew it out poising his head and listening.

"Did you hear it?"he asked.

"No she whispered. "Again,again,deep!"

He muttered long and waved his arms and then again he plunged the needle deed into the wax and whirled it.

41-S-265

41-5-266

A low moan seemed to drift down the wide fireplace. She laughed low and wildly and urged him on.

"Hurt her "she panted "Hurt her to death."

He leaped to his feet and bared his withered black arm.

"Her blood's on you and over you" he growled and bending raised the red hot needle, plunged it way through the wax, twisted it and turned it. The woman danced and quivered. He paused again.

"Kill her" she cried with a half stifled scream that started the children in their dreaming. Muttering low and waving his hands he kept plunging the hot needle into the softened wax and whirling it and working it till the black mass quivered and settled and spread into a dark splotch on the stone hearth and as it flattened and frose the door flew suddenly open and there drifted in a faint sharp cry as from afar.

Whence came the cry? Surely from the northward. Perhaps from up yonder where the pink curlews were circling on the dim coast; perhaps it echoed further from the rolling highlands of the north state or from the high walled valleys or even drifted with the silences of the night far down Virginian vales, perhaps. But the strange old man whispered in after years that the death cry came from a thousand miles away, far up there where a great dark city slept in its great thick walls.

Up where the walls were thickest and darkest ~~and there~~ in a dark cellar-like basement, Celia Jones lay sleeping. The night was hot and close and the brown body of the woman lay half covered as she tossed and murmured uneasily and the threw out her arms. The damp fetid breath of the slums came lazily down the area way heavy with the midnight footsteps of passing men. Suddenly her body stiffened: the tense muscles and quickened breath showed the hold of some fearful dream. Her lips parted and a little fluttering moan trembled forth. Then she moved and for a moment sank into more natural sleep, only again to be seized by the horror of the nightmare. She groaned in terror. Without came a faint low ~~murmuring~~ rumbling ~~as of a great voice chant~~ like the crooning of some vast & wandering soul ~~its~~ far far away, weirdly & mysteriously chanting its mysteries, it grew ~~into the sound of many voices and the rushing~~ it swelled & roared, shattering itself into a frenzy of yells a babel of voices & the rushing ~~and shouting~~ of men. Torches flashed, windows crashed and women screamed. Still Celia lay asleep held viselike ~~with~~ by the dreamed terror; her hands gripped the flesh, the sweat bubbled on her forehead until with a low tremulous scream of horror she leapt to her feet wide-waking, and peered with dazed eyes upon the surging street.

Tom Calhoun was hurrying home late at night. He had been helping Mary and Silena dismantle the house preparatory for sailing south early in the morning. He walked warily for already earlier in the day the draft riots had broken out and were sweeping the city when a thunder storm cleared the streets of its human vermin. Tom felt a little uneasy for Celia ~~down there to the Negro quarter and the more so for the ominous noises that the night brought to him.~~ down there in the Negro quarter, and the more so for the ominous noises that the night brought to him. The tumult increased. Faster and faster he walked then ran, but just as he reached the corner of his alley he saw the flare and heard the roar of the rioters. Houses were burning and the black inmates were running and screaming. Evidently he could not reach home this way. He ran back and hurried through another way. Again he met the mob crying.

"There's a Nigger - catch him, killhhim."

All night he dodged and doubled, hid and strove to get to his home. It was in vain, until the pale sun whitened the great dark walls of the city, and the drunken crowd crept home. Then Tom hastened home, but there where then basement room was, lay now only a dark hole, a heap of ashes and a few white bones.

Sick at heart and weary to staggering, Tom set out to get his dray, for it was already time to see to the starting of Martha and Silena. He found his head bleeding, why he did not remember, but hastily binding it up, he hurried to the stable.

41-5-267

What happened then he never knew clearly. He remembered vaguely her dark dead face, the prancing horses and the dray. He remembered the ride with Martha and Silena to the wharves, the whirling through the streets; he remembered the glancing and gleaming of the sunlight on the great glass windows; the hoarse roar of voices, the swinging of great doors and then

What had happened? A great drowsiness, a half misty consciousness lay on him and the bed where he lay seemed rising and falling. The room how strange it was, so small so - then he fell to dreaming. He awoke again in the darkness and the words of Celia were ringing in his ears. O if she could have seen his riven soul. He had loved Juno in all the wild untrained strength of his young manhood. He had worshipped her from afar, watching her twirling feet and her proud young curled crowned head. When she passed by, his heart was still. And then in his diffidence and despair came her wierd strange mother, saying: "Go to her, she loves you." Ay, for one short year the world grew rich and glorious, wanton in flower and fruit. He remembered afterward that sometimes in their mad happiness her eyes grew fear-struck and she clung ao him terrified - the shadow of wanton weakness, he had said in his awful bitterness. The child was born, the bonnie nut brown girl that cooed and called to him. And then - then what was it? How the rooms rolls and

41-5-268

that - why that was like ahe breath of the sea.- Yes they sent him away on the far off sea islands with a gang of men. He could not take his wife and baby. They were not his, they belonged to Colonel Jones. But they promised to buy their freedom while he was away and then they could live together on one plantation. Blithely he had rushed back from the sea. It was long after midnight but he ran across fields to his wife and baby and hurrying on he had met Celia and her devil's tale. He had thrown her from him with a curse and rushed blindly on. He had burst in to the cabin. Juno rushed to him with a glad cry and a new-born child in her arms, a dark brown boy but he cursed her and she shrank crouching, trembling before his awful face. The words were drowned in his blazing anger and she, what had she said cowering there is ashen trembling - "I -I couldn't help it - I didn't know - He was my master." No!no! Celia had told the truth, it must have been the truth. God, how he struck her till the babies shrieked and the woman had sat dumb and speechless. The overseer rushed on him but Tom, he remembered how he had thrown out his hand and with a sickening crackle of bones the slave driver went to his long home. Then blindly he turned toward the fields and ran whither - he knew not, cared not. The fresh dew of morning fell like gentle balm on his parched and glowing skin. He sped across the fields in a great circle bending low and running easily in great long strides with his head thrust forward like a hound's . And the cry of hounds rose behind him faintly, surely nearer and nearer, his breath came in great gasps. No he could run no further. Beyond him swayed a woman and two little children. He would call her - no it looked like Juno - was it she or her spirit? An old bridge sat beneath the oaks and above a silent black stream, he dodged under it, ran up the waters a bit to throw the scent and then quickly with al last spurt doubled back on the Beaufort road. In vain a white horseman sat on the road and with a crash he fell headlong in the under brush. and lay panting as the hounds and horse men swept by.

41-5-269

The sea air - the wild sweet air, how sweet it was and how plain t at face, the face of the silent staring horseman in the road. It was an interesting face - a sharp face - a vacillating face but not a good face.. But there was a good face beside it in after years - a face of

sorrow and timide dread of goodness, pure goodness, sweet like the great fair hills where it was born. He turned uneasily and felt the twinge in his side and looked dreamily into Martha's face. Strange that she should be here and where was Here - was he dreaming - why.-

"There, Tom, you're better now don't rty to move lie quietly."

"Where am I" he asked vaguely "I'se been dreaming of the South and the sea and the days, the black days of long ago - I - I smell the sea- surely I smell the sea."

"Yes, Tom we're on the water."

"On the water, on ship board - how did?"

"You were hurt in the riot Tom."

"O yes, yes, I remember now - I remember , poor Celia."

"O heavens Tom, is she left behind?"

"No, she went first, she's dead - where are we going?"

"To South Carolina, Tom, to Wilton Point."

"Wilton Point -Beaufort - He half rose in excitement then fell back and closed his eyes with a sigh. "Wilton Point" he murmured. Wilton Point."

41-S-270

Chapter IV.

War ~~Fort Wagner.~~

"We want no green recruits" said the captain.

"I know the manual" answered Tom. "I drilled with a squad in New York ~~at Yonkers~~

"Fall in" came the command and Tom Calhoun joined the black regiment on James Island where the boat first hove to . It was the morning of the sixteenth of July, 1863 and the black soldiers were already stirring as the new recruits marched into camp.

An eager spirit of expectation and unrest lay on the camp. Already they had waited years and days for this opportunity. Last night they had stepped forward with their pickets peering in the gloom and then fell slowly backward. But today, this very night the movement was to begin. Charleston lies by a cluster of islands and waters forme by the great harbor and by the old ~~the~~ Stone river where Cato of Stono, the first black rebel, lived. Here Carolina like a great mouth bites the eastern seas. On the tip of her ~~the~~ tongue lies ~~is~~ Charleston itself. In her ~~its~~ great upper jaw is Fort Moultrie, ~~and~~ between

its teeth is fateful Sumter, while its heavy lower jaw makes James Island. Over the jaw like lips slip Folly and Morris Islands. On Morris Island lay a fort, a low black heavy fort, Fort Wagner, and thither waved the black mass waiting on James Island ~~was to go in force~~ looked on grim longing. The night was drifting slowly out to sea when six thousand shadows moved across the ugly marshes of James Island; great sloughs of mud yawned before them, sullen dark waters rushing swollen streams and broken dykes. Thick sombre trees watched them silently and dipped their moss swept limbs deep into the mysterious black water. Serpents hissed and twined beneath their feet and wild birds screamed: yet all the long night, voiceless, breathless they slipped and struggled toward the sea. Just as the faint grey dawn tinged the lowering hurrying clouds, they stepped on Morris Island. Afar lay the grey dull walls of Fort Wagner sleeping silently.

41-S-271

As the soldiers halted suddenly the air grew thin and chill, the far off muttering of thunder shook the morning hush and the sea flashed and roared and foamed. It was as if nature hesitated to let these black men go even as their leaders hesitated and whispered and glanced. The storm started from the face of the sea like passion sweeping a soul, screamed and panted, yelled and roared, while the black rain streamed and beat upon the sea and land. The soldiers crouched in the misery and hunger of wet waiting six endless hours and then above the voice of the dying story rose the thunder of mighty guns. East, west, and south they flashed and the iron and lead pounded into the stone and sand of Fort Wagner. Far out at sea the gunboats hissed and crashed and the air was thick with the whirring of death from noon till shadowy night. No sooner had the death lulled than again the storm clouds boiled over sea and land, the lightning flashed the purple clouds and the low tense chiding and chasing of the thunder knelled on the ears of the crouching, dripping soldiery. It was dinner time but there was no dinner; it was suppertime but there was no time to eat. Five thousand white men swung suddenly into line facing the fort, but in front and ahead of them stood a thousand black men. They paused. A young white man rose and stood before them. He was pale and thin. His high cheek bones stood out beneath the burning beauty of his eyes. His tones swelled like a benediction over the dark faced men and they took one word - "The eyes of the world are on you black men this day." They made

no answer but when the order came moved like a tidal wave against the gloomy fortress that peered dimly above the lengthening shadows ~~of the falling night.~~ From Sumter, from Wagner, from Cummings Point the roar of artillery pouring into the massed ranks of the black men shook the very sands beneath them. Yet the machine like fall of their feet oozed and splashed across the black island. Up tore the murderous rattle and crash of rifles. The dark ~~mass~~ shivered but rolled on. Across the trenches they leaped, up the side of the angry frantic fort. For a moment the coiling flag waved from the very parapet- a moment, then the black mass wavered, staggered, parted, recoiled, Again they rushed forward; again they fell slowly back. The very fires of h ll were bursting in their vitals. but they gathered themselves for a last desperate assault.

41-S-272

Tom pushed steadily forward until he had won his way to the pale young leader. His head was whirling and the world dancing in his eyes. "Forward!!" They swept like a great black whirlwind. They knew not what they did. Up rose black wraiths of men , men all blood who grinned grimaced and chattered in mad horror. Click! -that was a breaking bone- -crrr! hear how it bites and crushes up soft flesh. Ah! the shivering scream of Heath and the fear of death. Now great red eyes burst out from twisted imp-like faces Curse hushes groan and groan chokes sigh. O mad hell of it all - the grinning godless whirl of Death that men call War.

Above them sings the chorus of the shot - now a sharp staccato now low wailing, now a hissing screaming death dance - whiz- ping- whiz, birthing and dying, yelling with fright. The Glory of it, the wide wild glory of looking death straight in the eyes and laughing and damning his impotent horror! The nastiness of it - the sickening slimy stench, the soft hot mist, the grime and smoke and dirt, the clamoring reverberating deafening rattle and roar! The dead mock the dying, the dying envy the dead, the living strike machine-like and dream of rippling waters, silent green fields and the trembling kisses of women-dream as they yell and sweat and kill and kill, and the bright red blood spatters and trickles. Suddenly to Tom the whole writhing twisting mass of men seemed to rear itself in to one vast pyramid. On the apex gleamed the white oat face of the leader, ashen and death struck in the pale bluish twilight. A moment the pyramid wavered and then - the very heavens opened in a great crimson blaze of sound. Tom Calhoun saw the face of Col. Henry Jones above the fiery parapet - he struck at it madly, fiercely and as he struck he heard the death cry of the his ~~little young~~ Colonel - a wild piercing cry that shivered from mouth to mouth down the pyramid- till the pyramid staggered swayed tottered and crumpled, the apex waved curled in upon

220½

itself and as it crashed bleeding ~~xxxxx~~ crackling, crumbling to the earth, Tom saw the young white face of his Colonel- flash shoot downward to its death and doom, heard the mocking voice of Colonel Henry Jones as he cried "We've buried him under his Niggers."

Dead- dead, he must be dead. Yet he must find him; and Tom crawled on beneath the piled corpses dragging the bloody stump of his riven arm, till groping and twisting he came to the pale dead face and leaned panting over it. He brushed the dust and grime away and kissed the smooth and blue veined forehead, then with a sigh lay himself protectingly across the cold body; all softly the silent wrappings of the night fell round them, there where that last great shriek of pain flamed on the mighty waters.

41-5-273

The glory-land must be like this - peace and a moist sweet silvery flood of rippling sunshine. Far-off whiffs of dead sweet magnolia, and gliding about the voice of a little angel girl singing. Tom lay and listened. His little girl must be as old as that and his boy the size of yonder lad sturdily splitting wood and then he turned and his eyes met the eyes of the woman bending over him. It was Juno. And his heart leaped and was still.

Long days he lay there nursing the remains of his stricken arm, calling back the strength of his sorely strained body. The children hovered about him singing and whispering. And ever sleeping or waking the woman's great sad eyes were bent upon him but she said no word, only lingered there serving him with her soft hands and quick thought. Ten days he lay there and then one day in the noontide silence, when the children were afar, he turned and looked into her eyes. "Juno" he faltered. She dropped on her knees and groped toward him.

"Tom" she sobbed "Tom for God's sake listen to me, listen Tom while I tells you." Silently he stretched out his one whole hand but he turned his face to the wall. She covered the hand with tears and kisses and stroking it softly knelt beside the bed and spoke.

"I never had no one to teach, me Tom, I came up wild-like as a

weed. The other children was afraid of me for my mammy was a witch and I wandered half dressed in the bushes and stared at folks. My mammy didn't love me-she almost hated me and beat me frightfully, spat on me and drove me out to wander under the trees late of nights. What could I know - what could I learn? Once when people was sick in the cabins, Mistress Irma came down to help. I worked for her and wondered at her paleness and her clothes till she noticed me and took me with her up to the Big House to wait on her. I was waiting on her when I first saw you, honey, a-standing in the cotton field the day of the hunt. And that was the first day I saw Colonel Jones but not, O God, the last.

"While I was aloving you Miss Irma got sudden an gered at me and Old Master sold me to Colonel Jones. He gave me a new cabin and rode down there the very day I came and looked at me till I shrank before him for his eye was evil and I was glad when he went suddenly to war. All of us black folk then came back to Master Lloyd ;we were married, you and me, Tom and then came my year of happiness, my one sweet wonderful year. Perhaps I was so happy God took it hard. You were living over on Master Coles place when Colonel Jones came home.

"One day I met him riding. His face was red and black with liquor and he flung me a wicked look; bending to, he seized and fingered me by the arm. 'Where do you live?' he asked. I told him faltingly and he leered and laughed. That very afternoon he rode by our door but you were there. I noted the dark ~~[illegible]~~ of his face but you saw nothing. The very next day you were sent for a month way down on the sea islands in charge of a gang of slaves from Master Coles plantation and from ours.

"Yet I dreamed of no harm, I thought only of my little cabin and my baby and my husband. You were far away but I knew you'd come soon and O, I was so happy when I lay down that night to sleep. I was dreaming of great green fields and singing trees of birds and dark red flowers, when suddenly I heard a knocking, a low strange knocking in the night. I started up in terror "Who's there?" I cried then I thought of you "Tom- Tom" I whispered. "Is it you honey?' I flew to the door and as I laid my hand upon it, a great fear came upon me all alone

41-S-274

in the grim black of the night . Again camethe strange knocking ~~in the~~ . 'O God,who is it - go away,go away." I half scr screamed and then came his voice, the voice of Colonel Jsnes ' Don't be afraid,Juno,it's I, I've got a message for you." I quickly threw a blanket about me and without thought or fear opened the door. And then - O God,Tom,don't judge me harshly. I did not struggle - I did not refuse - I did not dare refuse - I did not know I could resist. He was my master. All my lafe I had drunk bowing from the air - no one had taught me different,no one had whispered fight. I crouched before him in dumb helplessness and when he slunk away I lay on the floor like the bruised stolen thing that I was sobbing and trembling in utter misery. And when I woke to morning - what could I do - what could I say - who could I tell - you? I was afeared with shameful fear. My mammy? She would have beaten me or laughed in my face or killed me. For long months you could not come to me - do you remember? O I was weak in yielding, Tom,I know it now, I know it but I did not know then. ~~I ought to have died afighting the great red brute,but I thought even then that I had no right to that God and the law commanded me to obey my master~~ - Tom,O Tom is there no forgiveness for the poor woman who sins? Can everything hope for heaven but me? O,it is wrong Tom, it is damnable,it is of devil's judgment and not of God's -but I have not told all yet,Tom,do not turn from me Tom,my Tom,listen. I found myself going to have a child - whose I admit know not:yours or his. You came back once then went away again nor six months to the dark sea islands. I felt it was our last parting and I clung to you and kissed you and went wildly on your neck,do you remembery Tom? Then in fear and despair resignation I went to my mother's cabin and told her all. She kept me there smiling strangely and waving her hands above as I slept and when once Henry Jones came she sneered in his face and whispered and he went sullenly away. Then the birth-night came: It was brown, dark sweet brown,a man child and I went aloud for joy,but even then the birth pains seized me again and,may Christ be my witness,a white faced twin leapt from my dead heart to join its dark brother. Tom,Tom, for God's sake believe, I am telling the truth,by my soul's salvation: a child tr you and to him were both

41-5-275

born that red night. How the ~~unholy~~ awful thing happened God only knows but it is true. Perhaps it was the accursed witchery of my mother, perhaps it was the damning of God, perhaps a wild ~~freak~~ caugh of nature, but I looked into the faces of the mis~~begotten~~ born twins and groaned and faitned.

"When I came to the children lay beside me - the darker one I seized. The other I hated - I could have killed it but I dare not; yet I said nothing - I was glad when Mom Bett seized it, rolled it in a blanket and took it away. Three days I watched her furtively and knew what she meant - she meant blood sacrifice. It was the Great witchery of her dark religion, the killing of a manchild of the dated race in the full moon. On the night of the full moon she pointed her face and looking at me long and strangel started away and I heard her swift steps running. Then I thought and thought - why di she take this child - it was not full white? Why did she go from and not toward the sea? Then of a flash I knew. Miss Irma's child had come the same night with mine and Momm Bett was bent on mischinf- unholy mischief The devil tempted me but I left my baby, leant and ran after her in the night weak and tottering from childbirth and hearing the wail of my own ~~babies~~ child in the deserted cabin behind. I saw her slipping on ahead between the ghostly trees. I saw her enter the house and I crept after her.——

41-S-276

~~wash?~~ Forgive, forgive me, Tom, take me back to you - take my babies, you r babies - O Tom, Tom forgive me or kill me, kill me or forgive me."

All the while he had lain still his face toward the wall, but now slowly he lifted his hand, his one thin hand and laid it reverently on her bowed head. The children crept out of the glooming day and knelt beside her; and a great silence fell.

Chapter V

~~The~~ Murder.

Little Val was just creeping home with the twilight. It was down in one of the oldest and dreariest cabins of the Jones plantation - a dirty cheerless place. No one was there and hunting about for a piece of musty corn-bread, he curled himself in the corner and fell fast asleep. It was ten oclock at night before anyone came. Then the door opened and a little ragged girl came in. Her face was sweet and innocent and of strange and unusual beauty - the same wonderful symphony of brown as in the boy but softennd and with the sharpness and restlessness absent. She was tired but first she looked about for her brother. "Buddy, buddy?" she cried, then listened and heard his breathing and lying down beside him, she slept. Some time later in the night a man came in. It was the father Jim Quarles a yellow man with crisp hair and a sullen expression. He did not go to bed but sat quietly in the corner watching. At last he started forward. The were

steps and whisperings without as a beautiful weak-faced colored woman, slouched around the house in her ragged clothes talking to a white man, the brown man crept out. There was a moment's silence, a wild scream, the sound of swift steps and silence. Slowly the man returned to the cabin and throwing himself carelessly in the corner slept heavily. Just before day-break he stretched himself and called "Hilda -Hilda- breakfast." Hilda rose and hurried about - cooked a bit of bacon and made corn bread and black coffee. He stood and ate it ravenously and ran out putting on his coat and Hilda leaving the dishes on the dirty table took a needle and tried to pull together the widest rents in her little brother's trousers as he lay in them; but he slept on. It was a curious sight without lay the dead body of the mother, unknown to the children, surrounded by a silent curious groip of black folk; within was the dingy dirty room, the sleeping boy, the brown girl bending over him in her rags and softly curling hair. si Silena Smith looking in at the door caught her breath and stood there till the girl turned her head and started up in mute apology, yet with something of reserve in her childish air despite her squalid surroundings.

41-S-277

Silena sat down, striving not to scare the children, yet listening to the noises without as they raised the body and bore it away. Then she turned toward the children.

"I'm a school teacher"! she said "and I'm looking for pupils."

Something eager lighted in the girl's eyes and the boy awaking suddenly sat up and stared.

"Have you ever been to school?" asked Silena.

"No, Missus."

"Would you like to go?"

"O yes, Missus."

"I wouldn't " sang the boy "Id ruther drive mules" and he dove toward the table.

Silena rose and pulled the little girl gently to her.

"How old are you?"

"I was born the second crop after the storm, mammy says."

"That makes you about seven, I guess - and what did -does mammy do?"

"She's nursing for the white folks up at Colonel Blakesley's and I helps in the kitchen and pappy is coachman."

"And who takes care of little brother?"

"I takes care of mys lf" volunteered the boy as he gathered up the

last of the breakfast crumbs.

Silena said slowly:

"Children your nanny has gone away - forever and your nanny for - a long time and you're both coming to live with me and work and learn and be good children."

The girl's face lighted but the boy frowned.

41-S-228

Chapter VI~~I~~.

~~The Arrest.~~ The Hunted

On Tom Calhoun, who had bought a little farm with his bounty money the sun still shone. As he looked across his forty acres and saw the neat cabin and the nodding crops, heard the happy song of the mother working and half listened to the talk of his daughter, he suddenly realized that never before had he lived. At last he was a freeman - free, free as the air which filled his great lungs. He was his own master and his own man; no one had the right to command him, to drive him, to order him about as one with his cattle and his dogs. His wife was his and his alone, his were his children. He raised the stricken stump of his arm aloft - God! was it not worth a right arm - a body a life to be free! The boy came racing toward him across the field -"supper's ready" and the three hurried home, the girl singing, the boy romping round them and the dog leaping and barking. Once home, the mother came to kiss all three, chiding them for being late and spoiling the biscuit They sat down in the kitchen and ate - crisp fried hin, biscuit, white flake rice, golden molasses - ah, it was good! Then came the twilight. The mother sang over the clinking dishes; and the father and the children - first they played games, then they sang the old folk songs and then came a story of Brer Rabbit - the African hero of the weak against the strong.

The next day was Sunday. They slept late and rising from a hurried breakfast they dressed and went to church, riding in a wagon drawn by two fat mules -Juno in a blue gown that reddened her brown face, Mary in a wonderful red calico and the man and boy in smoothe dusted black. Other wagons and buggies and wayfarers met them along the road and they greeted them all joyfully.

"Howdy, Good mawnin."

"How's all" "How you all?"

"Tolerable. "All up?"

And gay laughter and frolic filled the air, along with rough banter and noise. Sometimes great carriages filled with white folk passed them casting the dust on the walkers and the humble wagons; some laughed at the gay costumes and some cursed at the dark faces. At the cross roads sat the church - a greatsquare board house, rough and plain. There were benches within and the sound of singing and without rows of mules and crowds of wagons and throngs of girls and boys and knots of men and women. All the colors of man had met there: there were a few pink and golden haired girls, many black and white haired old men, young bronzen giants and soft brown cheeked mai ds; there were olive hued men and women, girls golden faced and freckled brown and every hue and shade of the wondrous changing human color from pole to circle but all set and shaded in a great background of unshaed black and brown. Next their color, strangers would have seen their hair; with a few it flowed in yellow brown and black; most of it curled and crumped and twisted itself some so minutely and crisply that it lay in hard grey black masses, immobile and thick. On others it bushed itself to a dark mass of piling cloud or was tied stiffly in spreading spikelets and then again it curled and waned and wantoned in tiny kissing ringlets or great midnight curls touched with gold. They were not beautiful as the white world counts beauty, but they had faces of interest and strength and lovableness that could easily grow in one's ideals and dreams, and then too a certain untrained and unfathomed depth of thought and doing-"a new world peasantry with the dirt and roughness and ignorance of primitive man and the promise and aspiration and hidden beauty of all humanity. An old man was preaching when Tom and his family entered the church. He was unlettered, unattractive and slovenly. And yet the burning earnestness of his talk, the half barbaric splendor of his native imagery and the wonder of subject held his hearers in breathless strained attention. They were a primitive folk and their feelings sat naked and unashamed upon their faces clothed in streaming tears, incensed with groans low rant wails and deep Amens. And why not? Was he not talking of freedom. Of how God let his children toil in the black mud of Egypt and then in his good time let them go?

The sermon was a great chorus and the preacher was chorister. He intoned the strophe and the swaying chorus beneath him, standing, sitting bowing and on bended knee sang the wild anti-strophe, in moan and cry and praise and loud "Amens."

"O my brethren and my little sisters, dark was that day -m'm'm'm'" sighed

the people). The sun was hot in the cotton fields, the waters boiled in the seas. (The seas boiled, O Lord" answered the people.) Way over in the Egypt land, the children of God lost faith, my brothers, just as in the dark days of yesterday you lost faith. (Preach it, Father" sobbed the women.) They sinned and cursed God, my sisters and hung over Hell on a single thread. And then my God was pitiful - O he's a pityful God, my sisters (Hallelujah" shrieked a soul) and the hot tears of his children dropped on his heart and melted it. And he lifted up his voice (Glory to God" they chorused) and stretched out his great black arm. Let them go Pharoah-I say! Oh, Pharoah, O let them children go. (Let them go, Let my children go" came the great full voiced echo.) But ole Pharoah, the old slave driver shook his head like a mule and said No, keep them slaves, work them, kill them, (m'm'm'm sighed the men) hoe that cotton Nigger - but the Lord rose up and shook himself, (Rise up Lord" cried the old men) and he screamed again till the mountain trembled and the sea goa afeared and he say, says he - " A quick swaying and whispering, the crashing of falling benches and the sound of an oath broke abruptly upon the worshippers and the old man was suddenly silent.

41-5-280

The audience rose tumultuously in fear. Tom turned and saw the white sheriff advancing up the aisle: the folks behind rising quickly had overturned the benches and were whispering angrily, the forward sat in sullen silence half, fear, for they were but a step from slavery and the spell of the white face was heavy upon them, but as the officer strode up the aisle he pushed a black soldier's wife roughly aside and in a moment a hundred men had leaped to their feet amid the crash of overturning benches and the screaming of children Tom pushed quickly forward and quickly put his great form between the sheriff and the surging crowd. "Quiet brothers, quiet" he said "this is an officer of the law and we are peaceful citizens". The sheriff had his pistol in his hands and handcuffs. He turned quickly toward Tom.

"I'm after Jim Quarles - you know him, he used to be Colonel Jones body servant and then was sold to the Quarleses."

"What's he wanted for?"

"For killing his wife and he came in this church this morning - 'there he is;" the sheriff started toward the brown man in the corner and Tom nodded reassuringly. "It's all right boys, I'll straighten this out" he said. "Let us go by." They slowly fell back and the sheriff got bolder. "I've half a notion to take a dozen of you Niggers along for resisting an -" he did not finish for somehow, somewhere a great black arm shot out from the crowd and when the sheriff came too he was lying alone beside the road and the church was empty.

Afar across the fields next night in the darkness a boy went slipping with a bundle in his arms. It was Tom's son Robert and he was hurrying toward the swamp. On his way he passed a long lean white man, yellowish and haggard. He knew it was Boggs, the Sheriff and without a word the boy dropped into the shadows of the hedge. The sheriff was mad and was not noticing shadows; he stamped down the road and into the hardware.

"I want a gun" he said.

Now a sheriff without a "gun" being unheard of, the proprietor and his loafers expressed very great surprise and by degrees elicited the following story. The sheriff after his unsuccessful attempt to arrest Quarles at the church had returned home. Martha his wife was up-country for the day but had left his supper prepared. When the tired and hungry Mr. Boggs arrived about sundown, what did he find but the door ajar, and a bright light. He peeped in astonished.

41-5-281

"And damned if there wasn't the very Nigger I was looking for, that big yellow kinky-haired Quarles a -setting there finishing off that there ham bone and all of them bones."

Naturally Mr. Boggs was both irritated and elated. He reached for his pistol -but lo! it was gone, having probably been left near the church where as Mr. Boggs explained he "taken a nap!" Nevertheless Mr. Boggs rushed forward especially as the ham was rapidly disappearing. In fact as he expressed it:

"I was so damn mad I could hardly talk. Get out of there" says I "you" and Mr. Boggs used a stock of expletives which was rich and varied. The Negro continued to sit there eating quietly and eyeing Mr. Boggs, until that gentleman's patience gave quite way and he rushed madly at the colored man.

Being excited at the time Mr. Boggs' testimony cannot be absolutely relied upon at this point to the inch, but be that as it may, he solemnly avers that the Negro reached down into his hindermost pockets and produced a gun at least 4 feet in length and big proportionately. It stands to reason that Mr. Boggs stopped. It is also reasonable to suppose that he did not at first comprehend the simple remark, which the Negro thereupon made:

"Dance!"

"Dance? what, me?"

"Dance and damn quick."

Now Mr. Boggs was not particularly graceful nor did he feel unusually agile or hilarious. Nevertheless he danced, and danced considerably - as

he figured it he danced 30 minutes.

"But what did he want you to dance for?asked a bystander.

Mr.Boggs snorted. "After a man has capered on one foot an hour or so he aint liable to go chasing a Nigger across a swamp is he? Specially if he's got no gun. I fell over on the bed and he just naturally walked off" And continuing his remarks he said:

"I want a pocket gun - I want the damndest biggest pocket gun there is in this whole plantation and if I ever catch that nigger,"-

41-5-282

He went out and looked over a crowd of blacks loafing near and finding no one that he recognized kicked an unoffending pickaninny for luck,and walked off again toward the swamp fingering his revolver. He was gone all night and his wife was worried,but late the next afternoon one might have seen Mr.Boggs making his way out of the swamp with a satisfied smile on his face. Every few rods he raised a large bottle to his lips chuckled audibly and hurried on taking a well-known path homeward.

The full moon rose in the east and the red sun dropped lazily westward. Mr.Boggs took a long and loving hull at the green bottle,and looked about him. There was the familiar long shadow of himself cast by his friend the sun,stretching down to the right. He knew its length well and often told time by it. And by it now it was full time for supper. So he started along the path. Then he espied something:on the left was another fainter but -well defined shadow which Mr.Boggs could not rightly understand. He balanced himself and eyed it suspiciously until his ear caught a faint rustle of the leaves -ha! he comprehended - he was followed. The sweat started on his brow. He glanced about carelessly and stepped firmly along the road. It was as he had suspected - the strange shaddw followed almost noiselessly. Mr.Boggs walked swiftly. So did the shadow. He broke into a gentle trot and with a perceptible rattle of the leaves the shadow trotted too. Mr.Boggs accelerated his pace,he ran and ran faster-in fact he came ~~down~~ up the gentle incline to his cabin at a rate which few sprinters have equalled and none perhaps surpassed;and yet as he fell panting against the house it was with full presence of mind. He straightened himself up,whistled carelessly and would not look round but kept the shadow in the tail of his eye as he called carelessly:

"Marthy,Marthy!"

"What?why is that you Nash? What on-"said Mrs.Boggs aloud but he added "sh"with his eyes and remarked"It's a damn fine night "and then under his breath:

~~"Up, up," said Marthy, rush it along the floor with your feet and~~ don't get scared" and He whistled vociferously -whispering between strains" now come here - do you see anything behind me in the bushes?"

"No."

Mr. Boggs turned warily "that shadow" he whispered.

"What shadow?"

"That there."

"That's your shadow."

"No - on the right."

"Course - aint the moon up? Nash Boggs, you drunken loafer, do you mean to say-"

"Marthy, go to hell - git me some supper." And seating himself in the doorway Mr. Boggs rested from his labors.

Down in the swamp by the red radiance of pine knots sat a dozen black men talking- and the boy Robert with his humble food.

"I killed her because she was bothering with that white man - and I'm going to kill him too." Charles was saying.

"I knowed it" said Tom "and that's why I knocked him down to let you get away. I'm sorry you did it, Jim, I'm sorry you killed the poor weak woman; she didn't know no better, poor thing." Then his face hardened. "And I'm sorry you didn't kill him then and there. But it's too late now, Jim -no more killing now for it will hurt us all. Where's the sheriff?"

"~~Xwhrexsxthexsherifix~~

"Gone home" said Robert. - he's been scouring the swamp up east ~~where Boggs led him~~ Charles ate ravenously: -Well good bye boys-I'm off . Take care of yourselves" and the fugitive slipped away into the dark forest.

Chapter VIII.

Hilda.

Hal and Hilda were not Miss Silena's first boarding pupils for she had early found that her school must be a home as well as a school and her friend had sent her money for a large brick building where they were housed. Hal was not happy. He was not a bad boy- indeed there was a peculiar cleanness of soul and honesty beneath his sharpness and restlessness and mischief. Under Miss Silena's care he grew a shade cleaner and tamer. than before but not tamed. On the whole he despised the school

41-5-22-3

life and longed for the freedom of fields and waters and trees. Some things to be sure, were fairly interesting - singing, errands, sweeping the big halls in clouds of dust, and driving old Jim the mule; the fire too had been glorious and he had romped and yelled and worked and enjoyed himself hugely. But books and lessons and long hours of squirming and gigling and frowning which were called "study hours" these things he hated with perfect hatred and the sharp restless look grew beneath his tangled hair and lay plainly in sight this morning. He wheeled round the corner in his usual half-run, half skip, and met a white boy somewhat larger than himself stiffly dressed and feeling important. The boys' eyes met each other "Get ou of my way" demanded the white one; "I won't" retorted the yellow one and then before Miss Silena could realize it the boys were rolling in the dirt, fighting and ~~clawing~~ clawing like animals. A fight between two small boys in most lands is a thing for laughing, chiding and waining - it is the same in the south if the boys are both white ~~and~~ or both black but when one is of one color and the other of another, and when the darker boy bids fair to give the lighter one a good drubbing, then there as food for mobs and riots. A crowd of white men and boys gathered suddenly and seized Val Quarles and while another crowd of colored people edged near. A policeman hurried up, the crowd vegan to jostle and curse and Val saw his danger. His eyes danced with mingled anger and merriment and diving suddenly he unset his cantor, slipped between the legs of the policeman, wriggled twisted and dodged and was soon running like a deer with a long string of halloing cursing men after him.

41-5-284

Of course they did not catch the boy he was fleet as a hare and knew every nook of the city and country. But where would he go and where could Miss Silena find him? That was the problem. All next day she had Robert Calhoun over her lap ~~public men~~ searching and all night. There was no record of him at the police station and ~~she~~ was in despair as ~~she~~ he started out the second morning when to ~~her~~ his absolute amazement there sat Val on the fence not two hundred yards from the school swinging his legs and peering narrowly down the street. ~~She~~ He stopped and leande against the fence in the sheer weakness of her surprise.

"Val" ~~she~~ he gasped "What in heaven's name are you doing here?"

"Waiting" said the boy grimly "I'm going to finish lickin' that kid he comes by here every morning." Without another word Robert seized the struggling protesting boy and slipping round the back way carried him to Miss Silena's college. A little committee was held

~~Miss Silena's cottage. A little council was held and~~ to Hal's great delight it was decided to send him out in the country nearby to work on a farm, near enough for his sister to visit him regularly & see after him.

To Hilda the new life was a veritable opening of the heavens. She was in her every instinct a lady born to caste and rags -some ancestor whether Zulu chieftain or Virginian aristocrat had bequeathed to her a poise and delicacy, a pride and beauty which made her rise to her new life with a naturalness and lack of affectation that seemed wonderful when Miss Silena remembered that morning in the dirty cabin. Then too she blossomed like a rose - in a certain tropical magnificence mingled with a great innocence and simplicity of soul and a yearning for life and the beautiful things of life. She grew ashamed of her squalid past - yet it was a good solid shame - a shame that was an incentive and not a temptation- a source of loving and striving and doing and not of hating and repining and waiting. By such shames the world rises and rises upward from cloud to cloud. She was religious by nature but had a certain fine pagan ism, a Greek love of form and fitness, an African sense of song and color, an Italian longing for pure beauty. Having known poverty and squalor and dirt and hunger in childhood she leapt from the old dark chrysalis ~~gay~~-winged and gorgeous in spirit, sensing a new world, looking for daily miracles and knowing few notes and sounds. The things she had suffered she thought due wholly to her position and not to anything in herself- she had been a servant and therefore took the slights that rained on servants but now she was to be a lady, why not? Was not the face that looked out upon her from a little mirror bewilderingly beautiful and framed in pride and sensitiveness, she sent out toward the great sky- all she touched grew beautiful- the plain print frocks took to frills and touches of color, the hats flashed with bits of ribbon and the flowers of the field came willingly to garnish her toilets. Yet with all this there was nothing sordid and selfish. The beauty of her new world was a beauty for ~~xxxx~~-all- not just for herself; her joyousness and song lightened every one it touched and Miss Silena loved the girl as a strange new flower of the deep forest- strange because so utterly different from herself.

The new world soon had its touches of tragedy and sorrow. The memory of the half-known mother came now and then with her weak face and faltering words and then Hilda's eyes would fill with sudden tears- why, she hardly knew and she would stroke Miss Silena's hand and kiss her timidly for Hilda had known but little kissing in her babyhood. Then gradually as she grew out from ~~xx~~ the blue cloud-kissed roof of her new world dipped

41-5-285

the shadow of her race. It startled and bewildered her on stree,in newspapers and in talk and thought. Why should there be these curious saddening distinctions whene there was neither ignorance nor dirt nor slavery to base them on? And sitting one day in a cabin,looking on the setting sun she suddenly said to Miss Silena:

"Isn't God queer?"

"Why - I - that is -" n one of these thoughts seemed to fit,so Miss Silena compromised:

"Why Hilda!"

But Hilda shook her head and laughed and then started ~~out into the~~ on her weekly visit to the country to clean Hal's cabin as was her wont. Yet the ~~visit~~ visit always saaddened her- everything was so sordid and dirty. Could she ever have lived like this in narrowness and dirt and discomfort?could a cabin like this have been home - this sordid mass of ill-smelling discomfort? A sense of utter misery overwhelmed her. Why?Why?why? she wailed must this be in so beautiful a world and then rolling up her sleeves and girding up her skirt she began -sweeping,dreaming,working on until a gruff voice called in at the door.

41-5-286

"Is Hal Quarles here?"

She looked up at the sheriff in surprise.

"No,sir" hen her heart jumped"what do you want him for?" but ~~the~~ Doggett ~~officer~~ stood staring frankly and boldly at her rumpled beauty and her cheeks burned as she raised her head haughtily and said "Search if you want to," she walked out.listened and then ran swiftly up toward the great wood,looking over her shoulder as he ran,and calling softly "Hal-Hal?"

Chapter IX. 8

~~Two Girls.~~ Edith & Hilda

Robert Calhoun was waking in the great woods that run from Wilton Point back toward the rolling inland. The world was very bright to Robert that morning and he hurride along in pleased pride dreaming.Up into the deep woods he went listening to the birds and whistling and singing: perhaps he would be a representative some day and then a senator;he would stand like this and throw his hands and the men would gape at him. He'd have a fine house painted green like Colonel Jones' and then he dropped his dreaming fith a laught and throwing back his head sang a merry rollicking work song such as he had heard the wharf hands sing on the Charleston docks

In the midst of his song a faint "Hallo" struck his ears. He stopped abrupt

ly and listened till he heard the voice again. Breaking through the under brush he approached the river and came into an opening. A tall white girl stood there. Her dress was frayed with clamoring through the wood, and in her arms were an easel and sketch book. She had evidently lost her way but she started back when she saw the black boy. Then catching herself she drew herself up and said imperiously "Show me the way to the road." He smiled at her ~~xxxxx~~ haughty air for she was not over 15 and he said cheerily:

"Which road?"

His air and smile reassured her and there was unspoken apology in her tones as she answered:

"The road to Wilton Point- I wandered away sketching and lost my bearings."

He turned without a word and she followed. Then he noticed that the path was hard to follow with the easel and he quietly took it and went on ahead. As they proceeded she felt more and more uncomfortable at her manner and she walked a little faster.

"Do you live at Wilton Point" she asked.

"Yes" he answered and then, as his dreams returned "but I'm going to Columbia."

"So am I" she said "My father is in the legislature."

"So is mine, and I'm a page."

She looked at him in surprise for she knew another page up there only he was different- so different that she found herself saying suddenly:

"Are you sorry to be black?" She had not meant to say this but her thought spoke itself before she could stay it, and then beside she had longed to talk of this frankly to someone.

"Sorry, lo! Why?" he answered looking at her in amusement. They were walking side by side and the river was rippling near.

"It must be - awful-"

"It isn't a bit - I laugh and talk and eat and drink just as you do" with a perplexed wrinkling of his forehead.

"But - black people are no - pretty."

"Neither are white people always, and beside looks are not all."

"No, but they're lots."

"That's so and I like good looking black folk; they can be fine in form

41-5-287

and face to my thinking."

"Ye -es- but their hair and they,well they can't blush"she said blushing frankly.

"No," he said feeling a flush in his own dark face and feeling too a sort of unreasoning anger in his heart -they can't and then disdainfully "what's the use of it - as for hair I don't like straight hair- I think brown curly haired people prettier than dead white folks with strings flying."

41-S-288

"But - but most black people seem so dirty and - "

"That's because they've been slaves and haven't had time to be clean like white people."

"And now that they're free do they expect to become like white people?"

"No but they expect to be people in their way just as you are in yours."

She looked at him -"but white folks can go with such people as they like and visit them and- and marry them."

"Yest but I suppose that means you go with yourselves and visit yourselves and marry yourselves - all right we'll do the same, go with ourselve, visit ourselves and marry ourselves" she could repeatedly a phrase she had often heard

"But there'll have to be laws always to keep the two races apart,"

"Why" he asked defiantly.

"Why because you or some of you would want to go with white folks- and we are proud of our blood and have a right to be."

"And do you think we want your old blood"he said. "Do you think I'd want a friend or an acquaintance or a -wife who didn't want me?"

"Why no,I suppose not."

"Well then,if we didn't want each other we shouldn't need laws to keep us apart."

She looked puzzled. "But if some did want each other?"

"Then laws would be no good."

"But they've got no business to want each othe ," she cried and then suddenly she caught sight of the road and the little town before her. She started and a sense of indiscretion,of vague wrong came over her. She had been talking almost familiarly with a Negro,not as she talked to the servants but with a new feeling of human fellowshi. She took her things from him quickly. "Thank you" she said coldly and strated away,and then she turned back quickly and searching in her tittle knit purse found a

last bright silver quarter -"Thnak you" she said again and with a smile "I am Edith Coles,Harrison'Soles' daughter -here". But the young man had turned his back suddenly and was walking back into the woods. She stood in surprise and looked after him thoughtfully,holding the money in her hand. Then she turned slowly away but looked back. He was gone. She felt a vague discomfort,a feeling of anger, disappointment,curiosity and regret all mingled and softened into something disquieting and wavering.

41-5-289

Robert walked on with a new thoughtfulness a new wonder in his heart, for the girl's questions had awakened new thoughts and questionings. He had hitherto received the differing colors of men in something the same way as the differing colors of earth and sky and sea - as interesting facts, differing orders,but not warring,jealous unadjustable things. To be sure, he had instinctively felt differences and gaps and limits,but he had viewed them curiously as from afar,or looked upon them as in the course of nature or thought of them as relics of slavery. Himself he never found strange to himself nor realized that others did. He held out his hands;they were dark brown,the color of the good brown earth,deep rich and warm; such was the color of primal man. So was Adam hued when his dark body trudged doubtingly together at the bidding of his soul. So once peered all mankind, till they were paled with hiding from the sun and their sharp faces bleached with haunting midnights of sin. To the awakening man this color of his hands seemed far more natural than any other;there was to him a sharp hard gleam about a white skin that struck him coldly,while darker hues seemed warmer,homelier,nearer,and then the other things,the hair differing kinds of comeliness,the mingling and marrying - he had never thought of these things definitely or lingeringly as he could remember. He groped in his mind for his past thoughts - but found none. When in his dreams he had married,it had always been of course some brown maiden like his sister Mary:It seemed strange and unreal to think of any one else or feel any affection for them, or any fellowship or nearness;then it suddenly occurred to him that they of the uncolored world perhaps felt the same but he laughed at the discovery and thought it natural. So it was that Robert Calhoun entered the portals of a new world.

It was a vast world - a puzzling world; a world half-hateful,half-alluring At times a fiery joy surged in his veins,and the lust of battle burned in his eyes,and then a low dull unreasoning anger glowed sullenly- an anger at that

proud white-faced girl who despised him. What was she? And he beat the shy little violets cruelly with his switch,and pushed through the white clouds of dogwood and entered the portals of a new world.

~~Four~~ Two years past by- years of strife and turmoil,of intrigue and bloodshed that made the boy more sober and thoughtful as he gazed upon the world. Again he walked in that same great glowing wood and he remembered the scene vividly. A bitterness crept into his heart as he neared the place of the meeting. He remembered the faint "Hallo"! that had greeted his ~~xxxx~~ whistlingand half laughing he whistled again the wild merry tune that seemed so beautiful then - so trivial ~~then~~ now,and -harkla low hallo! greeted him and then the vision burst again.

A girl stood before him but she was not white:a girl just there where the thick wood cleaning formed a great glorious frame of green and ~~gold~~ blood - a girl just bursting to womanhood - a girl- was it a girl or was it some vision glorious standing startled there in the evening sun, some woman wonderful; her face was burnished gold and her hair the wavering brilliant changing brown of bronze. All her soul seemed to stream and quicken and quiver thru her lith limbs. Her eyes were little pools,dark liquid pools that stand of a summer's day in forests' fastness,no rather they were fires that leap in dark mountains - they were depths of mighty night all starry and meteored with threading light,and now they were lightning gleams,shuddering on the eternal hills. Her hands were blue and red beneath the gold. Her hair did not string lankly to the ground but curled and hesitated,coiling in a thousand shivering ringlets,soft and glistening like a summer sea. Her head was poised proudly on a slender neck,and her little bosom burst above a waist that was all rythm and movement. She did not blush but went red gold from cheek to ear and glowed darkly like a summer sunset ~~kind~~ soft and silent,on a brown and silent sea. Ah,she was woman wonderful.

He stood before the vision rapt and silent,till her voice,the tenor and pleading of heo voice startled him out of dreamland.

"Hal" she cried "I -I thought you were Hal- Have you seen Hal - the sheriff is ~~police are~~ coming - Can't you help me find Hal?"

Then he came to himself again . It was little Hilda Charles - he had not seen her these ~~four~~ 2 years - he had never noticed her before,what had happened in ~~four~~ 2 years - ~~four~~ 2 little years - then he hastened toward her half reverently and said softly:

"Don't you know me Hilda? Don't worry,we'll find him."

41-5-290

Hand in hand they hastened back through the forest seeking, calling until at last they came upon him - a fawn-colored boy of 16, with brown tangled hair, laughing mouth and dare-devil eye.

"Oh Hal," she cohekd "what did you do? the sheriff came to the cabin after you" and I'verun every step." What have you been doing, Hal?" she wailed.

"Nothing" said Hal laughing sardonically and balancing himself on an old stump.

"Come Hal, tell us, how was it?" asked Robert.

"Well I've been working on Col. Jones plan now for a year and he hasn't paid me. So this morning I walked over and helped myself to a bag of cotton on account - just exactly 108 pounds-52 weeks at 25¢ a week."

Robert laughed. "You oughtn't to have done that Hal and you must take it back."

"He didn't intend to pay me."

"Well sue him then."

"We sue a white man? Well! what with?"

"Well at any rate Hal there's just one thing for you to do and that is to carry this cotton back."

41-S-291

Hal was sulky but the determination of Robert and the tears of Hilda prevailed. Sending Hilda on ahead they took the cotton back to the Jones plantation, but the overseer said not a word to Robert's explanation, only slammed the door in their faces and Hal went back to Miss Silena's. The next day the sheriff appeared at the school as Robert had half expected and arrested Hal for stealing.

"It will be all right". Robert assured Miss Silena, but Hilda insisted on going to the court room with them. And so they went down the village street Hal swinging freely along hand cuffed to the gruff sheriff and Robert and Hilda behind.

A moment on the threshold of the dirty court room she wavered- a hundred eyes were on her, a dozen loafers discussed half audibly her hair, her face, her limbs. The blood rose dimily to her head but she walked in and sat down and slipped her arm about her brother's shoulders. The judge was a coarse heavy faced man smeared with tobacco juice and the air was heavy with smoke and odors of liquor. She did not dare turn round but sat staring blindly at the

desk and the lawyers until she realized that one big red faced man was staring persistently at her. She turned and looking out the dirty windows and hot blinding tears welled in her eyes. She scarcely heard what was said until her brother rose and his study defiant voice rang out. The answer stunned her and it stunned Robert -12 months? 12 months?her own brother to live a year among the depraved and manacled like a slave. O God,a osbbing shook her and stifled her;she tried to speak - to plead but what she said she knew not. Some one came up and said pleasantly "Come to my office and we'll try to get him out"-she thanked him hysterically and took his card and then it seemed so natural to look up and find Robert's parve face to put her little hands in his and let him lead her silently away.

41-S-292

Robert had seen the lawyer speak to her and a fear shot through his heart:it was Poland Reynolds,formerly page with him in the legislature;they did not speak but when Hilda was out on the sidewalk she told Robert what he said. He was skeptical and tried to dissuade her from going but she plead so hard that at last he went with her to the railway offices where Reynolds had his headquarters and was directing his father's interests. As they entered Poland looked up.

"Hello Bob"he said carelessly.

"Good morning,Mr.Reynolds."

"What can I do for you?"

"I came with Miss Ourales - to see about her brother.-"

He waited and fumbled his pen but Calhoun sat down quietly and the girl waited.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Hilda Ouarles.!

Still he fidgeted and Calhoun waited.

"You can go Calhoun-"at last said Poland. "I'll transact this business with - wi th Hilda."

Calhoun rose. ""ave you anything to say to her that I cannot hear?he said.

"Well- suppose I have?" said Reynolds irritably looking him full in the face.

"Then" said Calhoun quietly" she cannot hear it."and he lead her out.

she thought Robert resented his calling her Hilda — but unhappy thought

But she did not understand - it seemed like giving up the last chance to save her brother for a mere name. She must go back.

"Robert" she said pleadingly "just - a moment- I must-" and she turned and flew back up the stairs. A sickening suspicion rose in Robert's heart - how could he help it - he knew what a pretty colored girl faced in the south, and he did not know how innocent her heart was. One-two-five-ten minutes he waited and then he heard her step on the stair. A slow faltering step. Her face was ashen, they did not speak to each other, they did not look — but within their worlds were whirling-her faith in God and his universe was trembling - his faith in Love and Truth was tottering.

Silently they hurried to the jail. It was twilight when they bade little Hal good-bye. He choked a bit but kept his old defiant look.

"O I'll get on all right, Sis-I'll -O yes, I'll try and be good - You ought to have some one to protect you, Sis I - I saw them fellows st the staring at you - but you just tie to Bob -he's the best fellow I know and he loves you" and then he was gone. She stood bent forward her hands upon her breasts, her head turned away from Robert, startled, mystified, self-revealed. The message had rung on her heart like summer thunders, new yet old, so old, so natural. It was as though ~~xxx xxxx kk~~ upon some ashen waste had struck a sudden sunlight and a bloom. She turned slowly and looked at him in deepening wonder-wide-eyed as thought her soul new born unclothed itself to him alone and then as the prison doors closed about Hal she lifted her little arms as if to Roberts ~~xxx~~ stretched then lovingly toward ~~his~~ great shoulders. He looked into her eyes- her great dark eyes and therewithin saw black and endless depths -upon those depths slept other depths as deep and dark again - deep calling unto deep. Beneath the deep flowed flame and in the flame burned Love. But he did not see it. He could not see it. A chill had frozen his heart. The face of Roland Reynolds swam in her eyes and he stepped slowly back. She saw the movement - she faintly devined the cause and with a ~~cry like a hurt animal~~ stifled sob she turned and disappeared.

A wave of revulsion shook his soul. He started to run after her- but just then a messenger boy stuck a telegram in his hand, and it said:

"Come immediately and prepare for the 'election.'

"Mary."

He hurried to the depot.

41-5-293

41-S-294

Chapter IX.

The Lynching.

The critical election of 1876 was approaching and Tom Calhoun was working eagerly to unite his followers with the best elements of the Southern whites. The demagogue Sands, while secretly playing the spy and informing the radical southerners was openly espousing the cause of the old ring whose thefts were ruining the state.

As the election approached Tom took the stump against the old ring which was supporting Sands. A great mass meeting was held at Beaufort and Sands spoke. He was an imposing man and his argument was shrewd.

"Gentlemen" he said in conclusion "these men are the ones that first recognized you as men and voters; they organized a government of and by the people. They have made mistakes, perhaps been extravagant and not done much that they might have but I tell you they never held you in slavery or sold your children or drove you with a lash through the cotton fields." Loud applause greeted the speech and Tom went valiantly to the attach. A great black and brown mass of humanity filled the hall. The air was stifling with smoke and sweat. The wind sang without and a murmur and roll of voices rose and fell within. Yet Tom talked the calm direct speech of the folk: "I tell you, men," he said "it pays to be honest and Joe Sands is not honest. I've worked for a year to get land for us poor people and he stole and gave it away for an office. Ever since you put him in the state house by your votes he has been bartering away your rights. He has flattered and lied and deceived on the theory that the only way to win in this world is to fool somebody. Today men, we face two roads: by the one we must stand up independently and honestly for our rights, uniting in self-defence and for self-protection and voting for honest men and honest measures. The other road is pointed out to you by Sands and it leads to slavery, trickery, stealing and bowing-down. I don't know what you are going to do about it but I'm going to vote against Sands and everything he stands for." The effect of the speech was tremendous both from its simplicity, its well-known truth and the honesty of Tom. Sands was furious.

"You promised to support me and I can prove it" he yelled.

"I did promise to support you,if you'd do one honest deed"retorted Tom. "and you did it but it turned out to be the biggest piece of thieving of the lot - the land steal. For that reason,I didn't keep my promise and I won't -would you?"he cried turning to the people. The answering yell shookxm the sea:

"No!"they cried,and Sands turned to the door.

As the time of the election approached evidence of organized effort to intimidate the Negroes and break their power was daily manifest,and Tom Calhoun set his teeth grimly. "Fight the devil with fire"he cried and he called meetings secretly of the leading black men. But Sands was watching him and what Sands found out came quickly to the ears of Colonel Jones.

41-5-295

It was a bright balmy night. In the sombre home at the head of High stood two women. One was tall and erect-he face pale and finely cut,touched with age and wreathed with whitening hair. She stood with her hand on the door knob of the front door - she was just opening it- it was already partly ajar when she heard her name called and threw her head back to catch the meaning of the sudden call. Without the great partially opened front door in the arched corridor stood another woman,-rather a girl,slender and lithe,with smooth dark brown face, thick clinging hair and ~~two~~ a full lovable mouth. She seemed very happy standing there,her head half turned backward toward the scented magnolias,and a faint love light in her eyes like moon-rise. She had rung the bell and stood with a little note in her hand from her father Tom Calhoun to Col. Jones; and she had not noticed that the door had begun to open. As she stood she crooned half consciously a melody- a song without words in deep low tones of infinite sweetness,that seemed every about to escape into wondrous melody yet ever fell away into some tearful minor cadence - the woman within, the tall old woman with her hand lingering on the door knob heard two sounds - a sound of singing - low sweet singing,distant beautiful, and from behind a sudden quick whisper-"Irma-my cloak and mask we're after that Calhoun Nigger tonight."

The song in the heart of the girl choked in her throat;the note fell to the floor,she saw the door half ajar,she heard the words, she whirled and swayed and fled like a fawn. Past street and lamp she flew,silent swift as a cat;past the pale half lighted stores of Broad

Street, through the dim alley of Sixth down Sixth. A horseman reined up just to see her flit across his mare's forelegs; a dog snapped furiously after her, a watchman hailed her gruffly, but ere he turned she was gone. Slowly a dull red light spread above and about her. A murmur of voices and crackle of flames rose clearer and clearer down where the First African Church used to stand, but she heeded nothing until the roar of the fire and the shout of the mob flared full upon her as she turned into Cedar. Pausing suddenly she stood like a bronzen statue, slight aed still. The flaring builing threw a crimson glory on the rising street and behind loosed the great city dark and dead. Against this awful shadow the slight figure of the lone black girl stood for a moment glorified and the mob swept straight toward her, grim and hoarsely shouting -masked men red-shirted or black cloaked, with long glistening ropes: tall lank mountaineers with shot guns and pistols, slight youths in fantastic headdresses, drunk and blasphemous.

A second the girl looked on the the horsemen with widened eyes, then turning darted like a deer back through the alley to the left.

"Stop the wench" cried a voice.

"Stop Hell! March on!" came a low stern command.

41-5-296

At the edge of the city where the city street, free at last bounds into the smooth land country side, where straggling dim-lighted cabins sit lonesome here and there, a panting girl still fled to the west. On the low knoll she flew past a tree cabin, until all sweat and mud, she had left the last house of the red city behind, and there rose before her Faith's wood's and the dark oak sentinel spreading its black limbs.

With dizzy eyes she peered into the gloom as she dashed along, until at last she seemed to see a tall dark form silently rise beneath the swaying tree. An awful gladness clutched her heart. The earth rose, reeled, and staggered beneath her feet - the hot blood pounded in her ears.

Then a terror crept slowly on her. She slipped and stumbled, rose and wavered on. Why did he stand so still? Why did he look so strangely tall? His hands seemed - my God! his feet were swinging in the air!

She bounded toward him "Father!" she shrieked. The tree moaned softly

the black & moaning forest.

and the red light of the city fell full upon the dull ~~hillside~~ forest—

"Danny!"she wailed and shivering crept beneath the swinging body,stretched her frail form upon the dank,red earth and writhed.

Chapter XI.

The Mourning.

Robert stepped hurriedly from the train "Hellolsis"he cried "Is any thing wrong-are the chances of beating the good?"

"Yes."

He brightened. "Has anything happened to you."

"Nothing."

"My,but your message scared me -how's ma?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know -why?"

"I haven't been home."

He looked up at her with a start and a great lump hardened in his throat.

"Sister - sister?"he cried.

She put her arms about him and in the depths of her clear eyes stood neither tear nor fear,but the shadow sf-supreme sacrifice and she pulled his head down gently and whispered in his ear and whispered again and said "Vengeance is mine,I will repay,saith the Lord."

When they came forth into the stree,sister and brother hand in hand the shadows were streaming upward from the moaning river, and in the boy's face God had carven two straight lines,downward through the cheeks to make the begining of the hours of the days of his manhood.

As they came to the home he put her gently back and behind the shelter of the gate she kneeled and waited.

Juno saw him from the door-F"Where's sister" she cried "she did not come home last night."

"She's safe - mother-safe -I kept her helping me."

She looked at him.

He came and stood silent within the lintels of the door and she went all a-tremble.

4-1-5-207

"Will it - rain,honey,"she said.

"No mother the sun is all ashining."

"The cow -"she said "the cow hasn't - isn't "

"The cow,dear mother,is in the stable yonder."

The trembling crept into her voice-"is the place at old Milton then they've taken the house and lot -yes,yes."

"No ,mother."

"Yes,O God,it is -it is the place,tell me it's the house, Oh, it must be -Rob- O God -Rob? Is he dead?"

"Dead -dead- long dead."

Of a sudden the trembling ceased. She put out her hand vaguely and spread another garment of the week's ironing on the board, dampened it carefully and ironed it,swiftly,steadily. Another and another followed. Into the back door four men staggered with an awful burden. Still the woman ironed moving neither fast now slow but evenly. The girl came silently in and replenished the fire. "Mother will you not rest?she asked. Juno looked at her with strange eyes. "No,I must work or die"and all night the girl sat feeding the fire and the mother stood ironing and re,ironing the clothes.

Then in the great blue morning,she turned slowly,wearily away and donned her black dress. She stepped to the dark kitchen door. The boy and girl made as if to follow;but she motioned them away and entering closed the door.

The murder of Tom Calhoun fell like a northern blast upon the Negroes of Milton Point. They bent and bowed before it as before the cruel storm,that swept their low lying islands in December. Not that murder was a new thing to them. Human life was ever cheap in Carolina and the lives of black men cheapest of the cheap. But this death was the End of Something and the Beginning. The end of the vast dream of Freedom toward which they stretched in sudden and sweet awakening,January 1,1863. The beginning of that second nightmare of slavery that holds them bound and crushed this day. They came then to bury a Dream - to weep over an Ideal for which their dark and bleeding hearts had striven piteously,if blindly,earnestly if in vain. The burial had been quick secret and at night but the funeral was preached a month later,according to slave custom.

41-5-298

They came in droves to the crossroads church,Siloam,and satx before the preacher in great rows of silence and the voice of the preacher faltered and broke in the midst of his sermon;then gathering strength swept onward and upward in hope and faitd and wild exultation and the audience crept after him but faltered by the wayside. There came a hush and a thousand eyes were strained towardxxx the silent bended figure that sat between the tall son and slight daughter.

Then Juno rose and turnind toward the upturned faces stretched her arms and moaned before the Lord,even as her mother had moaned and her mother's fathers had moaned in the presence of their dead a hundred and a thousand years agone:stark and staright she stood with closed eye and swaying body waving her arms rythmically,chanting wierdly in tones that rose,fell,wavered and almost sang:and all the host bowed, bent,and slipped to their knees murmuring in one low minor monotone" Hear her,Lord,Hold up her hands,O weeping Jesus - Amen and Amen." And these were the words of her death song:"O Tom,Tom, where is you Tom,my Tom"she muttered and then -fuull-voiced,"God has taken my man and reached him up on high;why did you to it,God?- didn't you know I loved iam,Jesus,-didn't you feel my heatr apullings when you called him in the night,the dark cruel night. I love you God- yes- but O God your ways are hard and dark to poor old Juno. Reach out and smooth cy soul. You give him to me God,and now you's took again,blessed be you God and blessed be your son Jesus' O Tom was a marvel man, so strong and high and pretty when fi st these old eyes lighted on him. I loved him with my life even when I sinned against him. I had rather adied than sinned against my Tom. I did die,long years I was dead and then dear God you brought him to me again and I woke." She opened her eyes streaming with tears and stretched her hands straight upward while the hosa sank lower and wept and wailed "Blessed be God, the God of black folk who brught again my husband from the dead. Forgive his enemies,Great God but when they come to the dark ricer show them my twisted murdered man. There's no more moaning now Tom,no more mourning"and she sank quivering against the altar in one dark bowed mass -"I'm just awa ting,Tom, just awaiting." The sobbing of the bowed multitude fell to moaning and the moaning to murmuring and the murmuring spread like a great wide wave and the wave swept into song. Far down the coast and across the islands and across the waters of the purple sea men stopped and listened to thes thousand voices raised in death-song:

"Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"

41-5-209

Chapter XI.

The Temptaioning

Hilda was wandering down near the gates of despair. Where was the use of trying, what was the use of striving. All her love of the world beautiful was slipping from her. She saw her own wonderful face now with growing terror, for since that ten minutes alone before the face of Roland Reynolds the scales had dropped from her eyes. She was alone and helpless-a chartiy burden on the slender purse of poor busy worried Miss Silena. What could she do - what could she do -that faced any colored woman in the South: shame, drudgery, or xxx teaching. She could not teach - she did not know enough - o yes, there were scores of black teachers who knew less but was that excuse for her, who was ignorant and knew she was ignorant? Drudgery? All her little body quivered and shrunk from the coarse hard toil of field and kitchen and besides with its taunts and insults and oppression how did it differ from open shame? Shame- the glances of the stree no longer warmed her merry innocent heart. She saw in them all now the glance of Roland Reynolds. She saw too that she could not escape them - there was no protection. Any insult of look, whisper, or note, ~~pitiful~~ any insult could be offered her in public and there was no escape no redress. In the strong arms of one man she might have found refuge, but he had dared to distrust her in her childish innocency and she hated him for it. She had no one to tell- no one to confide in. Poor Miss Silena knew nothing of the world thus shadowing her and had for such things but a few weak New England wisesaws, fathered in ice and snow and mothered in law and plenty. Then two shadows haunted the growing girl whithersoever she turned. On the street, in the yard even in the school, it was the shadow of Roland Reynolds- he always met her, spoke lowly when no one was near, came on errands to the school and spoke softly to Miss Silena, sent notes innocent yet meaningful. She could not escape him- he was everywhere silent resourceful and with money, money, money. She ran from him, flew at him in white anger, ignored him, listened in dumb helplessness. And then then she escaped him and stood alone in her narrow room then came the other shadow- the shadow of herself. She began to doubt herself, to question, to wonder. She had heard the tales of heo weak mother, her shame and her awful death. Had her mother's spirit leapt to her- was it this that made her prayers empty mockery- was it this that sapped her faith in all good - was it this that kept whispering, whispering -"No use- no use- give up the struggle yield and be comfortable-shame? What is shame but the unconventional deed? Then as these thoughts strove to form themselves she would fly from herself, loose herself in a frenzy of passionate weeping, stretch her arms toward God and cry to the dumb heavens. So she lived until the

41-5-300

awful day when she rose and found poor Miss Silena cold and white and dead. The creditors lounged in the halls, the children cried. At last Hilda stood naked to the world unprotected and penniless. The door-bell knelled solemnly and she went desitatingly, and opened the door Roland Reynolds stood facing her.

Chapter XII — The chain-gang.

A few days earlier than this then miles away lay a long low row of filthy huts surrounded by a great stubborn fence. Two or three fat lazy looking white men with rifles, guarded the palisade and drank and laughed and talked. At last one arose looking at his watch. "Well I guess I'll take a last look at the niggers" he said and he strode to the huts. Kicking up the doors of the first he entered uncerimoniously It was a dark illsmelling place with one smoky lanters. A couple of dozen half-dressed women were strewn about the floor. Some were sleeping heavily on dirty straw with bits of bagging or mats over them or lying hin half naked abandon, the great dark limbs stretched out or their half naked breasts showing. Others were disrobing - some hastily concealing their nakedness as the guard entered and others stood in brutish impudent abandon and leared. "Well girls, all here" said the guard good naturedly and he walked carelessly among them, stepping over their limbs, slapping one woman's flesh familiarly and chatting and joking. "Where's Susie" he said at last peering around. A dark half dressed girl, comely and sullen stood up. He crossed over to her and took her by the arm and she crouched trembling as he whispered something to her. A half-dozen others laughed loudly. Passing he caught at the foot of another woman and she struck at him fiercely. He scowled. "We'll train you ye, Sadie" he said and "Well get to bed" and blowing out the light he left locking the door securely on the female section of the Beaufort city chain gang. The men's huts were even filthier and the black bodes lay packed together closely save in the last section where a crowd were massed together and cries and curses rang. Some were on their knees around a circle while others bent and crowded over them.

41-5-301

"Seven come 'leven" cried a voice. "Ha!" - it was a peculiar half fierce explosion of breath that accompanied the wave of his hand and he dashed them down.

"Camblin' again, you black rascals" laughed the guard and he came and stood over them. "Come it's time to quit". "Just a minute, just a minute captaintill I skin this nigger" cried one of the gamblers. The other one seized the dirty yellowy dice. It was Hal Quarles with drawn face, and blood shot eyes and clothed in rags; the shackles clanked on his ankles as he threw the dice three times. He was pale with excitement.

"Six come seven -ha!"

"Seven come twelve-ha?"

"Two come eleven-ha! Hell! -take it and be damned!"and he threw the last grea y coin to the other and the crowd yelled and jeered.

"How much did he lose?"asked the guard.

"Five dollars!"

"God!his lady is keeping him rich!"

"Yep-he gets a fiver every week or so."

"Huh-and Hed gits it nex' day."

The lights flickered and went ou .the harsh voice of the guard yelled "Get to bed" and quiet settled on the quarters. Hal turned restlessly. "Sam any more of that whiskey?"he whispered. A bottle was passed and he drank silently,greedily,and then lay there burning and tossing

Some one touched him "Come on Hal."

"Where?"

"Over cross the way."

"Another game?will you loan me a quarter?"

41-5-302

The fellow chuckled and Hal followed eagerly. Out through a hole in the rotten cabin three of them wriggled,across a dark space to another building. One of them rapped and listened while Hal took another drink of the raw whiskey till his brain flamed and whirled. Soon a bit of plank was pushed aside and they crept in. It was pitch dark. "How can we see here?"growled Hal fiercely. The other men laughed and crept away - he put out his hand and touched warmed flesh and heard a woman's low bold laugh and the lad sank down in wild confusion and half shame.

Chapter XIII

Vengeance

Robert Calhoun was fighting the battle of his life and within his mother lay wasting away. He tried to listen to Mary as she hovered over him:

"Don't think of it Robert - it won't do - it isn't right."

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"he muuuered.

"But it is useless fighting against the strong,the powerful and the rich."

"Honest resistance is never useless."

"But it may be impolitic, and certainly is today when the times are so fearful."

"For just that reason perhaps a blow in revenge would be heeded."

"But why meet lawlessness with lawlessness."

"Because it can be met no other way."

"Let God meet - let God do his own work in his own time."

"Well why don't he do it - haven't we waited 200 years?"

"Think of ~~your~~ the work you could do for your people if you but put away these bloody thoughts."

"Nothing I could do could be greater than a deed teaching white folk to keep violent hands off of innocent black men."

"Yes,yes Robert one thing we black folk may do greater than any deed of retaliation:forgive our enemies, do good - "

He rose in anger -"Will that sort of stuff impress brute beasts- will you try gentle sermons and sweet deeds on hounds and murderers? No kill them."

"Who are you Robert,to judge God and his plans. Let us humbly bow-"

"We have bowed humbly too long now,sister-

"But Robert will you leave me and mother alone and unprotected

"No,Mary,No - and that thought alone holds me back - is it that or am I a coward!" and he rose and paced moodily before the door.

Then, more coldly & bitterly

A stranger passed and stopping leaned over the fence.

"Who owns this place"he asked looking over the land.

"My mother does"answered Robert.

"Is she in?"

"She is sick and can see no one but I do all her business for her."

"Got about 30 acres here haven't you?"

"Forty."

The stranger looked at it critically and turned as if to saunter away.

"Mighty poor land" he said "I'd been thinking of buying up some land here but - "

Robert said nothing.

"What would you sell this place for?"

"We don't want to sell."

"Pshaw!anybody wants to sell if they can get their price." And the stranger moved off. At the gate he paused again. "I'll give you $2100 for the whole thing" he said but Robert shook his head and he went on.

But Robert sat long in the night and dreamed and in the dream was blood but behind it hovered a girl's sweet face,the wonderful witching beauty of one dark golden face.

"Did you sell the place,Bob?Tasked his neighor over the fence next

41-5-303

morning.

"No" said Robert.

"I did - got $150."

"What's he buying for?"

"I hear they're putting cotton mills and a railroad through here."

"Well, I won't sell my father's place"said Robert.

"You'd better- they'll buy you out or cheat you out."

"O, I reckon not."

He turned back to the house and met the land agent again.

"I want to buy this place" he asid and W"I'll give you $150 which is about twice as much as it is wor h."

"I won't sell"said Robert shortly. Two or three times during the next week the agent importuned him until he had offered $200. But Robert was obdurate and the agent went angrily away. Robert thought little of the matter for gradually his calmer self was returning and he was beginning to plan his life. Where was Hilda, he wondered, poor little Hilda and a pany shot through his heart and then a pain for toward him came Roland Reynolds riding and beside him the land agent. Robert could not meet them for his heart was suffocating and he turned aside into the thick forest. They did not see him but rode nlosed to where he sat talking loudly:

"Do you suppone it's spite against your father for lynching old Tom?" the a gent was saying.

"O no, he's been in my office since that - these Niggers haven't much family affection - no it is stubbornness and the only thing to do as I told you is to attach-"and they rode on out of ear shot.

The blood was roaring Robert's ears and the thrill for bitter vengeance for his father"s brutal murder rose as wild and insistent as on that awful night when Mary whispered in his ears. He hurried to town and straight to the home of John Epps, an old colored friend of his father. "Uncle John"he said "what did John Reynolds have to do with killing my father?"

"Well, buddy, he was in the mob you know and they say that it was him that lead them to Frazier's woods."

"A traitor and a murderer"said Robert.

"And a white man"added John Epps. "Now see here buddy, don't be a fool. This is a hard world and God knows hardest for black people- so hard t hat you can't afford to make it harder. If a whit man comes at you buddy, kill him if it takes your last drop of blood. But don't go calling up old quarrels and rightsing all the wrong that's head and gone -there's too many - your pappy's only one in a thousand. Let God

41-5-304

tend to that -you know what the good book says about revenging -how isit?

And Robert repeated at mechanically "Vengeance is mine,I will repay saith the Lord."

"That's it - that's it."

"Yes," said Robert wearily "that's it - the refuge of cowards since the world began."

But the old man put his hands on his shoulder "There's braver things than dying in this world,son,and one of them is living". Robert walked away in silence.

But once out in the air,like the whirling of hell came wild fierce bitter anger rushing tumultuously over the little whisperings,the calm warning,the old excuses - the "damned dirty cowardice" he hissed and muttered.

41-5-305

"O I am a coward, a cringing pityful coward. I have bent and called it Sacrifice,bowed and named it Duty - I have shuffled and sweated and let men kick me like a dog because I was afraid - afraid - a miserable rabbit - by - " He set his teeth and glided,ran,rushed down the road, kindling the fires of hate and vengeance as he ran,stifling the little whisterpings,the little visions - the vision and the whisper. "Vengeance is mine,I will repay." In a half hour he had it - the long shining rifle of his father. "Yes - no - a fox, I think! he muttered at the house, and his aunt Mary looked at him curiously as he ran leaping toward the dark and giant oaks to the westward. For a moment he wavered as the shadows closed on him,and the long low plaint of the owl went shivering through the darkness; the whispering of his heart ~~climbed~~ rose and clambered,but he forced them back furiously and strained his eyes till slowly,doggedly he fetched it up from the ~~gravel~~ sandy - up till it shone red among the trees,the great black twisted face,the lived neck stretched sideways - the nasty dark crimson gash that wound up into the clotted hair - the oozing dri ping brains. Ah - he screamed lowly fiercely with the horror of his own dream,seized the gun and panting,sweating,weeping,crept stealthily onward - across the lagoon,up the creek,over the cotton fields and behind the rrws of shadowy houses:raising himself he peered into one - a dining room softly lighted - a woman sewing,a cat dozing and supper laid. Yes,Join Reynolds had come down from Columbia and was living in his new house,but he was not hose now,he had not come in yet,so Robert crept and writhed back beside the field path and lying prone with the gleaming rifle cocked,waited waited - waited. A rabbit leaped over him and fled in terror;a toad croaked in his ear. There came footsteps and he grew tense and fingered the trigger -no, it was young Poland Reynolds riding back. The father had not come yet, ~~still~~ he lay and waited - waited,with fhirling brain and poudding heart but grim set puriose - waited minutes,hours -long

Why not kill the cub too! no no, the Murderer only, and

awful years with the wraith of the fearful - hist! He came walking along the road bowed bent with hanging head and listless hands, his gray hair gleamed in the star light; as he came opponite the black man rose with levelled gun. John Reynolds saw him, dim ind indistinct "Tom ,Tom" he crie -the rifle flashed in one keen crash of sound and John Reynold fell prone in the path.

On, on the boy ran, silently warily holding the rifle well forward and cocked, glancing keenly right and left. Down that same path his fath had run red-handed 30 years before - down the same path under the same dark bridge and singing water and crept fainting into the same underbrus Long hours he lay there - till Orion girded his sword from far east to far west. It was done - the deed was done and he was glad. There sat a fearful peace upon his s oul as one by one the pale stars slept befor the sun and the crimson and gold of a new day played in the darkened eas As the day brightened he rose aed sat upon an old stump. A red fox walkled past. He shot him, watched him writhe to death; then reloading and throwing the carcass across his shoulder stepped bodly out into the highway and walked carelessly homeward. A murderer - he shuddered but became suddenly cold and alert as he saw two horsemen approaching. He chose his path carefully and measured his step so as to meet them by the great oak. They greeted him pleasantly "a fine brush." And rode on. He leaned against the tree. They had not heard yet - they had not heard they did not know that he was a murderer. He turned to enter the wood a cut across toward home, when a sudden trembling seized him. He looked at his hands in horror - they were red, dripping red and all down his back crept slimy blood. He gave a low cry of fear then remembered that it was only the blood of the fox. Yet and yet - he was a murderer - he had taken human life and his soul was red as his hands - O it was awful - awful - why had God planned it so, why -why? and the shadows danced and the birds screamed as he stepped into the wood and wandered, and wandered.

The wood was Horror. Dark slimy ooze swished about his feet. A long black snake slipped hissing by and the cold trembling shook all his limbs. He was a hunted beast - an outlaw, a red-handed Cain. Before his feverish gaze the trees shaped themselves as like black gallowses and dark noosed vines looped themselves and swung above him. He could not stay longer in the wood - he dared not. A shriek struggled and fought in his throat and hurling the ~~the~~ gun and the bloody carcass of the fox from him he turned and dashed out into the highway. It was already late afternoon. A black coach with prancing horses swept slowly by just as he peered wildly from the forest. And in the polished seat - he looked-

41-5-306

he statrted - he stared - great God! in the polished seat sitting alone and bent forward gazing wearily at the world was John Reynolds- John Reynolds-~~dead~~ alive, alive and well. Silently Robert slipped back into the wood- lurched, swayed and fell prone into the black mud.

"Why Robert-Robert- a twenty four hour hunt and only one poor little fox? Why Bob how bad you look. Have you hurt yourself -didn't you get any other shot?"

Robert caressed his sister's eager face. and turned hisaway muttering carelessly:

"I - shot - at - an old wolf -but missed him -thank God!"

"It's a shame to kill them isn't it?but a wolf?a wolf? How strange I never heard of wolves about here."

But Robert was stumbling, crawling, groping up the dark little attic stair and as he went he still murmured -"Thank God-O thank God?" And then barring the door he shook his bloody hands, hurled the stained coat across the floor, weeping laughing, trembling and singing.

41-5-307

Chapter XIVI.

The ~~Death of Carol~~ Changeling

It was a day of death and marriage. Up in Harrison Coles' country home, Lloyd Jones was marrying his daughter Edith and all the aristocratic clans of Carolina were celebrating the Revolution of 1876. Down by the restless sea that way ever calling, Juno Calhoun was dying and calling for Henry Jones. Robert hesitated at this whim of his mother, but Mary donned her cloak -he stopped her "I will go" he said and turning seized his dhat and went rushing up the street. Colonel Jones was not at home -"Didn't you know this was his son's wedding night?"they asked him in surprise.

Mary waited sorrowfully for her brother sitting in the hovering presence of death;now she bent to moisten her mother's lips or listen to her muttering; now she stood by the door peering out. She saw the old man wandering back & forth by the sea and recognized the bent form of John Reynolds. He seemed a lonely half distraught figure and she felt a certain pity for him despite al all she knew of his life and its intertwining with hers.

She was not surprised when he came slowly toward her;several times in the last weeks he had spoken to her hesitatingly and vaguely as though trying to recall something. She had always answered kindly for she knew that people said he was losing his mind and failing physically. Tonight he spoke quickly and firmly in his old voice and manner,although glancing behind him now and then,fearing as Mary knew the return of Robert.

"Mary" he said "I fear I have wronged your people -God knows I did not mean to,but the currents swept me on- I want to do something to atone. Can I help you - can I help your mother?"

41-5-308

"No" she answered "you can do nothing - I do not need help and she is beyond it."

"But your brother" he urged

She looked at him quickly.

"My son is trustee" he continued " I could get him to give Robert the colored school at a good salary-"

"No" she said " give it to me - get the school for me and then he could go to college- " She continued rapidly and he nodded.

"Yes,yes,I will"he said - then he started. There were foot steps approaching and John Reynolds stepped back quickly into the shadow of the door, as Robert and Colonel Jones passed into the dying woman.

Juno was muttering as they entered but she seemed to divine the presence of Henry Jones and she rose straight up in the bed,a guant brown death stricken figure. She wavedthe children away and they stepped backward into the kitchen. Then she turned her great black blackcircled eyes on the white man. He steadied himself with a chair and the night wind blowing from the shadows that wrapped John Reynolds sent the white wisps of hair floating about the trembling jaws of Henry Jones.

Her eyes spoke with her lips:

"I lost something that night"she said hoarsely.

He did not ask what night;he knew.

"I lost something"she repeated

"What was it?"he asked slowly,as if afraid.

"Your child" she cried.

He trembled from face to foot.

"You lie!"he whispered with beseeching harshness,clenching his hands.

She laughed joylessly and raised her voice more sharply:

"I tells God's truth. Twins came- black and white twins. The Witch Mother took the white twin and mixed it with Miss Irma's child.-"

He bent over her and sweat trickled from his tossing hair-but she went on catching her breath.

"You took one - I took t'other. Celia Jones found it but I lost mine and you wouldn't let me get it again that - that night!"

41-5-309

"But which - which did I take?"he whispered grasping her bony shoulders

She looked at him dully,muttering and moaning.

"Which,my God,woman,which?"he almost sobbed.

Her eyes blazed on him in sudden fury.

"Which? yes which, God knows!" she screamed and then slowly,convulsively she stiffened under his hands and sank backward on the creaking bed stark and dead.

Henry Jones turned and looked into the eyes of John Reynolds. He forgot to think it strange to find him there and only shook his head slowly when John Reynolds cried: "Celia Jones – Celia Jones! – pshaw! —"It's a lie - the hag's crazy-who'd believe such a devil's tale - I - I -" and then the mists began to rise and he lifted his hands vaguely.

But Henry Jones said:

"Celia Jones- do you know Celia Jones ? She took -"

"She brought - why she brought Roland -"answered Reynolds.

Henry Jones seized Reynolds and hurried him out on the long black beach,whirled him about and looked into his eyes.

"Ha- ha- ha!" he laughed harshly almost wildly"Roland -R oland Reynolds -ha! ha!ha! Reynolds you fool there's a nigger in my family or in yours and God knows which!" But the mists had risen in John Reynold's mind and he could not understand.

He only heard the mirthless laugh echoing, as from hardened masses of tears:

"Ha! ha!ha!

41-S-310

The morning dawned grey and cold and the clouds lingered low above the leaden waters. Within upon a bed white-shrouded was stretched the form of Juno Calhoun -thin,haggard and dead. Beside her stood her childre

"It's no use no use"said Robert "the hand of God is against us."

But Mary lifted her eyes up to him and said "Shame on you,Robert shame! here in the morning of life,in health and strength with the memory ou our dear old mammy before us,to falter and hesitate because God has no made our way roses or our paths peace. Shame on you Robert" - and then slowly they fell upon their knees and with bowed heads and trembling words searched for God in the great misty morning and stretched doubtful hands up to the shining armposts of His throne,and without the dog crept in the [illegible]y and weeds and howled to the sea. Then she continued:

"Robert,I have a plan."

"What is it,sister?"

"We will sell this house, we might as well or they'll cheat us out of it. I will go and live with Uncle Caesar and teach school."

"Teach school?"

"It does sound queer Robert. I know so little but I ~~went to the school commission.~~ have been promised the Colored school"

"Who ~~[illegible]~~ promised it

"Harrison Coles, ~~and he gave me the school of this district and~~ for one, and — others, 9 months $40 a month."

"Splendid."

"After we pay our debts we'll have $100 left. You will take that and go up to Columbia and take the college course, and I can keep you there with my savings."

His heart beat faster at this spoken echo of an unspoken almost unconscious dream.

"Nonsense" he said shortly. But she was in deadly earnest. "Robert" she said "you must. It is'nt merely land or money or even knowledge that our people need, Robert, it is Vsion and Sacrifice. We must know what the world was and in and what men have thought. I have gotten in my years at Miss Cilena's as it seems to me a faint gleam of the meaning of life. I have stood on the foot hills and glimpsed the peaks of the world. And yet you see I know so little - so little."

"But you know, Sis, I wanted you to study more."

"Yes - ,es-but I know that but one of us could affort that and it would far better be you because you will have larger and better opportunity to use the things you will see and know. And so for four years you must go up into the hills of God, and sait before the vision and then come down and lead us to the Promised Land" and she smiled into his eyes through her tears.

41-5-311

Chapter XV.

The School.

The day of parting came. Mary stood at the depot and smiled brightly and joyously into Robert's face as he boarded the train for Columbia;she waved her handkerchief cheerily as far as he could see but as the train faded away,her eyes grew misty and when at last it was gone and the sense of utter loneliness sank on the brave girl,the great hot tears came rolling unheeded down her face. She was ever a girl older than her years;sensitive as a flower and deeply sympathetic she felt the sorrows and troubles of others almost before they came and her perfect wonderful usselfishness brought her,so quickly to aid that people came easily to expect it of her. Her spirit of sacrifice was perfectly simple and sincere and attracted no notice to herself. Indeed she was at first glance to all,and ever to the ordinary eye and unattractive girl,scarcely noticeable alone,quite unnoticed in a throng She was slight almost frail in build,dark brown in color with short greying crinkled hair,which was always neatly piled in rounded motionless cones,deftly inbraided and twisted. To those whose eyes were trained only to the more glaring flashes of light and shade on white faces,the softer shadowings of her sensitive countenance were all unheeded and unknown,and her soul looked out from the liquid depths of her eyes dead and unmoved. But those who came to know Mary Calhoun better knew the depths of passionful striving,the long tense yearning for goodness,th great brave feeling that for the good of others no giving of herself was toog great - too exhausting. All the mystic and wierd wanderings of her mother's and grandmother's souls,had in her,through the strong barlare and sense of her father become transmitted into a great vivid passion for spiritual purity. She wanted to be good and true,she wanted the world to be good and true and she wanted this with a fervor so intense and burning that all else paled before this flaming zeal for souls. Long years before when she was but a child she had sat very still in that great reeling revival and then suddenly had risen

41-5-312

and stretched her little arms toward God and said clearly,calmly "I am free!" They called this her conversion and on its testimony took her into the church although some who believed in visions shook theio heads The freedom into which she had stepped that day she never left. Ever after she was free - free from ~~xxxxx~~ all the littleness of life,all its baser passion,all its jealousy,envy and strife,and into her clear eyes came and grew the spirit of endless sacrifice,the sweet lovableness and tender pity - all this,but veiled and unknown to most men because it was shrouded in a dark skin.

Perhaps her greatest physical gift was her voice - a low wonderful contralty that came ~~x~~mmulously welling upward as from h ills of tears and fell upon her auditor in sudden over-powering sweetnes. Today she hurried quickly from the depot and wandered homeward under the great oaks and sang as she walked the wierd old songs of the far off motherland:

"You may bury me in the east,
You may bury me in the west
But I'll hear the turmpet sound
In that morning."

41-5-313

The low winds crooned with her and at last she found herself weeping again with that sense of perfect loneliness that comes with song. All had gone - her dear old mother,her new found father and now,today, Robert. Tomorrow she must face life and face it alone and if life be hard and puzzling to men,how much harder,narrower,bewildering to a woman? And if bewildering to a woman,what is it not to a black woman in a land that despises them and leaves them naked to their enemies? She felt with sudden dismay all that she must face:they would call her by her first name as they called their slaves and servants;they would couple her with strumpets by refusing to call her "Miss". They would leer at her in secret,take open liberties with her sense of modesty and decency and regard her ruin by force or wile as the lawful pastime of a gentleman. And in anywhere,at any time she protested or rebelled,they would laugh at her anger,sneer at her airs,mock at her chastity or slap her face- O God- could she stand this,could she go through it? She lifetd her eyes toward the grey sky and stretched her hands,then dropped them in sudden shame and contrition,sank upon her knees by the great gnarled roots of a black ivy oak;the birds sang above her and when she rose it was with the old sweet look of gladness and sympathy and sacrifice.

The school was to be held in the church for there was no school house and the committee refused to build one. Which church then should be chosen. To Mary the new board Methodist church just built seemed cosiest and better sheltered than the great hulk of old Siloam at the crossroads. But no sooner was her choice known than the whole black

community was rent in twain. "What?"said the Baptists "in a Methodist church?" "What?"screamed the old pastor of Siloam "going to that new darky's shanty with his stuck up wayn,No,Sir!" Mary hesitated in dismay and went to consult the Superintendent. He was too busy to look at her. "Who?"he asked "Mary Calhoun? O yes,well Mary,you Niggers settle that yourselves,if you can't get50 scholars why give the thing up. Now Johnson " and he plunged into his figures. Mary took her usual direct and simple way out of the difficulty. She called a meeting of the patrons and conquering her timidity told them in a straightforward way the situation:"If you want a good school you must have it in the best place:Siloam church is big,the benches have no backs and it leaks; the Zion church is new,tight and small and has good benches. I'm ready to teach in either place - which will you have?" Theyc chose Siloam church but they fixed her some new benches and patched the roof. On the opening day of the first regular free school in the community,125 children of all ages,sizes and conditions crowded in. Mary was thoroughly frightened at the row upon row of solemn faces and prospects of teaching them single-handed. The first few days they were interesting,they sang with vigor,looked at the pictures in the books and wrote on the limited black boards. But the books werefew in number-one to every three or four .- the sitting still became irksome and then the mischief makes began to appear. Paper wads flew,bent pins brought agonized yelps and the whispering made reciting difficult. But the big boys mistook their mild faced little teacher. She stood the hut-but and disorder several days pleading with them and warning them. And then suddenly one morning she sent a troublesome girl home and whipped a half dozen little boys so vigorously that they alarmed the neighborhood. The next morning as she approached the school house she found a great fat yellow woman with towselled hair and angry mien planted squarely in the door way with one of her victims of yesterday. Affairs certainly looked warlike and Mary felt a chill down her back;but she came straight on.

41-5-314

"I'm so glad you came Mrs. Johnson"she said sweetly - "I wanted to talk to you about Jimmie - come right in and sit down- and here's Aunt Jane too,move right in,there we've quite a family party. Now children we've got two visitors this morning Jimmie's mother and Willie and Tom and Sarah's,who've come to see if this school can't behave just as well as any." The visitors who had not been able to get in a word as yet,straightened up now with sense of importance and the school dam began. Four children,it is needless to say outdid themselves in studiousness and exemplary conduit. One small incorrigible in a far corner strated in with a paper wad ~~xxx~~ while the second reader class was reading a story that astonished Aunt Jemima very much,about a gentle-

man named Alladin. The ensuing snicker disturbed Tunt Jemima and she spoke right out.

"You Jim Banks over thar - if you throws another one of them, I just goin'to wear you to a frazzle - you know your mammy don't allow no such cuttin'up." And James Banks subsided for the day.

It took but a few experiences of this sort to make Mary full mistress of her school, while her never faling courtesy and kindness with the ignorant but well-meaning patrons disarmed most of their hostility. Still even that did not make the children come to school regularly or continuously. The ~~xxxxxx~~ school dwindled to 100,75,50,25 and the school committee promptly warned the little teacher that she must close unless the average was kept up to fifty. She was very tired nights after school but she started now regular visiting and it opened her eyes. She found that she had had no idea of the difficulties, the sorrows, the slovenly habits of her community. Here in filthy rags and vermin infected hut lay a sick mother with a new baby "Sarah has to stay and tend me and Josie gets the meals." Here was a father struggling in a fearful battle with debt. "I needs the boys to help me right now, Miss Mary - I'se mighty sorry, but we must live". Yonder she met sloven indifference "O they can go if th y want to - but what's the use - white folks got every thing and going to keep it, I 'spect-no use no Nigger trying to be anybody." Into this slough the little woman threw herself with sympathy, kindliness and unwavering determination. She helped curse the sick, strove to systematize work and accounts, spoke a word of cheer and encouragement, made the girls mend their clothes, hunted jobs for the boys until the school became a centre of love as well as learning, of work and play, of striving and sacrifice.

4-5-315

Another year started in and it brought new troubles. This time it came from the white planters and employers round about. They had at first looked on Negro schools as non-sensical experiments bound to fail on account of the sheer stupidity of the children. Then when they prospered they begrudged them the public monies. At last there came a new and more sinister plaint - the scarcity of labor. It was a new thing - unknown in its present form in slavery times and the planters attributed it to the deviltry and laziness of the freedmen.

"There are a dozen good cotton hands down at that Nigger school" said Doggo the sheriff ~~Mr. John son~~ to the loafers in his store "and a couple of dozen half-hands -it's bad enough to keep these Niggers idle without teaching them all to shun work or making them impudent. By God they'll think they're good as white folks in a year or so." Thus the white community grumbled Now was the black world altogether satisfied.

"Miss Mary's a good teacher but she's had her share of the school money now and she ought to let somebody else have a little now" suggested Sands cautiously.

"She don't pay any attention to my children,it's only the smart ones she cares for"growled another.

And so the leaven of criticism and discontent grew about the unconscious hard working girl,until the day of the new election came and Harrison Coles was replaced on the board by Roland Reynolds.

He saw the name of Mary Calhoun on the pay roll and remembered something.

"Is this Bob Calhoun's sister"he asked.

"Yes,sir"said the colored porter.

"Where's Bob -"

"He's up to Columbia at school."

"And she's supporting him,I suppose."

"Yes,sir,I guess so."

Johnson dismiss her. We'll give that school to Sands'daughter. He's a good Nigger."

41-5-316

Chaptor XVI.
The Servant.

She went into her little room in the cabin and lay down on the bed and thought it all out. Next year was Robert's last year in college-it would be awful to have him stop now,he must not stop. He had worked in Columbia last year and in the long summer months had saved $75. His scholarship had added $50 to this and she had sent $150 from her salary. This year would cost him a little more and then too he might not be able to make much in the summer. The wave of misery overwhelmed her and she went and wept and sobbed until the shadows rose from the sea and Uncle Caesar's querulous voice called her to make supper ready. She rose and smoothed her dress and washed her face and came out to him with her old sweet way- cooked a pone of corn bread,made him some coffee asd sent him mumbling off to bed. Then she went to her room again and took down her little bank book. She had taught three years,six months in each year at $40 a month -let's see that was $720. Of this $475 had gone to Robert -$200 the first year, $125 the second and $150 the third. That left $250. It had cost her and Uncle Caesar but little to live and they raised their own vegetables and chickens and had a bale or so of cotton each year;still she had only $75 left in the bank and it looked very,very small. She wrote a cheerful letter to Robert saying nothing of the school but urging him not to come home in vacation - "stay and work in Columbia and perhaps I'll run up and see you,if I'm lucky. Unll Caesar is well and so am I. How sweet it is to

and work,Dear Robert - Lovinly,your sister Mary" and carefully blotting off the tear,she sealed it. Then she sat down to contrive and think -a county school? it was too late this summer and they did not run in winter and she could not wait for next summer - and even then would have to be very near for how could she leave Uncle Caesar alone? She thought of sewing - now there was a chance - she had often in summer done fine needlework - but O,it paid so little; she thought of private lessons but so few,so very few of the colored people could afford to pay. Then she turned and faced it -faced that which was over there but from which she shrank in nameless repulsion - house-service. Why not? Why not?she said bravely and resolutely and yet she knew why not;because it was the sign of the slavery out of which she and her people were creeping - because it was wasting her talent in doing what a thousand others less fortunate than she could do as well and often better. And yet that was not all - the chief and greatest reason was that it held the raw sore of her sensitiveness at slights,jibes and discrimination open to the careless,the scornful and the harsh. Her very soul revolted against the semblance of bondage. Her mother and father had shielded her from it and although she was ready to do almost any honest work her whole being recoiled at this step and yet,and yet ,her soul whispered perhaps this last sacrifice is what God asks - perhaps this is that darkvalley of Humiliation through which all true souls travel. Was it the drudgery she feared,was it mere pride that bound her? She hesitated,walked to the wall and threw back the wooden shutterand drank in the night air. A silent figure passed along the road and sudden fear shot through her. She remembered a remark of Robert's about colored women's work:"Drudgery and shame and perhaps both." Suppose she should go into some home and fall into wanton treacherous hands - what was there to protect colored girls: Tradition? God save the mark! Chivalry?there is no chivalry for helpless black women. Christianity?was not the Christian south mottled with the bastards of white fathers? Her hands gripped the flesh till it bled and fiery hot anger rose in her throat - but she turned- shut the window and slipped to her knees beside the little bed and strove with her wavering soul to think how 2000 years before another heart,upon which lay the sin and burden of a hunted people, bowed alone in a great shadowy garden and prayed "Let this cup pass from me."

41-5-317

She had scarcely finished the breakfast dishes next morning and tidied the cabin when she saw the shadow of a woman at the door. She went forward and greeted her pleasantly,trying in vain to remember where she had seen her before.

"It's getting real warm"she said "won't you come in and sit here in this chair. It just catches the breeze from door and window and Uncle Caesar says it's the coolest spot on the coast."

The lady seated herself thankfully. She was a short fat woman, with smooth brown hair parted in the middle,and a worried kindly face

"I thought I'd come and see you"she said "John told me that - is, O I meant to say I am Martha Reynolds,John Reynolds wife. I was so sorry when you lost the school and I told Roland and her said well,at any rate I do wish I could get you to come and work for us. I've heard of your school and I heard you sing once and my heart sort of went out to you. I never had any children myself- that is, except Roland -and he,you know -- . And I thought that you'd like a good home. There are only three of us and my husband is not well but there won't be much to do,although just now we are expecting company from the north,Mrs.Grimes and - but of course you don't know her-they're in Columbia now. These girls I've been having are so trifling and dirty and somehow I can't get hold of the decent tidy-looking colored girls !- I don't see why: I'm sure I try to treat them right and pay them good wages.- won't you come?"

41-S-318

Mary's heart rose to her mouth and she stammered. She meant to say "No,no"I can't "but she said vaguely?

"How much do you pay?"

"We've been paying $6 a month but I'd give you ten gladly if you'd come - only of course you mustn't mention it - John is so close."

Mary sat with her arms in her lap staring out doors and almost forgetting her visitor - $10 a month and that included board. She could work 11 months before John's graduation -$ 110. This with the $75 in the bank would make the $175 for him and $10 over. Could she live on $1 a month outside her board? What would the colored people say who had known her as teacher,and with this thought came trooping tumultuously all the throng of doubts and fears and pains -but she thrust them aside with one great sweep and rose. "I'll come"she said "tomorrow."

And Martha Reynolds rose and took her hand. The two women looked into each other's eyes and saw something of each other reflected there,each in each,something deeper and nearer than money and color and years. And Martha's voice faltered "We'll be good friends,Mary."

"We'll be good friends Mrs.Reynolds"said Mary in quick understanding and then speeding her guest,she went slowly into her little room and shut the door.

It was busy times at the Reynolds' for the wedding day o f Roland Reynolds and Alicia Grimes was coming soon. "I don't see

what I ever should do without you Mary"said Martha plunging her arms into the white dough. Mary had just slipped a cake into the oven door and she was humming to herself for Robert's last letter was blithe and hopeful. "I am glad I came"she said as she cleaned up the dishes and hung up the clothes. "There now,my part of the baking is done - what next?"

"I guess that's all" said Martha "and you'd better go home and see to Uncle Caesar and take him something good to eat. Now tomrrow you'll only have the windows to wash. and then all will be ready. John and I start for Columbia tonight and Roland will come tomorrow. Why you haven't seen him have you? He hasn't been back since you came -well he's a good boy. He'll find his clothes all laid out" And away Martha hurried up stairs.

41-5-319

The house was empty when Mary came next morning. She went blithely about her work for she liked it. Withall its drudgery and long hours and endless repetition,there was something fascinating in the keeping of a home. It grew to feel like some old quiet friend,lovingly sympathetic with its great broad bosom,its moods and tempers,its many sided character - it was very pleasant to move in a great rich cozy place like this and care for it tenderly and know that one's duty lay here - safeguarded from the cold hard hurrying world without. She put the bread carefully in the oven and then took Robert's letter from her bosom and sitting on the stairs with duster,pail and wash cloths,read it again and laughed and cried a little. Hilda was there - little Hilda - how strange -she must have grown into a nice big girl and Robert seemed to mention her often. She wondered-but she laughed at the thought and starte up the stairs. She had not told Robert yet of her new work. He thought her still teaching. It was hard to write it and make him ill at ease. She went to Roland Reynold's room first and dusted it and put it in order and washed the window. Then she went into Mrs.Reynolds room. She looked out of the window - a bed of great white lillies grew beneath and she bent far out to catch the fragrance and felt for a moment like plunging down into them. A man with a satche came rapidly up the street - a tall broad shouldered red faced young fellow and turned quickly in at the gate,glancing up toward her. She saw that it was Roland Reynolds and drawing back went rapidly on with her work. She made the bed,swept and dusted,hearing him stamping up the stairs whistling and banging the doors. She had started to the window and had begun to wash it,sniffing the lillies. Suddenly she heard the door behind her open quickly and Roland Reynolds looked

in. He was dressing and he dneither coat,vest nor collar and his hair was rumpled. He always liked to joke and skylark with the domestics and this one to his mind seemed unusually clean and comely for a black girl.

"Hello"he said cheerily.

"Good morning"she answered in a low voice quickly gathering up her utensils.

He looked at her curiously. She certainly was a well built thing "Can't you talk?"he said -"what's your name? You'd better get on with me,or he will fire you" and he laughed pleasantly and reached out his hand. She shrunk back to the window in sudden fear. He jeered at her.

"Stuck up are you?"he said suddenly bolting the door. She staggered backward with a scared look,as she saw the gathering sneer on his red face and the swing of his great bare white arms. Her hands shook and she falthered twisting her apron and whispering to herself "He will not - of course he will not - he is a gentleman -he would -then he tossed the towel away and stepped confidently carelessly toward her,she raised herself erect in sudden hot fury that battled with the whelming sense of utter helplessness God would not leave her thus alone and unprotected in this great dark empty house - God -Oh! and then she caught suddenly the scent of lillies and the rush of the wind. Like a flash she wheeled,never faltering,never doubting, with one light bound she was on the window - the man cried out in horror -but she leaned upon the air,the trees and house whirled upward, the skies flew,she felt her body wheeling twisting downward;up roared the good sweet air and the great fragrance of lillies - nearer,nearer- falling,falling - and she closed her eyes and slept.

41-5-320

Chapter XVII.

Hilda & Hal

L Like some full plumaged bird that flutters before the nest of the tempter until wounded and broken winged it drops and looks at him helples in dumb and terrified submisson,so Hilda stood silently staring at Roland Reynolds. He hesitated and flushed and behind him she saw a shadow. It was a little thing. She remembered that shadow long ago when poor little mischievous Hal would creep along the inside of the fence - she thought of Hal,she thought of his home-coming-she must be here to help him- she was all he had,she - and then in swift horrible revulsion of feeling she leant forward toward the tempter. The shadow moved again and she knew it:

"Hal"she cried "Hal,my Hal"and she threw herself into the arms of the returned convict,while Reynolds vaulted the fence and disappeared. Hal hung his head - he had not dreamed of so loving a greeting and it shamed him-

"Don't sis,"he said "don't - I aint fit."

But she would not let him speak. "Hal" she cried "Have you any money?" He drew out a five dollar bill. "Come"she said "Let's go -anywhere,anywhere".

And early next morning they landed in Columbia with a satchel and a tiny trunk. The sudden responsibility and the tale which his sister had poured into his ears strengthened all the good in Hal . He sent her straight over to the Negro College.

"But what shall I say,Hal?"

"Never mind,I'll arrange"he said. "Just say that I'll be up this afternoon." And then once she was gone and he slipping about had seen the great doors close on her,he stood and stared at himself in dismay:

A boy of 19 just out of jail,with little edulation,no skill,no friends, not a cent of money,and a sister to save from starvation and shame,not to mention his own needs,for he was dungry,dirty and in rags -what could he do?

He whistled.

41-S-321

Then he came rapidly to a conclusion. There was just one way out of it.nobody would give him money he couldn't borrow it;no matter how hard he worked he could not expect pay for a week or more:therefore he must steal. He simply must steal for a start and then afterward he would work and be honest,for he intended to be honest. After experience he thought thatthe best policy. Now however he must steal,and whit? It was so easy that he was surprissd. Two ladies descended from a carriage as he looked by.

One was an elderly lady,the other evidently her daughter.

"Why Mrs.Glennworth"said a gentleman rushing up.

"That was"said the lady smiling Mrs.Grimes now -my daughter Alicia" and the pale thin girl bowed and fingered her silver mounted purse. "We are on our way to Charleston - they passed in but the pale girl lingered. It was then that Hal laid his thin hand gently on that silver mounted purse and disappeared down the alley.

Five new ten dollar bills lay in his hand. He bought a ten dollar suit of clothes. Hired a room and washed and dressed. It was nearly five o'clock and he almost ran to the school. Hilda was sitting uncomfortably in the parlor and she rose joyfully to greet him. He did not say much. But paid two months' board in advance,gave Hilda $10 and started to go.

"Have you got work so soon Hal?"

"Yes - and you've to stay here in school."

"Will you come and see me often?"

"Well -once a week,perhaps -Good bye."

And he was gone.

And so Hal started staggered out into the world. The burning throb for alcohol raged in his blood but he fought it grimly;the old wild wander lust called him but he remembered Hilda and his home. Beneath the slight and curses and petty discriminations of a despised class he writhed in dumb fury -striving to hold hand and tongue and stay the impetuous fury of his blood;the lure of the gambler tempted him at every corner when he heard the half-hissed "Ha "Ha" of the dice thrower,or saw the urchins filthy pennies,or the horse racing;and then in the still nights when he wandered wearily home from fruitless searching for work- he heard the voices of sirens and saw their beckoning hands,but he cried"Hilda,Hilda!" and ran home sweating in the darkness.

But it was hard -bitter hard. What could he find to do? He went to work in a restaurant but they served liquors and the smell was maddening so he left;he became porter in a store,but the headclerk cursed dim for his slowness and called him a "Damned Nigger". Nor ever knew how near he was to murder and death that day. He got a dray to drive,but he cursed at the white children who were stealing a ride and lashed them and a policeman arrested him. His employer bailed him out after a few hours detention but he gave up the job. Then he found a place in a private family as butler. It was quiet and they seemed kind honest people. "God help me to stay - if I fail here" but the woman looked at him narrowly and suddenly asked him "Were you ever in jail?and he answered boldly -"Yes, 12 months"and she discharged him immediately. The frenzy of that night! he had hardly earned $10 in two months of his ~~regularity~~ lying;he knew that Hilda's board was due and he had nothing. The physical and mental strain was telling on him and the thirst for relaxation,company,carousal wan driving him to frenzy. Why should he try to work?stealing was far easier. That night he slipped out noiselessly at midnight. Hark!

"Seven come Eleven.-Ha"

He stopped. He had $5 - a week's wages in his pocket. He rushed into the dark alley and into the house. The gamblers leapt up but he growled at them and flourished his money. Long into the night they gambled. "Whiskey" he kept crying as he threw his dice.

"Ha!"and the fiery hell burned through his body. It took but a few hours. At ten he had sixteen dollars and his brain was blazing an his laughter and curses filled the room and the alley;at 11 o'clock he had not a single cent and neither coat nor hat,and his brain was mad with liquor and poison. Up the alley,up the street,up the broad

41-5-322

cool avenue he lurched. A gentleman and lady were coming toward him and he staggered sullenly to the right. This however was the inner side of the broad side walk and the white man determined to make him take the curb. "Turn out there, Nigger" he commanded holding the lady closely and reaching quickly to his right hip pocket. But Hal raised his blood shot eyes and with a fearful oath leapt straight at the man's throat. There was a pistol shot, the flash and crunch of steal against the bone and the pale-faced man sank bleeding to the ground

Chapter 18

41-5-323

Robert and Wilda.

When Robert Calhoun went up to Columbia this time it was like some strong swimmer rising to breath on the curving sea, like the intaking of a great sweet new breath of a morning, like a new baptism of faith and love for the good old world. He was but twenty five and felt himself an old young man, for his life had swept the vast limits of human feeling - joy and sorrow, hope and despair, life and death, birth and burial. The blood bounced too bounteously in his veins to let him even sicken of the joy of living and yet just now he needed inspiration and breath and vision - new dimensions of his narrow and narrowing world, new sources of joy, new and greater ideals. Born to

the common lot of men, he could have lived a little life and made much of it, but crowded to a life narrower than his soul he needed new and large dimensions - a breadth of vision and upward lifting of ideal which should compensate in greater ways the loss and theft of the common goodness of living.

And so he came to college not as his paler brothers northward, in budding half green manhood, serious in little and realizing only a bit of the riches round them before they pass quickly beyond the college green. Robert came on the contrary to know, serious beyond his years, eager with all the halfused eagerness of youth to explore and sound and measure the meaning of life. He brought with him too his measuring rod- his grim hard experience at making a living and meeting men and doing things. He grasped his new books curiously, read and re-read them. Pored over them with a thoughtfulness that delighted the older teachers and worried the younger ones. His was a quick bright mind that leapt and flew where others walked, that saw at times with faerful clearness straight across the world and at other times was dull from very over-richness.

41-5-324

Yet in all and about all his new world of wonder, his passion for knowing and understanding dwelt a deep strange loss. The shadow of some far-off dream of wonderful happiness that had fled. He remembered ever one face and always when he remembered, the day how dark so ever, glowed; the drizzling rain sang, the blasing noonday whispered and ran. He had never forgotten little Hilda - he had never ceased to chide himself for losing her, yet when the tragedy of his life had let him seek her she was gone and no one knew whither. The awful suspicion returned to him but he was ashamed of it now. So day then he walked into the long dining room and saw its host of faces - its wonderful rainbow of faces somehow it seemed as though her face must be there because he wanted it there. Then he smiled and laughed at so ~~xxxxxx~~ foolish a thought and drank in the scene before him in half embarrassed wonder - a little startled at the white faces of teachers sitting here and there among the darker students, a little troubled at his table manners and yet always conscious that he was waiting for a vision that had not yet come and perhaps would never come again. A bell tinkled faintly and a quick silence came. A neighbor nudged him to stop eating and he put down his knife and fork and raised his head and then his heart leaped and the blood sang in his ears - he heard faintly and from afar the voice of the white haired little woman reading of the blessed feet of Him that bringeth good tidings that publisheth peace - he joined in the prayer that asked and gave forgiveness but all this was faint and from afar, for in front of him and at the table beyond sat Hilda Quarles.

In the days that followed he saw little of her and if she had noticed him at all, she gave no sign of it. Yet this seemed now unnatural to him. He knew he had forfeited all right to her and yet as he saw this tall grave beautiful young woman moving among the others so gently and gracefully a bitterness and a determination seized him and he asked leave to call on her. She came to him in the parlor without delay or excuse and went to him with extended hand looking him frankly in the eyes.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Calhoun" she said "I never have had a chance to thank you for your kindness to my brother."

He could have met anything but this frank openness

"It-a- was nothing" he stammered. "I thought" but she went on.

"Hal is working now steadily and keeping me in school."

"I am very glad."

"How is your sister?"

"She is doing the same" he said with a certain sense of shame" "working and keeping me in school."

"How good-I only wish Hal would study. I would work my hands off for him."

"Hilda" he burst out " I hope you have forgiven me?"

But she rose "Forgiven you? Why I had nothing to forgive. I shall always be thankful for your goodness."

"And if you need me will you call on me - freely?" he said.

She hesitated and then she thought of Hal.

"Yes, certinly" she said "good bye."

She went to her room -swiftly up the first flight then slowly, pausing in the reading room to turn the leaves of the paper - a line caught her eyes "Murder- Mr. Roland Reynolds who married Miss Alicia Grines a few months ago and was spending his honeymoon ~~xx~~ * in the capital was stabbed last night on the streets by a Negro and died within an hour. He described his assailant and a posse of citizens are hot on his trail."

A fierce gladness struggled in her heart and then a sense of shame. Slowly she went up to her room. A letter lay under her door- a ~~dull~~ grimy scrawled letter. She opened it, ~~a bank book~~ and a scrap of paper fell out - She read it - read it again and turning threw herself across the bed and shook with sobs. stared blankly out of the window at last

Then she rose quickly bathed her face and ran down stairs. Robert was still standing by the parlor window and he turned to her eager-faced as she stretched the crumpled note toward him; he read:

41-5-325

41-S-326

"Dear Sis:-

~~Here's your bank-roll with enough left over to go to school on.~~ I've kwlled a white man - Roland Reynolds. It wasn't my fault except that I was drunk but I'm no good no how. Good bye, you'll never see me again. Be a good girl.

Hal.

Robert read the letter and looked up. She stood leaning against the wall, pale shrunken together, with glowing tangled hair and shadows beneath her eyes. He stretched his arms, she shrank back, and said "I must find him - I must go to his room and search for him - I must -" she looked at him.

"Wait" he said. He went up stairs and got his pistols put them in a satchel and came down and after a short talk with the matron together they hurried through the streets.

The room down in the squalid Negroquarter was dark. They oried open the door: it was empty but in the fire place lay a half burned bundle of dark stained clothes. They were still smoking, when -

"Hark;"cried Hilda.

There was the sound of hurrying men, clattering footsteps of horses and the low roar of mingled shoutin. Robert sprang to the window and opened it. The old cabin fronted a narrow alley and up the alley the mob was making straight toward the house. Quickly Robert barred the door and half closed the rickety shutter of the one window; then opening the satchel gave her one of the pistols, and took the other. She understood and stood tall and lithe, with her bronzen hair half shaken about her face, like some great golden madonna. On came the mob - she looked at him with the old sweet smile and he bending kissed her forehead as she murmured "At last, O Death."

Then they listened. They've got h m - they've got the Nigger" yelled the boys along the street and Robert and Hilda started in dismay. Then quickly he rose pushed back the shutter and leaned out:

"I will kill h im as he passes" he whispered. She ~~kneeled~~ crouched beside him on her knees. "And then?" she cried fingering the cold fatal steel -"and then! he answered with set face - click! click! went the revolvers. On came the crowd - the dirty grimy crowd - the policeman dragging a bound man, the hatless, coatless followers, the wild-eyed men - the pistols, rifles and oaths they swept on - but they did not stop. They did not stop at the little home, they did not even look - on they went like a mad whirlpool.

"Burn him! burn him" they yelled and the eyes of the prisoner turned for

a moment toward Robert and Hilda screamed and Robert dropped the pistol and gasped. It was not Hal. Quarles whom they saw.

The roar of the mob passed into silence. She stood against the wall with outstretched hands like a crucifix,with hunted eyes. He stood with folded hands looking at the bloody bundle.

"I (- " she faltered and stopped.

"We - " he hesitated.

She dropped her arms wearily. "Yes - we must - save him,even - even if it it means Hal's - O it's cruel Robert,cruel."

"But just " he said slowly "perhaps - perhaps Hal has escaped - at any rate we must save this innocent man."

She roused herself - "yes - go!" she cried.

A moment he paused before her swimming eyes - a moment,an eternity- then he turned and his footsteps rang on the pavement. He flew

~~to get swiftly~~ through the streets and winding and turning came breathless to the police station. Only one officer was there.

"Is the prisoner here?"

"What prisoner?"

"The negro charged with Mr. Reynolds' murder."

The man smiled grimly "I reckon he's in hell by this time"he said.

"But they've got the wrong man"panted Robert. The officer looked at him.

"At any rate he's a prisoner he said "and I reckon he'll do."

Robert rushed out with his bundle and hurried down the street.

"Which way did the mob go?"he asked of an old black man;the man pointed silently and Robert ran. He ran silently,swiftly,in great sweeping strides bending his head forward like a hound with widened panting nostrils. As he rose to a hilltop he saw them in the full noon day glare,heard the hoarse ravenous grating of their shouting and snifting the bundle he ran till it seemed his heart would break - before him he saw the column of smoke and flame and heard the yelling of men and then as his feet struck the bridge that spanned the Congaree,the crowd broke and stampeded toward him;bleaving the ~~xxxxx~~ thin curling smoke and the ashes. He leaned sick and weary against the bridge and his heart hammered pitifully.

"Too late,too late"he muttered. The crowd came on straggle by him - the older men silent with set faces,the younger flushed with liquor. Robert raised his bundle silently and balanced it on the rail. A half grown boy rushed by -"This is his finger,Jigger" he yelled truculently and thrust a little scorched bone before Robert's sweaty boiling face. Robert made no answer but he pushed the little bundle. It fell with a splash into the water and went bobbing and whirling down the swift current.

"An innocent man has died a shameful death" he whispered "and I have hidden the guilt of the guilty." And he turned wearily back

41-5-327

Chapter XVIII.
The Pain .

Mary Calhoun lay before a wide window gazing dreamily out upon the sky - great clouds, grey and silver and white sailed silently, majestically by as if on long and mighty missions to some blue and unknown land afar-thrones and kings rolled on in gleaming splendor and changed and grew and altered as they rolled. She turned away; why was it - ah- ah- God, the Pain, the dull deep massive pain,- the grinding pressing sickening pain! the beads of sweat bubbled on her forehead and she sank back with a sigh as Martha bent over her.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" she murmured "there don't move - you mustn't move - is it easier now?"

"Yes - yes - I - I want to write - I must write."

"To your brother - I'm writing now, dear - "

"You must not write I - no - no - yes I am strong enough quite (ah the Pain the deep tingling bitter pain - ah, ah - there) yes, yes get me a pencil and I'll tell him all - thank you - yes, I'm quite easy now - quite - ah - well."

She seized the pen and wrote:

"Dearest Robert:-

Is no this sweet weather? this glorious (oh, the pain, the pain. the bitter pain) summer time? The sun is tender to us here and sends us (ah, dear God!) kissing cooing winds. I am sitting, no lying -(ac I not lazy Bob) here and watching the great white clouds fly- they seem like God's great waving banners marching always marching so silently and swiftly on. I am as well as can be - I hope you're in good health. Work and study hard next year - I shall send you $150 for the year - it won't pinch me at all. My (the pain, the awful whirring pulsing pain- I cannot bear it, dear God - ah) love to Wilda and all your friends (ad it co es again dagger-like and strikes my hand I how careless - my finger slipped. Goodbye, dear Boo, Good bye,

Mary."

"There - there" she whispered faintly "now the envelope no, no I'll back it - there then now you won't write, you won't -" nd she fainted away.

Long days she lay there watching the sky. Now in deep peace now wracked with paroxisms of pain.

"What, what is broken" she asked once.

"Your hip is crushed dear."

"Will it ever get well?"

"O, it will get much better?"

"So I can work - so I -" she began eagerly.

41-5-328

"You are working now and here are your first month's wages"said Martha. Mary took the little envelope and opened it and there was a hundred dollar bill.

"O no" she said quickly " no I"

But Martha was kneeling by the bed sobbing. "You were hurt working for me and this is my own money,my own savings,if you do not take it I shall never forgive myself."

Mary looked at her and lay back with a sigh -

"Thank you" she said "thank you veryvery much .-"

But Martha still knelt.

"Mary" she said and her voice came dry and harsh -"Mary did you - fall out the window?"

For a moment their eyes met but Mary closed hers quickly.

"Yes,Mrs.Reynolds"she said.

"O thank God - thank God "murmured the woman "O no,no.I don't mean that Mary - I - "but Mary put out her hands and slipped them about the woman's neck and kissed her.

41-S-329

"Can you not give me some needle and cloth. I think I will try to embroider a bit" said Mary one day,and lying there she wove a figured mat with flaming border and waving lillies strewn without and Martha took it out and sold it for her. Many of these she made (yet the pain, the low grinding pain,lived ever with her) and then at last obedient to her begging they moved her to Uncle Caesars cabin and put her in her little neat room where half sitting,half lying,she sewed and wrought and sang. (The pain the cruel pain,it wrought and sang there too.) One day a child came in for help on its lesson. She eagerly turned to her books and helped it and in after days others came and others and though they wondered to see her pause now and then,and closing eyes and teeth,drip silent sweat,yet the class grew and the black parents came in and hovered over her and paid her little sums as they could. Thus so that soon she found herself earning $3 and $4 a week with her sewing and teaching and she was glad and brave and happy. One day a letter came and she opened it. There was a long blue check and a card. The blue check said $500 - the card said "Henry Reynolds "Roland Reynolds - Real Estate." She sat and held it. Wild anger,cold contempt,calm resignation strove in her heart. Would it not be right to use this for Robert's training,for the poor about her,for the school? Then she sighed. No it was the price of shame,and the next day Henry Reynolds received back his check and card.

She wrote long letters to Robert filled with cheer and cautioned all the neighbors lest they worry him with gossip.

"He knows all he needs to know"she said sweetly. "He's hard at work,

dear boy,and does not need to be troubled with little things. Yet it was hard as commencement approached. "When are you coming?"he kept writing and she hobbling about on her crutches and knowing that the Limp and the Pain had married her body for all this life kept putting him off and at last said:"Dear Brother - I have met with a little loss and I cannot come to see you graduate. God only knows how I am disappointed at this." The next mail xxxx brought money but she sent it back saying "When you come,I will tell you all dear Robert - I cannot come." There came no answer. She knew how deep was his disappointment and hers? Ah - the bitter,bitter Pain then slow hot pain. She put away her crutches and hobbled to her little chair before the door and waited. In a few hours he would come. She draped her skirts so as to hide the sick bones and glanced at her face in the little mirror poor little thin,lined mask of deep brown. She sat back with a sigh and waited - waited .

The days flew until the Day of days came!

41-5-330

Chapter ~~XIV~~. XX

~~The Lovers~~. Illumination

Never again did Hilda see her brother. Whither he went and what his final fate was she never knew,and the story of his crime lay locked in hers and Roberts heart. And in their hearts too lay something else. She shrank from it. All these years of her imagined hating stood now revealed to her as the deep and lower tides of love. Yet she kept saying "No , no." She seemedto herself twice to have thrown herself at him in unmaidenly abandon. She was ashamed and shut herself in her room -would not come when he sent for her and rehearsed ~~refuxxx~~ again and again the words she must say when they met again:Robert you surely will not misinterpret my excitement - no I do not love you; or Robert yes I love you but we can never be more to each - Robert - " and then he came ~~in the flesh~~.

He met her on the great front path just beyond the shadow of the trees. He said nothing and she started to falter the set words - then remembered that he had not yet spoken.

He hesitated,then bent forward toward her and she swayed to his, as two wild flowers curl together on a windy moor- his lips found hers and all the world went singing,her eyes found his and all the sky blushed crimson to the sun. And then at last she knew. Then at last the great aching void of her life was full. The sense of loneliness flew,the fear at lack of protection - a strength and joy crept through her limbs and she sobbed and laughed and whispered in his arms,until she woke to life with the great clear ringing of the night bell.

He turned and parted lingeringly glancing back to where the maiden marvellous stood darkly silhouetted in silvery golden light,with out-

stretched arms;then he walked on again face forward and there were the once giant gateposts stood stalwart and stone,stood now white satined heralds and they cried to the thousand ears of Night "The King -long live the King", while unseen silent hands brushed back the curtains of the night that hang before the stars. And Hilda above inthe arched doorway standing still in the radiant fulness of her dawning womanhood watched him swaying onward and saw him last turn backward at the gate. She kissed her hands to him- kissed all ten tiny finger tips and stretched them toward him benedictionwise till he was gone. Then turning with a great joy upon her heart,she mounted the broad stair case,walking as on piling cloud or thick green meadows - up,up, bounding up,slipping through bright clear air; she laughed lowwand shook out the silky curling of her hair till it haloed her dark beauty splendidly.she heard the tinkling music of little far off bells,the eager gaes of paradise flew back and lo!her room,her room-mate and her little bed.

Wither walk the feet of them that newly love? In green and flowered ways,in paths all sweet and golden with sunny shadows and shadowy shine. Up far up the great and glowing mountains to the gates of Revelation - ha happy the man to whom those gates lie open and the woman who finds them wide unbarred- she is of maidens thrice time blessed,the film fledged fairy of God's one wonder world. To Robert and Hilda,these dark children of a darkened world,veil-swept before the burningglory of the sun,came insomuch the larger fuller and more splendid Love new from untainted untouched herats,great from all-believing souls, wide with the width of all the world, ahey knew. Within the gates of Revelation they walked reverently with bowed heads,and half veiled eyes with midnight prayer,orisons and madrigols,little silent tremblings timid touchings of hands and great flashes of utter whelming happiness such as men may not taste often on earth lest earth be heaven.

They did not talk of Love - they lived it and talked of Life- of the wonderful world of tree and sky and cloud and creeping thing and how God made them,of men and the thoughts of men,of the glory of doing and the duty of deeds. Together they sat in humid twilights with light clasped timorous hands and wandering misty eyes and sang, sang the sorrow songs,the old sweet heart songs of their fathers and set what thoughts they could to the little words and winding music.

Then gradually subtly the new note came. The sudden revelation of life to them was so wonderful why could it not be more wonderful- independent, freer broader better? They talked of Hal and the world's injustice toward him and a bitterness and complaint grew in her tones and talk. Again and again she whispered to Robert:

"I cannot breathe the air here in the south it burns me "-

11-5-32

Read 277A here

Since Hal's disappearance Hilda had been living on the charity of the school, for the authorities begged her to stay. yet the thought of dependence galled her & hers.

Her love grew and changed and wavered; at first it flashed and waned terror-wise, now to madness now to night. Then it sat a single point of light infinitesimal afar, but so fiercely brilliant that all else in the world was stygian darkness. Now it blazed larger till it was red conflagration - world divouring, throwing all life into streaming shaking shadows. And then at last came calm. Love was a still white flame dim unflickering, pure holy. It was all penetrating, all suffusing. It did not light everything but it lighted the world. What it did not light was not the world. There was no world without it - what world there was was Love and Love was all in all.

41-S-331

As love to her was light so to him it was sound .- a certain singing in the wilderness, a strange obligato above the dust and deed of life - a great and solemn chorus of inspiration that turned the heavy prose of the world into hot flowing poetry. The music of Love did not with him replace the world - it rather interpreted and sang its very roughness into harmony.

Herein lay the subtle difference between their two souls. The soft white light of her great love suffusing enveloping threw into darker relief the hatefulness and evil about her which she felt was not of the world but some unlike excrescence, which must be gotten rid of, and the more she saw of the evils of caste, the more her life became one great gasp for joy and peace and love; on the other hand the great music of his loving made him love the real world and its work the more in a dream of greater broader harmony.

Thus imperceptibly subtly they began to grow apart. They did not realize it. They would have denied it stoutly. They loved and knew they loved and yet the very intensity of that love emphasized in both the stirrings of some deeper discord.

[Back to 277]

"I cannot live in this choked slavery haunted place-"

"You do not - you canno know what a colored girl must suffer- the heart hurting blows, the slurs upon her womanhood, the petty dirty insults which every white thing - loafer or gentleman considers it his right and duty to heap on us - O I should die a living death here- Robert could you marry a wife here knowing that you were powerless to protect her even with your life? Robert xx you never knew that that very Reynolds whom Hal xilled followed me after that awful day and persecuted and insulted me in every way possible and that I dare not tell and could not complain could not even have told you had you been there lest you stand where Hal stands or lie a heap of moldering ashes? O darling, darling, would we dare bring children into such a world, with such a destiny? Robert we must go nowth and loose ourselves from this hateful world."

At first he resisted the liberty cry even of his own heart.

"These white folk are but erring human beings dear - they do not realize the wrong they do us, they do not realize that we have hearts as sensitive as theirs -" he would say.

41-5-333

"They may not realize all that" she would answer "but they are not fools or babies and they know well enough that lying and stealing and cowardice are wrong even toward animals. And yet they lie about us, they steal our labor, attack us not man to man, but armed mob to helpless outcast."

"Yet Hilda, all the south is not thus, all of our neighboxss are not to blame."

"Robert they are, and that is the thing that sickens me of the south I could stand the sin riot and brutality of ignorance but I cannot stand that of intelligent men who know better and yet who do and wink at wrong."

"Many of them feel our wrongs keenly and have told me so."

"Yes, dear, whispered it to you alone, glancing furtively about, lest some ears hear themr confessing xxxxxyxxx "and yet persist in their oppression when the mob calls -"

"But they are also generous and kind in many ways."

"O they give us old clothes."

—"And their wrong actions are but a few among many good ones."

"Yes, yes - but a man continually guilty of one mean low kind of deed, stamps meanness so thoroughly on his soul that he becomes mean throughout and forever. I cannot picture their thought to myself Robert -I cannot realize their way of looking at injustice: how can grown strong intelligent beings look us in the face unblushing and know hat they are cheating, defrauding humiliating and crushing a human soul and then add to the wrong ind insult, the impudence of telling us our duty -

O Robert they are not men,they are devils."

"Even granted all this Hilda,paint the situation in the south as black as you will:doesn't it call all the more for intelligence and sacrifice to fight it - to you and me to work right here and now?"

"Why we? Why must we grind the soul out of life in heart sickening hurts and the rest of the world go free? Why is it any more our duty than the duty of a million of others white as well as black? Why we Robert who can be so happy - to whom life means so much - who have seen the vision of the Blessed?"

He laid his hands reverently on her hair and stroked it gently saying slowly:"Perhaps it is not simply duty,my little girl - perhaps it is a great privilege,the privilege of Life,perhaps Life is work and work sacrifice and sacrifice not simply the ~~sight~~ vision of the blessed but blessedness itself."

"Nay,Robert"she answered "Life is Love and Love is Joy and work is the lowly handmaid of greater and greater Joy. Sicrifice is evil- necessary perhaps at times but ever evil. And of all evils useless sacrifice is the worst,—it is foolishness and the sacrifice of blacke people ~~to~~ in the south to convert Southern white people to Christian decency is useless for it's fighting unreason."

"There is no Unreason Hilda,for the world is God and God is reason."

But Hilda stamped her little foot.

"What does God care for black people?"she cried as she clasped her arms about his neck.

Then Robert hushed the rebellious heart -and soothed her and whispered into her ears ahd kissed her dark and softening eyes. And so it ever ended.

And so too the battle of Love and Hate in Hilda's soul and the battle of Work and Love in Robert's found ever no abiding victory. The realness of their great new love was ever before them and the strange new happiness and yet - yet in his soul Robert sometimes wondered if deep as was her love for him,her hate for the south was not deeper: and then he would search his own heart and say was his case any better? Deep as was his love for her was not his love for his life-work greater? Was it? Was it not? He scarcely knew. It depended on the damythe sun,the place. A glance at two tear filled eyes made the world hold but one dear woman- nothing else. A walk through the alleys and hovels made the world all one great beckoning duty. And so in that last school year the battle surged now up,now down,till at last with him all-conquering love began to conquer and the more so because of Mary's strange behavior. He could not understand ~~her~~ his sister. She suddenly

41-5-384

PP

did not want him tocome home in vacation time. Her letters had a queer strained sound and she did not come to him- would not even come to his graduation - she was -"too busy",thinking only of herself and her school. Yet he hesitated -it was not easy to give up a life dream - a life duty even for love:even though the sister who was his inspiration has forgotten him,but gradually easily,eagerly, he slipped into new ways of thinking, and dr aming and a great hunger for f reedom possessed him and the love of one woman filled his life.

Then came the curious change.

41-5-335

Hilda was standing by the gate of the girl's hall one afternoon, when a pretentious carriage whirled into the yard with coachman and footman and two white ladies. All the girls stared curiously for such folk seldom came to a colored school. The carriage rolled to the door and the elderly heavily powdered lady looked around imperiously.

"Where is the matron?" she asked sharply.

The New England woman who came out looked very plain and faded beside the silken and befrilled aristocrat who announced:

"I am Mrs. ~~Glennworth~~ Grimes and -"

"I am glad to see -" began the matron tentatively, but Mrs. Glennworth visibly bridled and hastened to add

"I am looking for a good seamstress."

"Oh" said the matron disappointed "I am afraid we haven't any."

"But don't you teach sewing?"

"Yes but we hardly turn out trained seamstresses-" then she thought of Hilda. "There are one or two who might do such work but -"

"Send the best one here."

Hilda came wonderingly at the matron's call.

Mrs. ~~Glennworth~~ Grimes bent forward.

"Did you make that dress?"

"Yes ma'am" said Hilda coldly.

"Well I want to hire you."

Hilda stiffened.

"-You must come" continued Mrs. ~~Glennworth~~ Grimes, dropping something of her grand air and talking earnestly. "My daughter here greatly needs your help right off" she whispered in Hilda's ear and then continued "My daughter has met with a great misfortune recently. You'll come and talk with her won't you, like a good girl" and she held out a card. Hilda started to speak, glanced at the card and her dark face went white to the lips: "Mrs. Poland Reynolds" it said. She slowly glanced up at the thin young weak-mouthed woman, draped in black and great with dawning motherhood who sat beside Mrs. ~~Glennworth~~ Grimes. This then was the poor thing whom her own brother had widowed.

"I will come" she said slowly.

Robert tried to dissuade her when he heard her decision but she looked into his eyes and said:

"Atonement."

"Then too," she argued " I have been dependent too long I am ashamed to live longer on charity; here is a chance to earn a good wage, and begin

41-S-336

to support myself. I shall miss finishing my course - but ah well Robert, I have you!"

"But we shall be parted"he complained tenderly.

"But not long Robert- we are going to Beaufort,near your sister, in the new house which Roland Reynolds built. There I shall work until spring I'll come back and see you graduate dear,and then - then we'll plan and your sister - perhaps I can find out more about her and her strange behavior. You haven't told her - about us yet?"

41-5-337

"No -I've mentioned you several times but she never inquired. ~~Shall~~ I ~~—~~ Shall I?"

"No wait and let me see." and Hilda went to ~~Columbia~~ Beaufort

Through the Influence of Martha Reynolds,Mary Calhoun had left Wilton Point for a couple of weeks to sew for Mrs. ~~Glennworth's~~ Grimes' daughter. The pain had softened to an ache. She was deftly embroidering a bit of sheer muslin when Mrs. ~~Glennworth~~ Grimes arrived home from her hurried trip to Columbia.

"That's beautiful,Mary,beautiful? she said fingering the tiny dress. "And what's more I've got somebody to help you at last -Hilda what-you-may call-it - I got her from the colored school up there - shall be here to-morrow"and Mrs. ~~Glennworth~~ Grimes rustled out. Mary paused and thought,and the pain pricked. It was Hilad Quarles she was sure,for Robert had mentioned Hilda casually in several letters. He seemed to know her pretty well. If she came here and saw her she would go back and tell Robert of her lameness- of her working at service- then he would stop school and not graduate and all would be spoiled. No,no! it must not happen and her fingers trembled and the pain throbbed. But could Hilda know her? No of course not. She had not seen her for fifteen years or more and the lameness would disguise her further. Unless then she heard her name,she might never know. Mrs. ~~Glennworth~~ Grimes would'n mention the name - to Mrs.Glennworth shae was simply "Mary"unattached. The other servants? She saw little of them and Hilda would see little. She would speak to the old housekeeper and thus to Hilda she would be Mary-Smith? yes,Mary Smith -for John's sake and she bent guiltily over her sewing(The Pain the dull hard Pain.)

Hilda looked at her little dark misshapen companion in pity and curiosity;pity for her homeliness and loneliness,curiosity to know what life meant to her. Gradually she found herself strangely drawn to her- Her sunny disposition,her sweetevenness of temper and her unwavering cheer however so cloudy the day and time,and even when striving in the paroxisms of the ceaseless pain,was an inspiration and a light to Hilda's more passionate spirit. A deep affection sprang up between the two girls and the little sewing room

That she was Roberts sister never occurred to her for Roberts sister was strong & well and teaching five miles away at Wilton Point

became the pleasantest of places with its flowers and singing, its work and talk. Both at first were reticent about their own lives but graddally they began to exchange confidences.

"You have a lover, Mary?" asked Hilda one day, half whimsically Mary looked up in surprise and then laughed "Yes- yes" she said "for a lover means some one you love, and who loves you and with whom you will live and work alway

"O it must be a man" laughed Hilda.

"I'm not sure it must be (the heavy, heavy Pain) - but it is" and Mary laughed lowly and then in sudden fulness of joy she poured out all her life hopes'- not quite all, she kept something of her secret but she told of an absent one whom she loved of how he was studying, of how he was coming to work with her and then of the work- the wonderful Work, the mighty joy of doing for the dark world she loved about her.

"We shall build a school" she said "and together we will teach and lead. Won't it be wonderful?-Ah" [the stab of the Pain!] Hilda marvelled,

— first that a man should have had the sight to see the soul- the pure beautiful soul beneath this crooked homely body; marvelled more that this soul sweety and good as it was could see beneath the awful tragedy of this hateful south a wonderful and inspiring work. She dropped her sewing clasped her knees and ~~stared~~ looked into Mary's eyes.

41-5-338

"Mary I hate the south" she said.

"Hate? hate? "said Mary "then you don't love-"

Hilda's heart glowed in her eyes- "I do -love-" she said.

But Mary shook her head -"Hate and Love do not mix-if you truly love one human soul then in him is all the world transfigured."

Hilda laughed. "No because I love, therefore I hate -I love him and beauty and goodness- I hate them (and ~~then~~ she pointed to the white passersby) and ugliness and prejudice."

Mary rose and limped to Hilda and kissed her.

"I am going to leave you soon "she said "but I'll write often and sometime you'll come and see me and mine- and then you'll know ." (The bounding tingling Pain!)

The next Sunday was so lonely without Mary that Hilda bethought herself of her long deferred visit to Robert's sister. Inquiring the way to Wilton Point she found it rather long to walk and so hired a driver and

buck-board and arrived about noon. Only Uncle Caesar was at the cabin where

they said Robert's sister lived and Hilda sat down beside the strange and aged old man and talked of Momm Bett. Then he went out and Hilda sat waiting and musing. What kind of a girl was Robert's sister- how should she greet her, what-"

"Mary!"

"Hilda - dear, dear Hilda"

"Why - why".

"Will you forgive me Hilda?"

"Mary - are you Mary Calhoun, Robert's sister?"

"Yes, Hilda."

A wave of bewilderment encompassed Hilda Quarles. Robert's sister crooked and lame? Out at service, engaged to someone unknown to Robert-

But Mary did not notice. She sat down and taking Hilda's hand told all her simple story; of the school, of the service, of the bed of lillies, of the pain- yes of the little lies told to save Robert worrying and regret and as she told the scales dropped from Hilda's poor blind eyes.

But Mary seized her hand "All these days "she cried "I have been mad (Ah, the Pain!) to ask you of him - you know him for he's mentioned you several times-Is he well? Does he look worried - or thin? Is he working too hard?"

41-5-339

Then she told her great secret. The Episcopal Church was talking of taking Miss Silena's school and giving it to Robert when he graduated. Perhaps he would study for orders and some great day be priest in a little chapel. Then she got her crutches and showed Hilda the world -her world. The struggling suffering laughing masses of women and men- in and out the homes she crept with her crooked body and sunshine face and ever before and around and about her crept Love. Down, down, deep down fell Hhlda's heart. The vision of her own narrow selfishnes shamed her, a vision of the glory of work and the endless beauty of Sacrifice silenced her. Who was she her heart cried "that had dared to come between this woman and her dream!

A vague presentiment of impending doom came over her. Was there any place for her in this great vision ou work and sacrifice? Even if tramping on her heart and passions she fitted herself to the new work and thought, would she help them? Would she not-had she not already perverted Robert's ideals? and about all did Mary dream of - of any third helper? She broached it tentatively.

"W Rw "When Robert marries-"

"O Robert will not marry -that is for a long long time" said Mary hastily- then her face grew ashen and the pain leaped and flamed.

"Hilda- tell me -he - isn't caring for some silly girl up there?" Her face was piteous and Hilda gripped her soul.

"Ha -ha - ha" she laughed merrily clasping the lame girl tenderly and kissing the sorrow from her eyes

"Of course not - there was a girl he used to go with but I know he loves you and his work best of all".

"But he liked her - a little?"

"O she had a - a pretty face, and - "

"O it's wicked for women so to misuse God's beauty; and yet perhaps I'm unfair- was she good - true - unselfish?"

"No no she wasn't- she was selfish, selfish above women and narrow she tried to lure him to a life of aimless pleasure- but she couldn't-he was too large of soul."

"Robert, my Robert" murmured Mary (Oh the dull weary ache.)

"But enough of that - that is over. Now of myself. Mary would you mind letting me talk of myself?"

"Oh," cried Mary, hurt at her selfishness "of course, my Hilda forgive-"

"No no, itis nothing. Mary do you remember that once I told you that I thought I cared for a man?"

"Yes Hilda - you did not tell me -

"No-you do not know him- he lives far away from us." Well Mary I feel that for his own good I must give him up."

"Why Hilda you two together.- "

"No I do not have the right influence over him- I lead him all unconsciously not up but down. No, No I must - Mary you speak so often of God he seems so near, so real to you, to me he is a name, an empty form." She came close to Mary and ~~nestled~~ knelt beside her." "Mary does your God help a poor woman- a ~~poor~~ untaught woman who wants to do right and hardly knows how?"

"Yes Hilda."

"And Mary would God help me and strengthen me for a great sacrifice"

"Yes, Hilda."

"And Mary will you ask him- now."

Simply and reverently she bowed Hilda's head upon her knees and bowed her head above it so that h r lips kissed the coiling hair and the pain slept fitfully. Softly her clear voice rose in the cabin above the murmuring of the sea.

"O God, my God, who ~~are~~ art the defender of the weak and the strength of the strong look upon these thy two motherless daughters. Help us to be pure and true and help Hilda to do what she knows is good and right and finally save us both in His name, Amen."

And Hilda echoed solemnly "Amen."

41-5-340

Then she rose and they sat silently hand in hand:

"Do you see the shadow ship"asked Mary pointing to the dark clouds that rode the eastern waters,and ~~then~~ she told Hilda the old tale and told her of her childish wanderings and of Robert's,of their mother andof Robert-Robert Robert -and then the anxiety crept back into her voice.

"Hilda-Hilda,do you think he cares more for this girl than for God's work?

"No I am sure he does not. He was once attracted to her as men are so often."

"I think"said Mary,"that such unions are wicked. I think a man and woman who marry should marry some great work of God and be wife and husband to it. And what can be holier marriage than the soul bond of brother and sister working for their race?"

"Nothing,Mary,and listen sister,let me call you sister. I think - I am sure Robert is true to his work and to you" Mary was silent,then said:

"Do you know Hilda at first when you told me youw were in love I had such an absurd idea -I thought it might be -Robert."

Hilda laughed merrily"The idea!"

"And - and I was - jealous,I could not help it - it's wicked but he's all I've got, Hilda. But now that you tell me of this girl,of her selfishness- it's right to be jealous- isn't it Hilda? She's not worthy of him?"

"No,no she's not,a thousand times no- but never fear. He's yours,no one shall ever take him from you and your work." And clasping hands they sat again in long silence.

Hilda seemed to herself another woamn when she returned to Columbia. She had determined to accept a position ~~with Mrs. Glenworth at her orthern home~~ which Mrs Grimes knew of in New York and must leave just before the Commencement when Robert graduated. Just how to break her engagement with Robert she could not for a time decide. She thought of running away and writing but that seemed cowardly. She thought of telling him all,but that would be untrue to Mary. No she would return and let things go as they were only reassuring him of his sister's devotion without betraying Mary's secret. Then at last she would leave him. He would go to Mary. If he looked on that sacrifice and deserted Mary for her she would marry him but despise him. If he gave her up for the greater duty to Mary and his race,she would make the sacrifice willingly.

Meantime she watched Robert and the more she watched the more she was sure that her love had degraded him,lowered his ideals and made him selfish and self centred. One night in particular the truth of its struck her like a blow. He had come to the parlor to call and was just going. She held him back a moment -

41-S-341

"We want happine ss Robert"she said searching him with her eyes.

"Yes,"he said "happiness"looking at her shining hair.

"And freedom,the right to go and come unlet."

"Yes freedom - wide good freedom."

"And money to buy a tiny home,and books and papers and soft rolling chair and hangings and pictures,and - and "

"O such a home with you"he cried in ecstacy.

She panted between tears and laughter and put her hands on his shoulders.

"And Joy"he cried"the joy of life,the utter pleasure and joy of living."

The wildness of her mad beauty set all his nerves tremble.

He sank to his knees and seized her hands.

"Joy" he cried "O Hilda,joy"but she drew back slowly with a choking cry. He looked at her in wonder.

The great bell knelled and he turned,lingered,and went down the steps slowly.

41-5-342

"Joy"she cried to his going,standing li ke some mirth-mad maenad,with heaving breast.

"Joy"he echoed as he sped love-swept down the way.

"Joy!"she wailed and swayed like a wounded thing with the vision of crippled pain-wracked Mary in her eyes.

From that day her mind was made up.

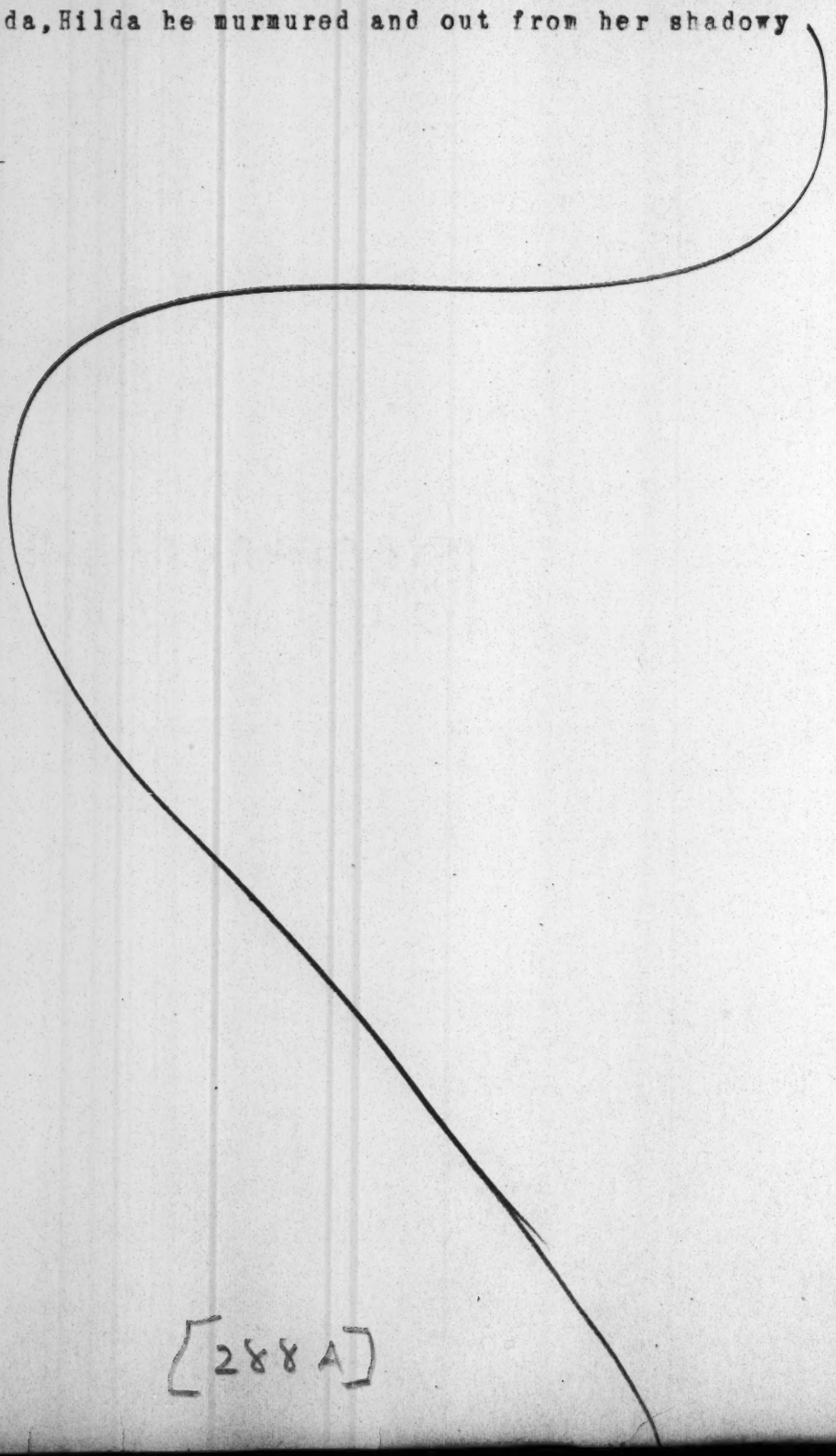
They parted,standing where the great dark hall did slow and vast obeisance to the moon,while all about lay the soft sheen of velvet darkness. Lowly,slowly they spoke,nakedly,soul unclothed to soul. He took her face between his hands and whispered "O I have loved you so long- so unutterably long for the endless ages of hours and days and the minutes of endless years." And she answered creeping close to him:

"Before you came I did not live and when you go I shall die;—Not suddenl, and frantically but slowly-oh slowly in long weary- leaden years. O Robert,Robert,in after years remember always, I love you."

So he graduated alone. The dear old school sat back among magnolia trees,a little green oasis among the low close crowded cabins of the Negro quarter. The building itself was bare red brick but today trimmed withhumanity - a great dark cloud of mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers and he spoke to them clearly and confidently of "William Lloyd Garrison." Then he took his diploma,boarded the train and tsarted homeward after four years. How soon should he go north to Hilda? This summer!why not?he argued. Mary was satisfied alone- he had not seen her in years- nor she him and yet she was cheerful and busy-so "busy" he said impatiently. It was hard to work

Here and hopeless. There was no peace - no beauty no upper air. Every where was the mob or the making of the mob, harsh words, epithets, ugliness, ignorance. The world was tight, narrow, hemmed in. Above, below - he gasped for air as Hilda gasped. Hilda? She rose before his vision glorified-blautiful as some dark easters dream, touched with deep yearning sadness, he saw the changing gleaming bronze gold of her curly hari, he felt the soft fair heaving of ther breasts and saw the subtle half-hidden curve of her lithe limbs-he closed his eyes. Hilda, Hilda he murmured and out from her shadowy

41-5-343



[288 A]

eyes stepped her soul - her silent striving soul, her panting wounded soul and her voice blew upon his waiting ears as the voice of sighing singing waters -

"Beaufort - Beaufort - all change cars!" He grabbed his valise and stepped into the street. Mary was not there. A fierce anger shot through him. Miss Sands simpered up - "Why Mr. Calhoun? So glad to see you, I er - I've been wanting to see you a long time and meant thought to see you in Columbia, but of writing but .- well you know we ladies must be so careful" and she gigled aimlessly "How's Mary?" sie said. "Very well" he answered coldly. "So glad, I hated it so after her awful accident." Robert stared in amazement but mMiss Sands did not notice "about her losing tie school." Robert dropped his umbrella and fumbled for it tremblingly and a great light crept through his darkened mind.- "I suppose" continued Miss Sands rapidly and confadently "that she thinks it was my doings but it wasn't, honest, I hate it - it was all Pa's work and I could a cried when I found I had to teach all those nasty little dirty children - "

41-5-344

She stopped breathlessly and picked her handkerchief "I wish I could come to see Mary - I know she can't walk" but Robert muttered something and hurried away.

"Accident - lost the school - cannot walk" was he dreaming? He hurried almost ran down the street to the ferry and out into the island country side. The shadows hung over the black disk of the sea, and the groaning of the waters struck wildly on the gathering twilight. Uncle Caesar's cabin gazed darkly out upon the road and swelling waters. Robert stepped and steadied himself, and then with hammering heart opened the gate and walked up the path. A little light shone within up the dim form of Mary where she sat awaiting. He rushed forward with glad cry, but just as he reached the threshold, she rose twisted misshapen and limped and hobbled forward, with greyish face and great dark burning eyes. He strode in and snatched her lightly tenderly in his arms and groaned:

"Sister, O my sister."

Chapter XVII

The MOmm Bett School.

Five years had passed.

The Rector was surprised. He was a slim precise man, clean shaven, in clerical dress and with that aggressive, all-judging face that seems its natural accompaniment. There stood the quaint beautiful old cabins, low long and wide built of fragrant yellow pine palmetto logs. All about fronded Palmettos were and was the mmmm odor of the oleanders arales and jessamine and all the front of the three dark cabins was riotous with color and perfume, while behind lay black green cotton and tossing corn, and to the side low

billowy rice. A fence of crooked crinkled vines ran round the wold, two cows stood ~~munnnnnn~~ mincing ~~grrrrrrrr~~ gravely and above where a tiny gate stood gaping arched in crimson glory, dead sweet and languorous in the hot still morning was a legend in white shell and it read "The Gates called Peace." A gleaming white path of spotless sea stone lay up to the cabin and the rector entered. He wantered on, and then where a little bower, blue garlanded with flowers, guarded a simple bench he sat hown, half hidden, removing his hat., musing, wondering, knitting his brow in surprise as the voice of children came to him. He looked and saw that a colored woman twisted and limping was coming out the door and with a troop of little girls - dark vari-colored girls romping and laughing about her. They turned toward the little cabin to the right and ran and raced.

Then came from the other side the voices of shouting boys and a tall young brown man walked after them. The rector hesitated. He waited to ask about the school - to know more of this strangely attractice place; but somehow it was difficult to ask. He could have apologized politely and enquired had the persons been white as he had supposed they were of course when he entered the gate. If the place had been a dirty hovel of black folk he would have entered as some being from above and received homage and given advise and censure. But these folks - these surroundings? He rose half vexed at his hesitation, and then something occurred to him - of course he argued relieved, there must be white northerners at the head and these were under teachers or monitors; he did not like to even approach those officious Yankees but perhaps it was his duty - he stepped along the path raised his shoulders, looked about with his gold eyeglass and coughed slightly. Robert turned and seeing him came to him.

41-5-345

"Good morning, Sir, can I be of any service?"

"Ah, thank you, young man, I was looking for the - er - principal or head of this - er - establishment."

"I am he" said Robert.

"But who has charge, oversight?"

"No one beside myself."

"Who owns the property?"

"I do - that is I and my sister."

"How long has the school been here?"
"Five years"

The rector stared "But I never heard of the - "

"The Momm Bett School?"

"Oh, why - yes but I thought that was -" he stopped. He was about to say that he thought it was a Negro enterprise and to his mind

"Negro" meant oh,it meant so many things - first of all Negro was synonymous with dirt and this place was clean;"Negro" meant badly mananged or not managed at all while this looked orderly ("tho of course one could not tell") ; Negro meant silly,inconsequential childish imitative - everything low,laughable and wrong,while this - he spoke slowly

"I thought it was a more unpretentious affair-"

"This is very simple - let me show you."

They walked together over the little place. Peeped into the neat cottages,saw the school,saw the children at dinner. The rector kept alternately thawing and freezing. He liked the place but he could not rid himself of the uncomfortable feeling. He felt like xxxxxxx tipping his hat to Mary and then reddened at the memory of the impulse.

Yet as he walked slowly,toward the rectory his mind and heart were busy. He began to see a faint light in one dark corner of his soul where there had long lain an unwelcome heaviness. He did not read the passage often but when he di he felt ashamed:"Insomuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren,ye did it unto Me." and had he imagined it?wwas there not at such times an uncomfortable flutter in the well-bred pews of St. ~~Andrews~~ Lukes?

41-5-346

Chapter XXIII.
Mission Work.

It was Wednesday evening,the service had ended and there had been a very fair attendance. Mr. and Mrs.Harrison Coles were out - he a bent and feeble old man of seventy and she a fussy prim little lady of fifty-five,well-preserved and complacent. Her daughter was there too,Mrs.Lloyd-Coles-Jnoes,a talllfair goddess visiting from New York where her artist husband was ~~struggling~~ working on a great magazine: then there was the young widowed ~~Mrs.Reynolds~~ daughter-in-law of John & Martha Reynolds of Utica, the Misses Cox, the dowager Blakesley, Judge Boggs and one or two gentlemen. Yes and back,half hidden by a great shadowy pillar ~~sat~~ and ~~and~~ on either side of it sat two other persons- one was a tall and stately woman,her face rouged dead white,her thin white hair piled high and her dark eyes dreaming beyond the wa ls, beyond the sea. Mrs.Irma Lloyd Jones - one of the Abbeville Lloyds married the late Colonel Jones - you know the story"whispered Miss Adelle Cox,and her guest Miss Cobb of Savannah bent eagerly forward but shrank to find the haughty eyes blazing toward her.

"And does Miss Cobb approve of such attempts at educating Negroes? Mrs Jones was asking coldly. Miss Cobb recovered herself hastily and groped for the thread of the doings. The chest tones of the immaculate rector came to her rescue.

He had called a little after assembly

"Tor the purpose - ah- of considering two missionary enterprises. One was the matter of sending aid to a promising mission in Angola, West Africa. The mission had been very successful during the year. There had been twelve converts, a littl church had been built and it sorely needed a bell. With some desultory comment $200 of mission money had been devoted to bell a nd maintenance. Then it was that the rector had cleared his throat and said:"The other matter lies nearer"he ha thought to say "to our hearts" but thought better and said "to us. It concerns our own colored population"and then heaving a faint warning rattle, he hurried on talking rapidly"after all we owe these people aid and guidance. They are ours, their mistaken emancipation was not their fault but misfortune. If we do not take their training in hand how can we complain if they are mistrained and filled with absurd ambitions and thoughts. My friends the welfare of these dark brothers of ours - for they are our brothers - has long weighed heavily on my soul. Yesterday by accident or by divine guidance I visited the colored school kept by Robert and Mary Calhoun. I was favorably impressed by it and want to help it. I happened to be speaking to my young friend Miss ~~Coit~~ Cobb of Savannah and she was telling me of a similar enterprise in her city-"

41-5-347

"And does Miss Cobb approve of such attempts at educating Negroes?" asked the cold voice of Mrs. Jones.

The Rector scented danger and hastened to explain "Training - training. I should say, rather than education, my dear Mrs. Jones and perhaps I should explain my reference to Miss ~~Coit~~ Cobb. We all know how poorly trained our servants are since the paternal system has been broken. In Savannah as I understaod there is a school supported by the church which is supplying this need of training." Miss ~~Coit~~ Cobb nodded gently.

"And fho will see that the money is properly expended and the teachin properly done?"asked Judge Boggs, with rather labored formenes of speech.

"Well, eventually we should of course have a board of trustees and I had hoped that some of our ladies might help in the teaching at times. The b lk of the routine work would be done by colored teachers."

"Bht wouldn't that involve the training of colored teachers?"

The speaker was a stranger - an old white-bearded man bald with cavernous eyes, and he sat on the side of the pillar opposite Irma Jones. The rector ignored him and after some demur induced the mission society to give $10C to the school on condition that as soon as practical the school be turned over to a board of trustees who would conduct it.

Robert looked at the rector with a puzzled smile as he explaine next day: "I was disappointed when you did not take the Smith School", he said; "the ~~"But our~~ property here is worth at least $500"~~he said~~.

"Yes - I should say so."

we had talked of taking over the Smith School but the project failed. Our duty still awaits us.

"And it has cost us $500 a year to run it."

"$500!!! said the rector "why - why where did you get it?"

"The boarding children pay a dollar a month - all except a few - and the day children pay 25¢ - that amounts to about $300 - the other $200 come from the crops."

"That is better than I expected"said the rector.

"And of course" continued Esbert "I should hardly think it fair to transfer to others the title and control of my own property for the sake of small - pardon me - and not altogether certain support."

The rector was silent and half embarrassed but Robert continued:

"Could we not arrange it this way? Suppose you and two members constitute a committee for the expenditure of such sums as the church contributes and that I expend them as your agent reporting carefully to you and being at all times under your inspection so far as the spending of the money is concerned?"

41-S-348

The rector readily assented,and thus it was that the Rev.St.George Tucker and Robert Calhoun began their friendship. And when two men find each other,and walk together in the golden day and talk amid the shadows of evening,they come to know each other soul and soul despite all the piling barriers men place between. The church stipend gradually increased until it was $500 a year Robert read the Episcopal service in the school and graduallm by studying a few months in the year was raised to the diaconate and built a tiny log church at the edge of the oaks and near the song of the sea. Thus five more years passed by.

But there were those that watched all this jealousy and did not understand what when the Bishop dined with Mrs.Irma Lloyd Jones the subject came up:

"You do not mean to say that a Tucker can so far forget himelf as to receive a Negro as an equal! gasped the Bishop.

"He certinly is giving some ground for the suspicion"said the young Mrs.Reynolds.

The Bishop frowned. "I will speak to him"said he "how about the school?"

."I wisd you would go see the school"said Crs.Jones."my opinion is that much of their time is being given to book study and very little to the training of domestics."

"Suppose we go now"said the Bishop and in a half hour the horses were at the door.

There were seven in Yary's little Latin clas . Two were bright quick sutdents - "John they ought to - they must go up to Columbia to college"she had said that morning. Two others were fair students,earnest pleddders. The other three were poor and on of them - O he was stupid and Mary was in despair over him;he ought not to study more,nut it was hard to

discourage him. So Mary sat that morning giving him more of the class time than he deserved and trying O so hard o make him understand,when the door behind opened authoritatively and Mary knew uby the widening eyes of the children that dignitaries were come. She rose with a limp (Oh,the dull grinding pain)and started to ask them to be seated when the Bishop waved his hand "What class is this?!he demanded.

"They are the Seniors- they are having six months of beginners' Latin."

"Latin!"

"Yes,sir."

41-5-349

Mrs.Lloyd Jones smiled "Let us hear this fellow recite"she said. If John's recitation had beenbad before,in his perturbation now it was simply awful. His Latin flew and his Englis took after it. Mary quickly called one of the brightest students,a bright eyed little black girl of 14 - ebut the great eyes of the bishop were too much for her and she stammered looked at Mary in tearful appeal and sat down. Mrs.Jones smiled again. "Is this what we're spending our money for,Robert"she said sharply "to spoil plow boys and serving girls with Latin?"

"I do not think you can judge the school fairly yet"he said quietly "let me call -"

"I want to see the industrial work"said the Bishop peremptorily. They found some girls sewing in the girls' cottage. "How much do you sew a day?"asked Irma.

"An hour Ma'am."

"And the rest of the day?"

"One hour helping in the dining room and kitchen and six hours on our lessons."

"The old lady glanced at the bishop -"Tow against six,"she said.

"It shall be six and two next year" he said decidedly and Robert herad

He found the rector gloomy and taciturn that night when he called and the usual cup of tea was not served.

"I'm afraid that Latin class of yours has played the mischief,Calhoun." It had grown to be "Mr." Calhoun for a year or more back,but now it changed again.

"I am sorry."

"You had better give it up."

"Why?"

"The bishop is determined upon it."

"But you advised it and you have seen the need of the training."

"O I am not criticising the work - only others do not know it as we do."

"Then let them study it and not judge it from a five minutes'look." The rector shrugged his shouldersand said Goodbye coldly when Robert left.

Chapter XXIII.

The ~~Trial.~~ Challenge.

It was the morning of Exhibition day, when the Momm Bett School was to close for the year. Robert was nervous, for this year there was to be a very distinguished audience. The bishop was to be there, and the white dignitaries of the town were to sit in reserved seats in front. Behind would be banked the darger patrons of the school. The graduating class of five sat on the platform of the vestry, but the rest of the school sat banked aloft in the back gallery, whence their clear young voices came rolling down in sweet song upon the audience.

41-5-350

"They will want to hear the slave songs, Mary pick out the best and wierdest."

"They?" answered Mary.

"I mean the white folks."

"Yes but our people want also a glimpse of something else, they yearn for music and they can hardly appreciate their own till they hear some of the world's harmony - I'll tell you what I want to do, Rob - at the end when all is through I want to sing Counod's Sanctus Spiritus with a small chorus of girls - surely no one lan complain of that and the children want to so."

"Well all right" said Robert doubtfully "but don't forget plenty of our own slave songs."

So it happened that all came - the white aristocracy of St. Luke's in half curious patronage led by the Bishop and Mrs. Jones and followed by John Reynolds and Martha. The black village in proud wonder, decked gorgeously, and happy; and the children dark fluttering with giggle and whisper and solemn stare. The graduates sat in one half frightened row below the reading stand and beside them to the left sat Robert in his new deacon's robes. Tears of great happiness were in Mary's eyes as she watched him from the thronged gallery opposite where she had marshaled her little host. On the platform sat the Bishop the rector and Judge Boggs and they whispered together glancing at the black faces.

First there was a slave song "Bright Sparkles." Then the rector prayed for "the least of these our brethren" and there came another slave song. Then a tacl boy, brown and slim arose and recited "The Slave that saved St. Mich aels": the black audience applauded lowly, the white scatteringly. A girl then read an essay on "Napoleon" which smalked of the encyclopedia and made the whites smile and the blacks look mystified. After a simple part song in which all applauded another girl read an essay on "The Faithful Slaves" which the whites applauded generously and the Negroes half-heartily. A boy talked on the "Value of Work" while the Bishop yawned and then came the valedictory. She was the little black girl of the Latin class, small bright eyed and intelligent and her shrinl clear tones roused

and

held the house. The blacks bent forward breathless,clutching the seats. The children back aloft sat silent and wide-eyed,and the whites roused themselves,grew tense rustled in their seats and whispered. The rector looged uncomfortable,the judge seemed amused,but the bishop was angry. It was an essay on "Ambition" - a school girl's effort with many of the usual platitudes and echoes of greater thought,but singularly clear and straight forward. In a white girl's mouth it would have been applauded and expected,but what did this audience think to be told that black boys and girls must "aspire to the highest"that "all things come to those who wait" that "labor conquers all things" that "they should never be content to be mere servants and menials but should aspire to the great things of earth in this land of freedom and opportunity."

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving,still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait"

The still clear little voice of the dark white-frocked girl ceased amid a thunder of applause from the black world and absolute silence from the white. Robert arose with the little bundle of diplomas ,but the Bishop strode forward. "I have wanted to say a word to you black people" he said in sharp forceful tones "and this seems just the place to say it. You have heard this girl"s talk and you have foolishly applauded it. Let me tell you plainly that such talk is silly,wrong and wicked. Yes I repeat it, Wicked. God made you people to occupy a fixed humble place in his universe. To strive to escape from your appointed destiny is impudent blasphemy against his holy unalterable laws. I do not wholly blame you for these foolish thoughts - your false northern friends put them into your heads when they thought by law to make you white. But it was impoooible - you will always be what you are and you must reconcile yourselves to it. Your ambition ought to be to become faithful oervants such as one of these girls spoke of,and humble labsrers. To this end we are going next year to change this school into a more thorougd industrial school. We are going to teach our children to work and not fill their heads with false notions and I want you older people who know that what I say is true,to support our efforts for your weal loyally." He paused. Robert has been sitting ~~down~~ on the platform below him half turned toward him listening with bowed head and trembling hands. What would he do - what could he do? The horrible temptation of cowardice was upon him - he felt a thousand eyes upon him - the wondering eyes of his patrons,the tearful eyes of his little children,the accusing eyes of the white world. If he could sink into the floor -

41-5-351

if he could fly into the outer air - if he could -but he could not. He must and would speak - he knew it,he felt it. He could scarce realize how he dared and yet he knew he did dare - he knew that before these rulers of the village,before these parents and children he was going to speak the faith that was in him if it killed him;that he was going to answer the Bishop. He wondered at his own voice when he heard it - it was so round and full and clear,no steady,when his whole soul was trembling and the audience was qiuvering with him:

"Revered father in God"he said "for t e thoughts this child of mine has spoken ,for the ambition knitting in these dark heart do not blame these people - blame me. I have taught I have sought io inspire them, I have tried to stir them from the sluggish depths of their lives up to the fullness of their o portunities. I have done so,and forgive me,Sir, but I shall continue to do so. so long as there is breath in this body I shall speak unto the children of Is ael that they go forward. A shall tell my people you are God's children - whatever men may aspire,you may aspire for you are men. Be ambitious,try to rise,try to be just as useful,wise and great as you God -given powers will let you. This I have taught my people and my children,reverend father,and this by God's grace,I will continue to teach them as long as he gives me life and strength."

41-5-352

He turned and stripping off his robe laid it silently at the prelatess feet and then clasping his hands priest-wise before him he walekd with bowed head silently toward the door. A husd fell on the people like the trembling of a mighty hand;the rector half arose -the bishop stepped back from the mute dead robe as from a stricken thing and the blood roared in his head,while the little valedictorian bowe d her head and wept.

And suddenly above the throng rose one clear voice and voices:"Sanctus Spiritus" it cried,and again higher ,clearer "Sanctus spiritus". The slowly moving figure of the unfrocked deacon raised his head and his eyes met the wild tear swept eyes of the singer as the third wail higher sweeter rolled aloft

"Sanctus spiritus."

And then in a great wave of music swelled and the thrilling majesty of Gounod's great prayer-song,swinging in the air as the black man walked out into the free sunshine and into Peace.

The people listened motionless-sighed and then the rector glancing toward the Bishop's vacant chair heistated forward and said with low voice and raised hands:

"The peace of God,which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." And the moving host murmured slowly "Amen."

The Judge Boggs ~~was~~ thought Bishop & he furious: "The damned impudent nigger"he

hissed "he ought to be horse whipped and I've a notion to do it." Mrs. Baxter too was inexpressibly ~~mex~~ shocked "To insult the bishop too -he's a dangerous pestilential fellow and must ne gotten rid of - indeed,my dear Mrs.Jones,it's just such men that ruin the docility of our Negroes" but Mrs.Jones did not answer,and in her face sat a perplexed half-angry wonder - a creeping gnawing doubt.

The bishop had gone to the ante-room and greeted no one. He looked dreamily out the golde colored glass until slowly the people had gone and only the quivering dust motes danced in the vestry room. Then the bishop retureed thoughtfully pacing up and down. The rector watched him silently with twitching face and far back in the church the black janitor watched them both. Slowly the bishop turned and saw the rector He smiled; he said:

"I have had a vision."

The rector started to answer vaguely,but the bishop went to wdere the deacon's robe lay folded and picked it up and handed it to the rector. And then e placed his hands on the rectors' shoulders and said:

"St.Cesrge,I have seen a man!"

And the rector bowed his head and was silent.

41-5-353

Chapter XXV.

Bribery

Mrs.Grimes was obdurate and on the whole the board sympathized with her point of view,despite the pleading of a few staunch friends of the late Silena Smith. It was in Canaan amid the same old and ever young hills, where Mrs.Grimes,formerly Mrs.Clennworth ten years ago before. had made her luxurious summer home since her daughter married. Her gables and faultless lawns spread over Martha Reynold's father's acres and the well-preserved lady who acknowledged to a half century of life and might easily have claimed more was an assiduous and liberal member of the Mission Society in the Episcopal church. They had formerly given to Silena's school as a matter of course but when she died they had ceased. Now a new call for this school which was revived under a new principal,Robert Calhounhad come and Mrs.Grimes objected.

"What's the name of it?"she asked sharply,being quite unknown ts herself a little hard of hearing -"the Momm Bett School?" What an outlandish name - O yes,I've haerd of this school from my daughter- well I object. I do not expect personally to helf any further school or schemes to make the Negroes discontented. They nede to learn to wsrk and be clean and save. My ideas of Negroes have changed in the last years. I seriously doubt if they will ever reach a very high plane

of civilization. They can hope possibly to make a good contented laboring class,if properly trained and guided. As it is we are educating murderers and rapists - " and then Mrs.Grimes with trembling voice told of the wanton murder of her son-in-law and added "Only the quick arrival of the police saved my daughter from a worse fate,and - it may be wicked but I am glad they burnt the brute." A murmur of sympathy was heard.

"But this school seems to be doing srme good," timidly suggested another woman. Mrs.Grimes shook her head emphatically.

41-S-354

"I know all about the school" she said "this Robert Calhoun is a dangerous type of Negro and one bound to give the country trouble. He is continually talking of his rights and trying to teach the pickaninnies to read the ten commandments in Hebrew before they can practice them in English."

"Moreover"said a bright little woman(she was Miss Mackay and her father had owned formerly half of the Clennworti-mackay Plantations)"the best class of white people in the place do not approve of this school and that to me is decisive. My brother has just gone they to xxxxx manage the mills and so I have reliable testimony. It is foolish for us to think all southerners are wrong if white,nd right if black. Here are good Christian people - as good as we are or better - who believe that this young man is doing positive harm with the school in its present condition. I think that settles the matter."

"I don't" said an old white bearded old man with burning eyes who had wandered into the meeting,apparently unaware that it was xxxxxxxxxx primarily a woman's meeting. "I don't" said he in a deep musical voice. "I know that the Grimes-Reynolds factories passed their last dividends" (Mrs.Grimes pursed her lips and raised her lorgnette)"and that Negro labor in the south is far from what it ought to be and yet - yet I am unwilling to vote away the aspirations of any man on the bare word of another without pretty thorough investigation. I believe Negroes are Men. I want them to have a man's chance. This they have never had. Why not send a disinterested person to investigate the situation preety thoroughly before deciding?"

But Mrs.Grimes was obdurate and the Misson Society turned to the consideration of the new Italian Colony near Canaan. Here again Mrs. Grimes as usual occupied the xxxxx floor.

"I do not approve" she announced "of the workers in this new-fangled settlement. Some of their teaching is distinctly dangerous and socialistic Last a Miss - Somebody - black Italian looking woman whom they call - what is it?"

"Sister [redacted]"supplied Miss Mackay.

"Yes - well she made a talk about the rights of laborers and the

And too at this moment a nurse arrived with Mrs. Grimes grandson and the whole club forgot the stranger and his words. The child was a boy black haired and foreign-looking.

"From his great-grandfather, y Alvarez, who was a Spanish grandee you know" explained Mrs. Glennworth, and the assembly cooed over the silent boy of nine

Finally

like that was positively anarchistic."

"She was sent from some New York settlement because she could speak Italian and she's doing wonderful.work in teaching, nursing and sewing - I hope - "

But Mrs.Grimes interrupted "The best thing to do with these Italians is to get rid rf them. Now I will tell you confidientially that Judge Boggs who has charge of my property in the south and Mr.Mackay the brother of our secretary have a plan of importing Italian labor into South Carolina to replace the shiftless Negroes. Our plan is to transfer this troublesome Canaan colony to Wilton Point."

41-5-355

The Mission society was enthusiastic at this bit of news.

"I broached this matter to the settlement folks and this Sister What - you - may-call-her was most insulting in her remarks. But as the settlement depends very largely on my subscription I oather expect they'll come to my way of thinking" and Mrs.Grimes smiled complacently.

Chapter XXVI.
The Strike.

Robert Calhoun was facing the grimmest struggle of his life, in this the tenth year of his work. To his surprise the Bishop had not dismissed him from his deaconate, nor had the trustees of the church funds immediately dropped his school. Yet he had been informed that the $500 appropriation would be cut to $100 the next year,and he knew that after that his little school would be left to shift for itself. In the white community about the bitterness and prejudice toward him redoubled in intensity. White visitors no longer came to the school,store-keepers refused him credit and cheated him. The anger toward him was especially wreaked on his helpless constituents;some lost their employment because they sent their children to him,some were scolded and threatened some had their wages lowered;new "jim-crow" laws were broached and wholesale Negro disfranchisement was changed from practice to law just as soon as the fear of government intervention was removed. Worst of all Robert saw that secretly but irresistibly every chance every avenue by which black men were likely to get any sure economsc foothold or earn decent incomes were being shut off. Not only was this true at Wilton Point - he heard of it everywhere throughout the south. Was it the work of some dark secret agency? Some great organized propaganda working for the same ends that the White Camelia and the Golden Circle had worked in other days ? He had

heard dark hints of those names and deeds from his father. He believed the Ku Klux Klan was the same movement in other guise and he felt that today new underground deviltry of the same kind had its unholy grip upon the fair throat of the south.

Wilton Point had long been prosperous. It was a railway & shipping centre. It had cotton mills and other manufactures. Yet none of this prosperity came to the Negro. Poor whites from the hills came trooping down ind filled the mills and Robert hated them for it. Only the lowest drudgery and menial work was left to the Negro and that was wretchedly underpaid. Even the profits on raising cotton and food supplies that belonged of right to the Negro went into the pockets of the merchants and middlemen who stood banded together for the one purpose of cheating Negroes as Robert bitterly complained.

41-5-350

Yet there were some faint gleams of promise. The high tide of prosperity had passed, and fages were falling. The women and children of the cills working 12 and 14 hours a day were grumbling audibly and emissaries from the northern trade unions were flitting among them. Rumors of strikes and disorders filled the air and only this very morning a slouching committee of poor whites had been to Judge Bogg's office and had a long talk.

After they were gone the Judge talked with John Reynolds and then called in the new young manager, Mr. Mackay.

"Mackay, if we aint damned careful we'll have a strike on our hands"

"It looks that way - and my northern stockholders are continually yelling for more dividends - Boggs, we can't afford to have a strike, I tell you."

"Well, that's my - who's this?"

Robert Calhoun entered the office. Mackay started to offer him a seat but Boggs scowled.

"Well?" he asked gruffly.

Robert plunged straight into his message.

"Gentlemen, your hands are threatening to strike right here in your busy season. Why not put Negroes in their places?"

Boggs stirred impatiently but Mackay bent forward. Robert continued:

"Now I'm not asking this on the ground of charity or philanthropy but for our mutual advantage. We want work. You want reliable labor Now if you will take the boys and girls trained in my school - not the ignorant rabble, but those intelligent young people, in a few months they can carry on the mills and in a few years they'll form the best skilled labor in the country."

The two white men looked at each other.

"Drop in again tomorrow,Calhoun,"said Boggs and closed the door after him.

"Fell?f asked Mackay.

"Won't do "said Boggs;first place we'd have a race riot and in the second place who'd raise the cotton and do the common labor? It would send wages of day labor from 50¢ to $1 a day in six months and ruin the Niggers. Ahey'll get uppish,want to get out of their places and be white folks. No it won't do yet,we may have to come to it sometime,but not yet - moreover I've got a better plan" and he drew Mrs.Grimes' letter from his pocket.

"My plan is this;yield to these fellows now;bring in the Italians gradually;they are docile,kind of Nigger anyway,when we get enough smack down the wages and tell those who want to quite to go to hell."

"Good"said Mackay and within a week the first load of Italians landed in Charleston enroute for Wilton Point.

Months rolled by and the Italian colony grew until fully half the factory hands were foreigners. Then suddenly came a 14% cut in wages. A wave of anger and amazement burst over the Italians. They showed their contracts,they recalled the promises made them.they jabbered and gesticulated but Mr.Mackay was dumb and Mr.Boggs shifted his cigar and said:

"O go to hell!"

John Reynolds went to Florida for his health.

Meetings were held and the Italians and poor whites met and talked together. For a week they talked and talked and then a last one morning Mary listened as she came out of the school house - "The mills"she said "Robert I do not hear the whirr (Ah!the whirr of the Pain,the grinding pain) of - of the mills?"

4-5-357

Robert listened too. The great mills lay quiet. Two thousand workers had struck.

Chapter XXVII

Sister Katharine ~~The Black Man's Chance.~~ [redacted]

"Who is she"cried Robert angrily " why,sister, it's the black man's chance. They have tried to get more Italians but the Italians won"t come The whites won't work. They've asked us. I can get 500 young people in a week. Think of it! the industries of Wilton Point will be ours. The school will be saved - supported willingly out of their earnings."

"I know it,Robert, it seems (the Pain,the low swift Pain) -ah- so clear until now and yet she says 'Are you who have just been slaves going to make slaves of your brother workmen? Are you going to be the clubs wherewith the organized exploiters of the south will beat their

laborers into submission and starvation wages? Is this the spirit of Christ? Do you really think the southern black man will ever rise by tramping the poor white underfoot any more than the poor white can climb to glory on black men's bones?'"

"But who is she?"interrupted Robert "and what business has she to interfere."

"Sister - Sister Katharine -she signs herself - she had been a teacher and settlement worker among these Italians."

"Some foreign intermeddler who is afraid that these Italians won't get a chance to exploit the poor black man, just as other nations have - no sister, I am going to do it."

Slowly secretly he gathered his men.

"It's the chance of your lives"said Mackay "here are guns - now if you folks are not cowards you'll go to work and hold your places."and Robert shut his teeth grimly.

But the letters kept coming now from Canaan - then from New York at last from the Italian settlement at Beaufort. At first Robert answered brusquely, and irritably then the earnestness of the pleading, the culture and gentleness of the writer caught his attention. He grew to lingering over the letters, studying the hand writing and thinking of the woman. She was evidently an educated woman, well born and well read, trained in heart and soul - her touch was sure and quick and ever courteous suggesting things she did not say. So for two weeks they talked together by mail.

41-5-358

"We have a right to use our cheapness as a weapon to get bread and butter"wrote Robert hotly.

"Is it not a two-edged sword?"suggested Sister Katharine

"If it is, they forged it and will suffer with us" he replied.

"They?oh,no! Not these men not even their fathers -it was the master not the poor whites.-"

"But we need the aid of the capitalist"he insisted turning the argument.

"So do all poor workingmen, black and white."

"And now that organized capital is giving us our chance we can not refuse."

"You can refuse to join oppressors in oppression at any price."

"But these workers oppress and hate us as well."

"Is that excuse for hating in turn? Does hating pay?"

"Their unions bar us from work"insisted Robert doggedly.

"Then force your way up, - up not down."

"Good!that is what we are doing."

"But must you not be careful of the sort of force you use?"

"Work is war."

"Even in war, thought and justice count."

"If we do not force out these foreigners they will take ~~xxxxxx~~ the bread from our children.

On the contrary welcome the foreigner, he will transform the south with law and order and justice."

"Is it right to throw away the advantage we now have?"

"Yes for the sake of a larger advantage to come."

So they argued writing, until one day a letter came to Mary, saying "I have comn to Beaufort - there is much sickness here among the poor Italians and I am helping. Will you not come over tomorrow and see how things really are?"

It was afternoon when Robert and Mary sat out. Robert was thoughtful and Mary limped painfully. The great red mills still sat in grim silence but within Boggs was rubbing his hands.

"We expect 500 Niggers tonight at midnight; tomorrow the machinery starts - then see the dagoes and crackers run for their jobs."

Along the road that led up to town from the plantations lurked grim yellow faced men, hugging their rifles and watching for the black scabs. Just at the edge of town they halted Robert, but Mary showed Sister Katherine's ~~Hilda~~'s letter and they passed in. The town was bare and still. Coarse pale faces glanced here and there from the windows, and then a child ran toward them. It was white and Robert turned from it as he turned from all things ~~pale~~ white, but the child came nearer - pale, blue and scrawny, half clad, its great eyes were staring, and it cried: "Bread!"

41-S-359

Robert stopped and something choked in his throat

"Mary" he said slowly "go on I - I ' m going back. You must stay here all night if possible."

"But I wanted the lady to see you so Robert."

"Yes - yes, tell her I'm coming back - tonight.-"

Mary started -"with the workmen?"

"Yes" he said "but ~~without guns~~ with bread - not guns"

Up the crooked dirty street the black girl limped (ah, the Pain- the tired, tired pain) until at last she came to the house. she stood a moment panting by the door, then ~~turned -started in amazement gave a little joyous sob and cried:~~

~~"Hilda - O my Hilda."~~

~~Long hours they sat together.~~

~~"I knew the race would puzzle you - the Italians pronounced it so and it saved time when I worked with them to spell it that way - but~~ Mary hardly listened.

~~"Forgive me, Hilda, O forgive me - I did not know you loved him I did not dream it until long after when we had lost you."~~

"You must my friend,not in your hot zeal for your own life's problems forget or belittle the problems of humanity the world over or be willing to settle your own difficulties by increasing the difficulties of your fellow men. The Negro problem is simply the labor prob e m masked. What solves one solves the other."

He had seen suffering - he had looked into the eyes of death. He knew of hate and - ah,dear God!- of love. But here was something new. Here sat Hunger,naked and unashamed. The cry for food was in the air,it was stamped on the grim face of the men,and the shrunken breasts of the women,and it was written across the tiny pinched visages of the children.

"Robert came part way, Hilda, and he has returned. He will come again. You have converted him, Hilda."

The tears gathered in Hilda's eyes and Mary turned suddenly toward her.

"Hilda" she said "you must know Robert [redacted] - he is so noble, so good. I- I- oh, I wish Hilda you could like him—"

She paused in half confusion and Hilda, her face half-hidden in the curtains of the window cried:

"Hark!"

A man was running rapidly across the street. There came a low sharp whistle and another ran rapidly after him, his rifle gleaming in the moonlight- then another and another until the streets were full of flying armed men. The women hastened down to the ~~town~~ door.

41-5-30

"What is it" cried Hilda.

"The Niggers are coming" ~~he~~ one answered and rushed on.

A determined look came into Hilda's great eyes. She gathered up her skirts. "Mary stay here quietly-"

But Mary said "I cannot- I will not" and together they hastened after the crowd. At the far end of the town where the formless factories threw their mysterious shadows, kneeled motionless a thousand grim armed men. Far down the road rolled a dark object. Nearer and nearer, larger and larger it loomed.

"It's them " whispered somebody and a thousand rifles clicked.

The line of wagons drew slowly on.

"Halt!"

They stood and there was a flickering of white cloth in the foremost.

The men went forward. There were low voices, - a silence, a confused hoarse cheer - that rose gathered and swelled to a great cry:

"Bread, brothers, bread."

And the crowd swayed and trembled, the women sobbed and above the throng rose the wailing of hungry children. Through the town the laden wagons rolled and the black riders doled out food to the surging

pushing mass. Hilda strained her eyes until she saw Robert in the foremost wagon. Then she silently fell back into the shadows. Mary saw him too, and she turned to Hilda and saw the look in Hilda's eyes, ~~she~~ spoke timidly "Hilda, is he not good and true?"

"The best and truest of men" said Hilda gently.

Mary started: "Hilda, somehow I always think of you and Robert together. He speaks of you so tenderly. He took my picture of you and put it in his study. And then the letters of Sister Katharine touched another side of him as I thought then but the same responsive soul as I see it now. O Hilda, I want you to like him."

"I do like him, Mary."

"Hilda" she continued hesitatingly yet eagerly, biting back the pain: "I am sick but Robert does not know it. Yet I know it. I know that the time hastens when I shall take a great journey to some fair painless land, and but for one thing I would go gladly, so gladly, for I am tired, Hilda. Yet I cannot bear to leave Robert alone. Robert needs love. There are silent chords in his life that I have never touched. You can, Hilda, I feel it, I know it. I know he would love you if he knew you as I do. Hilda have you ever thought you might sometime - love a man like Robert?

And Hilda answered very softly, very slowly.

"Yes, Mary, I have sometimes thought - I could."

And Mary went for joy, all the long night as they lay in each other's arms.

Over the great white sea struggled the day and the tired watchers in the mill saw surrender written in the dawn.

Boggs was lived with anger and he cursed with every oath he knew.

"Damn their black souls" he hissed "I'll never hire another Nigger as long as I live."

"Yes you will too" growled Mackay as he returned from a parley with the strikers.

"What?"

"Yes you will- the crackers have tacked another item on their demands: they want Niggers hired in the spinning room."

Boggs rushed out to the strike committee.

"Look here!" he yelled "do you know what you're doing? Haven't you got daughters working in the mills?"

"Yes, my Sal works there" drawled the spokesman.

"Well do you want your daughter to marry a Nigger?"

"Well n, I ain't a-hankering after that."

Then she left Hilda all the cold of the ten years - the struggle & strife, the trouble & discontent long hours they talked, and Hilda questioned eagerly and would not leave of the cold. At last Mary

41-5-361

"Well then what'll you do when these Niggers get to earning as much as you do and feeling themselves just as good as you?"

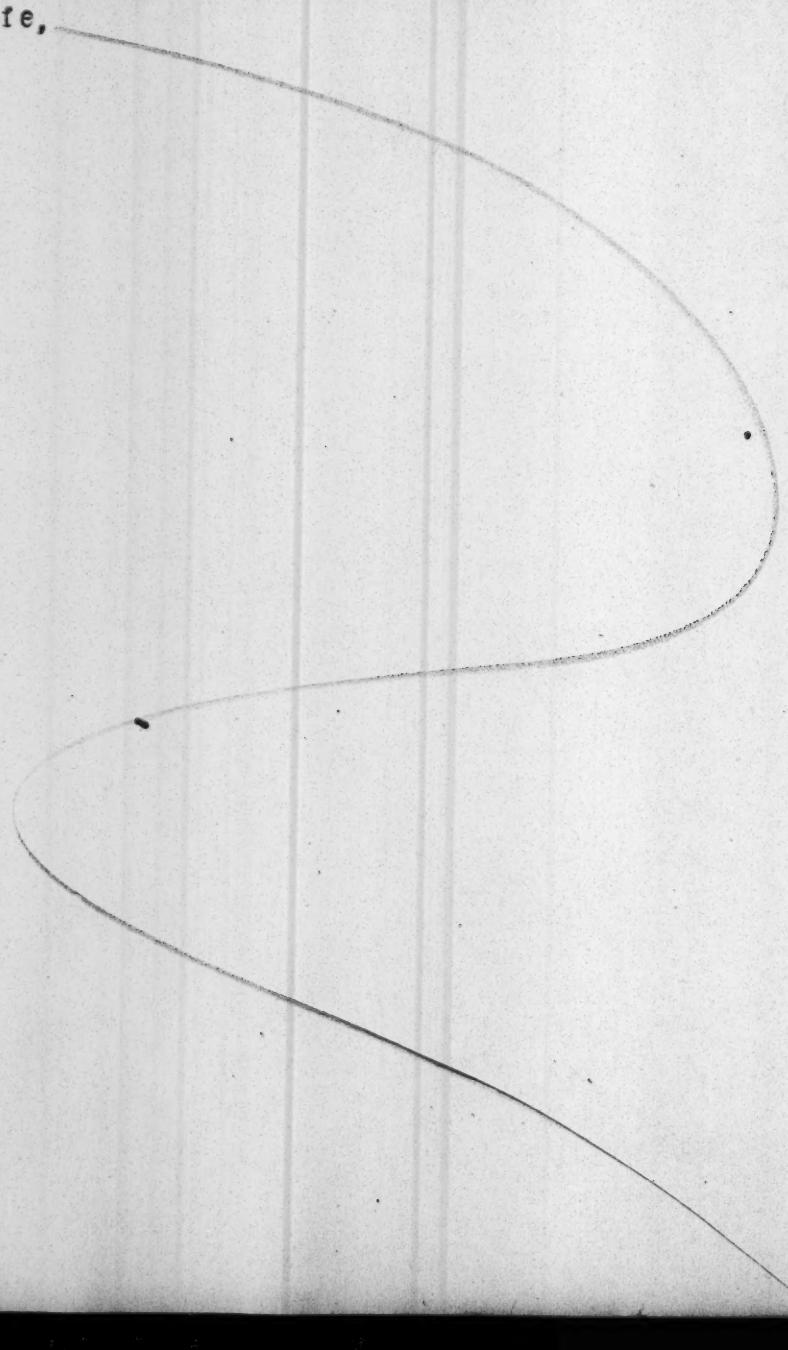
"Well"said the man reflectively "if one of them asks her I'll just tell Sal to say 'no'".

Chapter XVII.

The Beginning.

41-5-362

The deed was done. It had been full easy with the kindest hearted of all God's races to turn fighting into pity,saving into charity. But after all this,what? Robert was walking alone between midnight and dawn in the Valley of the Shadow. Yes,yes it was right,it was noble,it was Christ-like and yet he saw the looming wrong on the horizon,the ignoble struggle with poverty and want and the unchristian grinding down of those who hadthis day made themselves helpless. It was as it ever was in his hard hard life,



Again he had done his duty and again the grey hard bitter world stretched before him. What would his poor people live on next winter, now that they were giving their all away? In his pocket lay a summons to the last meeting of his trustee board. He knew what would happen - yes - yes - and then? What would happen? Would the school close

No! He clenched his fists. He would not give up. He would not yield -he would never cease fighting the red injustice of this awful world so long as there was a breath of life left in his body. And he lifted his face to the stars and swore to God in the great white midnight never to falter, never to yield.

All night he walked. He knew they would tempt him at that board meeting. He must not give in - he must think and plan; and all night he walked and planned until his head whirled and pulses. He did not go home best something should break his determination, but walked straight to the vestry room.

He found gathered there in the rectory, the Bishop and the rector, the principal of the white school and an old bald and grey bearded man, with great soft eyes whom he seemed dimly to remember. Robert entered bowed silently and stood a while until the rector bethought himself and offered a chair. The old man glanced about thoughtfully and spoke:

41-5-363

"As I have said, Bishop, I am willing to devote $10,000 a year to this work during my life and to endow it liberally when I die. My only condition is that the sum be equally divided between a white and Negro school"

The Bishop bowed ~~cautiously~~ "We are certainly indebted to your great generosity and will endeavor to use the trust for the advancement of God's work - Mr. Patterson can you tell us of your plans?" The white principal explained at length. There was a pause. The Bishop turned "Mr. Calhoun" he said "Will you now kindly tell us of any plans you have?"

Robert started but rose and said :"I thank you but I came here merely to say that I have decided to withdraw my school from your control and to try and support it by my own efforts."

The bishop frowned "And why?" he asked.

"Because" said Robert "my ideas of what a Negro school should be differ so much from your that I could not conscientiously carry out your ideas."

"Could you carry out your own?"

"I could try Sir, and I'm going to try."

The bishop rose and Robert with a sigh bent for his hat.

"Then sir" said the bishop "Try - I say frankly that I do not believe the Negro race is ready for your ideas or capable of rising to them. We may differ as to Negroes, my son, but we do not differ as to men and God forbid that I should ever place my ignorance of divine wlans in the way of the aspirations of any human soul. Mr. Brown, your other $500C will by our advice go to Mr. Calhoun's school." And then instead of warm words of thanks, instead of a courteous speech, instead even of a silent bow, Robert stood awkward and speechless and great tears gathered and rolled down his cheek.s

He rushed homn to tell Mary and then with swelling heart heard of the opening for black workmen in the mills. Reverently he kissed his sister and turning toward his little study entered and closed the door.

It was Sunday and the service was done. Robert had read the wonderful 53rd chapter of Isaiah and preached from the text "The Chariots of the Lord and the horsemen thereof."; he had greeted the people all save Irma Lloyd-Jones and her little golden haired grand-daughter. They had shrunk away before the sermon was done. One other stranger he had noted too, but she had gone. He turned to the little vestry of his chapel and stood a moment looking out: the long low ~~thrxxx~~ luring horizon that lined the west lay all lurid with the sun, he closed the door quickly and sat down alone. Yes he was happy - happy at last he said, staring vacantly across the narrow room ~~was he happy~~ till his eyes rested on Hilda's picture and then with a groan he bowed his head in his hands and ~~xxxxxx~~ moaned:

"Hilda!"

And as he called her ~~suddenly~~ softly the door flew ~~softly~~ open and again the flood of warm sunshine bathed his head. He raised his eyes slowly, wearily. The sun was drifting in in fading glory and, dyed in it crimsons rays lithe and glorious, stood a shadow. His heart stopped still. Yes it was Hilda - the vision of Hilda, and he sat motionless lest it fly. Then he caught his breath - no - no it was not Hilda - the witching roundness of her form was gone. - There were grey strands in these bronzen curls, there were lines in the golden face and shadows beneath the eyes. It was - it was not a vision of the past - It was Hilda - the real Hilda flesh and Blood, the Hilda of Ten living Years and he rose dizzily from his chair, stretched his arms and tried to speak - came swiftly to her and wound his arms about her - kissed the coiling curling of her hair, hungered into the misty depths of her dark eyes and whispered "The chariot -the chariots of the Lord and the Horsemen thereof!"

A great song arose. High above in the dim crimsoned chapel sat Mary her fingers straying idly - lovingly over the keys of the organ, her ears listening, her eyes wandering over the shadowy landscape toward the west and toward the east. Westward the sun was dying, eastward the nearer sea lay foaming white, but the sea beyond glowed with the echo of the sun. Suddenly

4-36-5-14

The world seemed rent with happiness - he could not bear it somehow and

a great Peace came hovering over all her Pain - a foreshadowing of the great painles s Peace to c,me. The organ rose in fuller music and she sang gently,clearly,then in deeper,grnater tones,till the song rose and swept like some full plumaged bird:

"I know my mother will be there
"In that beautiful world on high."

Far down in the rice fields a weary laborer caugh the melody and oent the mighty singing onward with his great voiced lungs - far up in the cotton fields a weary mother clutched her dying child and singing,lifted her eyes up to the stars - and so voice on voice took the refrain until all a long the lowlands and above the wide dark waters,a great song arose.

41-S-365

Below the lovers listening clasped their hands,and together they walked down the world and toward the blazing sea. Above them hung the sound of the song of the sister's singing:within them thrilled the chords of endless Love and Work;Beyond them surged the mighty chorus of the sea - and all was peace and joy and hope - - save where an old way-weary man reeled onward to his death - save there where sat a woman's startled soul, starin white faced at the white faced sea.

41-5-366

The Prophecy.

In the world was silence. The cold earth glared upon the full red passion of the moon and the long seas that lipped the feet of Thunder Cape lay white as glass. Upon the topmost brow of land stood an old man his grey hair streaming toward his knees, his hands outstretched, his eyes searching the south, while at his feet an aged restless hound whimpered and whined. The first vigor of spring lay in the air and the last great fading snow drift was melting where the hound crept. Out of the south sailed a shadow ship. A great corpse lay in its bow shrouded with a black pall and over it a woman watche, staring white-faced at the white faced sea. In her eyes lay trouble and bitterness and fear- until she spied the mighty figure on Thunder Cape and then she rose and stretched her arms and cried -"Not by might nor by power but by my spioit saith the Lord."

The eyes of the old man softened. She looked at him fearfully. "Who - "Who are thou, Master" she said.

He answered. "I am the Wandering of the years, the Soul that makes Change changeless, Aspirition choked in Sin, yet striving, passion-otssed striving, toward Good. I am he that has faced Age and lived, and Life is Age." And then bending he whispered "Who art thou, child?"

She said "I am Love choked in Scorn."

He replied "No longer - Look!" and lo! the spirit of the Lord was moving upon the waters and the cold earth was softening to summer singing. It came as a wondrous glowing beneath the high curving of heaven's dome, and out of the glory moved a woman black-faced and splendid, clad in mighty garments, and her ~~xxxx~~ mien was the mien of the Mother of God but her face was the face of Mary.

The eyes of the white faced woman softened with reverence and love. She bowed before the Angel of the Lord, and bowing, bent and creeping kissed the hem of the passing garments, while at her feet the hound fell dead.

And a great song arose.

Finis

Book 1 pp. 1-6, 13-48

"Scorn" — A Romance

ENGLISH BOND

41-5-44

SCORN

A Romance

by

W.E.Burghardt DuBois

Author of "The Souls of Black Folk."

41-5-1

-E.H.-

41-5-2

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,nor standeth in the way of sinners,nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

Psalms,I,1.

-E.S.-

The Portent.

On the long shadowed way beside the waters of the Great Lakes walked an old and weary man. He was thin, dark and wrinkled with long white curled hair/- homely and forbidding save for the wonderful gleaming of his deep set eyes. As he caught at last the blue sheen of Lake superior and its great guardian cape his eyes flashed, and waving his hand to the southward, he clamored painfully to the crest of Thunder Cape, and seated himself with a sigh, beholding the land. The sun dipped westward but the old man sat in silence, his white head between his knees, and only now and then did he stretch his great arms in half fierce weariness, crying: "What shall it mean, O God, what shall this land mean?"

41-5-3

There came a light crackling of twigs in the forest to his right, and turning quickly he spied a tall and powerful stranger: his hair was flaming red, his face waxen white, strained and nervous with inspent energy, and riotous strength.

"The power of him" mused the white haired man -"So walked Rameses among tie towers of Thebes; so I remember Hannibal on the hills round Rome", and then, aloud:

"A weary day, neighbor."

The stranger halted half suspiciously, l oked this way and that and then full in the face of the speaker.

"Have you come far?"

"Out of the North" the stranger answered sullenly, and the old man added:

"Over the iron ice and cold white land, through the spitting of winds, and the strength-"

The young giant whirled and stretched his mighty arms:

"See" he said "I am strong -was yours the voice that called me?"

"Yes - yes" said the old mna with a tremor. "I called for Might and Power - "

The man laughed and shook his arms.

"Here I am" he said.

The old man pointed silently westward, where a canoe came shooting over the waters. In its bow stood an Indian, tall graceful and

brown,swaying with the paddle. Ever and again he whirled to watch the clouds,listen to the wild fowl or whistle to the fish. When at last his canoe like a circling bird leapt lightly on the rocky promontory,he sauntered slowly upward crying"Good evening" with singular courtesy,and a rare smile. that lighted his beautiful face.

"Peace be unto you and the blessing of the death of day"said the old man kindly,waving his hand toward his other guest. The two younger men stared at each other but coldly,the brofn man lowing slightly,the other not at all.

"Let us eat,father,"said the Indian,"see I have brought flesh and fish". The little fire curled and crackled and the three sat silently about it eating.

"A wierd waste yonder"said the old man looking southward.

"A marvel of beauty"returned the Indian,but the stranger muttered "Strength of the Strong."

41-5-4

"Here the drama of the world will play itself again"continued the elder.

"Why?"asked the Indian dreamily.

"How"echoed the stranger,quickly.

The old man bending forward waved his hands above the smoking embers,chanting slowly. They flashed and flared,and then suddenly out of the surrounding night a woman's form seemed to gather itself with a certain sinuous writhing. She stepped so suddenly and silently among them that the two younger men leapt to their feet with half - uttered salutations. She was a tall woman with eyes of pitiless beauty. Yet her face was too strong to be beautiful and her skin was of such steely whiteness that it glittered in the twilight. She neither writhed nor crept and yet the undulation of her walking suggested both as she stepped between the younger men and turning to the northerner said with quiet yet bitter scorn:

"Again,O mine enemy?"

He seemed surprised,bewildered,as if catching wainly at some fleeting mists of memory,but the old man said simply-

"You are weary,sister,sit and eat "

She sat silently at meat eating little her back to the north where the fiery west met the black east,like the warring of hate and

ignorance,with her scornful face between.

A fascination had stolen over the Indian as the shadowy woman came,yet he did not look at her,but stood rigidly watching the old man's hands still waving over the blue and flickering flame. His quick ears caught the distant melody before the others'. And he peered wonderingly into the south. The far off singing echoed vaguely in the dying day,now here,now there. Then the echo seemed to sing nearer,nearer,clearer,higher until a burst of rich full melsdy trembled on the waters,and a slight white clad form swept like a mist up from the lake,singing. he seemed but a girl,thin and fragile and in the coiled white folding of her drapery,her face shone black. Then as she came nearer,her countenance grew darkly luminous,and soft like nightfall. She glided to the old man's feet and snestled there,while he stroked her dark close-curled head sorrowfully. The sun flaming about her lighted and haloed her garments,and her thin clasped hands.

41-5-5

The northern stranger rose impatiently shuddering with the chill of the night -

"When do we go?"he asked.

"At sunset"said the old man.

"And where?"

"Into the South"

"And why?"

"To see the passing of the Lord"said the old man solemnly. The other man gestured impatiently,the Indian startled,and the tall woman smiled and looked disdainfully at tie bowed head of the girl;but the old man raised his finger: "Here,here a hundred thousand years ago", he said "the Lord passed by:and a mighty wind shook loose the marvellous mantle of the ice till it slipped silently down and covered the face of the earth and the land lay white and dead;but the Lord was not in the wind; ten thousand years aog the Lord passed by and a great earthquake rent the bosom of the inland seas;Niagara leapt forth stormy and Missouri kissed the mountains and the gulf;but the Lord was not in the earthquake. Yonder a thousand years hence the fire of war and rapine shall shake the nation and madden mad

men- but God is not in the scorn of battle. And then" he bent lovingly above the silent form of the girl"in years and years to come - a still,small voice- "and his tones died away.

"Hark"cried the Indian starting forward.

"Hark"cried the old mna struggling to his feet with blanched face.

"Hark" roared the great voice of the northern stranger as the full baying of the hound struch on the ears of all --"Hither Chrysus, good Chrysus"he cried again and again,until howling adn crashing through the underbrush a great hound shot out of the forest - a blond and grey-eyed hound,with great curved back,thin legs and shifty eyes. Eagerly restlessly he crept about the feet of the manrnosing the ground,whining,searching,searching. In the eyes of the old mna lay faer and loathing. Twice he raised his hand,twice let it fall, and then the hound sniffing the air shot downward toward the water. As he went baying the last rays of the sun shot up and they heard the grating of a keel. The ship was long and low and dark,with great dim sails. Silently the tall,steelfaced woman glided down and stood in the prow peering eagerly southward. The northern stranger followed stumpling over the whining leaping hound, watching the sinuous form of the woman. The dark faced girl crouched unnoticed by the tiller,while the Indian sauntered forward and backward watching the dying sun.

41-5-6

Above the old mna sat,his head between his knees. The waves waited in the north,the sea glowed red. Silently the ship strated southward and the wind sang in its sails.

The Council of the Ungodly

Chapter I

The Hunt

It was in 1815. Three horsemen were riding toward the sea along the lowlands of Carlin one fair October morning. The waters basked daidly in the sunlight and the tawny land lay dead and sombre all about until back of the riders it died toward the invaded north. Something had been said — something slightly unforward, as that conversation lagged there slipped away into silence. Straightway there thoughts drifted apart like three wayward streams, the one moving unmolested, the other strong, swift and powerful, and the last slipping in gentle silvery curves, now here, now there.

Her horse stepped nervously tossing his head but the lady sat staring coldly at the river; her sinuous form curved forward. Her hair was dark, her eyes grey, and her face was not beautiful, but severe and regular. Her eyes were full of scorn and a certain pitiless beauty and within her tightly compressed lips her teeth were squeezing the flesh steadily. On the yellow waters yonder she saw poverty brooding, poverty and a flat aimless hum-drum life; she was fighting the fate bitterly, yet helplessly, and she tossed her hands wearily and turned her head toward the right.

The man here had just joined them + was riding a little ahead and half-consciously was cutting

41-5-7

~~tore~~ the weeds cruelly with his riding whip and chewing his tobacco with a quick movement. His legs were long and thin but from his hips up he was massively built and his rough red face was carved in mighty lineaments of uncurbed power. He was peering keenly forward into the patches of yellok corn and white cotton, where the backs of black slaves swayed dimly in the distance, Niggers! yes, Nigggers! that was the secret, Niggers and more land, the stretching of great fields south and west and the driving of black brawn across its bosom - ah with slaves and land and a wife with blood in her veins, by God! he would be senator, governor - what not? Yes he must marry this girl, and he set his jaw squarely.

Then he looked round at her suddenly but she was looking at Harrison Coles riding on her left and in her eyes lay a kind of impatient curiosity. The young man was daintily built and his face darkly beautiful with curly black locks and waxen smoothness of skin. His eyes were dreaming afar, beyond the land beyond the sea - there where the gleaming white sky just kissed the ~~sinuous~~ waters. His hands hung idly and on his lips wavered faintly bit of song, a wierd Negro ditty. The n suddenly feeling her eyes upon h im he said:

"I wonder what lies there just beyond the shadow of the world."

The woman puckered her under lip carelessly. "My lot is cast this side" she said "among lazy Negroes and red mud."

"And yet Miss Lloyd," said Henry Jones the other rider, "a combination of these two things, mud and Niggers, will yet make us the richest and most powerful - "

"O B've heard that" she returned impatiently "I've heard that since

While a great hound lean and light wheeled about his horses forelegs

I was a mewling baby and yet every day the mud is thicker, the Negroes lazier and the people poorer."

"Only the sun and sea are true and beautiful" said Coles lightly.

"And they might be improved" said she as she adjusted her hat against the light and turned away from the flat monotony of the cotton fields.

"But the change is coming, is here" insisted Jones "Have you heard that Texas is annexed."

"No" she said thoughtfully.

"And that" he continued "means power, wealth, and -- "

"Trouble" interrupted Coles in low tones. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Jones, but are you not fearful of the consequences of this step? Somehow this news struck my ears like a knell, the End of Something - and the Beginning; and I lay awake last night and trembled at it."

A shad of contempt crept into Jones' tones.

"Trembled? by God I yelled with delight - why, man, at last the South has come to her own; an empire is opened before her ~~at last~~, stretching from the Mississippi to the equator. She will be the finest and richest nation on earth in half a century."

"And possibly the wickedest!"

"Yes, if strength and power be wicked".

The woman looked up with the shadow of a smile. "Strength and power, and dare devil courage" she said quickly "these are the traits that make men and nations - I - look!"

The faint baying of the hounds, till now quite distant had suddenly swept nearer, and then in a moment the brown bush of the fox, led by two little terror-struck eyes flashed by their horses forelegs. In an instant the lean light with a shriek had re-formed the pack & the three horses

41-5-9

their horses were tearing across the fields. Up they went and down, across the white cotton fields, thiough the heavy corn, over the creek. Then wheeling away from the Dea~~river~~ they sped toward the great woods.

The wind of the morning that was a moment since so still ~~had~~ ~~hair~~ ~~his~~ now roared in their ears. Jones had bent his great form low and tense athwart his mighty stallion, which was snorting with the rage of the race. Then came the woman; sitting straight in the saddle, her hair flying in half abandon and her fiery young horse tugging nervously at the bit, half frightened at the pounding of hoofs and the flashing of shade and shine. Coles was riding easily and effortless. His bay mare skimming the ground in long swift strides. Every the woman sought to distance him but he hung on her flank following her carefully with his eyes. The implied distrust of her horsemanship angered her. She lashed her horse till he fled like a thought into the dark woods behind the thundering stallion. Back in the vale the shouts of other riders came to them faintly; ahead came the quick deep pant and bark of the dogs and right in front gleamed a silvery cotton field. The fok suddenly turned to the north and the hounds and cavalcade followed, but Jones knew the land better.

41-5-10

"Straight across the cotton," he cried "and we'll head him, the Creek ~~river~~ bends up there" he shouted to his two companions and the rode straight at the cotton. It was of unwonted height and beauty, great white bolls bi lowing on a sea of dark green foliage. The riders swept toward it. Irma Lloyd rose in her stirrup and shook her brown hair loose; her eyes were sparkling with excitement and her breath came in eager sharp pants. Suddenly there was a commotion in front. The black stallion leaped to one side and she heard the oath of the rider as he cut with his whip at a tall black form on

~~P. 10.~~

the edge of the cotton field. The Negro stood his ground and again waved back the horses, shouting hoarsely

"You mustn't cross here, Master ~~Calhoun~~ forbids it - stop, Master, stop Mistress."

He was tall and powerful, dark chestnut in color and heavy voiced. Frightened, the woman's horse reared into the air with wide red nostrils and pawed frantically and then as ~~her~~ she was staggering back on his haunches the ~~girl~~ woman felt herself lifted gently to the ground just before the animal crashed into the underbrush pawing the air with his four hoofs. She turned to Harrison Coles and said simply

41-5-11

"Thank you!" Then looking at him thoughtfully she added "Was it pity for my horsemanship that made you lag, Sir?"

"No" he said pleasantly "O no, pity for the fox."

And the woman flushed darkly.

But Jones had stopped to speak—

Reining his stallion as quickly as he could ~~Jones~~ he wheeled and rode at the Negro, his face pale with anger. Without a word he raised himself in his saddle and whirled his riding whip. It hissed across the face and bare breast of the black laving a thin red streak. The Negro neither moved nor spoke and the rider seizing the lash of the whip whirled the heavy butt in the air.

"Stop that" the voice was not loud but penitrant. A tall man and thin had stepped qucikly along between the wood and the cotton. The voice Jones hardly heeded, but as he glanced at the man's eyes his hand fell slowly and the oath on his lips hesitated. The sallow face of the new comer was framed in a mass of black gray sprinkled hair; the lineaments were scarred and carven furiously and back behind the heavy brows sat two dark blue eyes that burned themselves into the very skull.

"Stop that" he said "Tom was acting under his master orders - I saw you coming and sent him ahead to stop you."

"And does he usually order his niggers to jeopardise the lives of ladies?" said Jones hotly.

"Ah - that was carless of mine - that was unpardonable - yet it was my perhaps fault, not his - go Tom."

Then the tall man approached the lady, hat in hand; "my humble apologies, my deep contrition - I trust you have suffered no injury. These old eyes are growing dim and I did not notice the lady - I only saw riders and my cotton - my beloved cotton, I call it mine because it is my experiment And this has cost me much thought and labor - but you must come to the house. Nay, nay, do not refuse" and his eyes became soft and pleading. "I fear I have spoiled your sport but you must come and rest and let me attone for seeming discourtesy - Pardon me - may I introduce myself? - my name is Calhoun - I am Senator for South Carolina."

41-5-12

The woman stepped forward with bright eyes, sweeping a low courtesy.

"John C. Calhoun" she cried. With hasty apology and disclaimer, the three riders and their host strated toward the house skirting the beautiful cotton field. "I fear I am childish over this cotton" continued the old man in soft tones. "Childish and miserly. but you see this is an experimen . Many years ago I secured some seed from India and I've had my cousin who owns this place been experimenting with it for several seasons - let's see: yes it is fully ten years since I planted the first was planted and this year we've just got this beautiful field. See how long and silky it is .- these little strands that bind the world to the South."

Jones walked nearer to him. "True sir, true, only give us land."

"Tut, tut - land enough, land enough, right here" answered Calhoun hastily.

"only the power to keep it - and rule it is wanted."

"And,dear Madame,"he continued turning to Miss Lloyd "when I saw these gay riders turning toward my cotton field I saw the fruit of many years in danger - you will forgive an old man his hobby?" and he stroked her hands.

"No,no"she returned "you must forgive three children their hot-headed carelessness."

"And especia ly"said Jones "am I ashamed of my anger but these Niggers somehow are usually so careles s and dumb that I seldom restrain myself."

"It must be a great relief and rest for you Senator to be back home again." Said Coles,who had been watching Calhoun in silent and respectful attention.

41-5-13

"No" said the woman quickly,"it must be fearful to leave the heat of strife and the glory of battle after such triumphs as yours and busy yourself— here."

He smiled at both a little wearily and naid "yes,yes" - yes to both of you. I am glad to be ~~at home~~ resting amid these peaceful green and growing things with the sense of air and light and freedom. And yet in the heat and dust of battle up yonder there are some things yet I would do s- some-things -" and his voice died away into a murmuring whisper. They walked along in silence. Their words forced themselves from Jones' lips.

"The gaining of Texas was a masterly triumph - an epoch in history - the beginning - " he hesitated and then added "the beginning of the Empire of the South"

The old man stopped and looked at him keenly. "I do not understand"he said in a manner that expressed hope rath r than conviction. Jones looked surprised,then looking him in the eyes said slowly :

"I mean the march of southern principles to the equator."

Calhoun interrupted h m excitedly "No,no,-that must not be - it must never be. We have empire enough here! Look at these broad empty acres. It would mean war, cruel war to push southward. It would mean the unrighteous spoliation of Mexico. A great free nation like this can set no such example to the world."

"But" asked Coles with surprise in his voice "do not people,that is most people usuallm think this was your program?

"They dare not,they hare not accuse me of that" he flashed back and his eyes burned again. No,no, I only meant to round out the nation and to secure our political safety - not empire,not conquest."

"Aye,but whatever it leads to,"cried Irma "the consciousness of having taken that great step,to have moved with power and dominion across the world - O that must have been a night of triumph."

"It was a night of horror," he answered and they passed into the hall.

41-5-14

13

Chapter II.

The Treaty.

From the mouth of the yellow Potomac to the many-mouthed Father of Waters rolls a mighty vari-visaged land. The wild beauty of its face lay in 1845 touched but here and there with human hands. Set for a hundred years from Virginia and the Carolinas down to old New Orleans little whitening spots had been growing here and there,growing and widening. They had appeared about the time a ~~little~~ Scotch-Irish baby was born in the foot-~~low~~ hills of Carolina and as the baby grew the light of the dark land burned in his eyes- the light of the land and the light of the sea.

as the d ark blue splendor of those great deep eyes sank into the head of the groving youth, his forehaed sverlaid them heavily, till they see shrinking back from the world they saw. Strange indeed were the sights on the dace of that white flecked land ~~on the face~~ s that rolled from the foothills of the alleghanies to the brown-bosomed gulf; but two were strangest -the backs of black men gleaning in the sun and the ugly scars on the fact of the land that follow d the broadening of the white fleeced cotton fields.

41-5-15

As the tall thin young southerner grew and walked in the world looking and thinking of land and life, these two ideas seemed to sink into his heart until they became a part of his very soul and then all of it - the black slave and the scarred land. Held captive mind and heart by these vast ideas he grew to shadowy manhood. His soul dwelt apart from the haunts of his feet, even as he mingled with men for he was thinking his own way through the mase of life unaided.

Ever the day of triumph drew near, ever it fled afar. He saw the curse of the scarred poverty that followed the rich cotton fields and fought the New England tariff till he gained a victory, but beside the victory sat a shadow that frightened him. He watched his own black serfs and the hired toilers of the north and saw a vision of labor divided according to capacity under the mastery of strong thoughtful tender-hearted men. So he stood in the senate and told the world of the good of slavery, but beside the triumph of his measures ~~crept the shadow of~~ rose a cry for freedom.

All this he thought of as he led his guests along the great hall. "A night of triumph" he murmured and ~~as he left his guests below and~~ leaving the three with his cousin she walked slowly ~~rod to his dusty office he~~ his sworn and sitting bowed among his books lived that night again and the sweat stood on

his face.

It was in Washington, long years he had striven and now tonight he sat by his third great triumph and his third great disappointment. Beyond the broad Mississippi lay rolling masses of rich and virgin soil. It was a kingdom - an El Dorado; it was held by men of American blood and they were calling to thier own. Here that every inward striving mind saw the promised Way rf Life; with fire or six Texan slave states, the two great divergent centres of social and econonic interest in the Union would lie forever safely balanced. New Orleans and not New York would gather the shining wealth of the new cotton fields, and Charleston rather than Boston would speak the new world culture and show the wonderful social system built on the black corner stone of Africa. Here was Opportunity, Peace, Union personified. The moment must not be let slip. He had seen it ten years before the mob guessed it, and slowly tirelessly worked for it. The constitution of the nation seemed to stand in the way - he brushed it aside - which was greater, constitution or union? The Truth faced him waveringly. He deliberately lied -which was greater a little matter of fact or he salvation of a social system? And the time slipped and flew, his frail body ached and shivered beneath the strain. Five days more and James Polk of Tennessee would be president - an unknown man and yet his task was undone. Three days more and an unknown politician would sit in his place, perhaps dishonest, probably shallowpated knowing not the mighty interests involved in the annexation of Texas, and cowed by the howls of the Yankees. Now it must be done. It would be done this very night.

41-5-16

It was the night of the third of March. The streets of Washington lay dim and slimy and from the capitol to the White House, the wind swept

with sigh and howl. Ice lingered in the gutters and flakes of snow twisted and whirled up Pennsylvania Avenue. In the east parlor of the White House sat two men . One walked nervously up and down - he was tall and slender, fair and almost youthful in appearance with this brown hair and Roman nose. He was passing impatiently up and down the floor, clasping and unclasping his hands, twisting his black stock, rumpling and smoothing his hair. The other sat still and thoughtful ~~as death~~ beside the table but beneath his brows the fire of his great deep eyes was lighted and burning. Louder and louder sang the storm and the cold rain clattered and crept on the window panes. The hissing of the wind drowned the uncertain rumble of hoofs along the empty streets. Still the tall man paced and fidgeted ~~him~~ and the other ~~one~~ sat motionless Was the storm abating? ~~but~~ for a moment then it was screaming and pounding in greater fury, but the men only heard the swinging of doors , the murmur of voices, the low knock and the entrance of a dripping messenger. He handed a roll of waterproof to the impatient walker, bowing deferentially. Quickly unrolling the parchment, the slender man seated himself at the table with the his companion and the two pored over the engrossed parchment. It was directed to President Anson Jones of the Independent state of Texas and enclosed within it was another parchment haeded "A treaty of Annexation". Slowly they read the letter through.

Then one seized a pen and wrote at the botton, "John Tyler, President of the Unietd States" and the other wrote slowly and wearily "Attest, John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State. In a moment a cloaked army officer stood by the door; the roll was in his hand. "Good luck, Floyd," cried the President. and then a carriage rolled swiftly through the wind and rain.

"You will spend the night here, Mr. Calhoun?"

~~13 24~~ 23½

"No,no Mr.President. I must go home - I need the air and exercise."

"But the storm -"

"That matters little - Good Night."

41-5-18

It was done. What? The secretary straightened his bent form and faced the whistling winds. Pressing forward he closed his eyes and drew his cloak about him;within his head rang and whirled,and the blood sang in his temples; without the cold rain was dashing up and down and eddying in the mad wind. Still the man staggered on but half conscious of the turmoil of the elements. It was done. What? The idle quention seemed singing in his head. Then the wind caught his breath and strangled him . A paroxism of coughing seized him. He leaned against a pillar till it passed and he felt the warm thick fluid in his throat. "Blood,blood"he whispered with his hand on his sore chest "The beginning of the end" And then his weary head seized the refrain "Blood,blood,the Beginning of the End". He could hear the steady marching of soldiers,tramp!tramp! tramp! No it was but a reeling traveller across the broad street. Then something all in gray,dark misty gray rose before him,dim whitish gray,she seemed,with outstretched pleading arms. He shuddered,she looked so ghostly,yet he knew it was but wandering prostitute and he ~~struck~~ shrunk out of her way.

If his head would but clear up and stop its heavy whirling! He fumbled at the door of the lodging house. It opened.

"Oh,Mr.Calhoun,you are so wet, can I not do something for you - some hot whiskey or -"

"No,no,he said hastily and stumbled slowly up the stairs. He sank into the grea arm chair and closed his eyes. The web that spun heavily in his breast slowly unwound itself. He tried to move and ward it off but his limbs were as stone. Slowly it drifted over him enmeshing him surely,

strongly. It was whi e and silky like cotton - it was co ton, but unclean cotton. See the specks of dirt in it - ay, great lumps so that it s emed black with dirt - a great dark formless mass of blackness with mighty arms and thick heavy countenance that seemed pressing pressing on his sore chest. He gasped in terror and felt the sharp shooting of the hurt that pricked and pricked and then spread out in utter pain; he sank back with a vast sense of falling, falling into ~~smoed~~ oblivion, ~~oblivoooo~~.

41-5-19

The door was opened softly; then there was hurrying in the hall and a scream:

"Miss Fowler, Miss Fowler, come quick, Mr. Calhoun has fainted again."

Chapter III.

On the Lawn.

She was standing before the gray old pillared mansion~~s~~ all in a shimmer of white - white flowers in her ~~dark~~ yellow hair, white ribbons at her throat and white slippers on her little white-stockinged feet. Her hair curled itself in dainty lovin ringlets, and her dark soft blue eyes ~~sat~~ like stars in a face perfect in beauty and color. Yes, Miss Lacy of Charleston was good to look upon, thought Miss Lloyd as she bent her long, lithe form over her guest gracefully, and welcomed her to the "Magnolias" "It is so warm travelling" she said sweetly " as her eyes noted the embroidery of ~~her~~ the younger woman's dress and the fischu of old lace. And then as she watched Miss Lacy ascend the old stairs with Juno the colored maid, she added "Very, very beautiful .- I wonder if she has any sense" and then aloud and cordially, as she turned:

"Ah, Colonel Hodges, now we are assured of a pleasant ~~afternoon~~ evening - but no flattery, sir!" and again "Aunt Hetty - dear Aunt Hetty it was so kind of you to come" and so she murmured on gracefully and deftly as the guests assembled.

It was a beautiful sight there on the broad lawn in the softened light of the late afternoon. The drowsy scent of Jessamine and magnolia stole in upon the breeze and from afar faint echoes of slave songs trembled across the low dark fields. A score of men and women lounged under the great black oaks on low settees and stools, or moved slowly here and there with a murmur of converstaon and low swelling laughter. The women were languid, richly gowned, sometimes beautiful, always graceful. They sat or moved slowly speaking in low musical tones and sweeping their eyes with a certain languorous hauteur. The men were long-haired, clean shaven or aggressively bearded, talked with a dominant assurance, and demeaned themselves with a courtesy almost elaborate.

The older men gravitated oward the young hostess, Irma Lloyd. Her quick wit and keen appreciation set with fine breeding and tactfulness atoned for her thin figure and plain face. She moved too with a m certain sinuousness, a curving undulation that had an inexplicable fascination about it.

41-5-20

"My dear, this is Major Waggaman, the nephew of President Tyler. He has just returned from that Texan mission over which you are so enthusiastic.- My daughter, Irma Lloyd, Major." The speaker was a tall large bald-headed man with flushed face, thick form, and quick moving eyes. The major bowed low over the little hand clicking his spurs, and then see ing the cold gray eyes, hastened to say, gallantly:

"I have heard much of the women of Carolina, Miss Lloyd, but scarce believed what I now see with living eyes."

"A dubious phrase, Major Waggaman. "What pray, were those terrible tales?"

"Tales of slaughter in cold blood, wounds that baffled surgery and hearts broken beyond thought of repair."

"And so you have coming riding, Sir, armed cap-a-pie, bent on conquest and revenge?"

"Only craving mercy, fair maiden, for a passing pilgrim."

So they railed laughingly on with lightly tossed words, the Major slightly disappointed at the appearance of the young lady of whom he had heard so much, the girl looking straight at him that she might catch some glimpse of the real man. Then she said with sudden gravity:

"Was it hard travelling?"

"You mean - ?

"The trip to Texas?"

"Oh, in parts it was rather trying - I had one railway wreck and a horse back ride across Louisiana swamp. It was georgeously fearful: great flaming streamers, black paths, mud and snakes. The train service is a direct and awful encouragement to profanity and then the dirty boats and the long lonely horseback ride beyond New Orleans - yes, it was a fairly hard journey - I've seen worse but not voluntarily. But I didrnot know you ladies in Carolina were following the mazes of politics so carefully."

41-5-21

"We're not" -she said shortly - then added "But the Texans-were they not over joyed?"

"The Texans - well - no - in fact it was rather hard to discover any Texans; the first hundred miles or so I had about given them up. Then I found a few but they weren't as interested in treaties as in Negroes. They thought I might have a few in my saddlebags, I suppose."

"And are you sure you didn't Major?" laughed the elder Lloyd. "I heard they are getting to be cheap in New Orleans." And he waved his hand laughingly as he strolled over to the group where Aunt Hettie with Miss Lacy in

charge was fascinating a group of young men and ladies. She was a little woman past middle age with traditions of former beauty which she still cultivated despite wrinkles and bad teeth. She had little mannerisms once affected now quite natural which proveked many a covert smile,and behind all this a lonely aching kindly heart facing with dismay the ghost of Age.

As DeCoursey Lloyd approached she was saying impressively from beside a little worn fan

"-And that's what ruined the north—utterly ruined it. There was a day when one met ladies and gentlemen in New York and there were a few well bred families even in Boston,but this poisonous intermarrying-ugh!"

"Did you attend the Glennworth nuptials,Cousin Hetty?" said Lloyd.

"Did I att nd them? the very idea! a slave driver ~~and the daughter of a gentleman~~ a gentleman & the daughter of to be sure" she added musingly "the Glennworths were not of the bluest blood - there are dark spots on their escutcheon."

"What were they,Aunt Hetty"said Harrison Coles.

"Nothing for children to hear - and besides,after this mesalliance they are quite beneath our notice."

"The world must depend for its salvation and mastery on the bred and born"announced Colonel Hodges glancing a moment from the radiance of Miss Lacy to Aunt Hetty. The elderly lady assented in deep deference; but Coles wondered what would happen if "the bred and born all died off or got softening of the brain." In fact I think we're only saved by our Indian ancestor. You know we Coleses boast of a full blood Cherokee chief some generations back." Then Aunt Hetty chided him. "For shame Harrison and you an idle bachelor among all these charming girls."

41-5-22

Harrison merely bent and kissed her finger tips and passed on laughing.

A little back from the main groups stood a number of men in earnest converse. "I tell"you insisted a sharp faced man,with quick excited gestures," it is the parting of the ways. Texas turns our faces south. Our backs are upon the north and our feet are started toward the equator. We shall never turn back."

"No,no,Mr.Blakesley,I cannot think that. The idea may be romantic and airy but the American nation is too strongly bound together. We shall not fight Mexico - there's no necessity for it and it would be cowardly."

41-5-23

"John Heathdon,you may call it romantic if you will,but the fate of the south is beckoning and it will go. Calhoun raised the spirit. It cannot die."

"But even Calhoun opposes war and endless expansion."

"Calhoun is failing now and does not see so clearly - his mind moves slowly. He will catch up with us yet."

"Then another thing,how can we spread a slave system over the earth without slaves?"

"Get slaves"answered Blakesley"Africa is full of them." And a silence fell on the group. Harrison Coles approached.

"Fiddlesticks"burst forth Heathdon "War,conquest an the slave trade! a pretty program for a civilized people. I tell you we'll remai n one people and secession is madness. We've ruled the north by our brains and spirit since the days of our fathers and we can continue to do it - and pit our strength against their vagaries and impotent mouthin gs? But Blakesley interrupted eagerly,

"Not against brute numbers, Sir, not against the ignorant offscourings of Europe with votes in their dirty paws - by God! sir, we must look to our homes and institutions and we must look - South."

"I fear I am too old to look much further in any directions" answered another heavy old man "but here is young Coles - Harrison, my boy, Colonel Blakesley is on his hobby - he sees fire ahead and treason and the breaking of bonds; what do your young eyes see?"

"Ghosts" replied the young man "dark gliding ghosts " and he pointed toward the silent moving figures of the black servants, bringing out the tea things.

41-5-24

Blakesley waved an impatient hand but before he could speak the clear tones of the hostess interrupted them.

"Politics, politics, I'll be bound," she said lightly as she glided in ~~easily~~ among them. "Politics when tea has been steaming ten minutes."

"On the contrary -ghosts" laughed the old man, and they all bowed lowly.

"Oh this is interesting - and who has discovered them?"

"Mr. Coles, I believe - and possibly Colonel Blakeley, both are dreaming I believe."

"But the dream of the one are prophetic - mark that" said Colonel Blakeley as he turned toward the tea tables.

"And the dream of the other?" asked Miss Lloyd as she found Coles walking beside her.

"~~Are~~ 9a painfully real- see there they go."

The watched the black servants pass the cups of tea and bits of seed cake.

"Ghosts are usually white" she said shortly.

"Not ours - not ours;they are balck and brown- "and" ~~then~~ as he saw a tall tawny maid slip up to miss Lloyd with a light wrap,he added - "and mellow ". The lady flushed and looked straight at him.

"Whence this sudeen interest in serving maids?"

"Oh,Irma,somehow today the whole thing rings hollow,does it not seem so to you? Beside our lives creeps this black shadow and we cannot lose it. I approaced you an hour ago but betwween the gallant small talk of a soldier about pretty eyes and hands,I could hear the wierd song of the slaves in the rice fields. I wandered by to where Aunt Hetty was preaching aristocacy and purity of blood while a mulatto servant was finding her fan. And then I went over and talked politics with men who propose to cure a case of too much Negro by adding more. The shadow of Africa is all over and about us. Even in the filmy daintiness of Miss Lacy's flounces one can s e the black arms that toiled to make it white."

41-5-25

"How very original"I she said in low mocke y while her steel.- gray eyes encompassed him "And are you looking for a world this side the stars where men say all they think,where clothes wash themselves,where state-craft fears no mob and gentle folk are not worried by their - cattle?"

"No,not all ha t but something of it;I dream of a land where men refuse to say always what they do not believe,where the misery and toil of ten women is not needed to make one woman a goddess,and where cattle are not unneccessarily worried by - gentle folk."

She bent over him,her great eyes full of deep disdain.

"Look"she said"Look then, my friend ~~little Sir Galahad~~ till your eyes drop ~~and your flesh rots~~ and your dreams make you starve and thirst - O Harrison Harrison,I hate sickly sentimentality in a world of work - Ah,Major Waggaman,have

you met my friend Mr. Coles? Bring some chairs - there not this is quite
One lump or two, Major — Mr. Coles prefers lemon
cozy. And by the bye. Major Waggaman you came quite opportunely. Dinah",
the large black woman paused with her tray ~~was her ying pist.~~ Irma seized one of her ~~her by the~~ hands rais-
ed ~~ther~~ it in her own slight ~~purply~~ dulpy white hands; ~~they~~ it lay there grayish brown-
black, gnarled and knotted with toil, and the woman looked shame-faced ~~quailed and faltered~~.

"You washed this dress, did you not Dinah?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Now Major Waggaman whose hands are best fitted for washing, mine or Dinah's?" She asked serenely

The major gasped in amazement and stammered.

"But my dear madam , how can you - "

"Well Mr. Coles has some thoughts on the subject that are really very creditable to his - heart."

41-5-26

And Dinah slunk sheepishly away, While the Major fumbled for the threads of conversation, and Harrison Coles smiled.

"The fact is" said the major finding a doubtful balancing place at last, "the Negro is without the slightesd doubt a distinct order of creation. Every one knows -instinctively feels the difference between black and white. Why I have heard Senator Calhoun, who you know treats his slaves with fatherly kindness and knows each one li ke a book - he has said to me many a time - 'If I could but see a gleam of real first class reasoning power and inte ligence in them' -a Negro reading Greek for instance or mastering Trigonometry - he would change my whole attitude toward slavery.'"

"And yet there are intelligent slaves" said Coles.

'"Intelligent, yes, gquick with trained instinct but not with full fledged reasoning faculties. Egad I'm glad there are none such for what

could we do if there were, surely not free them and live beside them."

"No, no, but I confess I'm not so certain of the absolute and eternal inferiority of all black folk and I am of the evils of our assumed superiority upon ourselves. Abolition would of course be silly - fatal to black and white but the extension and deification of the system seems to me equally wrong."

with a certain asperity in her tone

"And so as usual" said Miss Lloyd, "you end in a maze of your own weaving and sit helplessly bound as you used to when as children we hesitated at some crossroads or could not decide which game to play. Negroes - bah - they are the ha piest creatures in these United States tonight, and you Harrison the unhappiest for wasting sympathy upon them."

41-5-27

"The singers of such songs as theirs" he insisted "the wearers of such kindly hearts - such dumb toilers driven tho they be - are not, cannot be beyond the pale of Humanity."

"O no, but beyond the pale of white humanity."

"And how much does that mean?"

"God only knows and he speaks so seldom."

"And then only to prophets or conjure-folk."

Apparently then this

"~~This~~ can only be settled by an appeal to witchery" said the ajor, gallantly looking at Irma. But she tossed her head and retorted:

"Every well appointed southern plantation has its witch, and unburned too save by the Sun."

very quickly with half feigned gayety

"Mom Bett" said Harrison ~~coily~~ "let's go to Mom Bett. It's years since we've been there Miss Lloyd." So entering into the mischief of the thing and enticing Miss Lacy the four of them wandered away from the throng and went down the broad fields to the quarters. The house of the

old conjure woman stood ~~apart by the street~~ from the rear - stowed snugly against ~~the~~ a great ~~high red bank, and half cave like~~ black oak of untold age - a dark and sombre hole. "Mom Bett - Mom Bett-they cried. "Tell our fortunes - we are four pilgrims facing fate." There came no sound. "Is she there" they queride but before they could answer they heard the breaking of little sticks and saw ~~shadowy~~ dim movements within, Miss Lacy turned pale and clutched Harrison C,les but Irma laughed and said " "Is not this the essence of sorcery" As the little flame wavered within they could see the back of the old woman as she bent over the hearth, and hear her mumbling. Slowly she said in a cracked strange dialect:

"Tall Mistress ~~has~~ had a dream."

Irma started, then smiled "prophetic insight," she said. "Yes, Mom Bett" she answered "and here it is - listen:

41-5-28

She slipped to the ~~ground~~ door sill and hugged her knees and the others gathered round in the glowing of the afternoon sunset looking ~~toward~~ into the shadowed doorway of the hut - at the flickering fire.

"I dreamed, I dreamed" said Irma "lying on the rocky shores of a great water. My soul rose as smoke before the face of a dark old man with wondrous eyes and as it rose beneath his waving incantation it gathered itself together and I stood before two men - a white man and an Indian. A white man of marvellous strength and daring and an Indian, ~~wondering~~ beautiful and moon-struck. The old man pointed to a great ship and we three sailed in it toward the Great South to take and subdue the land and I stood in the prow all eager with the eyes of the strong man on me, but the Indian was watching sunsets. O yes and there was a voice singing. And as I saw my soul thus facing forth, I dreamed my dreaming body woke and I rushed down to catch the great ship but the lake was dried into black mud and ~~an Negro girl~~ a hound was ~~digging~~ howling on the shore." They sat in silence at the tale

till the voice of the crone broke upon them. They looked up. Her black drawn face and hooked haggard features were peering from the door and pointing with her lean hands to Irma she said:

"Fear strong of strong,O Buckra proudful."

Irma laughed. "What is it,what did she say"asked the Major edging doubtfully from the cabin door.

"The interpretation is"said Harrison Coles,"beware the Strength of the Strong,O Maiden Scornful!" And he glanced at Irma. But she rose and suppressed a yawn.

41-5-29

"The sun is almost set"she said "I fear I am neglecting my guests - I must hurry back but won't you all stay for your fortunes?"

They said "No" quickly,and walked back with her.

"Strange"said the major "what an art of really effective mummery these old humbugs can use."

"Isn't it"answered Irma"but I'm afraid Mom Bett is losing even her usual terrors - O Aunt Betty you are not going so soon? And Colonel Blakesley We shall see you soon again,I dearly hope. I fear I have sadly neglected you" Good night Mr.Heathdon."

And so one by one,the guests departed,till the lawn lay dark and still beneath the dark oaks and the twinkling stars. Only in the dim twilight the glitter of the radiant Miss lacy flashed by with roll of wheels and clamping of bit.

"How absurdly beautiful she is"mused Miss Lloyd -"ridiculously pretty and without an ounce of brains. She has not said a sane word today only lolled and posed and glanced in childish innocence or vacuity,and spread her finery. Sweet Heavens with beauty like that,I think I could whirl

this dear old earth right mad. Well,well,the Lord is very wise. He furnishes the insides of some heads and the outsides of others and doubtless it is weal,very well. " She mused silently. Then half aloud "His mother must have been a sweet thing, like this and hence his wavering nonsense and puling sympathies. Too beautiful for a man and too soft ,but - yes, father,I'm coming - your evening pipe? of course it is past time. Why where is it?"

They had passed into the waniscoated library where two great candles burned dimly onthe oak table.

"Oh,don't you remember? I took it to my room to fix the stem last night. Wait a moment. No,Don't call the servants,I' ll get it myself."and she swept quickly and noiselessly up the wide staircase.

She opened the door of her chamber and paused abruptly. It was a wide low room;on the side was the smooth white canopied bed;on that a french dresser of mahogany with curving legs and gilded ornament. Between them facing the door was a tall cheval glass;and standing before the glass the startled lady saw a tall ~~slight~~ undulant figure not unlike her own clad smoothly and gracefully in white silk;she held the candle in one hand and with the other she was coiling her dark curly hair hgih on her head and curving her slight neck to catch the effect. Then suddenly she saw the opening door and the netering woman urning swiftly she crouched back with a little cry of astonishment.

"Mistress,I thought - I didn't know" - Miss Lloyd drew herself up angrily.

"Juno - you impudent - how dare -"

Then she stopped and shrank back with a little gasp. The candle in the dark maid's hand lighted the faces of both curiously,and she saw her own face reflecetd in the glass close beside the ~~Negroess.~~ ~~The conversation~~ Mulatto's

41-5-30

conversation

a phrase of the afternoon flitted quickly through her mind. "Black ghosts" was it not the wraith of her own face that stood so strangely lighted there? Why had she never noticed it before in all these years? Her brown hair lay there darker and curlier. There was the same high narrow forehead - the same straight cheek and proud mouth, done a bit more swellingly. Then there was the same tall thin figure and trick of swaying. Miss Lloyd shook her head slowly and slipped backward to the shadow of the inglenook in the old fire place. Her breath came slow and hard and she felt a sense of chill creeping up her ankles. The dark girl trembling with apprehension was shrinking almost into the glass and the candle fluttered in her hands.

41-5-31

"Forgive me mistress -I didn't mean nothing - I was just trying on your pretty dress - I haven' hurt -"

But a dry voice came from the darkness .

"Juno, who was your - mother?"

"Mom Bett - Mistress, Mom Bett - the old conjure woman" and the girl bated her breath.

Irman shuddered.

"Who was - your father ?"

"I don't know - Miss- "

"You lie! who was he? - tell me?"

And her hands crept stealthily about seeking something.

"Mammy says it was "-

"Who?" Still the hands crept.

"Old Master."

The hands closed round the heavy tongs. She glided slowly toward the girl:

"Sister"she said musingly and the girl dropped the candle.

"Beast!"she whispered. The cold hard iron struck the maid full across the face and with a little sobbing moan she waved and crumpled to the floor.

The hall was bright and cool,but Irma Lloyd groped her way down the staircase as through a gathering darkness:she looked into the library.

"Come up stairs," she said slowly "your daughter is unwell". De Courney LLoyd, half-hearing listened,called, then leaped to his feet and hastened out into the hall. No one was there. He hurried up the stairs and opened his daughter's chamber door.

Out underneath the oaks Irma Lloyd was walking swaying her white arms in the night air.

"O my poor Head mother"she said.

41-5-32

Chapter IV.

Proposals.

Henry Jones was riding up to The Magnolias. Far down the way he met Miss Lloyd cantering through the early morning mist.

"You are an early riser this morning"he said,reining his horse.

"Yes"she answered simply.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No - I did not look at the papers."

"General Taylor has been ordered across the Neuces."

"That means war?"

"That means war."

"I am glad."

"Glad? Are you? good! so am I."

"Yes," ~~Sen~~ she said slowly "the land needs a baptism of fire to shake it from

its legathy."

"[illegible] and to start it on its new life and destiny."

"Destiny?"

"Yrs the day that the Mexican War opens, is the day that turns the rod of empire southward?

"The rod of empire" she said musingly thinking of her dream, "is wielded by men and not by destiny. If men would put power and strength into this movement - but do you rea ly think this generation of young southerners are energetic enough to move the world?"

"Miss Lloyd today there are 100,000 sworn men - "then he stopped suddenly

41-5-33

She looked at him in quick interest

"Go on" she said.

He silently lifted the lapel of his vest and poitned to a silver star and golden circle. Thenbbending forward he said:

"For ten years the movement has been spreading. Never fear, Miss Lloyd there are still men in Dixie to dare and do." Then he hastily drew a map from his pocket. "Look," he said "here we are half way between the equator and the pole on the borders of the Atlantic. We set our faces continually toward the icy north and east. Bah! We should turn south and west. The equator is the center of the world and the Pacific the real world ocean. India China, and the Mediterranean have given the world its real culture and kept ahead so long as the heavy hands and level heads of a master race made the slaves work. The Germans tried working with their own hands and the fool Yankees have followed them, delving like niggers. But we southerners have discovered the real secret of empire. Make the

world's cattle do the world's work. Turn our faces toward the palms and sunshine and the gorgeous slenpdor of the tropics. Drive our slaves across the Mississippi down through Mexico"and his finger followed the course eagerly "here over these half-nigger Spaniards of Central America "then his hand wandered into the air an in broad gestures (- "then South America and the West Indes,we're just filling them with niggers"he half whispered.

"A dream of empire"she whispered looking wide-eyed,and rapt straght into the fiery face,drinking in his words. Then suddenly she felt her hands ~~poisoned~~ prisoned and his hot breath puffed upon her cheek

"Irma,Irma"he was gasping "with you,God's darling -oh with you I could help rule this empire - I could make you a very queen over a thousand blacks and make the damned pale bloodless North cringe and whine before our power. Miss Lloyd -Irma - won't you love me?"

41-5-34

The avowal had slipped upon her so quickly and unexpectedly that she could not say a word. She felt an almost unconquerable desire to laugh. She did smile but feeling his great body trembling and his strong hands squeezing hers,she hastily withdrew them, and came to conscious thought. She could not marry him. His father had beena slave driver - a poor white from the hills. He was not a gentleman. His linen was not always clean and he smelled too much of tobacco. What would Aunt Hetty say - poor dear Aunt Hetty it would surely give her appplexy or delirium tremens. And her father? She stopped and grew hard and white. After all this was a man - a man instinct with power- the embo died strength of her dream. A man who cut rudely across filmy arguments,whom Harrison Coles looked down upon as as half-bred barbarism - Harrison Coles the vision of his dark face rose be fore her - and all across these piling hurrying thoughts,she heard the passioned pleading

of the man beside her, coming as from a great distnace, echoing like drifting waters.

"No, no! she said slowly "you must not talk so, it cannot be - at least I will think - hark! there comes some one. Were you going to see my father There he comes - good morning - you may come, ~~to lunch tomorrow. Mr Calhoun will be here.~~ I shall see you - sometime. Good day" And she ~~crept~~ cantered on.

"Good morning, Mr. Ll yd."

"Good morning - I waited for you some time and at last feared you did not get my message."

"O yes, I received it last night but was delayed a little on the way this morning." They rode slowly toward the House.

"You were speaking a few days ago" resumed Lloyd "of a certain good agency for the sale of a few Negroes quietly."

41-5-35

"Why yes - there is a great demand from the southwest now, and we are helping the movement with all our might. Texas needs them you know."

"I have really more Negroes than I can use on my land - I am thinking of selling ~~the~~ five or six field hands and, there's a woman I'd like to get rid of - she's been here so long, all her life in fact - that she's getting intractable."

"Young?"

"About twenty."

"Not the waitress Ella?"

"No, the maid Juno."

"O, Miss Lloyd's maid."

"Yes, she has taken a younger and more tractable girl Celia - Juno is a bit impudent at times, although good to work."

"I'll send the agent up to look over the lot."

"Today?"

"Why -I don't know - I'm afraid not before next Monday."

"I have some pressing bills you see.- "

"Oh,don't let that worry you. I'll advance the money and thenwe'll settle later."

"But I'd rather get rid of them immediately."

"Why send them over to my plantation,if you like."

"Very well."

They rode in silence a while.

"How is your cotton?" asked Lloyd.

"Pretty good - a good stand and well opened."

"Mine is not so good and the corn too is poor. These Negroes are so careless."

"You don't drive them enough Mr.Lloyd- a steady hand is needed - particularly now as war approaches and we shall need money and discipline."

"Do you really think we shall fight."

"I know it."

"But will the Abbeville Rifles volunteer?"

"If it's in my power to make them?"

"Good msrning."

"Good morning - I hope for your influence."

They bowed low and parted. Irma meantime had slowly ridden onward down toward the ~~narrow~~ wide throated town. It seemed more dingy and sordid than ever this morning and not even the trees and greetings could light its gloom. In the post office was Harrison Coles,reading the ~~morning~~ weekly paper.

41-5-36

"Good news?"she asked quietly.

"No,bad!"he answered,then - "It is good to see you this morning after ~~our~~ our little duel - somehow I'm always inflicting my unpleasant moods on people. But won't you forgive me by riding over and taking a peep at my flowers? They are gorgeous - come do not refuse."

They cantered off together and were soon wandering among the carefully kept beds.She tore a red rose slowly to pieces and then smiling up into his face with soft gray eyes said:

"Did you ever strike any one? hard?"

"Why,what a question - yes. Once—a Negro "he answered "and I felt like a coward for a year."

"Why?"

"Why? A man striking a helpless thing?"

"H'm! but suppose you st uck O-impersonally so to speak - struck the Thing it meant -the - the - wrong it stood for?"

"Then why strike the man,-strike rather the wrong."

" O but wrongs are simply airy things they do not exist until they are gone and then one can't hit them."

"No,but one can strive against recurring wrong."

"But one wants movement,action,real blows".

"In such case we'd be clubbing each other to death continually."

"Moreover my first attempt at that sort of thing discouraged me."

"What was it?"

"Have you forgotten? A red-faced plebeian forced himself into our play and awkwardly pushed you down."

She smiled. "I remember - what a beating little Henry Jones gave you when we you played knight-errant - ah! well, a

41-5-37

little clubbing now and then" she argued sinking down among the flowers, " is good for the system - I feel often as if - " and she tossed a stone against the tree.

"Are you not a little - warlike this morning"? he said.

"Is it not fitting? - Will the Abbeville rifles go to the Mexican War?" she asked

"God grant there'll be no war" he replied, "I think if this war really comes that it will mean a struggle in our ranks. I shall oppose the radicals because I believe such a war would be unrighteous agression - I - Irma don't look that way. I wish we though t more alike on this matter. We are in strange accord in most things- do you not think so, Irma"?

She sat very still. Then he said slowly

"Irma - I love you".

She smiled at him and then he smiled deep into her eyes and they fluttered before him. Then she arose and shook her skirts.

"I think," she said, "that I shall marry the captain of the Abbeville Rifles."

Chapter V.

The Meeting.

The town hall of Wilton Point was low and long with galleries down the side and straight benches across the floor. The tall narrow windows let in a glow of warm yellow light and the quick harsh tones of men and murmur of women echoed across the broad bare platform where the speakers were gathering. It was a great political meeting of the county in the mild midwinter weather, and Irma Lloyd was seated in the gallery watching the gathering of the crowd. They flowed into the building in two streams - the greater stream, black and rumbling spread over the benches - there were men tall and short, loud and quiet; some were well dressed and stiff and found their own eddies and pools; others were noisier and more careless in dress, copious in tobacco and brave in oath. The second stream, lighter and gayer, rippled into the galleries; wives and sisters with lunch baskets; and then again some stepped erectly and held their chins and skirts high and some slipped in silently and watched the others. Irma saw the tall form of Calhoun as he came up the long aisle bowing here, shaking hands there. She thought he looked paler than last fall and his blue eyes burned almost black.

Some one was speaking. She strained to hear his words but the resonance was bad and the women about her were chatting and flirting their fans. So she fell to watching the faces of the men below and musing on the scene. Gradually she felt rather than saw a certain conscious rythm in the crowded benches below. What was it? A movement here, a floating wave of whispers there, sudden silences, then the nervous twisting of bodies - all this gradually began to speak a a language louder than the tones of the orator and more distinct. Her senses tingled as they caught this new faint consciousness of the soul of the throng. What was the man saying? She could catch only a word here and there - "Slavery-.-

41-5-38

Abolitionist --- Yankee fanatics ----- gentlemen --- the South -- Union." yet she knew it all by heart - it was the old speech newly uttered, the same old argument so familiar to her. But the audience? They were moving faintly under it as if waiting - expectation sat on their faces and in their whispers. They were not listening, they were waiting, intent not on what the speaker was saying but rather on what he or some one was going to say. Once or twice they applauded faintly, once heartily, twice they scraped their feet impatiently and some of them yawned and spit on the floor. Then abruptly came perfect quiet - a little hush so that even the faces in the gallery breathed more quietly - "Our great leader, the peerless Southerner, John C. Calhoun, senator from the Palmetto state". A round of ringing applause greeted the introduction but it gradually died away with what seemed to Irma an expectant lull-another silence. The hall seemed charged - tingling with some subtle electricity. Men's muscles were more tense, they bent their heads and their bodies and the air itself listened, even in the galleries.

41-5-39

From where she sat she could just see Calhoun's tall form silhouetted against the further wall and catch the gleam of his carved white face. But his voice seemed weaker and only now and then did it carry audible sentences to her ear. Those below were hearing however and she watched them listen in intense interest. For many moments the heads were tense, expectant; then eyes wandered and hands moved so that a faint rustle waved across the room.

"But, Gentlemen, annexation is not war" the terse sentence struck every corner. There was a quick quiver of movement, hurried whispers and again palpitating silence. Calhoun's tones had lowered and his finger was carefully laying out the logical sequence of thought. She caught the ~~sentence~~ however. He was arguing, abstractly, subtly; she strained to catch the words and then gradually became conscious of a change in the listeners.

A man far in the corner dropped his boot heavily on the floor. Some one rose and apassed out. The two little movements seemed to cause an interruption but scanning the mass more carefully, Irma saw that they had not caused a change but were rather symptoms of it. Everywhere attitudes were more careless and muscles relaxing. Little noddings and gestures just a shade impatient appeared and with the faint signs of less strict attention below the swish and murmur started lightly again in the galleries.

"These men want deeds not words - war not argument" mused Irma and her eyes glowed.

Then she caught sight of Jones yawning slightly and she felt like yawning too, but checked herself and looked away as she felt his eyes ever seeking hers. Where was Harrison - oh, there standing with his back to her, looking out the window.

41-5-40

"Squirrels" she guessed, "or the pale blue sky?" Hark! Calhoun's voice was raising again - but she did not try to listen. She leaned back and watch ed the listeners twist awkwardly, smile, whisper, here and there, and then break into loud applause but not prolonged, not hearty.

"What an elegant speech" said Miss Lacy bending toward her.

"Charming" answered Miss Lloyd.

Then the audience talked to itself. There were other speakers, but few heard them. There were little knots of whisperers. Men hurried here and there and several groups left the hall. Some scraped their throats and moved noisily, others shifted their tobacco and stretched themselves. It was as though a single-souled body had suddenly dissolved into its elemental individuals and they threatened all to drift in different ways. Still there was evident a certain striving, a silent breathless travail toward synthesis. Was something emerging - some tangible thought, some definite movement? Yes. Blakesley was whispering earnestly to Jones. Colonel Hodges started up and looked about, then hurried to the further corner. Coles was watching the chair-

man intently. Yes, she felt the two centres of strength and thinking, two parties, the divergence, growing and taking shape before her very eyes. Ah, it was good to be there and watch it; it was a battle, a silent bloodless battle and she could not take part in it! Surely, were not two men watching her face furtively- well, one at any rate -

"Yees - ha ha" she murmured in answer to some remark of Miss Lacy's which she did catch. Yes - a slightly built nervous man stepped toward the platform from out of one the eddying groups of radicals.

"Spratt" whispered somebody. "Mr Spratt of Charleston" explained a Charleston lady and a heavy limbed planter rose and yelled "Spratt" amid flickering applause. His speech was a perfect flash of lightning - clear, penetrating, passionate - snap-snap- spap! it struck up on those benches. Amusement, interest, amazement- solemn silence and slow hesitant applause followed him. He seized his audience, thought Irma, subdued it, then swept far beyond them. Every word was audible everywhere. Too radical - far too radical: the South even at cost of secession, a slave empire, war for territory, the African slave trade, free and open - a program daringly brilliant. But it leaves them gasping in mind - shaking their heads and fidgeting, and brings Colonel Hodges to his feet. He begins in a more conservative tone but he is not listened to. The audience has heard something radical - they do not agree with it and yet - and yet the ferment is working slowly, powerfully.

"By God, there's something in that Spratt" growled a fat low-browed man standing directly beneath Irma. Then as the mass sat there swaying in thought half listening to itself, muttering, moving, the door swung suddenly open. and a man appeared waving a letter. Up the aisle he ran. A pause - then the great tones of the chairman:

"General Taylor has been ordered to the Rio Grande."

A yell shook the house till the belfry trembled and the rook within

41-5-41

rose from her nest,circled about her eggs, whistled and flew screaming toward the black forests beyond.

Scarce had the audience choked itself through the narrow doors of the hall, than the bugle call of the Abbeville Rifles greeted its ears and the younger men hurried up the street to the rickety old building which served as an armory. Irma and Miss Lacy came down together at the end of the throng and Miss Lacy was twittering over the bugle -

"So martial,you know!"

DeCoursey Lloyd joined them.

"Well,have you ladies politics enough for one afternoon? Do we own a lunch or shall we go to the hotel?"

"O a lunch here on the green - I couldn't enter that dirty hotel - ah, here is Aunt Hetty and the rest. I know they've brought good things. We shall have a jolly party."

"And shall we not wait for - for the soldiers?" asked Miss Lacy,blushing rosily.

"Goodness, no!"said Aunt Hetty,"Harrison tells me they are liable to be squabbling all night - some are determined to volunteer for the war and some are opposed. Then there is the election of officers. Harrison should be captain - he is by far the best family represented."

"He can be captain easily enough if he wants to be" said Colonel Hodges, "although Jones is a better officer no doubt -knows tactics and that sort of thing."

"Jones" replied Aunt Hetty with a sniff. "And why shouldn't Harrison want to be - it is his duty as a Coles".

"Well Coles is a bit queer you know - flighty,dreamy-like - but then a fine boy, a very fine boy."

"Let us hope they won't quarrel long enough to spoil the ball tonight" said Miss Lloyd as she was laying aside her wraps.

41-S-42

"O dear,no" echoed Miss Lacy "I so love to dance with a soldier."

"Now to lunch" said Irma"and then we'll help the Abbeville girls decorate the hall - Colonel Blakeley it was a great meeting,was it not?"

"Splendid,splendid, Miss Lloyd,epoch making,I think - but I fear you could not hear well where you were."

"I did not hear,I saw" said Miss Lloyd as she spread a white cloth under the oak.

Long low festooes of green and white and red verdure decked the sweet smelling hall where in the morning the speeches had echoed. Dim colored lights painted the plain wood-work,and concealed in a wall of flowers,a Negro orchestra was playing quick funny little tunes and slow swelling measures. Groups of gaily gowned girls promenaded up and down and elderly men and women sat about,waiting. Around Irma Lloyd,a mass of girls continually clustered and she talked to them with a light seriousness that made them laugh and think. Yet in their hearts all were listening. Hark! the band!"Dixie" the martial bars crept gaily up the street - the girls crowded about the door. There was a thick rolling of drums.

41-5-43

"Halt! to the right , wheel - March!"

Into the hall they came,gay in gilt,straight,smoothfaced eager in eye and step. Irma turned her eyes slowly - the crowd massed and melted before her.

"Miss Lloyd - Captain Henry Jones of the Abbeville Rifles begs the honor of the grand march."

Book 2

pp. 96-98, 100-141, (2 pages)

86 - 96

Chapter XII.

War.

There sat in the South a woman, angry-eyed. Her face was the twinkling shores of Old Virginia, her hair flew in the forests of the Blue Ridge adown her back; her breasts were the striving mountains of Carolina, the smiling waters of the Gulf girded her mighty loins and her vast limbs lay south and westward, sea on sea. In her hands she held a formless Thing, whose bitter cry deafened her hearing, and whose dark blood dripped on the whiteness of her soul.

To northward lay a giant busy with his dirt and stones, his woolen and gold, until to his thick ears the frenzy of that crying pierced the frenzy and the danger; he stretched his weak left arm doubtingly down by the eastern seas, warding her nimble flashing hands, but his great hard muscled right arm crept doggedly onward by the Cumberland and Tennessee, swept suddenly from Atlanta to the silver sea that zoned her. It held her vise-like, while the freed left hand beat and plucked at her naked breatst and bloody throat, and his gnarled knee pressed her soul into the dust. Cruel, past pitiful was her plight, pain crouched in her voice and the shadow of death in her eyes. The red orbs of the frenzied tireless victor beat in her hair, and his great voice kept whispering "War is Hell". So she dropped the blood-bought black Thing - an lo! it was a man.

41-9-496

Why did they fight in the dust of that red morning asks the child who sat and saw, the man who stands and hears, echoing echoes. '"It was brutish lust" snarls the Woman; "It was wedlock, holy union" reasons the Man. Yet even as they speak their souls whisper each to each - "It was the Thing, the stricken formless Thing, the black and shadowed Thing that was, the man that is and is to be, ever and evermore."

This is the tale of the days of the years of our history from sixty one to sixty four, as it really was. But the tale to them that heard it new was far different. Few realized its inner meanings, or saw through its mist and smoke, its larger movements. Yet to some simple souls, like Silena Smith, the truth stood from the first revealed in all its tremendous import and epic sweep. She was a homely woman, unattractive in body and soul. Her life had been a life of daily toil, without relieving incident save the weekly church service, the weekly wash, the weekly ironing. Her hands were hard, her hair thin and unwaveringly straight, her form showed

no womanly ~~no womaly~~ curves and to her life but once had come even the phantom of a man's love. Even then no word was spoken, the man smiled and forgot, and the girl shrunk half ashamed into herself and breathed no whisper of it, even to her own heart.

And yet for all that, as if in eternal compensation, God had set within this thin body a soul whiter than the white drifts of Taghkanic, a spirit purer than the pure waters of the Housatonic, and a heart child-like in innocence, yet more than manful in its readiness for every unselfish deed, every throb of sympathy. ~~and pulse of sacrifice.~~ She looked at life unwaveringly with her simple pale ~~bird~~ gray eyes - to her it held no mystery - nothing but ~~no~~ two great facts, God and Pain. God hated pain and she hated pain and she and God strove to abate the hateful thing. Where pain lurked there she was, and thither in earnest supplication she called her God - whether it was a broken legged bird, or an old woman twisted with rheumatism or a black people shackled with slavery. When before her ministrations unhappiness and ache and hunger fled a vast ~~eternal~~ happiness filled her soul and she crept to some corner of the earth and lifted up her heart and said "For this my life, I thank Thee ~~O God~~."

41-9-497

These days, however, were days when she was bent in the gloom of despondency. Never before had days like these come to her. Before she had ~~but~~ always seen her duty shining clear and hastened to it. Today she saw it bright as the sun, yet veiled from her. The Son of God marched forth to war - but his daughter? - his daughter to whom duty was life's supreme pleasure, she must sit silent and useless because she was a woman. And ~~when~~ Silena Smith wept. The fall of Sumter struck Canaan like a sudden north wind but it called for men, not women. The rout of Bull Run brought her white and wailing to ~~Ma~~ Martha's kitchen, but she was too frail for nursing, the sanitary officers said. And then with the years came a ray of light, she watched it, and it grew and grew.

"Martha" she whispered "have you heard of Pierce's Ten Thousand Clients"

"No" said Martha listlessly, for she was thinking of John.

"Well you know our ships took ~~Hilton Head~~ Wilton Point - "

"~~Hilton Head~~ Wilton Point" said Martha with sudden interest "Yes I know that's where John is."

"What's he doing there?"

"Well you know he's been south since the war broke out. He is an army

contractor and has leased some plantations."

"Oh the leased plantations!" What does he say of them?"

"[redacted] he writes very encouragingly."

"Martha, let's go there and teach!"

Martha looked at her in surprise.

"Go south - in war time?"

"O Martha" she cried "they are there in great throngs, the fugitives, the helpless, hopeless, black people, they need food and clothes and teachers - they need us, Martha, our hearts and words and human sympathy; I am going, I must go - come with me Martha."

Martha sat up with a sudden inspiration. John was there - he would be there a long time. He was in danger - perhaps sick, uncared for, unattended. Estrangement, subtle, unspoken, yet certain had stepped between them since that fatal crisis in New York - he was so often from her now - long days and years - why should she not go to him? What would he say - did she dare?

41-9-41 864-9-41

Day after day she pondered, swayed now this way now that. Then a letter came "I've had a slight attack of fever" John wrote "but I think - ". She put it down and reached for her sun-bonnet.

"Silena when do you start" she asked across the fence.

"Next month, in July - answered Silena.

"I'm going with you" said Martha.

Night after night far into the darkness these two sat planning the great crusade. They made clothes for the sturdy growing lad, they pored over old school books and they studied maps.

Then came that month of all the War's red months, when at Gettysburg one hundred and fifty thousand of men dashed themselves pitilessly against each other and left 50,000 corpses on the field; that month when starved and panting Vicksburg gasped in the coils of the anaconda, ~~and died~~ surrendered and the Father of Waters "rolled unvexed to the sea"; on the thirteenth day of that ~~black splashed~~ bloody month, they reached New York and went to the offices of the Mission Society. The man in charge looked worried and annoyed:

"We're having some trouble in the city" he said, as he kept glancing at the window.

"What is the matter?"

"It's the draft, you know, and all the lawless turbulent elements

(p.99 missing)

front way but the mob had overtaken him.

For a moment they all hesitated ,then bending they lifted the inert body into the carriage and covered it from sight. Silena wiped and fanned the bloody head while Martha chafed his great rough hands,and the secretary drove cautiously out to the main street. Above them the mob was yelling cursing and pillaging,columns of smoke and flame ro se in great volumes from the Negro orphanage to the west and below a cordon of blue coated policement came rushing to the scene. The carriage whirled furiously down Third avenue

"Can we make the boat"asked Martha.

"I'm afaid not - but we'll try"and the carriage jolted and twisted on. A crowd of gamins stoned them,women jeered and once a mass of yelling men rounded the corner in front of them but they wheeled into Second Avenue and went on. The horses were reeking with sweat and panting pitifully. There was an ominous sound of fierce fighting ahead, but above it rose a low rumble of thunder;the lightning flashed and quickly a great Hashing shower of rain poured and beat upon the mob-swept streets of the city and cleaned them of their verminggreat and small.

41-6-14

"We'll miss the boat,but save our lives"whispered the weary driver. Yet he pushed on to the wharf.

"The boat is still waiting"he cried in surprise.

"Quick aboard -"

"And Tom's"asked Silena "He's recovering - he's --

!Put him aboard too "said the Secretary ,"no black man will be safe in New York tomorrow? "

So it was that Martha Reynolds and her boy,and Silena Smith,and Tom Calhoun sailed southward in July of 1863.

Martha was now exalted now terrified at the step she had taken. Suppose John should return and find her gone - suppose he should renounce her in anger,suppose he were sick,dead? and she tossed and moaned and kneeled to pray. Then in the great white mornings as the ship rose and cut the foam ,the glory of this her first daring,the joy of her first freedom,the wonder of the strange crusade sent the blood dancing and she stood long minutes rapt in silent prayer. Long they rode silent,with air and curling waters rushing past,but ever the same sweet solemn sky. But on the third day a light house greeted them,then a fringe of trees. The sun dropped rosy to its dreaming,then sprang all fiery from its morning bath and there lay

Walter Pond

~~Hilton Head~~ to the westward with its deep black shores and its bare low buildings. Ships rode in the dark waters of the river, on beyond rose great magnolias and old mansions, and the sheen of tents. The hearts of the women swelled within them as they looked down the gang plank into a dark mass of dusky faces. And coming thus slowly down to them with wet and wondering eyes Martha glanced ~~upward~~ and stopped

"John."

"Martha."

~~And a sudden goodness clothed their [illegible] world.~~

41-9-500

Chapter XIII.

Freedom.

All night the guns had roared and spit above the fierce voice of the storm and this fair sweet morning John Reynolds walked among the dying and the dead and as he walked and saw, strange new thoughs came to him and the vision of a strange new world. He realized for the first that never before had he really looked on black men as men - he had shrunk from them in uncontrollable repulsion, he imagined them with thoughts different from his thoughts, feelings which did not play and battle like his, deeds smaller, narrower, more instinctive. But today the thrill of change lay on his soul. Here were men who with unfaltering eyes had walked into the mouths of those screaming sneering guns of Fort Wagner and never wavered. Some of these torn bleeding bodies lay before him - harsh black faces set in death, soft brown faced lads writhing in dumb pain, great maimed and twisted bodies moaning in utter misery. God! were these not men, brothers, free human souls? He saw a mother hiding her dark face in the blood stained bosom of her boy; he heard a father lifting hands and voice to the burning copper sky and yonder came the death wail, rolling over the dark and blood stained water.

The salt tears crept silently down his cheeks and ϕ in his blindness he almost stumbled over a little group.

The man, tall and powerful, lay stretched silent, rigid on the cotton

rows,his right arm mangled and wrenched,dark with clotted gore. A woman lay prone across his great breast choking and sobbing,chafing his hands and kissing his immobile face,and bending near with silent awe-struck facesand wide tear-drowned eyes knelt a boy and a girl.

"Is he - dead?" he asked John.

She raised her head passionately . "No - no! he is not dead,God could n't let him dienow" she whispered in fierce anguish. John started. Where had he seen that face - that brown stricken face,with linesof care and beauty riven across it contradictingly? He bent and found the faint flutter in the silent breast ~~left wind~~. Then he ran and stumbled,hallooing across the fields until the guards and nurses heard and came. They carried the sorely wounded man down through the fields to a low cabin that nestled by the sea and laid him gently on the thick white bed,and bound up the stump of his mangled arm.

41-9-501

"Why - it looks like - it is - Tom Calhoun"said Reynolds in deep surprise. "I left him in Canaan - I thought -"

"Yes" the woman whispered. "It is my Tom". And the boy whispered to the girl "It's papa Tom." But Reynolds was again looking at the woman. Where before had he seen that stricken comely face?

As Reynolds walked away he thought rapidly. These folk were free - they had the making of men in them - they were men. This put a new face on matters. Were they not destined to rule this state and this section? If they evidenced as much ability in ruling as in fighting, they would, especially with the money and arms of the government behind them— H'm; he mused. In that case it would pay to join hands with them,make friends with them and help and lead them. With their friendship,their labor.and ordinary brains and ability this band could be made to blossom as the rose.

The sun was falling athwart the surging waters of the sea and the solemn golden twilight was bathing all the languid tired land. Thoughtfuly Reynolds turned wiestward,threaded the oaks and magnolias,and finally approached a section of the old barracks and stepped within. The scene for a moment dazzled him: a thousand black men and women young and old were crowded,crushed together on the narrow old benches. Old lamps,pine knots and candles threw a wierd and shadowy radiance on the scene. All was silent save the rustle of paper and the slow halting utterance of one old woman reading. John Reynolds had seen men working with swelling muscles— he had seen men laboring with strained eyes and faces,but never before

had he seen such evidence of concentrated striving in a mass of men as that which lay before him now. A ragged old man with tufted gnarled hands and weather beaten face was crouched here over a grimy book, his great blunt finger following the line with painful care; beside him sat a girl golden haired and blue eyed, her head aloft, her body quivering, her lips moving rapidly as she repeated something to herself over and over again. Far to the right was a gaunt thin woman with her dull eyes glued on an old broken slate; the sweat stood in beads on her forehead and a piteous bewilderment lay in her face; and behind in the flickering raidiance of a great pine torch sat a little boy fat and brown, his book fallen on his lap, his eyes closed - his soul away in dreamland on the hills of God, his body alone in the low hot room.

Flitting here and there among the throng, bending now to explain now to encourage, now in sympathy and then in gentle warning, glided Silena Smith Always before Reynolds had thought of her with a smile - a thin awkward homely unsexed thing - all tears and longings. But at the sight of this woman, he paused amazed; the same woman, as homely as ever, but transfigured by a radiant enthusiasm, quick, insistent fervid in word and movement All the hesitant dreaming was gone, blossomed, fruited into realization. With Martha, whom John found struggling with a large class in the second reader, it was different. She was wearied and bewildered, and longed for her kitchen. These folk were eager and kindly, but too they were dirty and smelling of sweat, and it was with a sigh of relief that she heard the bell ringing to end the long evening's work. They walked home together, she and John, silently drinking in the scents of a southern night and then sat long on the great cool porch with their son.

"Father, I want to stay here all the time and make money" said the boy.

"So do I" said his father glancing at Martha.

But in Martha's eyes lay the vision of peace and snow swept hills.

41-9-502

Chapter XV.

The Legislature.

It was midsummer. The heat was pelting down on the wide silent streets of capitol Columbia and the sandy bluff gleamed on the rippling waters of the Congaree Up the broad Palmetto Avenue came three boys of 15 or 16 years ago. One came over from the new two storied houses of the east side - a big thick ~~bo~~ bodied ~~light~~ dark haired young fellow with a red aggressive face and a quick shrewd eye. The second came down from the silent decorous mansions to the southward - an olive skinned, ~~dark~~ golden haired young man ~~fellow~~ slight in build and singular in beauty, his eyes wandering dreamily beyond the flowing river The third youth ran hastily up from the low straggling cabins of the North a tall, dark brown-faced fellow, with laughing eyes and a tightly curled mass of hair. The three met at the threshold of the capitol: "Good Morning, Mr. Jones! said the ~~light~~ dark haired one with something of deference in his voice, to the one of the ~~darker~~ lighter hair. But the other had extended his hand to the dark-brown runner - "Hello, Bob," he said and the Negro said pleasantly "Hello, Mr. Lloyd." They all passed in and seated themselves at the clerk's desk in the Hall of Representatives - the Negro at a small table to the left, the other two at a larger table to the right. They viewed a strange scene. - the strangest America had yet known . One hundred and twenty five men sat grouped before them - in the centre and in front 50 white men - ~~behind~~ around and behind them seventy five men, black and brown and yellow. One man was speaking, a broad shouldered black man with a fine brow and a voice that showed education and refinement. The whites craned their necks in astonishment, the Negroes sat in wondering, proud silence.

"Who is he" asked Lloyd Jones ~~of~~ bending over to his fellow-clerks.

"Elliott, R.B. Elliott - he was educated in England ~~and~~ at Eton and some other place they say." answered ~~Henry~~ Roland Reynolds.

41-9-503

Lloyd Jones looked a t the rest of the dark faces. ~~There~~ There were several other intelligent faces, some sharp, some bold, but the mass of them were the timid dull countenances of slaves and the sons of slaves. The white members were more strongly differentiated: there was a silent knot of ~~stiff shaven~~ southerne s, and a gang of loud mouthed mountaineers; there were a score of sharp faced northerners, a number of uniformed soldiers and a dozen business men like John Reynolds who flitted here and there making friends and arranging matters.

"This is my son, ~~Henry~~ Roland, Mr. Elliott; ~~Henry~~ Roland I want you to k now the leader of our colored brethren. Mr. Elliott is going to hav e charge of our rail road legislation" and Reynolds hurried away.

"Why, Tom, glad to see you" he said later " I hear you led your district by a good majority.

"Yes, Mister Reynolds - they voted for me - I don't know why " and a look of ~~sorrow and~~ bewilderment lay i n t he dark face of Tom Calhoun.

41-9-504

All the after noon t he h ouse spent in organization, a nd in veiled and whispered conference; a nd then as the burning sun began to seek the west, ~~they~~ they filed slowly out, lingered on the steps of the capitol, and the greensward. The city paused and gaped curiously at them. Henry Reynolds and his father ~~mustned~~ mounted horses and were soon going leisurely along the shaded avenue. The deep low scent of magnolias hung heavy in their nostrils but they hardly noted it, for they rode ~~close~~ close together and continually scanned a large blue print, which was between them. John Reynolds was talking.

"You see, my boy, south of Baltimore only three seaports really count- Norfolk, Charleston and New Orleans. Now the race between t hese three ports and any other upstarts like Savannah or Mobile depends on which of them can first tap the Mississippi valley - the great west is our storehouse of wealth and if the Blue Ridge railway taps it and open up the way through Knoxville to Cumberland Gap, Charleston will own the great west for we'll beat New Orleans to Europe by a thousand miles" and so they rode on talking earnestly.

As they turned into t he a venue a woman had steppd on the crosswalk and the flutter of her dress frightened Henry's horse so that he reared and the young rider reined him harshly and struck him with the whip; the woman stopped suddenly staring full at the youth and a little cry crept from her

lips. She was a tall woman dressed sombrely, but with an air of grace and breeding.

"Mrs. Henry Jones" whispered Reynolds to his son, but he did not venture to greet her. She had quickly recovered herself and walked on and yet she was searching her brain - that boy's face, the movement - the anger - how like how strangely like " - and her mind flew backward. She turned to continue her walk and her face lightened as she caught the swing of a youthful handsome form in the distance, coming toward her. Lloyd was walking beside and talking eagerly to a gentleman of fine face and aristocratic bearing. Who was he? asked Irma Jones to herself rapidly running over her acquaintances. He turned at the further street, leaving the young man with a courteous greeting. Lloyd stood looking after him a moment, then espying his mother ~~ran lightly~~ hurried to her, put his arm on her shoulder and kissed her:

41-9-505

"Good evening, dearie" he said. She greeted him in turn.

"Who was that, Lloyd, I did not recognize him."

He looked at her quickly and then looked away: " It was the ~~secretary of~~ state Treasurer"

"The ~~secretary of~~ state?" She tried in vain to recall -"What is his name?"

"Mr. Cardozo."

She stooped abruptly and crimsoned " Cardoza - Mr. Cardoza - the Negro?" she asked.

"Yes" he said in low tones looking full at her -"the Negro, so-classed."

"LLoyd" she said passionately, "Lloyd" she repaeted sorrowfully - " "Lloyd" she whispered "for Godss sake and your mother's, drop that hateful sympathy of yours for mongrels - remember that even in the bitterness of revolution and defeat you are still a southerner and a white man."- and there were tears and anathema in her voice. He drew her arm in his and touched her hair lightly.

"Forgive me, dearie, " he murmured but his face looked puzzled and pained.

As they came to the house they saw that Colonel Jones had a mulatto - a slight sweet faced girl of ~~mulatto~~ 18

daintily dressed, with that effulgent cleanness of body & soul that seems a party some women. Her bright laughter was pealing as they entered the gate and her yellow hair half tumbled down was bent over a half grown puppy whom she was romping She looked flushed and sunny; "yes - graduated & all" "Aunt Emma" she said I'm back from school, and added: with that half haughty shyness which is the heritage of young women-hood "Good evening Lloyd" Lloyd heard silently over her head and glanced now at her and now away and spoke but few words. His little playmate of earlier days had blossomed as beyond his dreaming that he scarcely knew how to renew the old acquaintance and whether to say "Edith" or "Miss Coles." "Edith is much taken with Dranlo's puppy and Jie promised her hand & her hounded Lloyd will concur" The puppy was a queer long legged hound, with grey blue eyes & buff hide. The mother had long been the property of Colonel Jones and was killed recently & only this puppy was left. Lloyd hastened to accept while Mrs Jones kissed her arm about the girl and asked after her mother and father.

"No" she said at the first mention "I wished not think of staying to supper — mother daddy expects me"

But Lloyd offered to lead the restive hound and together they went down the street. She talked in a quick lively strain & her rather eclectic conversation and was not a little disappointed

41-1-159

on him. He was for to handsome for a boy and
shy, almost womanish in his way, she thought and
then when young Roland Reynolds wheeled by them
astride his great bay stallion she looked on the stranger
with new interest and Lloyd stopped in consternation
Roland was big & ruddy and flushed, from the boy
ride with his brother & both were some salivary
sites. He bowed to Lloyd as he passed & turned even as the girl
coaxed and turned & stare back. Lloyd turned too but just as he turned
away heard the hound after a wayside rabbit and
Edith could not repress a little cry of displeasure at
the loss of her pet. Roland took in the situation at a
glance and wheeling on his great horse went down
the road after the hound in a chant of dust. Edith
reddened with pleasure & excitement and Lloyd apologized
lamely and both fell silent until they saw Roland
trotting serenely back with the recalled hound in hand.
At her gate the little princess dismissed her cavaliers
demurely & Lloyd but smiling at Roland

Mrs Glenmarsh who had long since
become his prime backer time &
her words

Chapter 16

The New Regime.

For the second time in his life Harry Reynolds
saw visions of gold. Ere he came he had not reaped as
much from his war contracts as he had hoped to,
but he had a strong arm in hand and with the
Oregon legislature under his thumb meant seem to be under

091-1-17

matter of a few years & a great deal. Above all Reynolds felt new life & new power in the sudden presence of a son. Sudden it seemed because it was only recently that he found on this stalwart young boy a companion & whom he could tell his plans and a keen mind & help them realization. His dreams came & he longed with a new intensity. He kept the young man about him, gave him little commissions which were executed quickly & cheerfully & very soon came to realize that he had a valuable asset in this strong young fellow. He felt at times a pang that this boy was not really his own and that was only passing, & he determined that he should be his spiritual as well as physical son.

"Roland," he said never moving "you see what it means to us to get that Blue ridge railroad into our hands. Once the Wissenatchie valley is tapped & all its wealth will flow through our hands. all we've got to do now is to get work this bond scheme through the legislature"

"That ought to be an easy job" replied the younger man "with Tom Calhoun & Herd the niggers" and delimn the votes."

"It certainly looks favorable and we must not be too sanguine. The blacks are getting a little restive and educated Negroes like Elliot are always there ask & made demands"

"What kind will that do to our scheme"

"Formerly none & honestly at very much it. The Negroes have been

pretty well ~~fleed~~ fleeced already and theyre begining to
rose around for a share of the efoils. If we ~~of~~ drane to
give them too much it will arouse the southerners to
frenzy and the fat will be in the fire."
Dane me get enough votes to pass the bill"
I think so if all goes well
"why not make arrangements directly with me by buying over
Sands?"
Reynolds thought a while." I'll go see Bonds "he said
Sands was big and suave, yellow and well-dressed. He
was particularly glad to welcome Mr. Reynolds to his humble
dwelling and he complimenting thrup in this soft
oily tones that sounded almost sincere.
Sands are you going to vote for my railway bill
Well Mr. Reynolds I surely wanted like to
Well then do so
You see its this away Mister Reynolds, we wants to do the
right thing but the boys has got it into their heads that
we aint getting a square deal ~~on~~ these days
How so
Well ~~the~~ most everybody appears to be getting theirs and we
don't get nothing.
Talk plain Sands
Well-then- how much is our votes worth to you
How many have you.
Well there are 25 of us as votes together usually
But there are 75 Negroes in the house- how about the other 50?

41-1-162

O well – you can't depend on them
You mean they would sell out? some would & some would. Most of them is
~~Simple~~ fools and ~~is~~ running after Tom Calhoun's head &
call. My crowd means business"
Well Sambo if you come round & my house tomorrow
Night & will talk – Coach"
John Reynolds went home wondering for how small
a price he could buy those 25 votes, and met
Tom Calhoun at the gate.
Tom was a big grey haired Negro, tall and black
with a face of great dignity & strength, and yet he seemed
always clothed with a sense of humility and a doubt
as to his own strength.
"Glad to see you Tom – come in
Go no, Master Reynolds let me tell him
Prescence come in – sit here take a chair. Roland
You know Representative Calhoun – of course. Well
how's things, Tom?
Pooly pooly – we ~~are~~ but wandering sheep, Master
Reynold herded hither and yon, and God alone knows
where we're a going.
O not so bad as that is it?
Worse – it's stealing and threats and lying all the
time and we don't know who to trust. Now Master
Reynolds thinks that railroad bill is yours. I don't know
nothing about railroads & I suppose its all right. Sarah –

41-1-163

ways I in a gay & debonair what you says. But I wants you in turn & vote for my bill" And Tom present an oddly written bill & ~~buy land for~~ enable the slaves & buy land and sell it on easy terms & the freedmen"

Reynolds smiled inwardly for he could imagine what a bonanza this meant for the theives black & white. But a thought struck him. Was not this a way & secure Sands bribe without openly his own money? Of course it was too bad, but was he & hold himself responsible for this simple old Negro's guilelessness?

"Tom" he said "this is a great scheme - leave it with me tonight & I'll see you tomorrow at 10.

"God bless you Master Reynolds" said the black man as he passed through the gate. It happened however that as he passed down the street he saw the familiar build of Sands approaching and being by no means a ~~fool~~ fool he slipped behind a tree and then followed Sands back & Reynolds gate and saw him enter. Then he returned slowly shaking his head & knitting his brows.

Reynolds received Sands with the same ~~hospitality~~ and the same smile and placed him on the same chair

41-1-14

Then he drew his chair up and shuddering and a document said "Sands do you own any land?
I've got a few little parcels here and there"
Can you get any more
Lord yes and don't check if I had the money.
Well now Sands I'm going to loan you
$10,000 and I want you to buy up a lot of land
quietly and cheaply
What worthy land – good land?
Away from your side – but a lot of it. Then when
~~when there comes~~ you get a chance to sell this land
I want my money back and – O well my half
the profit
Sands looked skeptical – "you can't sell land now-
a days –" he commenced
Yes you can if the state buys it and if you are
on the committee of purchase"
Sands ~~let a slowly shading a~~ smile ~~creep~~ over his fat face.
"Say – whose scheme is this
Your Calhoun's. He wants the state to buy land for
the Negroes
I'm this crowd going to vote for it
yes
"So's mine" chuckled Sands
But careful – don't let the arbitrageurs. Around it at re-

41-1-165

"O I knows how" said Sands. "Well then
Exclusively I Come down to the office tomorrow & will
settle about [illegible] that bill." When Sands went
out Reynolds went and bade Roland good night
"Yes I'll settled that dirty business" he said "these
niggers are a good-for-nothing set — either fools
or rascals"

Chapter 17

~~The Reformers~~ The Missing Cowhide

Roland was toying with the guitar on his favorite knee.
and John Reynolds was rubbing his hands.
"~~I~~ I'll mend things nicely" he said "and
now my boy one owes indebtedness ~~bill~~ in
the ~~east~~ line from the Miss. & Charleston, ~~If the Yankees~~
~~have a mind to hurt me~~ with its bonds guaranteed by
the state. The stock will run from 10 & 50 yearly
It'll be at 75 in a week and all Carolina clamoring
& buying it
"Well we will see" said Roland stopping
music
"I don't know" said Reynold slyly. Roland paused
in surprise — "Why I thought ——"
"Ed — The trouble ~~comes~~ ought to come from the north & it may
come from the North & Savannah. In the first case there
is; in the second case we must sell & secede ~~and~~
and a north & south branch"
~~The two end a branch~~ "But there is no such branch!"

41-1-166

& Charleston as I have always said. But I've heard from Yancey

No but there's a charter granted away back in 1854.
Who owns it
~~Jones and Coles + a few others~~ The Eastern syndicate — Jones is in it.
Can we get it?
You're well left — where are you going?
"Dining with ~~Sleight-Jones~~ some ~~other~~ fellows" &
he rode off.

Now it was quite by accident that Edith Coles and her little band, rode out that morning
~~Two girls + boys were~~ ~~at their grounds~~ & Lloyd Jones
bright ~~afternoon~~ afternoon & rode right in the way of the
hunting party. Now did ~~the young beauty~~ her mother & father would come under it for
recognize Reginald although she knew that, the Southern aristocracy
held us to nine at the carpet-daggers' can But ~~Edith~~
~~thanked Robert politely for the favor, & bowed a few~~
~~steps back at them~~ they talked & laughed & danced
— of hunting & hounds, of school & play, of knights
& ladies, of tournaments —

Edith
She had met him often during
the past year by accident and design
& learned to know him

"Let's ride a tournament" cried Roland
~~shrugging~~ & ~~the~~ light of his weakest young man
head, and three or four others cried "a tournament"
a tournament" all in a trice Rose had gotten a
horse. Of course Edith was gay & gave her glove
~~as a favor~~ to Lloyd, but Roland rode quickly to her, & Lloyd courteously
reined his horse & gave him precedence. So she
bowed her head & ~~loaded him~~ crowned me Rolands grey

L 91-1-14

Jenny held her glove aloft. This shall be the prize, she said
eyes & fastened her [illegible] on his coat. Lloyd begged
the glove of one of the other girls ("a dowdy!" declared
Edith) and they [illegible] for the race ~~on a chunky~~
~~steed~~. They were to run a mile down the road
past a half dozen Negro cabins & the great oak
& back again & where the young ladies sat at
the goal post

Down the road four horses flew. The little
cream pony bounded aloof & shot far ahead; Lloyd's
brown horse ran evenly & steadily with the bay che
at his shoulder, but Roland's great black stallion reared
plunged & fought at the reins & So they went
round the corner beyond the cabins & the girls waited
with dancing hearts listening & the dying boy held
the silence – the clock ticked – no – yes, yes they're coming
then thundering & the brown nose of Lloyd's horse inched
its long way ahead [illegible] round the corner on the
inner track, [illegible] right behind him red nostrilled
and snorting flew the mad stallion of Roland &
far behind the pony & the bay. Then, how did it happen?
suddenly a little half naked black child [illegible] wild
toddled
waddled after a kitten. [illegible] Hearing the thundering of hoofs she turned &
stopped right before Lloyd's forelegs, her great black eyes

891-1-17

Behind them all running Edith's dark hound yelling & crying

upon the horses in solemn wonder. ~~And the great~~
beast ~~the~~ Edith's head clasped. With a great tremor of
arm & body Lloyd pulled his horse & the mighty
ad lost the race for Roland never reversed or
faltered but straight over the child he rode, the horses
great forehaps great gnawing its head & scarcely the kitten's
~~the~~ blood & fur on the ground. The child, unharmed, still stood
gazing mournfully at dead shelter with two great tears in
its eyes, but Roland knelt at Edith's feet & held her
glove in his hand.

41-1-169

And she? In all her little life she had not been
so torn with overwhelming emotion: fear for ~~the child~~, human
life, admiration for dare devil loyalty, respect for human thought
fulness, conceit at victory, pity for animals, and above all
a little fury at being buried even above — yes above life and death
& a little anger at being buried at less than a nigger baby.
Whether she was glad or sorry at the outcome she could
hardly say, yet she smiled very Jovianly at Roland and
looked at him thoughtfully with a wrinkle in his brow and let him ride beside her until
suddenly she looked about with a little cry:

"Dravalo"

The hound was nowhere to be seen. They rode back a
little distance but it was rapidly darkening.

"I know he's gone to the swamp again" she said
"Will take two days to search for him in the swamp" and Lloyd

"Yes" said Roland quickly "I'll ride in from the South & you from the North

"The south entrance is pretty difficult riding

"Better than for the better rider" said Roland fondly & Edith looked at him & blushed.

"Then you start early — both of you & I'll ride down by the great road at 10 on the morning & accost you

"At ten" said Lloyd

"At ten on my reality" said Roland sweeping a great bow and lifting his strong ruddy face toward her.

She rode home thoughtfully a little puzzled ~~at~~ ~~she dared~~ at the mornings doings and her mother scolded her for her "Coltiness". She scanned them only the first Roland Reynolds had.

"Roland Reynolds, the cowboy beggar; Edith you are not to accost with him — I forbid it — the very idea; But Edith shook her head and went to her father whose voice she heard in the library. He was sitting there talking to Tom Cochrane. Edith kissed her father and shook hands with the bland man cordially:

"Good evening Uncle Tom" Then she nestled at her father's feet and listened & shrugged. Tom continued:

"Yes, Master Coles, Master Reynolds says dates the land stand as much as me do. He says that he expected Sands to make something off of it but she didn't. Expect even an umpire friend. He says he's going to lease a corporation mine.

41-1-14

ment with the best of the blacks and whites and he wants my help. Master Reynolds this may be the truth but I doubts — I doubts. Anyways I wants to clinch the thing and I wants your help. I wants your white folk, your old masters to join with us black folk and help old Carolina to have a decent government"

Coles shook his head sadly:

~~Is the present government hopeless?~~

"The present government is certainly hopeless"

"The legislature is a den of thieves. Many of our white leaders ~~are~~ are selfish rascals. Most of us black men are ignorant and some are scamish. If things go to the dogs we'll be blamed for it - unborn children will point balk to these dark days and say "See what Niggers did.' Scandal after scandal has followed this government - cheat after cheat - we must do something ~~- won't you tell us what?~~"

"Didn't I warn you against these rascals, Tom?"

"Yes you did Master Coles - you warned and my heart warned me. And yet what could I do? I knows little myself - I needs leading. They offered leadership with fair promises and you - forgive me Master Coles - you offered nothing."

"You know Tom that I think the whole thing wrong that I do not believe Negroes ought to vote." But you did not believe in slavery Master Coles;"

"No - that is -"

"There's no middle ground Master Coles - for God's sake stretch out your hand and help us - it isn't power, it is not money - we wants peace, Mastere Coles, just peace - the right to breathe and belong to ourselves, the right to own our wives and daughters, the right to live and walk like men - won't you help us.?"

Coles shook his head.

The old man still plead "Can't you advise us - what shall we do to escape from the clutches of these rascals and thieves - to escape from ourselves?"

"I can't help you Tom. I do not know why but I can't - perhaps its because of blind prejudice, perhaps is't the voice of God, perhaps it's sheer cowardice but I can't lead you black men. If you were about to die - I might ~~even~~ die for you. But I can't live for you - I can't do for you what I see with perfect clearness you need to have done for you and I can't simply because you're black and I'm white. God love you Old man - you think you are suffering - I'm the real sufferer in this awful paradox - I who see and may not move, who move and may not see. All my life, all my thought is contradiction: I was born to a system I despised, yet I cannto escape it; lost I lost my money to save my country, then took my sword and fought for liberty when I knew it meant slavery: today with my back on slavery I despise the present liberty It's all dark to me Tom - it's all dark and unfathomable. All my life has been twisted - I loved a woman once, Tom and she loved me and yet she rode and trampled on her own heart for the pleasure of crushing me because I hungered for light and truth - No, no word! go Tom."

41-1-172

The old man went in silence.

"Papa - who was the woman you loved"

Damon Cales ~~bothered~~ started in surprise

Edith - why Edith of course I have forgotten you little dumpling. Never mind father's Tales — get your shakespeare where were we reading?"

Tom went straight to Colonel Jones and Colonel Jones disappointed and dogged listened. He not only listened but he heeded Tom with a courtesy and consideration quite unusual for he knew a change must come in the government and that the Negroes like Tom held the balance of power. It seemed to him that present conditions could not endure. Consciousness must come and why not with Tom?

Clyde sees it later from a long wandering funeral
his mother furnishes at Colonel Jones's ~~conception~~ re-
ception of a Negro in her parlor. He knows of the
murky outrage but ~~suspects~~ suspects the unspoken surrender
& rapine and he knows that his father and mother
knew even more than he. To suspect his mother can
& meet him white & wide eyed.
"You must [illegible]" she said and his heart fell within
him for

I'm going to sell out at par which will mean a clear $100,000 profit and trade in the charter for the north & south branch. This latter is of the utmost importance and me you need manipulate ~~young Lloyd Jones to~~ at ~~he would~~. Young Lloyd Jones may object for sentimental reasons at first but his grandfather's scheme

[illegible] be there
[illegible] the better, ~~must be his attorney~~
But father
John Reynolds looked at them. "What's her name?"
he asked shrewdly
Edith Coles
"Coles? good! Now look here: Under ordinary circumstances she wouldn't marry you even if she cared for you. She's a blue blooded aristocrat & you're a carpet-bagger. There's only one chance for you & that is wealth. You let Lloyd Jones [illegible] while you make a million. Then you shake a few greenbacks under her dainty nose."

Roland Reynolds smiled shrewdly and ~~turned~~ was just busying himself in his papers as his father left and the waiters uttered an exclamation
Roland looked [illegible]. Mrs. Lloyd Jones was approaching on foot & alone. ~~To say John Reynolds~~ & Roland discreetly retreated & the inner office & closed the door. To say that John Reynolds

41-1-14

I was surprised put the matter mildly - he was astonished. She represented much that he coveted - breeding, social prestige, wide influence among the still powerful class of unreconstructed southerners. She had not recognized him since the war - looked coldly above his head and snubbed his wife and son. And here she came to his office. He received her warily - being coldly polite and business like, but handing her a chair in the light and then silently seating himself with coolly expectant air and looking straig~~ht at he~~ at her

~~She~~ She did not beat around the bush. "Is it possible for us southerners to come to terms with you - ~~carpet beggars~~ northerners?" she asked.

He considered. "That would depend on your demands!" he said.

"We have but one demand" she said - "the complete throwing over of your Negro allies."

"And in return for that?"

"In return for that I and my friends will work for complete alliance with you."

"In that case I think we can agree" he said after a pause.

"You will throw over the Negroes."

"yes, if your party treats us fairly."

"We will - it is agreed. What now shall be the first step."

He considered, watching her. "Your son might come into my law office and run for the legislature next fall."

She hesitated and paled. "Very well - he shall" she answered and then "on your part" - she bent forward "suppose you - join the Ku-Klux."

He started, thought rapidly. "I'll do it" he said.

"Very well" she arose and bowed but did not offer her hand, and departed. He watched her musingly:

"I wonder who got the best of the bargain" he ~~mused~~ said

91-1-14

did come suspect

John Reynolds [illegible] thinking. He feared a rapprochment between

the Negroes and the southerners which would result in the ousting of his

par[illegible]. They had carried the last election to be sure but by a narrow margin and

the help of only a few southerners like Harrison Coles and the presence of

Uni[illegible]d States troops. When the troops went, what? asked Reynolds. And too, he had heard

Tom Calhoun had been ~~impressed by~~ consulting ~~Colonel Jones~~ and other southern leaders, with what success

~~plainness and cordiality.~~ It

was a very uncertain situation and John Reynolds ~~was~~ balanc[illegible] yet these things care-

ful[illegible]

Meantime Edith Cales was sitting by the gate Dad tapping her little boot impatiently. Of course she knew how it would turn out: Rolene would come riding in with the poor little beast hanging & pawing round. She would bow and perhaps raise her hand to his lips. And she? Well how could any woman of 19th such loving a strong masterful man who did things? who just crashed through the world and conquered it? And Lloyd? O Lloyd was so namby-pamby - so polite, so considerate & so - "Lloyd!" she exclaimed in surprise as he rode up. She looked about curiously - he was alone.

"I thought Mr. Reynolds would have been detained" he said interpreting her look. She was half angry and elated & afraid when she noticed the bundle at his saddle bags as he dismounted & blood beside her. She dismounted!

"Dramalo?"

Dead, he said, setting down the box which covered the dead & mangled beast. She turned away with increasing resentment in her heart. But as she turned she glanced at him and saw a little rivulet of blood coming down his face. She wheeled back

"You're - wounded"

"Just a scratch" he faltered "the cat came after me too"

"The cat"

Yes a wild cat killed poor dramalo

Enemy by reason a cowboy dragger?

LL/1-17

She bent forward quickly and saw the clotted blood at the edge of the cut and the awkward knob of it. She grew pale – faltered and ~~dropped & the ground~~ clutched & the ground before he could help her she tore the sheer ruffle from her dress & sent the groom for water dress. She ~~sank~~ bent beside her & she ~~bound the cloth deftly~~ washed his cuts & slime skin, and bound the cloth deftly about the wound, touching him lightly yet lingeringly She still on his knee bent looking her & said simply

"I love you, Edith"

And she answered meekly: "Lloyd I am a very foolish little girl and ignorant of the world & many things – I do silly things at times I am sure and yet my heart is good and true and – I long to learn. And – Lloyd, if you will let me I will sit beside you all the days of our lives and we two will – love and learn"

He put his arms around her and kissed her lips and the red glow of the morning shot into the gloom of her cheeks, while round about them swayed ~~drooped~~ the soft leavings of summer & shade

Suddenly she looked at him sorely:

"Why didn't you go and sell your railroad?

I couldn't – I suppose I ought & shame."

~~What kind of~~ You're doing Col Innes and all fellows doing?

a Syndicate ~~thing~~ been trying & buy back a railroad which Reynolds owns

41-1-178

and he has at last consented to sell. We're putting all we can scrape with it, dear, and if it fails and I don't know when I can marry you

and trading on old memories.

But it won't fail —

"We ornament with his eyes"

But she persisted "How can it fail?"

Well I am a little uneasy — perhaps it's wrong — but why should Reynolds sell just now if the investment is safe? He says he needs ready cash & all that but —

She looked grave: "You ought to have gone Lloyd

And he answered: "All the railroads of the land waited & gone for the love of one little girl"

Late in the afternoon, long after Lloyd had gone she came down and swung on the great gate in the sunset, deliriously happy and wondering how she had ever hesitated or doubted. Rapid hoof beats came down the road and instinctively she knew who it was. First she started to slip away, then all her womanly helpfulness came upon her and she clambered back on the gate & stuck a lily in her hair and whispered to herself "Sixteen Gate, My Lord" and then aloud "Good evening, Mr Reynolds — is not this a happy day"

She leaped from the horse and approached in mingled trepidation and

4-1-17

"I'm sorry – so sorry – I —"

She bent forward confidentially looking radiant in the sun:

"Did you beat them?" she said

He lost his head "What me did" he cried "unloaded the whole thing at a fancy price and got the other myself to pay for nothing" Then he suddenly remembered that her ~~friends~~ were among the ~~was one of~~ the meeting and he ended

~~I'd be a rich man some day" he said "I must be glorious & be rich & have everything & go & [illegible]~~

"I hope I be a rich man some day, and wealth is known. I deemed like I be powerful enough & help those I love"

"yes – and will Lloyd be rich too?

He mistook her thought and chuckled

"Hardly"

"Was he left anything – after this"

~~Poor little a nothing as I figure~~

"Not after this deal" he said looking at her eagerly ~~absolutely~~ for she had never seemed so beautiful and so – so tame

rapture shaded her eyes

"absolute nothing" she persisted, looking forward till her again he mistook her and veered

O. ~~perhaps a little~~ Of course he's got a little something and do you know what that little somethings is:

"Why no – what ~~has~~ he got?" he asked ~~in confusion~~ quickly

"~~I~~ "me"

41-1-14

and suddenly & Roland Reynolds the world was quiet.

Chapter 18

The Lynching

Harrison Coles had changed his ymind yet he ~~did not admit it~~. He merely said decisively:

"I will never consent to such cowardice."

Colonel Jones seemed very angry - "Then you are ready to Africanize South Carolina, are you" he complained.

"No I am not - but I will not consent to fight barbarism by worse barbarism; to stop wrong by ~~conning~~ conniving at it - to stop stealing by murder." And looked at Colonel Jones, ~~eyed him suspiciously, and~~ Colonel Higby ~~said~~ interrupted: "I fear you fail to see the danger of the present situation."

"No - on the contrary I recognize it fully. We have had for four years an awful government. Today there are signs of ~~the~~ reform. The better class of Negroes is crying for the help of decent men; the best of the carpet baggers are striving for reform. What now is suggested to us? To stand aside and hinder the better because it is not the best. To choke the progress of the very things, which we have bitterly pleaded for since the war - it's nonsense gentlemen, it 's cowardly."

"But can you not see the immense danger of this, Mr. Coles" said

~~he~~ added slowly: "Some of you who received Tom Calhoun cordially & his race are now ~~gladly~~ his and his followers everywhere. I ~~too~~ refused this overture, but I did wrong; good government can only come from

"No, no" said Mr Higby "there's your mistake we don't want a good Negro government

41-1-181

~~85~~

~~Mr Highy eagerly~~ "a bad Negro government is a sure guarantee of eventual white supremacy, but a good Negro government is a menace to every white woman in the land."

"Of course it is" growled a big rough headed man "Why down at Beaufort we had a big black nigger judge for three years who didn't know a letter. All we had to do was to shake our ~~fist~~ fist under his nose and you bet he did as we said. It was a roaring farce. Now we've got a nigger that wears store clothes and reads books and by God, white people are beginning to 'mister' him. He knows law too and is raising hell with us farmers."

"Well isn't he a better judge than the ignoramus." asked Coles

"Of course he is and he's a Nigger and a Nigger's no business to be a good judge - and if this one don't take warning there'll be a vacancy in that office by the dark of the next moon."

281-1-14

Harrison Coles arose. "My decision is taken, Gentlemen, I am going to call a taxpayers convention to uphold the good and denounce the bad in the present governmentp I want your cooperation, but with or without it, I'm going ahead." He withdrew.

That night all the country side was alive with riding hurrying men. They came down the riverside galloping softly. They flitted ghostlike along the country road, they santuered lazily through the dim streets. It was past midnight when Harrison Coles left the Negro school house where a group of black men had been whispering their fears to him.

"Remember" he said "I am acting for the good of the state . I did not believe in Negro suffrage but now that it is a fact I want those of you who are men to stand up and support decent government. ~~Remember~~ It will cost you something. They mean mischief, even brute force and murder." He walked slowly out of the door and almost into the arms of a crouching figure. The man slunk sullenly away

"Beg your pardon, sir, no harm meant - just resting - just resting.

Harrison Coles made no answer but unsheathed his pistol and cocking it, rode boldly out into the street. Passing horsemen peered at him, and as he came to the edge of town, shadows flashed quickly by him; and once one rode close to him and whispered some word but Coles made no reply and the horseman muttering rode into the night.

The hours drew heavily on. It was a hot dry September night. The earth

was dusty, ~~prached~~ parched and brown, and sullen winds swept lazily ~~upward~~ over from the warm river. A little blue flame curled ~~lazily~~ sullenly upward from the wooden porch that flanked Miss Silena's new school. It curled and dwindled, flared and sputtered. Then it crept hesitatingly along the rafters, licked the ~~pa~~nit of the columns and tasting new fuel glowed red with impatience, ~~s~~ leapt and cracked. Silena slept, her thin hard face, careworn and unlovely, resting on ~~her~~ a gaunt ~~and~~ bended arm, and to her ears the cracking of the little flame came like the far away voice of her mother, whispering from eternity. A girl slept beside her - a beautiful dark faced girl with soft clinging hair. But she too heard nothing but the hail of a prince on horse-back, clicking his golden spurs. Down in the Negro quarter Tom Calhoun paced the floor anxiously in strange unrest. There was devilry afoot in the night - aye he felt it, he had seen the shadows flitting, hurrying. Was it sun-up already? - it could not be! but why was the east so strangely red : it was not the east , it was the west that was red with a wierd ghostlike glow.

"Fire" he cried " Come Rob " and he ~~shot~~ rushed out with beating heart. A black swathed horseman dashed by him but he avoided him. Up the street, he ran and down the hill, up again and the great red curling flames burst on his sight.

"It's the school" he gasped "I knew it" and he stretched every ~~XXXXX~~ muscle. A ~~sea~~ crowd of black folk stood crushed in the square, and in their midst the crimson funeral pyre roared angrily toward heaven. But in the fields beyond huddled the children, all but the two whose souls on piling smoke were mounting upward to God. Out in the seared fields they stood around the slight form of one little woman. whose thin face shone white in the golden glow of the flames.

Meantime John Reynolds was waiting. That night he saw the red glow of ~~John Reynolds rotted.~~ flames unevenly he knew that sooner or later the summons was coming. Violence and murder were spreading and every night the dark riders filled the fields. Frightened Negroes were hurrying to the towns, unrest and apprehension sat on men's faces everywhere and ~~when John Reynolds~~ tonight when he went out late ~~Saturday night~~ to look after his horses, ~~as Boggs had left,~~ he was not surprised to find suddenly two black Cloaked figures at his side.

4-1-18

"Well?" he asked coolly, looking at the two masked men.

"You will come with us, Mr. Reynolds."

"Where?"

"Never mind, the horse is saddled."

They all mounted and rode slowly down the deserted streets, and out toward the wood, ~~when Reynolds had so narrowly escaped them before~~ that bordered the city. It was a damp misty night and the stars glimmered but drowsily in the grey sky. On and on they rode saying no word but ever Reynolds caught the gleam of the pistols and felt the watchful eyes of the masked men beside him. They drew into the wood and passed far into the deeper forest and then they halted and listened to the hooting of owls until the black motionless wood livened into dark ~~and masked~~ fantastic riders. ~~They~~ All of them grouped themselves about the prisoner in a wide circle and one said in muffled tones:

"Mr. Reynolds do you understand that southerners propose to rule the south."

"I do and as a southerner I propose to help them?"

"Do you know what it means to be a southerner?

"I think I do."

41-1-184

Every Legs all comforting himself often. Suddenly a dark figure appeared hurrying along the road on foot. The Watcher Crouched in the underbrush. Let the Lord proceed & then follow Carefully

~~91.~~

"Let us see:- it means first an unalterable determination to keep Negroes in their places - do you agree?"

"Yes."

"And their place is not to vote but to work under white men".

"I believe that too; I did not believe it for a while, but I have been convinced."

"You are ready then to cast in your lot with us?"

"Yes."

"Swear our oaths and obey our orders?"

"I think so, so far as I understand them."

"Very well - let us see: we want Tom Calhoun to night. He is a dangerous Nigger. ~~What was it you told him out in the wood near here last Thursday?~~ What are your relations to him?

~~"I told him about a note to my man Boggs which I had discovered."~~

"And by ~~"And in so doing~~ you thwarted our plans." ~~"We have been political allies."~~ That alliance you have thwarted our plans repeatedly"

"I did ~~not know it~~" what I thought was to my interest"

"Very good - ~~are you ready to atone?~~ where are your interests now?"

"~~I think so.~~" With you.

Very well! "Tom Calhoun is organizing a league of Negroes."

"I've heard so.!

"They meet tonight?"

"Possibly."

"They meet tonight!"

"Yes".

"You will lead us to the meeting."

"Why did you not follow them?"

"Never mind - you know why - will you lead us!" A cold sweat broke over John Reynolds. He knew that these Negroes had outwitted the KuKlux several times. Tom ~~had told them of~~ knew their usual meeting place ~~tonight~~. Yet he hesitated. It was an awful thing to be a bare-faced traitor.

"Do you intend to harm the Negroes?"

"We intend to give them their deserts."

"But do you intend to kill them?"

"No." Still he hesitated. Then he thought of his son, his wife & his plans - he glanced at the pistols - "Well - come" he said.

41-1-185

Slowly they rode out under the dull grey sky, their hoof beats echoing softly ~~and~~ as they cantered along the roads ~~up~~ toward the ~~head waters of the Congaree,~~ sea. At last into they turned and listened ~~to its rippling.~~ A wind sighed in the trees and from afar a night hawk schreeched. Suddenly some one cried "halt". Reynolds peered around carefully - led them further into the woods and then pointed silently ahead. A low dark cabin stood there. They knocked Noone answered. They knocked louder and Tom Calhoun ~~suddenly~~ the door opened, and stood in the glare of a lighted pine knot. He held a rifle in his hand.

"Who's there" he cried.

"Mr. Reynolds" answered some one.

Tom stepped out, ~~and~~ then started back as he saw the masked cavalcade. Then he smiled quietly.

~~Said~~ "We knew Reynolds was a traitor ~~I told to Reynolds purposely for I did not trust him~~ there is no meeting here, gentlemen."

A haunting sense of shame crept over Reynolds' limbs. He turned his head away and as he did a sharp report rang out - another and another, the cabin was ablaze and three saddles were empty. There was a rush and a struggle in the night.

"Kill him" somebody hissed and quickly he felt himself borne round by the horsemen.

"Take this" cried one and he seized the dangling end of a rope.

"Ride - ride like hell" cried his neighbor.

Four of them rode into the teeth of the rising wind and the rope ~~bumped~~ stretched and strained behind them. The shadowy trees flew screaming by and the paleness of the dawn sat upon the ~~hilltops~~ waters. Reynolds was faint and weary - why did the rope pull and thump and strain so - he turned to look back, but a sudden horror gripped him; on he rode hatless, disheveled, gasping; he turned again but the black horsemen wheeled abruptly to the right, and he caught only a dim cloud of dark dust; then as they thundered ~~into~~ out of the forest he turned again and saw at the end of the rope a great black body all blood and grime and dust; and he reeled ~~and shrieked~~ and shrieked, and saw no more.

Chapter XXI.

The Death of Juno.

Young Henry Reynolds looked over the ground carefully. It was the spring of 1877 and he was a massive red faced young man and strode about masterfully.

Chapter 19

Ideals

Roland Reynolds was working with feverish energy. The new railroad to Savannah and Northward was building rapidly and he was selecting a site for his factories and branch roads. Manifestly this tract of land not far from the sea at Wilton Point was the most eligible but a stubborn old black woman would not sell one foot of land right in the center. There was nothing to do but to worry her out by preventing all law suits. And This was soon accomplished and Jinny Calhoun and her son and daughter found themselves one morning without a home

When Mary Reynolds heard of this she trembled but there seemed nothing else to be done "You might get the Negro school for one of the Children to teach" she suggested. for Roland was on the school board and this Mary Calhoun was duly appointed. Yet Roland with all his business cares was scarcely happy; and Katherine Grey.

41-1-14

~~193~~

78 A.

Chapter ~~XXI.~~ 19

~~The Echo of a Crime.~~ Echoes

~~It was of course pleasant to settle the little land purchase but~~ ~~still young~~ ~~Henry~~ Roland Reynolds was not happy. ~~He was in fact quite unhappy~~

~~for~~ The wedding invitations to the ~~great~~ Jones-Coles nuptials were out and he was not remembered. It was bad enough to lose to girl but to be snubbed in the bargain was too much. He knew that his fatier had been regarded as a carpet-bagger, and never received by the local aristocracy even when, as a result of the visit of proud Mrs. Irma Lloyd Jones, he had turned traitor to his former associates and helped lynch Tom. Calhoun. It was a rather stiff ~~purse~~ price to pay, ~~but~~ and the ~~whole~~ Reynolds family had looked for the doors of society to fly open to them after such a settlement. But they did not. Young Lloyd Jones went into politics listlessly for a living, and painted pictures assiduously; the loving pair Mrs. Jones recognized Mrs. reynolds on the street and Colonel Jones called. But that was all. And the rising young ~~Henry~~ Roland Reynolds was bitterly disappointed.

He sat at his desk in the twilight. The clerks had gone and he was about to go. And yet something held him. Twice he started and twice bitter thoughts held him back. But the third time he bent forward to ~~xxx~~ rise it was a singular chanting that caught his ear !- half chant - half murmur:

"Dark midnight was the hour

Dark midnight was the hour,

Hear me, Jesus."

He wheeled toward the door and started involuntarily as it noiselessly opened and the forbidding face of ~~the~~ an ancient black man peered in. He gave no greeting but tottered in with his rythmic murmuring song till

he peered close into the young man's face, with his black and red eyes.

"Marse Reynolds, Marse Reynolds" he wheezed "you done turn poor old Juno into the cold. But Caesar lives. Caesar takes him. Marse Reynolds take care - look sharp Marse Reynolds - the curse is a dropping - a -dropping; nothing can't hold it. I saw her when she made it and it's a coming."

Reynolds had recovered from his momentary surprise and was listening to the old man in half amused tolerance.

"Are we all a-cursed Uncle Caesar" he said, ~~"all all you whit~~

"All- all you white folks - you can't never amount to nothing, you can't never die peaceful - for its a-coming. Today just today -" he lowered his voice mysteriously " I done see the Shadow ship and the old dark eyed White Man acoming slow like on the water."

The old fellow with his twisted face looked uncanny in the dying sunlight and Reynolds moved as if to go - but the old man motioned with his claw like- hands -"It ~~began~~ done begin to drop" he continued " the curse ~~began~~ done begin to drop the night of the white and black twins."

Henry rose impatiently, for it was rapidly darkening, and moved toward the doors, the old man hobbling after mumbling- "the black and white twins -one was black and his twenty-five today and nursing his old mother and the curse is not for he; and one is white and he's twenty-five today nursing Colonel Jones - take care old Colonel - take care - "

Henry Reynolds stopped shortly on the stair . He was twenty-five today ~~or tomorrow~~ himself he remembered.

"What's that you said" he asked sharply.

"Oh there's ~~are~~ many white black floks and a many black white folks and the Joneses aint the first nor the last to have 'em ~~im~~ and there's the curse- there's the curse" and before Reynolds could speak again the old man had glided

41-1-189

away mumbling and chanting.

All night the talk of the white and black twins ran in Reynolds' head for he remembered something his father had told long ago of trouble in the Jones home soon after his son's birth. Early in the morning he sat straight up in bed with a bitter thought in his head:

"Suppose - suppose there was something crooked in Lloyd Jones'birth - by God!"and he leaped out of bed. All the week he nosed about,asking, hinting until from a dozen queer bits of gossip and fact he was sure he was on the track of some mystery; and on Saturday night he sat down in his silent office and wrote on a bit of white paper

" Are you sure Lloyd Jones is a white man? "

and sealed it in a plain envelope and directed it ~~to Harrison Coles, Esq.~~

Harrison Coles received it with his ~~Sunday~~ Monday morning mail.

"What, ~~what~~ that, papa?" asked Edith,curiously. But he answered evasively and went to his study. There he looked at it. Was the shadow of the old curse of the land about to fall on him again? Of course it was but a miserable bit of anonymous gossip and yet - and yet - the servants old tales had not entirely escaped him before this,and if the thing was going to be bruited abroad - absurdly untrue,as it of course was,yet the very lie might bring awful misery to him and his. He ~~took his hat and went straight~~ hesitated a moment and then dropped the paper into the fire place and watched the flame.

Then he turned to the mirror. Two men were struggling in each of his many faced hearts, and deserved then walking in close converse were John Reynolds and his son.

Consummation.

Martha Reynolds sat in Mrs.Harrison Coles' parlor. She had on a very tight silk dress and shoes that pinced fearfully and she felt an animate gasp.

"Colonel Jones'sudden death was very sad"said Mrs.Coles.

"Yes indeed - he was a true southerner"said Mrs.Higby.

"yes" Mrs.Coles admitted "but not of course of our best blood."

Whereat Mrs.Higby was made slightly uncomfortable.

"You were not at the picnic" she said turning to Mrs.Reynolds.

"No,I was making bread - "

"Making bread?" asked Mrs.Coles in surprise.

"Yes the sponge was just ready "

"You don't mean to say - where were your maids?"

"Maids? oh, the girl - why - I - I always make my own bread - mother always did.

Mrs.Coles merely said "Oh!" but she contrived to put several remarks into that monosyllable.

41-1-192

"Besides"said Mrs.Reynolds "our girl - such a good,neat and obliging girl she was - had a terrible accident - fell out the window that very day and broke her hip".

"How careless"said Mrs.Coles. "But we shall all be glad to call on Mrs.Grimes and her daughter"she said as Mrs.Reynolds arose "I have heard my husband speak of the late Mr.Grimes frequently."

There was a little smile in the cirnle when Cartha went. "I hear that ~~Henry~~ Roland Reynolds is going to marry this Miss Grimes"said Mrs.Blakesley

"They'll be the richest family in Carolina "said Colonel Higby to Mrs.Jones.

"Yes" she answered listlessly.

"Reynolds himself is a millionaire" said another and the Grimes' are even richer. "

"It will be a great thing for the section - how did Reynolds make his money?"

"By stealing and lying and slavery"said Mrs.Jones and the others were silent.

"He has had the contract for convicts during many years"said Colonel Higby at last.

It was late when Mr. Reynolds came from the office that night

~~"Besides" said~~ Mrs.Reynolds" our girl - such a good,neat and obliging girl she was - had a terrible accident - fell out the window ~~that very day~~ and broke her hip."

"How careless" said Mrs.Coles ; "But we shall all be glad to call on Mrs.Grimes and her daughter" she said as Mrs.Reynolds arose "I have heard my husband speak of the late Mr.Grimes frequently."

So all the city aristocracy called on the rich widow and her slim shy daughter and learned with interest of the engagement of the young lady to Henry Reynolds.

"They'll be the richest family in Carolina "said Colonel Higby to Mrs.Jones.

"Yes" she answered listlessly.

"Reynolds himself is a millionaire" said another and the Grimes' are even richer. "

"It will be a great thing for the section - how did Reynolds make his money?"

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"He has had the contract for convicts during many years"said Colonel Higby at last.

"Happy man"sighed a youngster "that is better than a gold mine."

All this time the happy man was walkwng walking down by the sea.

Yes he was rich at last,very rich . See these were his lands disappearing on the horizon. This was his check book, ^ here the balance; But he was restless. He had just quarrelled with Martha.

"Silena? Silena the Nigger teacher,to Henry's wedding? Of course not- what would the Joneses say - what would Mrs.Coles say? Nonsense. You must drop Silena forget her. We're up in the world now.!

And he turned fretfully from the old dumb suffering in Martha's eyes and walked down ~~to the sea~~ town

His son ~~came by and nodded. walked sturdily with him~~ ; rode by & stopped:

"Where's the bride?"said the father forcing wild gayety into his tones.

"O I left her up there - she's got no sense and she's homely as a cat."

"Sh! she's rich as Croesus, you fool."

"Yes but God! father just think of her beside Harrison Coles' daughter, whom Lloyd Jones has married."

"The penniless fools."

"Yes penniless - but I'd give more for a breath of that girl's nostrils than for -

"Hush - hush for God's sake, boy - don't you see your future! this land will yet be one of the richest on earth and you can be the richest in it - you can -

"What?"

"Well what more do you want?"

"O nothing I reckon - good night."

John Reynolds turned and followed the rider afar with bowed head, stumbling as though drunk, drunk with pale wine of the world. Something was wrong - everything was wrong. He saw his son ride into the back gate, but he himself went groping along the path through the old field in the gray dusk of day, thinking. Dreaming of Canaan, of Grimes, of Jones - of - he shuddered and tried to forget - yes of Tom, of great black Tom, until slowly at his very side Tom rose and stood. He saw his great black bulk against the west; he saw the glittering gun barrell just as on that night - he strove to speak whispering, pleading "Tom, Tom!" and then in great flash and roar he fell headlong in the path.

How long he lay there he never knew. But when he tottered to his feet in the black night he was an old man, very, very old. And always, ever after there were shadows creeping about him - great waving shadows: shadows that shut out his vision, shadows that slipped across his speech and made him forget in mid-sentence, shadows and nets and twines - always every where shadows even on that night when he looked at Martha across the murdered body of their son.

Tonight a neighbor passed him as he staggered onward toward the roaring of the sea.

"Good night, Mr. Reynolds."

"Good night - good night - all nights were good like this and all were hateful. She there sat an old woman on the porch - as old as he was and older who was she? he seemed to know her but the shadows - ah well. Her face was bitter and hard and white and she saw something yonder beyond the dark tossing

41-1-194

and ~~even~~ when for a space the shadows lifted his brain blazed with fully struggling thoughts. He saw everything knew everything, lived again the tumult of the day the week, the lengthening years. Then the shadows waned rose again & crept and fall

sea. Was it the something - the great intangible Something that all his life he had missed? True he had not searched for it as he might but now and then He had searched when the quest of Gold gave time, but he had never found it - should never find it, for it had fled afar. What was it? Involuntarily he found himself stretching his hands, his old worn hands, doubtingly against the setting sun. A couple passed him, twined with arms walking toward the sounding sea, and behind them a great song arose and swelled across the tossing waters and echoed back again. He stopped and listened, then staggered upward from the sea and toward the setting sun and all was red and dark and black save yonder where gleamed a woman's bitter eyes staring white-faced at the white faced sea.

41-1-195

131
126

The Omen.

On the great cape that beetles with black brows above the northern waters sat an old man with twined arms and head between his knees. Great wind-swept snows lay on the land, and green and glistening ice told of the bitter cold that slept in those cold waters. Bleak and bare lay all the world, and the pale rays of the rising sun glittered and froze in the tall thin throated pines.

Yet on the Indian came, whirling his frail canoe inward from the west and gathering his blanket closely about him, and onward crept a thin and scarred half-frozen hound upward from the east. The old man looked upon them both with dull unhappy eyes. The hound whined and whimpered at his feet searching, searching in the ice, and the Indian threw himself prone upon the ice covered ground and lay there staring at the sky. The old man said sorrowfully;

"So soon, so soon, my Son? The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." In the brown face of the prostrate man a blue pallor struggled and fought. He spoke thickly and with pain:

"Life is a lie" he said.

"Calling for Truth" murmured the old man and slowly he had his face again between his knees, while even the blond and limping beast walked between the two, in and out, up and down, forward and back with his nose in the ice, his red eyes glazed, searching, searching.

"The world is ugly" continued the Indian.

"Wanting beauty" returned the old man.

"Men's deeds are evil."

"Searching for good."

The young man was silent but the old man continued solemnly;

"For truth that speaks not, Beauty that will not see, for idle Goodness,

there was in that world, is in this, and will be in the world to be, no goal but Death."

And suddenly the rigor of death shook the dark frame of the prostrate freezing man. Great white flakes of driven snow filled the heavens swirling, circling and gathering themselves into one great fleecy cloud; then they dropped gently like a vast unwoven pall above the bier.

41-1-197

Book II.

The way of Sinners.

The Way of Sinners.

Chapter I.

The Fugitive.

Great sheets of piling snow lay drifted across the little Massachusetts valley where Canaan nestled; the dark mountains towered dreamily above the scattered twinkling houses and the ~~weary~~ wan wind ~~sang~~ wailed in the oaks and elms. A little girl pressed ~~dere~~ her face against the tiny window panes, saw the gloomy passing of lights and the waving of branches and saw the pale disc of the cold moon; ~~then peering~~ and beyond far down the white lonesome road, ~~she~~ caught the ~~the form of a dark thing moving slowly and~~ formless outlines of a dark slow moving thing; her little heart fluttered wildly.

"They're coming, Ma," she whispered, ~~hurriedly.~~

The tired woman came slowly from the kitchen, with the odor of hot food about her tnd looked ~~out too~~.

"Yes" she said, ~~and~~ walking back to the kitchen, and the dishes rattled.

The dark thing coming swelled and grew, swayed and crunched in the crisp snow, the breath of the horses whitened in the night, and the driver in front of the covered ~~vehicle~~ cart stamped impatiently as he neared the gate. A ~~tall~~ man emerged from the dark ~~interior~~ and opened the gate quickly, the old stage coach swung into the yard and the little girl's heart stood still. She heard the moving and the muffled voices, the opening and closing of doors and the swift silences. At last came her mother"s voice:

"Martha, Martha?"

She walked slowly to the kitchen. A woman sat opposite - a massive loosely formed bundle of rags. And her face! the little girl gazed at it fascinated: it was black, a dark rayless black, unvarying formless. It was not something, but absence of something, an awful void of color and form - so thought the wild eyed child as she gazed, stricken.

"Martha, fetch the milk - hurry."

She slipped to the pantry mechanically, thinking swiftly:

"This is a slave, a real black slave and wicked people sell such slaves just like ~~—~~ like milk" - Crack! and the milk lazily formed a lake and a peninsular on the floor.

"Martha! you careless child - look now at that pitcher of grandmother's and a full quart of milk - you - "

Martha suddenly ~~awakened and~~ woke flew to repair the damage, and soon more milk was there and the little supper ready. ~~Then~~ As the fugitives sat

there silently, ravenously eating the girl stood on the sill of the sitting room door and watched them furtively. The head of the woman was crowned with greyish black tufts of curiously crinkled hair. Then she discovered the boy altho already she had been dimly conscious of him. His hair was a closely woven mat of formless black and beneath his face lay in dark monotonous brown. She watched his hands as they greedily flew away the food; how dark and fat they were with their creamy nails, and ~~then~~ she looked at her own pale hands thoughtfully.

All night and the next day the little girl lived in phantasy - hearing the faint echo of her father's voice as he talked ~~below far into the night~~ long, late, below, looking guiltily ever and again at the great grey barn and rushing to hide in an ecstacy of terror when a neighbor stopped to pass the time of day. John alone she told, swearing him to dread secrecy - for John was her only playmate and she told him all things.

The day died again and night came down the snowy mountains and hushed the vale; ~~and~~ the black woman, the boy and her baby, crept silently fromm the cold barn and sat again in the kitchen and the little girl, again, stared gravely at them ~~again~~, listened to the talk and all unconsciously crept nearer to look at the dark baby with its great midnight eyes. But when the ragged woman stretched out her hand half ~~consciously~~ coaxingly toward her, the child shrunk back in sudden nameless repulsion at this uncolored hand and slipped away in a far corner and the smile died in the woman's eyes.

So at last the shadowy stage coach crunched thru the yard under the half shadowed moon. There was a whispering in the night and the sound of dying hoof beats. The little girl crept upstairs shivering to her bed and tossed and dreamed. And in her dreams were cruel murderers buying and selling blood, and great black faces with piteous eyes.

Chapter II.

Thrift.

Sudden springtime beat in the air of Canaan and pulsed on the green and velvet hills. The river sang and gurgled, the trees stood bursting with pride and the robin was full breasted with song. John Reynolds was leaning against the corner of the wood shed and he too was at the springtime of life - a tawny, long-nosed keen-eyed young man, sparely built ~~and nervous, hesitant with vibrant strength.~~ with stooping shoulders, curved back and long arms.

"Time is money, John, time is money - what in ~~the name of~~ tarnation goodness are you ~~dawdling~~ moping about here for and the upper field not touched yet?"

"I wanted to say a word to you, father - I—".

"Well hurry, ~~hurry~~ - make hay while the sun shines - I'll walk a long toward the field with you - thought you were half done ~~with that field~~ - haven't broke the plow have you?"

"No".

"Nor the harness - be careful of that - a stitch in time saves nine, When I was a young man -"

"Father I want to get married."

"Married? Married?, what on? - Married! - good Lord - why you young ass ~~simpleton~~ - where's your cage, ~~where the cage~~ - first get your cage then catch your bird, I say."

"But father I'm young and strong and I'm willing to work and you've got a little laid by and—"

"A little, I should say it was a little, scarcely a cent, hardly enough to keep my gray hairs from starvation when I'm old. None to waste on some crazy girl."

"There's the meadow place with a little house, I might take that."

"It's rented, it brings in money, cash every month - it's wicked to throw away the Lord's sustenance - wilful waste makes woeful want."

"But I can earn as much if I take the place."

"Who'll help me here?"

"Well my help then is worth something."

"Well don't I feed and clothe you."

"But I'll work harder if - "

"A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush - stick to your job boy and when you've saved something then think of marrying."

"But I'm twenty-three already."

"Twenty-three - ha! - a child, ~~a babe.~~ You've got a good ten or fifteen

years to work and save yet -who's the girl - has she any money?"

"No - it's Martha Culver -she's smart and willing."

"Pshaw - the Culvers haven't anything,up to their ears in debt and wasting good money helping slaves who don't need help -besides the girl's as old as you are - go on,go on John and get the field plowed."

The wizened blear-eyed old man hastened away ~~xxxxx xxx xxxxx xx~~ mumbling and John took up the reins slowly. He pointed the plow's nose toward the heart of the soft brown soil,clucked to his horse and stumbled across the field turning a great dark wave of fragrant loam. In the field beyond, by the fence,a girl was bending over her gardening . She was bending but not working,and as the plow came nearer,she rose and waited for the young man glancing timidly before and behind. She was not pretty but fresh and good,with honest eyes and lips,round and firm of flesh,shy and sweet in bearing and always busy with work and hidden yearning. They greeted each other diffidently.

"Good morning,Martha."

"Good morning,John."

"Is - your garden planted?"

"Yes - nearly."

Then they looked at each other and in one confused and speaking glance said all or more than their young tongues had failed to say.

"He won't let me,Martha."

She stood still.

Some how his hand touched hers and then before they knew it their arms crept round each other over the rail fence and thru the brambled berry bushes. The hush of the great midmorning sang in their ears.

"Let's run away and get married"he whispered. She grew pale.

"No - no" she said "that would be -wicked - we must wait."

"Why must we wait" he persisted. "The world doesn't wait - the sun and the birds and the brook -" He suddenly stopped and drew back in confusion ~~untwining~~ untwining his arms from the girl,for there her mother stood with bonnet and pail and spade.

"Martha",she gasped,"Martha Culver - you shameless hussy! Before my very eyes."

The girl shrank in utter confusion and the boy with incoherent apology turned heavily away.

"I love him,mother."

"Love - what do you know about love - go to your room and stay there"

So Martha crept to her little room and wept and dreamed and yearned.

Nor did the world and the sun wait. They revelled on until the valley soon was gold and green with leaf and grain. John Reynolds" determination strengthened with the summer. He would go away from here and make his fortune and come back and marry Martha. It was a narrow valley at best and it choked him. The city was calling him - a city of men and work and money Yes he was going to New York and even his father was not whooly displeased when he saw his determination.

"That's where the money is"he quavered "the city's got the money andd if you want it,"he chuckled "why go after it, go after it."

All summer John worked and saved and planned until one day a letter came from New York with printed corner and a great flourish of capitals to tell Mr.John Reynolds that Galesburg and and Grimes would accept his services in their mercantile establishment and pay him five real dollars every week,and many more to hope for if he proved faithful.

On that same day all the low valley flashed with red and gold and swift fall winds thrilled the air. The mountains stood massed in wondrous color,the hills were stacked with yellow grain and red pumpkins,and into a breathless girl's ear John whispered bits of wonderful future - of love and power and gold,o f mansion and meadow and gold,of work and gold. The girl listened willingly altho it gripped her heart to hear so much of gold and so little of love;and yet she knew it was right,for was not love itself golden-eyed? Were not the great dear mountains red-golden in t he autumn sunshine shedding a radiance on her tawny keen-eyed lover as he slipped shadowy across the upper field? That night she strove with God upon her knees that he might forgive her,and care for her on e fortune and make him fortunate.

So soon a day cameya crisp clear day when John Reynolds stood at the little depot with his face set toward New York.

"A penny saved is a penny earned"cried his father "early to bed and early to - " But John had lifted up his eyes to the hills,the flashing glorious hills: For there in the uper field fluttered a little waving of white,and the girl beneath wept with the wide woe of them that wait. The world wept too - a quick chill seemed to strike the autumnal glory of the valley as the train puffed away. A few days and the leaves browned and scattered,a few days and the grain was garnered and the grass sear and

too - a quick chill seemed to strike the autumnal glory of the valley as the train pulled away. A few days and the leaves browned and scattered, a few days and the grain was garnered and the grass sere and withered - there was a frost in the breeze, a flurry of snow in the air; the year's night fell and the valley slept.

Chapter III.

Galesburg & Grimes.

Streets, endless streets and a close forestry of houses - a never pausing stream of men and a babel of voices - all this was the wonder and fascination of New York to John. At first it was a picture book, an odd picture book, and he went about his tasks dreamily living in fantasy. Then the round tones of Mr. Galesburg or more often the shrill tenor of Mr. Grimes recalled him and made him blush guiltily. In time his new world differentiated, as all worlds will, into the commonplace and the possible. He began to notice things more keenly, and the first thing he noticed was that Galesburg and Grimes were not uniformly prosperous. Mr. Galesburg to be sure seemed to rise about all fluctuations save those of his cook and tailor. But Grimes was an invariable thermometer; when shipments were overdue, woe to the messengers and clerks; when sales lagged, pity the poor travelling men, and again when cargo slipped in and out quickly and smoothly for cash, could there be a smile more genial than that of Mr. Grimes?

It was a wholesale house down on the gloomy muddy district of East River- old, respectable and with a notable reputation. In the twenties it was John Galesburg who owned a number of stout sailing vessels and traded to England and the Indies; then it was Galesburg and Son, and finally when the astute old Galesburg has signed his last check, Grimes the chief clerk became partner in a flourishing wholesale business. To be sure the house was sorely tried in the wreck of '37 but it weathered the gale and all now seemed plain sailing to Mr. Galesburg; on the whole signs seemed favorable to Mr. Grimes, but he was not so sanguine as his partner, for he foresaw certain changes in the character of business and he had certain unspoken plans. He and Galesburg differed considerably in methods of thought and business. Mr. Galesburg, true to the traditions of the past, was a gentleman dealing with gentlemen, slowly, methodically, almost ponderously. To be sure he demanded passports, proofs

of character and financial integrity, but these once given he believed in men. Grimes watched everybody and trusted no one absolutely, he was quick almost ruthless when gain was imminent. When Mackay and Company of Ohio offered their note secured by mortgages on certain western lands Galesburg accepted it because Mackay and Company were old and honorable customers. Grimes accepted it because an agent of his had looked over the land. So when Mr Glenmouth a prosperous southern planter called on the firm & made rosy large purchases the members of the firm received him in different ways — Galesburg with cordiality fadey & ~~bumptious dismissal~~; Grimes with suspicion developing toward ~~confidence~~ deep interest & confidence

"I come" said Mr. Glenmouth as he sat in the private office with the two members of the firm "to arrange a number of transactions in New York, and knowing your firm well from former dealings, I have decided to talk to you first, always my friends of the Commercial Bank feels a little aggrieved" He paused and Grimes cocked his ears while Galesburg shifted ~~in~~ a little

"We are in no competition with the Commercial bank" he said "and I trust our reputation speaks for us" C

"Certainly - certainly" said Mr. Glenmouth. He was a large fine-looking man and Mr. Galesburg was impressed. Continuing Mr Glenmouth said:

My partner Mr. Mackay & myself have in the
last few years made very extensive additions &
improvements ("Bought 3000 acres in Texas" Mr Gaines
remembered silently) The returns on this are
sure to be large and increasing ("If Texas is annexed"
~~he added~~ thoughtfully Mr Gaines ~~dubiously~~) and we are going to im-
prove material on a large scale ("Material? =
Material?" hummed Gaines). We cannot however
~~afford too~~ afford the second-hand methods of
exporting by way of New York and to be frank
we cannot afford ~~the~~ a double profit. ~~Now~~ what
we want to do is to lease a small number
of good sailing vessels (Mr. Glenmorth frowned
and tapped his foot. Mr. Gaines rubbed his hands and
looked reflectively out of the window)
"Hm" said Mr. Gaines
"Now the Commercial Bank" said Mr. Glenmorth
noting Mr. Galesburg's forehead "hearing of our need
has seemed us a couple of fair ships for which they
ask what we consider a moderate rental, $30,000"

Mr. Grimes looked ~~out of the window~~ up at the ceiling & did not move a muscle, but he ~~did sound a reasonable amount of thinking~~ whistled & his soul "$30,000!"

"We shouldn't deserve better chicks and I may say a prize of better — er — reputation"

Even this did not dispel the clouds on Mr. Glenmouth's brow.

"I'm afraid —" he began, but Mr. Grimes interrupted him quite unnecessarily it seemed seeing:

"I'm afraid we ~~should~~ would have to ~~buy a bull~~ charge a little more than you offer" said Mr. Grimes

"We are quite willing to pay more." said Mr. Glenmouth, promptly and ~~Mr. Grimes~~ a fair answer took credit and Mr. Grimes face ~~fell~~ But Mr. Galeshay mused himself dubiously a moment longer and said decidedly

"I am sorry Mr. ~~Galeshay~~ Glenmouth" but we cannot sell you any chicks"

Mr. Glenmouth looked surprised & annoyed

"If it is a matter of price —" he began, and Mr. Grimes smiled gently beneath his smile

"It is not" said Mr. Galeshay very "Any bargain may be which we can come you Mr. Glenmouth we

In spite of the fact that his face was shining & flushed into a whistle

well be glad D, & will grant you the most favorable terms — but we cannot have each" and after a few general remarks the three gentlemen bowed silently and ~~while~~ Mr. ~~Grimes accompanied~~ Mr. Glenmorth ~~and then left the office~~.

A deep and eloquent silence descended the office. Mr. Galeshury glanced at Mr. Grimes and saw sarcastic gloom spread itself over his shrewd features.

"I suppose you know why I refused Mr. Glenmorth's offer —" he said at with an unnecessary assumption of his usual dignity Mr Grimes was silent, but Mr. Galeshury ~~took another~~ proceeded:

"It was because I'm morally certain he wants to use those shirts in the Texas slave trade.

Mr. Grimes lifted his voice ~~snorted~~ — "I suppose you know" he said "that $40,000 or so would come very handy in our business just now?

"Galeshury's has never needed blood money" and Grimes ~~snorted~~. "Did you treat Cromwell's for Glendell a year ago?

"I did not. They acted for true, and as old friends of my father's I

gave it to them. I saw no reason for keeping them now that three cargoes of bread are in and that contract near its fulfillment"

But Grimes only growled and glowered at this would

himself and without a word — a bit of discourtesy which hurt Mr Galeshury far more than any ~~other~~ financial embarrassment.

As Mr. Grimes went and he met John Reynolds rushing into the office. For Reynolds had made a most

astonishing discovery. The cargoes of bread — those cargoes which they had awaited so long & which they were now delivering under limited contract, he had found to be seriously damaged By. he sure the last absence Mr. Grimes had taken the samples which he sent out ~~over to Reynolds~~ was good but underneath — why the crust was rotten from its long delay & ~~by~~ prime.

John knew how punctilious Mr Galeshury ~~Grimes~~ was in matters of absolute honesty and as soon as he had accidentally discovered the condition of the bread he ran excitedly up to the house and rushed to the

office. He met Mr. Grimes, and Mr. Grimes moved out
ordered & waved him on, so that after a minute walked
a thought he knocked full-well in upon Mr. Galesbury. This was of course Lese-majesty for
the Junior clerk, and Mr. Galesbury was adamant:

"Your name, Sir? Reynolds? Well, Reynolds, this is no
way to enter the office of the head of the firm — You may go
Sir:

But the Hemsh—

Never mind the Hemsh, Sir

But it's rotten —

Rotten?

Yes sir — I was down at the wharf on an errand
for the bookkeeper and I went into the back and
this is the condition of the Hemsh." and he laid a
packet foil before Mr Galesbury: Mr. Galesbury examined
it and rushed out & saw Mr. Grimes and Mr. Grimes was
gone out. He got hold of the bookkeeper:
"Stop delivery this hemsh" he said
"But, Sir, the contract ordines thirteen —

It and incident a word walked rapidly & the
wharf.

when he returned a half hour later, the stenographer had stopped work & were dozing their chairs.

"Reynolds, you may write Emmet & Co that we are unable to furnish the bench & ~~provision~~ forfeit the contract You may add the reasons." Then Mr. Galesburg knitted his brows and signed "— you may also write Cavanelli's saying that I am great regret we must have for the payment of their note tomorrow for a — for such & such reasons. You may had better deliver them note immediately by hand — and Reynolds, the Firm (for so the Firm was capitalized in Mr. Galesburg's brain) the Firm is under obligations to you — good day sir."

When Mr. Grimes entered hurriedly fifteen minutes later he did not notice the cold majesty of his senior partners mien, nor did Mr. Galesburg notice how perturbed Mr. Grimes was. Both started & shook but Mr. Galesburg ~~said~~ frowned

"Grimes, did you know the condition of that bench"
Grimes turned grey "94 was all right" he said slowly.

"The Junior clerk called my attention at once

"94 was not" said Mr Galesburg icily, 94 was 2/3 rotten. I've cancelled the contract'

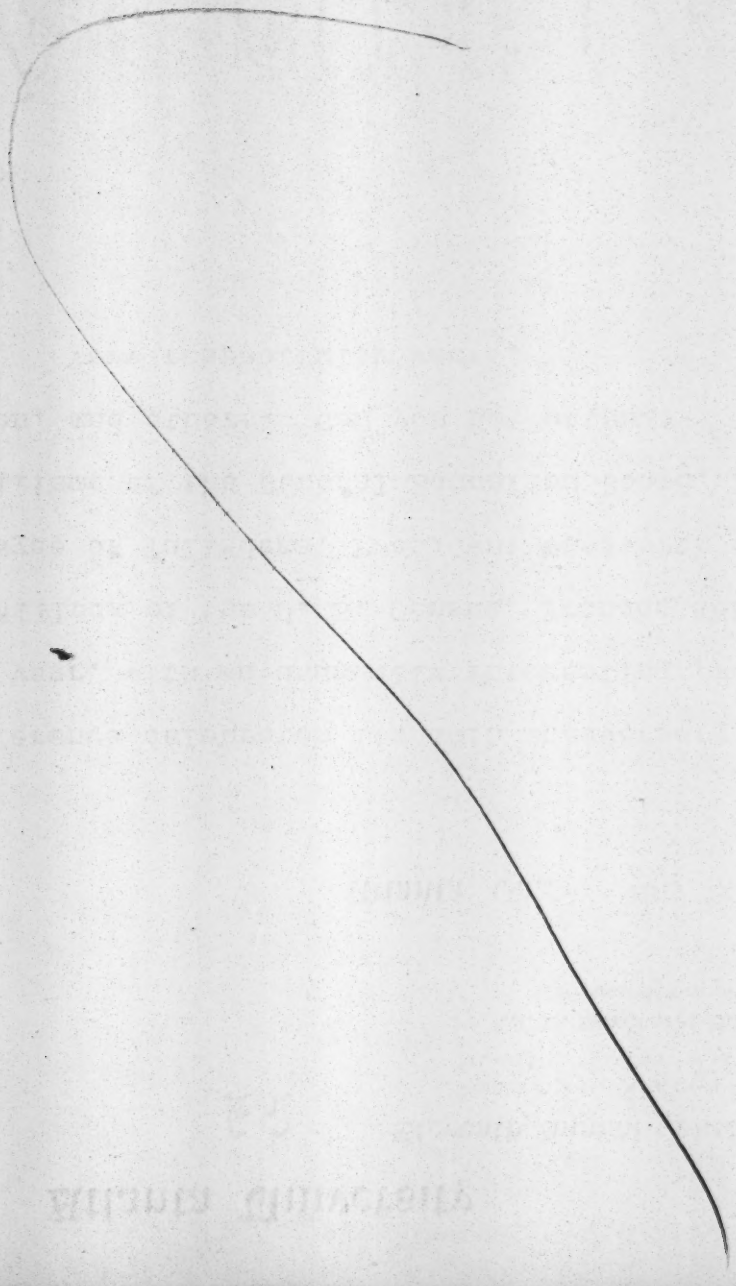
"What?" yelled Grimes leaping from his chair.

"I have cancelled the contract & explained why"
"you have — cancelled — that $25000 contract?"
I have
Grimes face was ashen
Galesburg looked a bit disconcerted but he hastened to say "I have however worked Crosswells that we must have the proceeds of his note tomorrow —
Oh you have, have you" sneered Grimes, "well Crosswells just failed ~~this morning~~ at 9am this morning for $100,000"
The elder man staggered back into his chair; Grimes watched him listlessly and added:
"But we'll beat him, for we shall fail for at least $200,000 to morrow.
Galesburgs hands shook helplessly.
"I suppose we might — Of course I shouted hasty — but I suppose we might apply to the Commercial Bank.
"The Commercial bank" retorted Grimes dully "has got all its money in railroads and is borrowing money to put in the clearing house." and he frowned the old man contemptuously. There a gleam shot into his and he rushed into the outer office.

The clouds were gone save Reynolds and he was reaching for his hat. Grimes looked at him. down

"You don't look like a fool" he said.

The sudden pulling of ~~Reg~~ the young man's elated countenance was not lost on Grimes, and he took a quick resolution



"Do you know that yanine Enlo - [illegible] this morning has ruined this town

John gasped — "I — I thought, sir,"

"yanine got no business thinking. "Now see here" and he scribbled a note rapidly "Do you want to save us from bankruptcy forever?

Yes sir — I'll do anything

Well you find Mr. Glenmuth Longest — you know him — the tall man who called this morning I [illegible]

Yes sir I remember

And then I give him this note — find him now — if you don't find him by 12 o'clock tonight we're ruined" and he almost pushed him out the door.

Reynolds He dared not have fallen from negligence of attention to his hair But there was grim determination in his face when he next set about the [illegible]

He inquired at the hotel

"Gone out — don't know where"

He found his colored valet

He may be at Ernesto's or Old Queen or at Crescent's

or at the theatre "or at a dozen other places"
He was not at Smith's. He had been at Cresswell's
but was gone ~~either to the Ilex or the theatre~~
"~~Either to the theatre or~~
indeed theatre
Dont know I'm sure
John sat down on the curb-stone & when exhausted
& it was already 10 p.m. Then he smoked in a
restaurant & over his hot coffee looked up the
plays — "Maryland My Maryland" — that sounded
about a Southerner — or ~~Shakespeare~~ Hamlet? ? He would
try "Maryland" first. Some evenings then he was
in a box & a beautiful woman with him.
John bought a ticket pushed through and delivered the note.
Glenmuntle read it, uttered an exclamation and handed
it to his wife. She smiled sweetly.
"Shall we accept it?" "certainly"
"When can they be ready" asked Glenmuntle.
John stared
"He knows nothing of writing" put it "and his wife gaily
I will write a note
You'll do nothing of the sort — notes are such awkward
things — word of mouth will do
very well — tell him" all right, but they must be out

of the harbor [redacted] by day light" — repeat it it
John repeated it learned and reached the office at
11 h mn. Mr. grimes was still there, and heard the
Message with both relief & dismay
"By [redacted] day light — tomorrow?" He asked blankly
"yee es."
The merchant mused a moment.
"Reynolds" he said at last looking him keenly
through & through "Reynolds you can blaze your
way to a fortune tonight or you can wade [redacted] yourself. —"
He seemed entrapped with the secretary [redacted]
[redacted]. and Reynolds' dismounted
coolly. Then he continued:

~~11.~~

~~John sped to Grimes and repeated the message.~~

~~Grimes looked annoyed, worried, thoughtful.~~

~~"I suppose you know, Reynolds," he said, glancing sharply at him and then studying the letter files.~~ "I suppose you have known sometime that this firm was pretty hard pressed."

"I've heard the ~~clubs~~ clerks talking, sir."

"The parrots" growled Grimes. "Well, you've begun the work of helping us out - would you like to do more?"

"I only wish I could, sir.!"

"Well you can - if you will do as I say, and keep your mouth shut." Grimes eyed him so steadily that John felt uncomfortable.

"I'll do all I can, he said"

"Can you keep books"?

"I've studied book keeping nights since I've been here."

"Well you may be bookkeeper one of these days."

John gasped and flushed with pleasure.

Grimes mused a few minutes. ~~Then~~

"It's near midnight ~~six~~" he sad at last consulting his watch. "Go get something to eat, put on ~~Reynolds~~ old and dirty clothes and come back at one ~~five~~."

And he closed the office door.

Looked upon the docks heavily crowded

Chapter ~~N~~. IV.

PRomotion.

It was ~~midnight~~ grew grey down by the dark slivery waters. On two black hulled ships gangs of men were working desperately. Grimes and Reynolds covered with dirt and sweat were hurrying here and there giving final directions. Suddenly a carriage drove up and out jumped Mr. ~~Ellis~~ Glenn worth. and several companions. They hurriedly inspected the ships. Behind came a rumbling in the silent streets and wagon after wagon ~~drove up~~. There was a rattle of chains and iron, the thud of packages and a feverish hurrying. In the dim cabin papers were being signed

"Let's see, clearance in ballast for Cuba?" asked the inspector.

"No, no, interrupted Grimes and he whispered a few words.

"Good" said ~~Ellis~~ Glenn worth smiling. ~~There was a scratching of pens~~ The pens scratched rapidly and the papers of clearance were signed and sealed. Then Mr. ~~Ellis~~ Glenn worth took

~~and~~ ten ~~packages of bills and silently and deftly unobtrusively handed them over~~

Great holes were torn, clumsy burnished hurriedly with many curses which [illegible]

out three packages. Two he handed Mr.Grimes and the other to the inspector. As John walked from the wharf at 7 in the morning he already heard the creaking of spars and straining of timbers t at showed the ships were departing.

He and Mr.Grimes hurried to the office and entered. It was dark cold and ghostly and savored of evil deeds. Drawing the shades they opened the first package. It held 50 one thousand dollar bills. Grimes sighed with satisfaction. The other package contained 100 shares in the ~~Ellsworth~~ glenmuvtti Mackay Plantation Company with a par value of $100 a share. All these things were necurely locked in the safe and the tired ~~men~~ pair went home.

"Mr.Calesburg" Grimes said next morning as the head of the firm tottered in,"I think we are saved but I'm not sure. I want Dale to go west on a special mission."

"But to whom can we entrust the bookkeeping? Hoster- ? "

"I want Reynolds."

"Reynolds? Who is - why the new clerk - Mr.Crimes that's against all precedent in Calesburg's- he's only been here two years and he's junior to a ~~schee~~ half-dozen - "

"I'll either have Reynolds's or I'll let this firm go to the devil. - look here Mr.Calesburg your foolishness got us into this hole and now if you expect me to pull you ~~out~~ you must do as I say."

Mr.Calesburg gasped - never before had Grimes dared - but - but - he ~~sank into his chair.~~ sat down and passed his hand slowly through his grey hair.

"Very well" he said ~~slowly~~ finally - "Send Reynolds here - at least he is honest" John came.

"Reynolds" he said kindly "Grimes desires to do a very unusual thing— a very unusual thing; and I have consented. Dale is going west and we shall want an assistant bookkeeper. Grimes thinks that perhaps you may be able to fill the position. It is ~~rather~~ very unusual, as I say in this firm to promote a young man so quickly but Mr.Grimes thinks this is deserved."

John was breathless ~~and incoherent~~ with pleasure and was soon in Mr.Grimes' private office. Mr.Grimes hardly noticed him and seemed preoccupied.

"What are you wages" he asked at last abruptly.

"$5 a week."

"Hump - we pay our assistant bookkeeper $20," he said and relapsed into a long silence.

through streets misty with the shadows of men, filled
with heavy silent buildings and echoing with
hurrying footsteps, snatches of song and great snarling oaths

John caught his breath - $80 a month - wealth, Martha -

"I'm afraid however you couldn't do the work ." Grimes broke in.

His heart fell with a thump.

"Ever kept books -"

"No sir,but "-

"But nothing - had no actual experience."

"No sir. "

"Well - I'm afraid,come to think - "

A dull ache was creeping into John's heart ,he was sick with disappointment.

"Well " said Grimes suddenly "We'll try you for a week and John Reynolds head swam. "I will leave here a memorandum of your first entries ." And Mr.Grimes went out. John threw off his coat,gave a low exultant whoop and climbed up on the high stool. He couldn't for the life of him resist a note to Martha.

"Dear Martha:-

I am promoted and will get more than $80 a month. Think of it! I'll come home in the fall and marry you.

Your lover,

John Reynolds."

He stuck this guiltily in his pocket. And seized Grimes memorandum.It read:

Ship Silvia - arrived from Southampton with iron.

Ship Venus - cleared for Cuba with hemp.

Ship Susan - cleared for Havanna with cotton.

Ship Jane - Cleared for Cuba with hemp.

Ship Mary - arrived from Cuba - sugar.

Rec'd of ~~Ellsworth and Mackay~~ Smith & Co 1 Sacco for 2 canvas of hemp (damaged). ~~$41,416.32~~ in full of account.

Add to pay roll - John Reynolds,assistant bookkeeper $20 per week.

John read the first line and took up his pen just as his eye caught the second - Hemp? the Venus? Why it went in ballast to the ~~Ellsworth~~ Glenmorrish Mackay plantation; and the Jane too; then he noticed the account of ~~Ellsworth and Mackay.~~ Smith & Co He thought the ~~$50,000~~ 50 tons was rental on the boats;~~he hastily looked for the cashier's receipt; he had received $41,416.32 and not~~ 25 ~~$50,000. John sat stock still~~ for fifteen minutes and then gradually ~~the whole thing dawned on him. This was a memorandum of false entries to cover up transactions~~

And hemp? They had sold no hemp, they had thrown it into the harbor.

And who was Smith & Co.? If this cashiers receipt was for ~~[illegible]~~ fifty thousand, where was the fifty thousand that Glenmorris had given them? There was surely a mistake here. He hastened to Mr. Grimes.

"Mr Grimes ——" Mr Grimes looked up at him and suddenly the scales fell from his eyes. For a flash he saw it all. The rotten deal was now laid. The chicks had gone to Texas on some clandestine errand unknown to Mr. Grimes and the money to save the farm was hard for them nee. And he? Why he was to receive $20 a week to make the false entries & keep his mouth shut. All along of this blunder he had been standing staring all unseeing at Mr. Grimes with his mouth agape. Then he saw Mr. Grimes face with its thin nose and long mouth and little ~~[illegible]~~ sharp eyes and he murmured something and went back to his cell & his hempen stool. He sat there musing.

~~which Mr.Grimes did not want known.~~ Whether had these ships gone and for what? Still it must be legal - the United States inspector was there- but wherefore this concealment - this lying? Then his eye fell on the $20 per week" $80 a month - it seemed like untold wealth. He had saved barely $200 in two years work - and now he could save $700 in a year at least - let's see should he spend a little more on himself - a new spring suit perhaps - a little better - with a start he came to himself . This money was the price of a lie. Well suppose it was, it wasn't his lie - his business was to do as he was told, he was not supposed to clean out ships at midnight and make them ready for mysterious voyages. He had no right to assume to know what money was paid for and what not - but he did know. The sweat oozed on his forehead. what should he do? what could he do? Many things which he had not understood in the daily work grew clearer - painfully clear now, because he suddenly saw a place for lying and deception about him. ~~Grimes had sent him to the Commercial Bank and knew it, but sought to mislead Ellsworth. He was deceiving Galesburg.~~ Galesburg was the soul of honor - but his punctilious were likely to ruin the business. Besides no one profited by the lie more than Galesburg. Was it not right to save him and the firm if a little quiet deception would do it?

The hire of the ships had perhaps saved them on the brink of bankruptcy. Was this business? Was business necessarily dishonest or shady? - then suddenly, the question became personal. Was he going to be bookkkeeper on such terms. No? Well if not, he could hope for no promotion in this business. What had he to do with these entries? he was paid to do his work as bidden. ~~No he could not do it , he " Mr. Reynolds the head cashier is going to show you some of our methods" said Mr.Grimes hastily as he poked his head in the door and disappeared.~~ And then above all he hated to be considered a fool — a baby — a ninny: unknown of the world & its ways. Yet such was the taunting sneer in Grimes cold eyes

The day passed slowly. ~~And at night no entries were made.~~ Other memorandum ~~accountable~~ and accounts came in and, he posted them carefully, leaving that first memornadum untouched.- but he left a space for it.

The next morning John Reynolds went to the private office . He noticed with a start how Mr.Galesburg had visibly aged under the strain of two days.

"Yes, $40,000 and ~~over~~ more" Mr.Grimes was saying and I think that sum will tide us over. "Extraordinary" said Mr. Galesburg " and they knew the condition of the bank?" "Here's their statement"

Mr.Galsburg leaned back with a sigh, and John saw a gathering of moisture in his eyes. A great pity for the old man came over him - he forgot

his vanity and luxuriousness, his pompous ways and slowly he realized how the business was to him family and child, love and inheritance. ~~Suddenly~~ Yet Mr. Galesburg ~~said~~ did not seem altogether satisfied: "~~And how are~~ Bring the books, Reynolds?" he said

~~He was punctilious about the methods of business as John well knew.~~

~~"Suppose we see~~", said Grimes, ~~"bring the books Reynolds after you have posted those items.~~ I'm a bout a half hour for I have a few other matters, to speak of."

John rose and in his eyes were visions - faces now clear and honest like Martha's, now stricken like Galesburg's now sharp like Grimes'; then in his ears rang voices and ~~sounds~~ sounds, lies and gold, golden lies and lying gold, visions of pain and death and voices of pleasure. Yet he went straight to his desk opened the ledger, copied all the memorandum in ~~its~~ their places and brought ~~it~~ the books slowly to the office.

Mr. Glaesbugr glanced at them critically, ~~and sighed.~~ bowed to them "Very good, very good" he said and then he rose slowly, and ~~bowed~~ went out.

Mr. Grimes stood watching him. "We've saved his life" he said. John was silent but he feared Grimes must hear the awkward pounding of his heart. And Grimes did. He put his hands kindly on John's shoulder and said " My boy, business is not all Sunday School work" He glanced at Mr. Galesburg slowing passing the window: he continued In his father's time it was a stately promenade, but the day of the mounted bushranger has come and he'll make business hell. So we'll have to be prepared to swallow our consciences and fight for life - a sort of — how is it?

'lay on Mc Duff and damned be he who first
Cries Hold, enough!"

"It's the way of the world, my boy, the way of the world.!"

And as John walked beneath the stars that night even they had a steely glitter, and he pondered on life and its ~~memory~~ meaning. He reacehd for his handkerchief and his hand met Martha's letter. He slowly tore it up— ~~Why, he couldn't say.~~ just why, he could hardly have explained.

"Lay on Macduff!
And damned be he who first cries, Hold! enough!"

Chapter V.

The Abolitionists.

The church at Canaan was wide and long and tall, with faded brown frescos, long wide windows and straight austere seats. Today all the seats were full - full and overflowing with ~~breathless~~ dark- clothed people. In the pulpit stood ~~John Brown the abolitionist~~ a tall grim faced man ~~faring from Ohio to Massachusetts,~~ carelessly ~~accorded~~ clothed, burning with fiery eloquence. The people bent beneath the lash of his tongue as he spoke ~~pealing~~ of the sin and shame of slavery - "the disgrace of a land of the Free where human blood was bartered as men barter cattle; where the family was blasphemed and the women prostituted to the lust of monsters; where honest toil was disgraced by the groans of dumb driven beasts, who were they that they dared lift up their eyes to the Lord of Hosts when they saw his work with helpless hands? who were they that sat blind before the flaming wrath of his countenance and heard not the coming vengenance of Him to whom the soul of the black captive was more than all the souls of them that sinfully sell him. Are not these black folk our brothers and our sisters-/flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone - created by the same God and redeemed by Jesus Christ? Hear what God is saying to these black millions: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with him that contendeth with them and I will save thy children."

"And I will feed them that oppress thee with his own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood as with sweet wine; and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Savior and they Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob!" So rose his voice and flushed and fell in that silent sombre church and the fire of his fearful eloquence touched the hearts of all and the souls of some.

"It's the Lord's work" said Abijah Culver" and we must help it with our might."

"But how can we - what can we do - legally?" objected the ~~distant~~ district judge.

"Then do something illegally " said a passerby. "Slavery is a sin and sin must be throttled without why or wherefore."

"Yes, yes, but that is dangerous talk in a civilized land. I dislike slavery

as much as anybody but I can't see that I am responsible for the sins of the southerners.

"Am I my brother's keeper" quoted a woman softly.

"Well,if I am I can't drag him to heaven if he's determined to go to hell.

"You can part company with him."

"Does that better matters."

"It clears your conscience."

"Does that better matters."

"No,it doesn't" insisted Abijah Culver,"only one thing will better matters and that is freedom to the slave."

"And then? "asked the judge.

"And then we will trust in God."

But the judge shook his head doubtfully,almost blasphemously thought Mary ~~Mary~~ Culver as she looked about for her daughter Martha and started home.

Martha and Selina Smith came slowly along behind. Selina had been strangely moved and was still almost sobbing with excitement.

"If I could to something" she said,some little thing to help ." Then she whispered "Martha,did you ever help any runaways."

"Once" said Martha slowly "it was a long time ago ~~in '52~~ when I was a child of ten a twelve - a cold and snowy winter and a mother and child came to us in the old stage - do you remember Brackett's old stage?"

"Yes, yes, the great red one"

"Well they came in that - I was half scared to death and I remember I ran when the woman stretched her black hand toward me - something in here eyes has haunted me ever since."

"Wouldn't it be splendid if we could only get a lot of them here and teach them."

Martha shook her head - "You know they tried that in Canterbury and poor Miss Crandall had such a time"

"But that was years ago and people are better now " - I wonder why God lets so much evil go on?"

"To give us work,my daughter" said Martha's father turning back to them. He was a thin bent man,grey haired and earnest.

"But where can we work and how - what can I a lone helpless girl do in the midst of this evil?"

"Do the little nearest - and wait. Wait - the time will come perhaps

sooner than we think. The arm of the Lord is bared, the sword of Gideon is aloft, mighty men like ~~John Brown~~ Garrison are raising their voices - be not arfaid daughter, God is not mocked."

A deep seriousness came to Selina's homely face and beneath her breath she murmured "Amen!"

But Martha was still puzzled. On her bosom lay a letter from John - a letter that troubled her. He had been promoted but - but the wedding day still seemed far off; at any rate he did not speak of it - he only spoke of saving more money and buying half interest in two ships. Then he said that he knew a southerner " a tall finelooking man " who owned large Texan plantations. But weren't they filled with slaves, she wondered, and could tall fine men deal in flesh and blood? and could John, her John like them? It seemed strange. Yet he was going south ~~and~~ to visit him and on his way he was coming to her - coming to her next week Tuesday ; ~~and yet~~ she had told nobody as yet. She was afraid to have him come, lest he should be in the flesh even more changed than she vaguely felt he had changed in spirit. The change had come gradually - in the field, the dear old upper field it had been love and home and work - then as the years went it was money and work and love and now it was work and money and --- yes - money again. There was little love in the letters now, only the cold rattle of gold. And she slipped from ~~Sarah's~~ Selina's longings, and stole from ther mother's glances and crept away among the berry bushes of the upper field, and read and wept and dreamed of the five long years of her waiting.

A ~~sense~~ sense of revolt rose in her soul. She was a woman grown, yet half cramped to a child's horizon - twenty five years old but a month since and John was a few months younger. Why could they not have married then - why not now? Why must she wait and waste her life away, with nothing to own, nothing to call hers - not even her life. She felt the void of life, the sense of loneliness, the want of closer humun sympathy than her tired mother and busy father could give. All her life she had looked to John for the fulfillment of her dreams and now - and now a dull fear crept into her heart and she dreaded the coming week.

He came and went in two short days - a well dressed affable young man before whom she was shy and embarrassed, but of whom she could not help being very proud on Sunday as they came from church. He was kind to her and brought her a real Indian shawl; he put his arm about her in the old hair

clothed parlor and kissed her burning cheek and told her of the cargoes that came from Liverpool, and the rising price of cotton and the great Glenn Mackay plantations whither Mr. Grimes was sending him to investigite.

"But - but don't they have - slaves there, John?"

"Thousands of them."

"O John how can you go to such a place?"

"O I have nothing to do with slavery - It's a matter of business with us."

"But isn't it wrong to deal with wrong in any way - I - I of csurse don't know, only it seems - "

"My dear girl, don't worry your little head with business - it isn't a matter of Sunday School texts by a long shot. We've got to take the world as it is and not as we might like to have it. Indeed I'm not so sure whether some of our reforms might not prove disastrous."

"But John surely you know slavery is wrong."

"Well - yes - I suppose it is but when you've seen as many Negroes as I have in New York - ignorant lazy set - you could imagine a situation when it would be better to drive them to work - than - " But then he saw the horror in her eyes and said - "O well, dear don't worry I won't buy any slaves." and he laughed and kissed her again. Then and other times in the few hours they had alone she felt a new John blended with the old, who was different and strange and did not open hiis soul to her or dared not. Once she fancied he was concealing something from her - perhaps he loved someone else? But no, her woman's instinct soon saw that apparently he knew no other women but her and cared for none. So she gave up in half despaire She did not understand him, she did not know him but she still loved him, for whom else could she love? and he said he loved her. When would they marry? She did not know. He only said "Well dear, I'm getting some money now and in four or five years we'll be able to marry and live like folks."

Four or five years! her heart fell, but he thought she was only weeping at the parting and he slipped the hand that held his notebook about her and held her to him soothingly as he jotted down the last important memoranda of his journey. So he had come and gone and Martha still waited among the great green hills.

Chapter VI.

A journey in Life.

It was thus in 1852 that John Reynolds faring westward slowly from Philadelphia reached in due time the crest of the Alleghanies and looked for the first time into the great vale of the Mississippi, the empire of the Father of Waters. A new sense of vastness permeated him and a vague longing to stretch himself across the beckioning wilderness. But he quickly put away such mental maunderings and buying a ticket to Cairo embarked on the winding waters of the Ohio. Sweeping along there in lazy idleness, he watched the woods and villages, the sky and distant hills, and then he watched his fellow men. He grew especially to like the white boss of the black slevedores for his ways and looks and manner of talk. He was tall, lank and yellowish, with harshly drawn face and tobacco stained mouth and he swore to a degree that shocked John Reynolds considerably at first.

"Are all the roustabouts slaves" he ventured one afternoon.

"Yes! God damn them!"

"I - I hope he won't," said Reynolds.

"Won't - what?"

"Won't damn them - they're having a hard time here."

"I hope he will; that's all they're fit for, the black ~~spinks~~ rascals - hard time, why damn them they've got the easiest job on the river.

"Then you thing slavery is a good thing?"

"I think it's the damnest, meanest, rottenest institution on earth".

"Then why not pity the slvaes."

"Because I hate them as bad as I do slavery - I hate slavery and I hate niggers - if I could I'd emancipate every damned one of them tomorrow morning and drown them all in the Mississippi in the afternoon, if it choked the damned creek. I tell you sir " and the expletives flamed "slavery is stealing white men's bread and butter and giving it to - hi there! - " and he hastened toward a crowd of roustabouts and swore so volubly and ~~earnestly~~ fiercely that Reynolds turned hastily away. (and his name was Bates + who

A young farmer not far away who had evidently been listening, smiled:

" Tough customer" said John.

"Well no, not exactly tough - rough rather - had a hard life I presume and his father's before him - life and decency literally crushed out by slavery."

John was puzzled "Well" he said " are all you westerners Negro haters?" "No, I don't hate them - I don't like them particularly don't want them round, but it's the slavey system I dislike. It's poison, its death to free labor and we don't propose to have spread in our section. It shan't cross this water if we have to fight it. It was a big mistake to allow it even in Missouri."

John looked at the Kentucky shore curiously and went to his cabin deep in thought. So in fitful converse and curious observation he came to Cairo and turned, by the mighty golden waters of the Mississippi toward the great south. A certain misty dreaminess sat upon his spirit. The Admighty waters seemed flowing to some mysterious haven wherefrom there was no turning backward The dark and curious faces, the calls, the songs, the wails brought back to him all the dreams and terrors of boyhood - he remembered crouching with Martha in the snow beside the great dull barn peering to see the faces of the fearsome slaves. He remembered the terrible sermons preached in the old church and strangely enough he remembered too the vision of endless wealth revealed to him but a few months since when James Glenn ~~Bl~~sworth sat on the banks of East River and pointed southward. He could not shake from himself the mingled creeping feeling of ~~dead~~ dread and nameless exaltation. There came a whispering down the long dim galleries of his memory crying "Beware John, beware, this is the Land of Egypt and the House of Bondage - ~~the house of blood bought slavery~~ the haunt of the sellers of souls." And on this whispering came echoing back from his dreaming a vision of gold and empire, a sense of eastern luxuriousness, of tropic magnificence - "~~of old~~ and all the Wealth of Ormus or of Ind" as the fourth reader said in the brown school house of Connecticut. And so the future and the past, warning, alluring, clashing and twirling met in the splendid present of a languorous balmy tropical morning, when Mr. Glenn ~~Bl~~sworth stepped quickly up the gang plank and said:

"Welcome to the South, Mr. Reynolds - Mr. Mackay, our friend Mr. Reynolds of Galesburg and Grimes, which is soon to be, I take it, Grimes and Reynolds".

Three months crept silently away and the good ship Lucy was sliding lazily into the harbor of Charleston, S.C. On its prow was Mr. John Reynolds smoking leisurely and a black servant was pointing out the landmarks. "Yonder low lying and long is Sullivan's island and MT. Pleasant beyond, that is Fort Moultrie in front. The ~~squal~~ square building straight in front with slits for windows is Fort Sumter - this to the left. Of that is Morris Island

and Fort Gregg, and beyond is Hilton Head - now sir, you can see the city" and then the vision burst - of houses and palmetto, magnolias and squares, wide spaces and low cabins, a lazy, happy sleepy southern city.

Mr. Reynolds errand was to meet Colonel Henry Jones of Wilton Point to whom he carried letters of introduction from the Glenworths of Texas. He wanted to talk over certain matters of Southern development with Colonel Jones and hastened to make an early appointment. When he arrived on the afternoon of the appointed day, however, he met a funeral procession

An old man not far away had paused with mailbags still over his shoulder, and was leaning against the post office door murmuring

"One by one they go."

Reynolds asked him the name of the deceased and found it was Henry Jones' father-in-law. It would hardly be denent to call immediately although Jones' note had said "Three" plainly. He would ride a bit in the country and return about five. So he rode off hardly noticing the old man's chatter about some black witch of the country side. As he skirted the burial ground by St Luke however a singular old black woman of forbidding aspect was resting on the fresh made grave. He paused and gazed toward her at a distance remembering vaguely now the gossip of the postmaster. As he came back a couple of hours later she was gone, but he noted on the grave three little bones linked in curiously and he smiled:

"A powerful spell cast" he said laughing and rode on. Yet he had an uncomfortable memory of that singular figure. It seemed to typify something. Colonel Henry Jones home place gave the usual evidence of luxurious extravagnece and undeveloped waste that he had come to be so familiar with in the past ~~mon~~ months. He saw the idling Negroes with disapproval .

"Ought to be driven" he said, and when he cuhgt sight of the grounds and mansion:

"Must cost a deal to run this" he opined, and throwing his lines o a black child, he approached the door.

Colonel Henry Jones was a massively built man with hair long, sleek and slightly grey, a red pimply face, dark eyes and a manner slightly exaggerated

with courtesy. Has clothes were faultless but his linen rumpled, while the house was luxuriantly furnished.

"I am delighted to see you Mr.Reynolds - delighted. I have of course ~~know~~ known you and your firm long by correspondence and thru our mutual friend Glenn~~worth~~ worth of San Antonio. By the way how did you leave him?"

"Very well indeed and he sent heartiest greetings."

"Thank you, thank you very much - I am sorry, deeply sorry that Mrs. Jones is not down to meet you - the fact is we have a new boy up stairs and this with the death of her father has been almost too much for her."

"I trust she is not in danger."

"I think not, the physician thinks she will pull through with care and time; it is awkward however not to be able to greet you with true southern hospitality."

"Pray make no apologies - this is but a business call you know."

"Ah, but we of the south do not divorce business and society as you all in the north."

Reynolds laughed - "I should think it would bring you strange associates."

"No sir, no sir" said Colonel Jones with dignity " no one unfit for our society can do business with us" he said. Reynolds looked a bit puzzled but said nothing and they passed into the library.

They had hardly seated themselves, lighted their cigars and begun to talk when a faint cry and the ~~south~~ sound of something falling, reached them. ~~Her~~ Colonel Jones listened.

I thought I heard a voice in her room"

"Excuse me a moment" he said "I fear my wife may be sick." He was gone quite a time and appeared laboring under some excitement when he returned.

"Well, well" he said ~~exactly~~ with an effort assumed at ease "I did not mean to leave you so long. I beg a thousand pardons. One of the maids has been taken ill and Mrs. Jones is feeling badly, too. I must excuse myself for the night but you will remain all night of course and we'll finish our business in the morning."

Mr.Reynolds started to protest, ~~again~~ but Colonel Jones would not hear of it and soon Jim the body servant had him comfortably esconced in a great cool white bed room with abundance of fruit, cool spring water, a wide soft bed and easy chairs. Mr.Reynolds stretched himself comfortably and lighted another of Colonel Jones' fragrant Havannas. He listened to the ~~hoof beats without~~ - turned morning incident

"The doctor I suppose" he thought "I hope there's no danger. Then he thought how strange it must be to have a home, and a wife sick and a little baby in a cradle. He thought of Martha and shook his head. Too bad they had to wait so long - well, wealth was in sight now, and then! He heard the wailing of an infant in the next room - "uncomfortable, damned uncomfortable noise," he declared and felt no hurry to be disturbed by it. Then came the shock instant

Yes, he was willing to wait a while - where was the use of hurrying and marrying and breeding like cats. When he had plenty of money for nurses, money, money '- and away flew the golden dreams curling in the tobacco smoke, smiling out of the twinkling stars, crooning in his drowsy dreaming - he started - what was that among the bushes? It looked very like that strange old black woman - Why did the hag haunt him so? and the child's cry come again He drew the shades and went to bed .

The next day they rode about the plantation and then seating themselves on the cool broad verandah after dinner talked.

" I trust you were interested in the Glenn sworth-Mackay plantations, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Very much indeed, it was a revelation to me."

"Of course the labor system was new to you."

"Yes and but I confess my ideas on the subject before were hazy ~~have been revolutionised in this visit~~ - I had many altogether erroneous ideas of slavery."

"So many of our northern fellow citizens have I regret to say - what an empire Texas is."

"Isn't it, and think of the lands to the South which must in time surely be ours."

"Ye-es - the trouble is we haven't slaves enough for that."

"There I confess I do not follow the south - I do not see that more slaves are needed, only enterprise and push to seize the opportunities ~~with the present stock.~~ and above all — railroads."

"I think you are mistaken there Mr. Reynolds - all the present stock of slaves ~~and their natural increase are~~ is needed in the present confines of the south - that is proven by the rising price of Negroes - if a new world like Texas opens up, new stock of slaves is needed .-

"But not a permanent slave trade?"

"Certainly not - certainly not - that is preposterous - No simply enough once to stock the new plantations."

and the child cry came again as he heard and heard another cry wilder. "Well how many children are there he exclaim and he heard and heard another cry

"Why not wait for the natural increase of present slaves to fill the land?"

And have the riches go to waste or have enough white laborers to stagle in and spoil the slave institution."

"Would it not be possible to develop on a free labor basis?"

"What develop sugar and cotton and rice with free labor? Why, Mr. Reynolds."

"~~True - true;~~ well - well, perhaps ~~I believe~~ you are right there - and I confess your argument for a slave trade, temporary and limited, is strong ~~- very strong~~." ~~Then~~ They talked and figured and at dusk as John Reynolds rose to go he left with Mr. Jones a stiff parchment like document signed and sealed between Grimes and Reynolds parties of the first part and ~~the~~ Henry Jones representing the ~~Ellis~~ Glenn sworth-Mackay plantations, parties of the second.

Yet he did not feel altogether comfortable riding toward Beaufort in the slanting glory of that hot afternoon. The argument was obvious, it was good - it was unanswerable, but repeated in certain circles - in Canaan for instance, was it not a bit too obvious? But pshaw! was there anything more to ~~estrange~~ blame in this business transaction than in a thousand others? Besides it paid - it paid all round; it paid the county, it paid ~~taxes~~ Texas, it paid ~~Ellis~~ Glenn sworth, Mackay and Jones - and it paid Grimes and Reynolds; it certainly would pay Reynolds well, very well, and he rubbed his hands thoughtfully - what was that - he suddenly became aware of a woman staggering across his path, the red-golden sun was shining full in her face and lighted her features till they shone a vivid golden bronze; her hair was black, curled and tangled, her slight forme clothed in rags; in one arm she held a sleeping infant and with the other dragged a wailing toddling child. But it was her face that brought the blood to Reynolds' head and chased it down again - a face tear-stained and bloody drawn and scarred in utter agony, sorrow and despair, and yet showing beneath ~~xxxxxxx~~ a dark half ~~forgotten~~ married beauty. Somehow it was strangely like and strangely unlike the face of the haunting hag. The woman never noticed him but staggering and weeping, stumbled on across his path, on and on before he had spoken, before he could bring himself to speak she had staggered wailing low, up the slight hill, through the pines and was gone - a passing moaning breath of woe. John Reynolds' head dropped slowly on his breast as he rode down toward the bridge. Something was striving and whispering within him.

"This is slavery" it said " That was slavery", it echoed and again - "That

But in any case what the south & west needs is railroads — now see here; history is history & the Alleghanies & Mississippi valley were in 10 years time all the chance of capital

was but temporary - part of a longer vastly extreme which was unthinkable T

Farmers

was Life" - in vain he strove with the heavy sense of shame, in vain he argued stoutly, the hounds of his conscience seemed unleashed and were howling and yelping - howling as once he had heard the blood hounds of Texas yell for a runaway Negro. Slowly he straightened up with a dawny realization that it was not memory alone that was bringing the slender awful howl of the hounds to his ears - Louder and louder came the ominous baying. He raised his head and looked across the river. A tall black man was flying over the fields straight toward him - he was bent low, with outstretched neck and head, skimming the ground with great swift strides. Reynolds spurred across the bridge and reined his horse. The Negro ran down into the water, then along in it beneath the bridge then doubling back with incredible swiftness, he slipped up the other side of Reynolds and threw himself panting in the underbrush beside the road. Reynolds could see the great shining beads of sweat, the quivering muscles, the death like panting and the dark eyes fixed full on him. Scarcely had the slave concealed himself that the pack of hounds in full cry came over the low hill to the right - pitching, yelling shrieking for blood they flashed ~~thru the very air~~ past the rider and gathered baffled on the bank of the river, sniffed the waters and ran about furiously; then one sniffing the bridge shot across, another and another followed until the whole pack in full cry were dashing back toward ~~Hilton Head~~ Wilton Point whence Reynolds had ridden. At first he was puzzled - then suddenly he realized that losing the scent of the man at the water they had caught the footsteps of the wailing woman and were dashing after her. A sense of horror struck him. He waved to the ~~dashing~~ men who now came galloping on and one reained up - he meant to tell them where the slave lay but his panting almost echoed in his ear and the words struck in his throat.

"Are - you - after the woman? he wavered?

"No, we're after a buck - a tall black powerful fellow -

"Then the hounds are wrong - they'll kill the woman - the fellow went up the creek ." The man thanked him and swept from him with a yell.

When at last they were out of sight, Reynolds turned toward the slave half impatiently, ashamed of his own weakness and expecting a nauseating torrent of thanks. The Negro arose - he was a tall magnificently developed man, and despite his physical exhaustion, outwardly calm.

"Thank you, master" he said respectfully but clearly.

Then he stood silently waiting. Reynolds was puzzled, it was a stoical deference which he had not seen before ~~xxx xx xxxx x xxxx~~ He knew how to meet a fellow white man ; he had learned in the last three months how to treat a cringing cowering slave ; but he did not know how to meet this slave who acted like both. He half thought of ordering him home on pain of delivering him to an officer but - he looked at him and dared not. He thought of taking him with him, but it was still light. What the devil had led him to interfere anyway? But he could not leave him. Suddenly he thought of a plan.

"What is your name?"

"Tom Calhoun." "To whom do you belong?" "I used to belong to Senator Calhoun and I belongs to Harrison Coles now, Master"

"Can you hide here ~~till night~~ for a while?"

"Yes, sir."

~~"Well if you can get to Charleston before Tomorrow night or~~ ~~"Then come to the wharf at Beaufort and~~ enquire at the wharf for the Susan ~~at midnight~~."

"Thank you, Master" and in a moment the Negro had slipped into the shadows of the underbrush and the sun was shooting its dying rays on the horseman hurrying toward Beaufort.

It was on the stroke of 12 the next night when John Reynolds pacing the deck of the Susan saw a furtive shadow by the wharf. He sent the white watchman below on an errand and slipped the slave into his own cabin. Soon the anchor was up and the Susan was headed for Charleston. ~~xxx xxx~~ John still smoked on deck. He was not satisfied with himself . As a business man, as a shrewd business man (and did he not pride himself on this as his proudest accomplishment?) as a business man he had made a successful journey in the south and held a contract in his pocket worth thousands; & schemes in his head worth millions the only flaw was that incidentally he had stolen some man's property - about $1200 worth as prices ruled - and was carrying it off on his ship; which was an inexcusable thing for John Reynolds the business man. And yet for John Reynolds the man who had just made a rather long journey in life, well, it was certainly a deed of mercy to save a soul from hell or a body from slavery; ~~and yet~~ but when some echo of the youthful abolitionism thus glowed deep down in his heart, he bethought himself of that fat contract in his pocket and he swore. Yes, John Reynolds was uncomfortable, for a few leagues. Then a glow of gradual contentment suffused itself in his bones; for Tom Calohnu was silent and busy and hurrying toward freedom, and he was voluble and idle and hurrying toward wealth.

Chapter VII.

The Marriage.

"Mr.Galesburg is dead" said Mr.Grimes as he came up the gangway and Mr.Reynolds found himself one minute striving to keep the exultation of his heart out of his face and the next, endeavoring to drown the smile on his lips with the real regret in his heart . He was indeed puzzled at himself and told himself so as he was telling Mr.Grimes of his stolen slave.

"You"ll have to be careful of that sort of thing" growled Grimes or we'll get in trouble down there. Only day before yesterday Sanson of the Venus brought up a colored nurse and a baby that looked white, though you can't tell. I believe he was paid to bring them - they never could have pierced the hide to his heart otherwise. I carted them over to the Abolition Society by night and they've sent them up the country. You better send this colored man to them too."

And John followed his advice.

It seemed a curious coincidence to hear in Martha's next letter that they had added two to the family. "A colored nurse and white baby came here, and the nurse got a good chance to work and so we let her go and kept the child - it is so cunning. Then came the man whom you so nobly rescued and father kept him to help on the place. Father is growing old and needs help. I always knew your heart was right John and I'm proud of you."

"And so you think" said Mr.Grimes looking at John searchingly "that its it a safe and legitimate piece of business for us to enter into regular relations with Glenn [redacted]sworth-Mackay Plantation Company and furnish them supplies and ships from time to time?"

Mr. Reynold looked at the fiery end of his cigar with interest. "There is no use pretending the business is exactly legitimate — we shall undoubtedly be aiding and abetting the slave-trade. It's a pretty safe venture — quite safe as long as the authorities here mind their business The chief thing however Mr Grimes is this: there is coming a tremendous development west & south in the near future. Which will come first I can't say. It's coming on railroads [redacted] and shipping [redacted] as well

Now if we want to get on line we must invest money and expand and ammass & seek new investments. The coming American expansion is going totally to eclipse the old as your frame of the Civil. Now we need money for this. Here's a chance to get it. If we don't take it a hundred others will and I say take it — in fact I've signed a contract"

Mrs Grimes watched Reynolds as he talked. "This young man is developing" he mused "he is developing fast — very fast. I trust and the fast" and then he said aloud

~~glad to hear your judgment.~~ Let's see the contract."

He looked it over.

"I'll tell you what I'll do" he said "You know this end of the business. Suppose you take it wholly in your name with me as a silent partner without responsibility but furnishing capital. I, on the other hand will run the regular house here under the name of Grimes and Reynolds. - you having a third interest, and both of us will gradually reach out for good railroad property."

John thought the matter over. The temptation was great and so was the risk. Yet it appealed to him strongly. Of course it meant the postponement of marriage for several years but than it was as Grimes sententiously said:

"You can't afford to get married - wives are expensie luxuiries. She's waited this long for and she'll keep a few years longer. In five years you ought to be rich." And so this is what John wrote to Martha only he phrased it differently.

Martha was not surprised. It had grown so natural to see the wedding day postponed that she sometimes wondered if it ever really would come. Her engagement had become a mild joke among the young people of the town and she saw herself gradually pushed into an anomalous spinsterhood, half laughable, half pitiable. Once she cared, once she wept hot secret tears and watched the hardening skin and fading bloom and ~~thriving~~ shining hair in dismay. But now all this had ceased, for something new - something wonderful had crept into her life. A little homeless waif of a baby had come to her mysteriously, almost accidentally on the Underground Road for Slaves. They came one May morning, the babe and the nurse, she a reticent half-scared, half-frivolous woman.

"Yes, maam" it's white" she said.

"I don't know whose it is - it was a sort of extra one I guess - and - and they gave me my freedom to bring it away. — Name? yes'm, they called it "Henry" " and she chuckled.

Then she secured work in a neighboring town and said no more. Nor did Martha want to hear more - she simply wanted the curious pink clinging thing to warm her heart by. Her mother was scandalized at first and talked of poor houses and orphan asylums, but the talk never materialized; the father shook his head but he was getting old and feeble and has head shook often. The towns people smiled and gossiped, but Martha did not care. She had come into her kingdom. / She did not like the name "Henry" and in a flash of romance called the child "Roland" — "Roland Reynolds" it will be sometime, she laughed

She dressed and fondled the wee thing, cared for it and fed it, carried it out on the great green hills and as in years it grew and waxed strong they were ever together, ever satisfied, every loving, till the world wearied of its gossip and let them alone. So, too, the coming of Tom had been a God-send to the little family. He went to work silently and faithfully and soon the farm was flourishing beyond the memory of dreams of Canaan. The feeble father sat in peace as the shades of life fell, the mother grew grey in silence, until suddenly one day without a murmur she fell beside her kitchen fire and passing stood before God. Still the sun shone and the toddling ~~light~~ slender-haired boy ran and romped in Martha's kitchen and the father bent lower in the chimney corner.

It was in the winter of 1855 when Abijah Culver fell softly to sleep and did not wake again. But Martha awoke to an awful reality, for the mortgaged farm was going and she stood naked in the world, with only a little fondling of five years. John was annoyed at the news. AFter gains and losses, ups and downs, the money was at last beginning to roll into his coffers. Grimes was cautiously withdrawing from the southern business and ~~[illegible]~~ investment enlarging the banking features of the branch.

Reynolds kept on lured by the Vision of Gold. He was too busy to stop now, he could not go to Canaan but he sent a hasty letter to Martha telling her to come and get married and to bring Tom for he needed a new porter. And then he turned to his figures again. Martha came. Why not? To whom else should she turn in this great crisis of her life. How could a lone woman face life alone? She came a dark dim morning in November- slipped across the ferry and stood before John. He started - why! she was getting old - then he half apologized for the thought and felt his own thin ~~hair~~ hair and ~~puffy~~ bony face. Yes, they had passed the golden age of youth - they were thirty five - how time had flown since the days of the upper field - the great green upper field, and a sense of unutterable loss overwhelmed him. He kissed Martha fondly and she clung to him with a glad litle sob. He greeted Tom kindly and

then he saw the child.

"Who's this", he said in surprise.

"It's ~~Henry~~ Roland - the baby you know" she said watching him. He looked again.

"O yes, yes - well we'll have to find a place for him."

She thought she understood him, but she was not sure.

They hurried up town to a little narrow house crowded modestly in a semi-fashionable quarter. It was furnished carefully - gloriously Martha thought. And then she and John walked out together to a minister and joined their hands before him and he joined their lives.

Tom was soon at work as porter in the counting house and at the wharves. Henry was exploring new corners at school and Martha was making the house ~~a~~ a home. The first crisis came suddenly after dinner as the boy had nodded and fallen asleep on the floor.

"Well" said Reynolds "I've made all arrangements and we'll send him to the Home tomorrow."

"The Home?" she said vaguely.

"Yes the ~~Pratt~~ Summa Orphanage - it's a pretty good place - he'll get some schooling and a trade."

Her eyes grew wide with terror.

"John" she whispered "you don't mean it?"

He moved uneasily "Why," he said in surprise, "we can't keep him you know."

She ~~crept on~~ bent to the floor, picked the child up and pressed him till he whimpered and woke.

"I want him" she whispered piteously fiercely - "I want him - I never had any thing I wanted before this. All my years I have ~~pierced~~ pressed the heart out of life - I never had a laugh or a dress or scarcely a kiss." She spoke more and more rapidly and breathlessly - "I have given up my youth, my flesh, my teeth - even motherhood has waited so long it may be God is angry and will never send us other children. But he sent me this baby and I want it - I want it."

He looked at her in amazement and doubt.

"But you see" he said slowly - "He may be half Negro for all we know."

"I don't care if he's all Negro. Negroes are folks aren't they? I want him, I'm going to keep him. If - he - leaves - (she swallowed hard) this house I'll leave too."

~~59~~

John stared gloomily out the window. So this was marriage ,this was gratitude -

"Well, well don't take on so - I dadn't - he'll be considerable expense but of course if you - " and he went out thoroughly ~~rightfully~~ and left her. So John Reynolds became a father.

Chapter VIII.

The Downfall.

There was a reform wave in New York and John Reynolds was nervous.

"Reform is all right" he explained " but business must not be disturbed by new f angled notions - you can't make people good by cleaning the streets." Consequently Mr. Reynolds viewed with consi erable suspicion the candidacy of Mr. Fernando Wood and predicted much evil in case of his election.

"I do not think you understand Mr.Wood" answered his discreet visitor. "He is a practical man,I think an interview might bring about an understanding.

And sure enough a few interviews with Mr.Wood brought so complete an understanding not only with John Reynolds but with certain other gentlemen that the reformers themselves turned against Mr.Wood in 1856 and nominated new and strange men to rule the city. They sought the aid of Mr.Reynolds but Mr.Reynolds was obdurate. "I'm not in politics" he sneered ("and besides I'm busy" as indeed he was for two great ships lay at the wharf and they must be refitted within the month.

And these two ships refitted and sent southward and - well John Reynolds ran his eye over his bank books,and his holdings in railway stocks. He rubbed his hands. "I'm a rich man" he said,and he walked rapidly to dinner. The house was small and cramped.

"We must have larger quarters - more space and air," he said.

The dinner was frugal. He grumbled a bit. "I saw some strawberries in market" he said.

"But they're so dear this early,John"said Martha.

He glanced at her,hot and red from the kitchen.

"Martha," he said " why in the world are you always digging in the kitchen with your sleeves rolled up - can't you let the girl do the work?"

"Why John she's a greenhorn from Ireland and doesn't know a thing that I don't tell her."

"Well get a better one and live in the parlor more and buy some clothes."

9 im going south & Charleston for a couple weeks he

"Here!" and he hastily wrote a check and handed it to her. Then he glanced at his watch and rose from his half eaten dinner and hurried away. Martha was so flurried at the criticisms and the check that she and the hurried parting did not hear Tom Calhoun until he had knocked at the kitchen door a third time. Then the little boy ran eagerly to him and Martha hurried after.

"Why, Tom - I'm so glad to see yo u - it's ages since you've been here"

"Yes, Mistress, I'm kept pretty busy at the wharves - "

She looked at him carefully. He was ever solemn and taciturn but today she saw a deeper gloom on his dark face - she hesitated:

"Is Celia well?" Celia was the reticent brown nurse who had brought sittle Henry to Canaan and to Martha's surprise Tom had announced his engagement to her sometime ago.

"Yes, mistress". She had wanted to speak to him of Celia several times. he did not seem very attentive to her, spoke little of her, visited her little, down in the alley off ----- Street where she lived. She felt she ought to chide him in some way but she hardly knew how -

"Mistress I'm thinking of leaving you "

"Leaving us, why Tom, John can't spare you - he depends so much on you -what has happened."

"I don't think that I and Master John can get on together."

"O - have you quarrelled - has he discharged you ?"

"No - no - we haven't quarrelled but - Mistress, I don't like the way things are going."

A vague coldness crept in Martha's limbs. She moistened her lips, put out her hand appealingly,

"Tell, me, Tom," she said.

"Mistress, ever since I came here I've been afraid of some of those great black ships down there that slip noiselessly in and out. I knew them - I felt them in my bones - and sometimes late of a misty nights I seemed to hear groans and see strange twisted forms within those empty echoing hulls as I wheeled out the rubbish. And one night - "

She crept nearer, almost crouching in the garish noonday sun.

"Yes?"

"And one night I saw blood,great clods of crusted blood - O I knew it,I've seen blood before. But yon night,the blood glowed red and I saw her."

"Her? Who'"

He lowered his voice - the witch woman - Momm Bett - you do not know her - tis and old story - you couldn't have seen her - she's a spirit. Saw her ten in the black ship and she told me suddenly like,in a flash that - it was - a - slave ship!"

"A slave shiw" she said wonderingly "in New York" "Why how strange are you sure?"

"Yes,mistress,I've watched and I know it." But thy should such ships come here - surely no slaves are brought here.".

"No they come to refit between voyages."

"But why don't you tell John?"

"He knows."

She looked at him - then caught her breath.

"No,no" she whispered " you don't mean it."

"Yes I do"he said "among your husbands 20 ships are five or six slavers and one or two are constantly stealing men while the others are refitting on the East river wharf."

Disbelief - fear - horror grew in her eyes. She sakn upon the door step trembling.

"It's a lie,"she gasped " a cruel lie - how dare you say such a thing of John - it cannot be true Tom, I say - is it so,is it so,Tom?"

"It's so,Mistress Martha,as God hears me."

They sat in silence hald-hearing the prattle and play of the boy in the yard.

"Then "she said "what can we do,Tom?"

"There is but one thing " he said "first I'm going to appeal to him then if it doesn't stop,I'll tell the authorities."

She gazed at him open-mouthed.

"I came to tell you - so that - so that you would know the truth."

And then he turned and hastened away.

When John Reynolds returned from the south two weeks later,

~~To John Reynolds~~ he found to his intense disgust that Fernando Wood was defaeted for the mayoralty in 1856 and yet those great black hulks lingered at the wharves. He worked feverishly day and night. A week more and they would go but what a week - what a long weary week.

It was a cold dark night and he sat over his papers in the office at the wharf making the last estimate. "In two more days" he said, then paused. Who was that on the wharf - he arose and went to the door, reaching it just as some one knocked. He stepped back and arranged his papers.

"Come in - why hello, Tom, couldn't think who it was, well what can I do for you?"

"Master Reynolds I owe you a heap - my life and my freedom."

"Oh, that's all right, Tom, you've been a good workman"

"But Master Reynolds, for all that I must speak out." John turned quickly toward him.

"Master Reynolds you must'nt fit out any more slave ships."

The blow fell from clear sky, but John Reynodls never winked.

"What are you talking about" he said with a slight huskiness in his voice.

"It's no use Master Reynolds - these ships are fitted with every thing but the water buckets and troughs and you expect them tomorrow or next day."

John Reynolds glanced at Tom. Useless - he was six feet and weighed 250 pounds. He stood between him and the door. There was not even a paper weight near.

"Tom" said he "you're strangely mistaken and if it were not that I think a great deal of you I'd ~~show you the door~~ discharge you for impudence. As it is I haven't time to talk with you tonight, but you come to my office tomorrow morning and I'll explain everything." You mean well but you're mistaken

"Thank you Master Reynolds - thank you " then he hesitated.

"Well?"

"Don't try and deceive me, Master Reynolds - don't for God's sake and your own sake" and he hurried out. John listened to his retreating foot-steps with strained ears. Then he slipped out the door and looked. Great drops of sweat oozed out on his forehead.

"The ships sail tonight" he said, and gliding down the wharf - he paused, listened and ran swiftly up the street. The hours flew and lingered. Dark forms slipped down to the wharf and there was a creaking and mumbling aboard. Along the black shadows John Reynolds kept careful vigil. After all the buckets and troughs made little difference - they could get them in Cuba or pick them up on the coast. At the most it meant but the loss of a few thousand dollars. An hour more and if all went well, the ships would glide peacefully down the twinkling harbor. What could be delaying the inspector? Hark! He crept forward. Two men were hurrying toward him. He stepped out.

The men stopped suddenly and separated slightly. A blinding light flashed in his eyes.

"Mr. John Reynolds"

"Yes" said John slowly as he caught the gleam of brass buttons.

"You are my prisoner" said the policeman.

The crisis was on the land, banks failed, stocks fell, money disappeared

Chapter IX.

The Turning.

All down the long Atlantic, ~~time~~ Want rose gaunt and hungry and shook its awful arms. Children shivered at their mothers' hearts, thin dark eyed men haunted the edge of the white waters, strange crives split the night and crime lurked on the nasty streets of New York. At such a time it was that John Reynolds staggered up to his door with empty arms.

"I am ruined " he cried wildly. "Thank God" cried Martha "O thank God;" She ~~Martha~~ had been waiting for this, two awful weeks; watching his face, hearkening to his midnight breathing, listening to the noises of the night. And now it had come at last an awful load lifted itself from her heart.

~~"Thank God - O thank God"~~ she sobbed softly as she bent on her knees and took the soaked shoes from his feet and confessed all she had known.

He stared at her blankly. Then bending toward her - "do you hear that wind - do you hear it yell? it's crying for victuals, I tell you, for coal, for clothes - yes by God for this roof - for the whole damned thing - won't pay us out of this mess". Then he choked with rising tears.

~~"O God"~~ I tried, Martha - I tried - I've worked like a slave for fifteen long years, worked and delved and struggled, pushed and slaved,

one more night and I would have been worth a million

gone hungry and threadbare just to save you and me from this - and now and now - " and he ~~burst~~ bent over on her shoulders and shuddered and wept as a man weeps but once in this world.

She did not say much but ~~just~~ put her cheek against his and smoothed his hair and when at last, the paroxism past, he sat silent with his head between his hands, she bade the wondering little boy to run to bed and on the warm glowing fire cooked a fragrant simple little supper. Then they ate together half silently yet with here and there quick sympathy in word and glance. And then they went to bed. All night long John Reynolds dreamed that he still held his railway stocks, that his ships still sailed the seas and that in his coffers lay heaps of beautiful red gold.

"John" said Martha early next morning, "we still have your father's place do we not?"

"Yes."

"Who lives there."

"No one. Old Nelson gave it up last September."

"Let's go there."

"Go there? - we can't make a living in Canaan."

"I've got a little of the money you gave me for dressing. You gave me $500 ~~$25.00~~ you know and I couldn't spend but $150. The rest will keep us till spring and then we'll start again John."

He looked gloomily at the floor.

"Never midn John," she said quickly "what they'll say, we'll just keep our mouths shut and pay our bills - it will be all right - besides all men cannot succeed and no man can be successful always. Come John lets go home and breathe the good old air, and get young again for a new start in life."

The scent of dear old hills rose suddenly in his nostrils and in his soul a great longing to flee forever from the narrow, cold and grimy city.

"We'll go today" he said as he dressed rapidly.

Mr. Jacob Grimes in his Wall Street banking house heard with regret but scarcely with surprise of the arrest of John Reynolds. He had expected it but he was genuinely sorry and he imparted that smuch of his feelings to his visitor, Mr. Fernando Wood.

"Capital business man - indefatigable worker and fertile in resouoce, but lakks poise, that delicate intuition that tells a man when to go slow."

"Do you think he'll recover his nerve sufficiently to be of use to us?"

"That is the question - at any rate we must try him and see - it's barely possible that this has happend at the psychological moment. He'll have to go to Washington anyway to straighten this slave trading business out with the federal authorities. He has a wide circle of southern friends and he'll probably succeed. In that case he'll be just the man to further this business.

"Do you think he could do the work?"

"There isn't a man in the United States that knows shipping better and the ins and outs of the TransAtlantic trade. He knew the Green Star line to a tee and often wanted me to go into it. If now we can put him in Washington in the hands of a good politician we ought to stand a splendid chance of getting the mail subsidy renewed. It would be a mint for us."

"!The thing that bothers me is the squally political outlook."

"Well then too, Reynolds may be of use - he has, as I 've said a wide aqqsaintance in the south.

"That's so - well, well, send for him and fix him."

And the ex-mayor went down to Five Points to organize a new campaign.

When John Reynolds hurriedly returned to Martha that aftertoon he was reticent.

"When shall we start, John," she finally asked timidly.

"I think you and the boy had beter go this week, I can't go with you on account of the court case which will take me to Washington but I'll join you - after a while."

Her face fell.

"Is there any danger to you John - I mean personal danger."

"Oh no, it's a matter of money - don't worry."

And in a few days Martha returned to Canaan.

Back again on the bosom of mother earth she sucked new life from the soil. It seemed like a holiday. All the memories of her narrow ~~unhappy~~ childhood came back and she often half listened for the shrill ~~quavering~~ voice of her old father. The valley changed and glowed and shivered as she worked. In the late spring it smiled and flowered. She hired a man and replanted the fields with corn and potatoes and vegetable and tended the meadows. Then the vale glowed and warmed, the grass waved in the field

and the gardens and fields were full and radiant. She and Roland Henry helped work in the field and the boy grew strong and healthy. Her kin remained blank but she saw no trace of darker blood in his ruddy chesnut color, he was quick tempered and headstrong but had a certain innate dignity of bearing and temperament that Martha liked. When the valley softened into autumn and the fields were yellow and red and white, Martha foresaw at least a fair living for the winter and the blood danced in her veins as it had not for many a year. She was almost happy. She wanted nothing further in the world but this quiet honest hard working life. But she watched for news of John anxiously and with a sleepless sense of fear. And then one day as she sat in the twilight, a dark travellor came to the door.

"I just dropped by" he said "I was afeared you might need me."

"O Tom, Tom, how good of you " she said seizing both his great hands. "~~DF~~I do need you - you will stay and help us won't you?"

"But will Master John like it?"

She hesitated - "Well you can stay until he comes" she plead. And he saw her need and stayed.

Before Martha was well out of town, John Reynolds was closeted with his old partner Mr. Grimes.

"Of course after this" said Grimes "Your name had better not appear in the firm."

John reddened.

"How are your finances?" continued Grimes.

"This has brought down upon me all the creditors I ever had, I've lost the two ships, forfeited my contract with the Glennsworth-Mackay Company and am liable to ~~damages, besides~~ fines and lawyers' fees - two hours more and I'd have been a rich man.""

There too Glennsworth my chief friend in that business did last year and I can't count on Mackay. There may be damage suits & all that

Mr. Grimes coughed and leaned back.

"Reynolds" he said "I like you and always have. You've got good stuff in you, but, to be real frank, you lack ballast, you need metes and bounds to yourself. It isn't so much importance of where a man draws the line in his doings as that he draws it somewhere and sticks to his limits. No one expects everybody to tell the truth always but we must come to learn in individual cases how much margin to allow for lying and feel safe in banking on that margin and no more. Men will steal but to steal everything you get

your hands on is criminal - to steal within recognized ~~limits~~ limits is business"

"I don't see the application of all this" said Reynolds, nettled.

"Well - it's this. When you came to us a raw country lad you were honest, most inconveniently and foolishly honest. When there came a chance for shady transactions you took the bait, traps and all. Now it's ~~xxxx~~ time you learned some rational middle course; and I believe you will - now as to this business: the best thing you can do to save money is to go ~~into~~ into bankruptcy. Your railway stock you can quietly turn over to me and I'll hold - it's madness to try and realize on it now in this falling market.

The next thing for you to do is to go to Washington and work on the federal authorities to get this indictment quashed. Fernando Wood is willing to help you and he can. In return for this we have a scheme in which we want your help."

"What is it?" asked Reynolds ~~eagerly.~~

"I and Wood have bought a controlling interest in the Great Star Line."

"Splendid" cried Reynolds in excitement.

"Not so fast - it's only splendid in case we get a renewal of the government mail subsidy. We want you to help lobby it thru - if it succeeds your fortune is made - when can you start?"

Reynolds looked at his watch - "Tonight."

"Good - here's the first installment of your salary ."

"Good day." One thing more: Mrs Glennworth, widow of your man is in Washington, & is already a power in the social world. I want you to be introduced to her in the lobby.

Chapter X.

The Gathering of the Storm.

John Reynolds hurried to Washington. He looked well-dressed and prosperous, and when he registered at the ----- Hotel the clerk was sure that he was at least a member of the Lower House. It was the afternoon of the fourth of February 1858. Reynolds looked at his watch and pondered - he wanted to see a certain New York congressman, and he also ~~had a letter of introduction from Henry Jones of West Point, to~~ Congressman Harrison Coles ~~of that district~~ whom he had remembered in the South. This gentleman he learned was a particular friend of the Cabinet officer whom he wished to influence Then too there was ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Mrs. Glennworth whom he knew to whom Grimes had particularly commended him. He decided first to go to the capitol and button-hole Coles if possible. The day was brilliant and Pennsylvania Avenue was gay with carriages

which set off in contrast the low straggling buildings on either side. It was late afternoon when Reynolds ascended the marble stair and sought the gallery of the new hall of the Representatives. The rays of the sun were dying in the checkered ceiling. The gallery bowed low over the speaker's chair, the doors beneath swung incessantly with passing men. The men below longing, sitting, standing were bearded and long-haired, the black frock coats, and drooping collars held by many folds of silken cravat. There was a confused murmur when John Reynolds ~~said~~ entered:

"Will they adjourn soon?" he asked of a stranger.

"Hardly" returned the other with a smile "The Kansas matter is up."

Reynolds sat down. The sun died completely away and a wierd gloomy radiance streamed from the ceiling and illumined the shining semi-circles of desks. As the yellow light waxed, the unrest, excitement and half veiled exasperation below increased on every hand. A young black haired man was hurrying from dest to desk on the right and on the left the crowds were knotted, gesticulating, arguing.

Reynolds glanced at his watch impatiently and half rose to go - but something held him perhaps the shaven face of the young republican leader who was crying repeatedly "Mr. Speaker". The black haired young southerner, with has domineering face, his rumpled mane of hair and his velvet collared coat flung carelessly back from his white vest, smiled sneeringly at the Quaker and drawled another motion to adjourn.

"Why don't they adjourn" asked Reynolds.

"Want to vote" returned his neighbor.

"Well why don't they vote then?"

"Southerners are filisbustering."

Reynolds rose again but the hubbub increased below, angry epithets were hurled and the speaker pounded the desk. John Reynolds leaned over the balcony and found a fascination in watching the faces beneath. The hours flew before he realized it - it was ten, it was eleven. In a little breath of silence the clerks voice rose clear and incisive and there came a jeer and a snarl. The mysterious yellow radiance flickered and flared, the house whirled in two great eddies around the slim young Quaker, around the tall black haired southerner. The southerner tossed his hair, and slipped swiftly across the room, and before Reynolds could realize it, he had his open palm slapped the Quaker's face.

"You black Republican pup" he cried, and in a moment the floor of the

house was a mass of seething fighting oursing men. John Reynolds was petrified with amazement and the gallery about him shook with cries and hsses. He saw the waving of arms and swaying of men, he heard the rattle of the gavel and the faint cries of the speaker, the sergeant at arms came stumbling along with the maze and then murmur by murmur, a great quiet sank over the hot misty chamber - a silence and a shame. John Reynolds, looked for his strange neighbor, but he had gone, so he followed walked down the stairs in disgust. What on earth was there in the Kansas muddle to make all this row about he argued as he searched his mind to remember the details of the thing and then gave up in despair.

Two men passed him.

"Mr.Coles, Mr.Coles - your vote will be needed."

"Very well - I'll return in a few moments - I must have some air."

"~~Is this~~ Mr.Harrison Coles." interrupted Reynolds eagerly.

"yes?" "~~It is~~" returned the fleshed bald headed man. — ah? " "Mr. John Reynolds" I must see you about something — Oh yes, yes, all the former. yes — "If you do no mind I will walk with you" said Reynolds " I came in this afternoon particularly to see you."

"I must apologize for your reception then" said Coles.

"It was - surprising" said Reynolds. "It is perhaps too bad to trouble you now ~~with these letters of introduction~~ but I very much want to meet Senator — ~~"Not at all - not at all "~~ no trouble — he is a friend of mine

~~"O yes"~~ I am glad to smake your acquaintance again, Mr Reynolds and I shall be glad to introduce you to the Secretary tomorrow afternoon - shall we say at two?"

They parted and Harrison Coles went wearily back to his desk back to the circle of white drawn faces glaring into w faces, red, swollen and Histortед. All night they sat there in tense silence that pulsed now into snarling angry bursts of speech and now died again quickly nervously. All night they sat and when the morning sun glinted furtively thru the roof it lighted a scene of wreck and havoc, and a straggling crowd of one hundred and fifty holloweyed and bedraggled men passed down the great white steps of the capitol.

With aching head Harrison Coles passed out into the morning sunshine and the fresh sweet air. Was ever a man so miserable placed he asked hi mself again. He felt himself gripped and pushed on by a mighty fate which he despisd though he bowed to its power. What was there in slavery to worship, fight for, uproot a civilization for? Why were his fellows mad, wild over ~~xx~~ this false faith. Or if he turned from them what could he find on the north but

sordid shop keepers, blatant demagogues, wild reasonless fanatics. O the foolishness of all this, he fumed as he wandered far into the morning. Even the social life in this sporadic city was a thing that nauseated him. He knew what to expect when he crossed the threshold of the hotel:

"Why Mr.Coles -

"Dear Mr.Coles -

"O Mr.Coles do tell us all about it - we have been perfectly wild with excitement - I declare I haven't slept a single wink not a wink mind you thinking of those horrid Yankees. What did you do?- why I hear they actually attacked you with blows."

This last speaker was a florid expansive woman befrilled and powdered, and Coles answered her courteously, mechanically and looked at her with thoughtful eyes.

"My dear", he said at last turning toward his wife "I think I will ask the ladies to excuse me now - if a Mr. Reynolds calls for me let me know.".

"Very well, my dear," said the faded little woman, girlishly clothed and old faced and then turning away she continued "O how lovely of you, Col.Breckinridge -how perfectly lovely."

The following day Mr.John Reynolds arose at 9 and dressed carefully and calling a carriage was whirled rapidly up town to a certain elaborate private residence on ----- St. The livered footman ushered him into a parlor luxuriously furnished and had scarcely gone to announce him than the hostess appeared. She was a tall willowy woman, whose gown seemed part of her own magnificence and the very marks of time in whose countenance but emphasized its grace and comeliness.

"Mr.Reynolds" was all she said - and it was quite enough for in its cadence was surprise, pleasure, the end of waiting, the welcome of the stranger and the camaraderie of old acquaintanceship. The welcome was so cordial that Reynolds was slightly incoherent in reply, but he quickly plunged for a packet of papers and stuck them toward her. She took them, glancing a mute apology and putting him among the deep cushions of a divan. Then nestling in another carelessly and yet quite as her dress maker would approve, she fingered the documents keenly, rapidly, saying "h'm - ah - humph!" and breathing softly. Then she sprung up lightly and looked at her watch. "Gracious - gracious?" she mused

"Very good" she said "Now Mr.Reynolds you've been in Washington something over 48 hours and have just presented your credentials -pray what have you been doing?" and she smiled at him.

Never ask and admit a stranger while he explains matters at least

"I went down to the session day before yesterday afternoon to find a gentleman to whom I have a letter of indrodu[illegible]tion"

"And saw the brawl - how delightful - who's the man?"

"Mr.Harrison Coles of South Carolina."

"Good - I've been wanting to know him - you'll bring him here -and then?

"He introduned me to Secretary ------ and -".

"And the secretary told you that -er - he would give your case consideration - erz careful attention - the press of business,Sir - is - er - great now but I assure you - ha - ha - ha - " and she laughed so heartily that John Reynolds reddened.

"Evidently Mr.Reynolds" she added soberly "you are new,very new in Washington. Mind you! Congressmen are amenable to reason only when they eat and when they gamble. I will attend to their appetites in this matter and Bates will take you to Pendleton's. Let's see, where is my dinner list — James,the carriage."

It was a furious campaign that Reynolds guided by this fascinating,astute woman and the calculating Bates,led in Washington in the winter of 1858. Bates as Reynolds even remembered, he had met on the Ohio river boat in 1852. The capital was riotous with costly entertainment and expectation, apprehension stalked about on tiptoe, listening,gossiping,wondering. Now the men were loitering in the ante rooms of the "Hall of the Bleeding Heart." where amid carven oak,gilded art and solid silver plate,senators and congressmen and ambassadors gambled and drank rich wines. Here Bates lost carefully moderated sums to plunging westerners and hilarous southerners,and here Reynolds sat in serious conversation with legal papers,facts and figures , and the rattle of ivory chips and gold made music late into the night.

Or perhaps they were in Mrs.Glennworth's parlors,a chosen few,rolling in cosy luxury,and each revelling in the soft side glances of the hostess; tasting the broiled oysters and venison pie and playing a careless game of euchre ~~in~~ for careless ~~states~~ stakes -hearts and votes and gold.

It was at one of the earliest of the suppers that Reynolds met the Secretary he was seeking,after vainly calling at his office.

"Why Secretary ----- " Mrs.Glennworth said "what a veritable recluse you are."

"Madame - madame!" protested the secretary vaguely.

"Have you met Congressman Coles of Carolina - the most elusive of men, I have sought to know him for years and only tonight has he honored me."

"Ah,Mr.Coles this is a pleasure - I know your family well - your honored father was often at our Savannh house."

"I have heard him say so " returned Mr.Coles,yet his smile was but a weary one.

"These are strenuous days in Congress."

Coles threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"I thought I had seen the worst when Keitt slapped Grow but today we had another brawl."

"So I heard,so I heard " sad the secretary " but just what are the details?"

"I'm afraid I hardly know - I was day-dreaming in my seat when I became conscious of a sort of ~~rousing~~ roaring and Lo! Lovejoy was bellowing."

"Isn't it a shame "said Mrs.Glennworth "to let loose such a fellow among gentlemen - I remember him well :his coat off,his collar unbuttoned,his big bushy head rising like a bull's between his brandished arms."

"Ay but the uncurbed strength of the fellow - the brute earnestness.

He is the Embodied West rampant."said Bates.

"I never heard such an indictment of slavery in my life" said Coles -"it it froze my blood."

"The impudent rascal "growled the Secretary over his napkin "we've got to take measures against these abolitionists."

"On the contrary they're taking measures against us " said Mrs.Glenn-worth.

"With their dirty tongues."

"Not only that, but by the law and federal aggression -by the by, in your very department, is it not, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Why - I didn't know - "

"~~Why~~ It's one of those periodically trumped up slave trading charges in New York, by which the abolitirnists hope to kill southern commerce."

"O those charges always fall flat."

"But they have actually had the impudence to indict our friend Mr. ~~Reynd~~ Reynolds - have they not?"

The Secretary waved his hand -

"Yes, yes but the whole proceeding will be quashed and by the way, Mr. Reynolds will you come over to the department tomorrow? "

Mr. Reynolds said he would and they all listened to Mr. Coles who was detailing bits of Lovejay's speech ~~on Mr. Coles~~

"The thing that maddend Pryor was his assertion that 'Slave holding has been justly designited as the sum of all villainy. Put every crime, he said perpetrated among men into a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all and the resultant amalgam is slave holding. It has the violence of robbery, the blood and cruelty of piracy! it has the offensive and brutal

lusts of polygamy,all combined and concentrated in itself,with aggravations that neither one of these crimes ever knew or dreamed of."

"All the time he was advancing toward the Democrats and waving his great fists. The sweat poured from his face as he yelled in the very faces of the Democrats ' The principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is this:If a man is a cripple,trip him up;if he is old and weak,and bowed with the weight of years,strike him,for he cannot strike back;if idiotic,take advantage of him and if a child,deceive him. This,sir,this is the doctrine of Democrats,and the doctrine of devils as well,and there is no place in the universe outside the five points of hell and the Democratic party where the practice and prevalence of such doctrines would not be a disgrace.'"

This was too much for Pryor - he leaped to his feet -with his clear carven face aflame and his long sleek hair flyink and rushed forward. Then bedlom broke loose. Bark dale of Mississippi stood on his desk and cursed Lovejsy with every epithet he could find."

"Yes," I read them" said Bates. " A Black hearted scoundrel, a nigger stealing thief," a perjured liar,and infamous villain and a few other gems."

(over)

"I tell you this ~~thing looks~~ situation is altogethem too serious to be comfortable."

"It means secession" said the secretary " if not war" and they rose and sought the parlors.

The first part of Mr.John Reynolds' mission to Washington was easily accomplished next morning when he called on the secretary at the department. An hour later a message went to New York quashing all further proceedings in the case of the United States vs.John Reynolds et.al.

"Did you happen to notice the old man standing beside him" asked Coles

"No"

"There was a curious old man beside Barkedale – a small dark old fellow, with a fringe of curly grey hair & forked white beard – looked like a Jew or some Eastern nationality. He stood tapping and rubbing his hands. at first I thought he was remonstrating Barkedale – then he seemed more as though he was shrieking them forward dancing in some weird incantation – the aspect of him seemed weird unearthly and the gleam of his eyes more hideous, awful. I can find no one who knows him or apparently noticed him"

"Some wandering wizard" laughed Mrs Glenmuth.

"The fracas needed no witchery to make it any worse than it was" said Bates

lusts of polygamy,all combined and concentrated in itself,with aggravations that neither one of these crimes ever knew or dreamed of."

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After paying costs and damages clearing up bankruptcy proceedings, Mr. Reynolds found himself with some cash on hand not counting the railway bonds in Mr. Grimes hands.

The other matter of the mail subsidy for Mr. Grimes steamboats did not progress so favorably. So turbulent was the session that it seemed best to let the present subsidy lapse and wait until the new congress. Meantime there was plenty to do in making friends with the various congressmen and heads of departments and preparing for the opening of Congress the following winter.

And the summer? Mrs. Glennworth said "Saratoga by all means. The Southerners are in force there and the Southern influence is the ruling one in Congress."

"The west is coming" suggested Reynolds.

"But not yet arrived" said Mrs. Glennworth.

A little silence intervened.

"I am greatly - very greatly obliged to you" said Reynolds "for helping me here - without yyour marvellous guidance I should have floundered in this morass."

Mrs. Glennworth came and sat on the divan near Reynolds. She was gowned in something pink and rustling and the folds of her voluminous skirt billowed to his very knnes. Her shoulders were white and bare and soft brown hair coiled over her ears and shadowed the faint rouge on the lines of her cheeks.

"Mr. Reynolds" she said, then hesitated.

He mumbled something. He was never able to talk when this woman grew confidential.

"Mr.Grimes is - rich isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And we are poor - "

"Well I've just escaped utter ruin."

"And yet with Grimes' help and influence you can rise again."

"Yes."

"Are you sure of his influence."

"No - I'm afraid that he has but partial faith in me."

"You have one sure way of gaining his full confidence."

"What's that?"

"I propose to marry Mr.Grimes."

He stared at her. "And if I do" she continued reflectively -"I shall not forget - my friends; will you help me?"

Chapter XI.

The Conference.

Mr.Grimes promised to join Mrs.Glennworth in Saratoga early in August but also proposed, with her approval, a quiet conference of certain forces in some out of the way place far from the newspapers. He wanted Harrison Coles on account of his standing, Colonel Higby of the same state, member of the Postal Committee, Bates of Illinois, and a Virginian, member of the committee of ways and means.

"Why couldn't we go to your farm in Canaan" asked Grimes as they were casting about.

"Just the thing", said Reynolds and he wrote to Martha hurriedly, and to the village hotel.

Martha bustled about arranging things.-

"Tom, John is coming and Mr. Grimes and three or four congressmen, we must - " then she saw his look and she stopped. "Never mind, Tom, we won't say anything we'll just act as tho it was perfectly natural and if he objects to your staying - why then I suppose you'll have to go. But he won't Tom, I know he won't - he's a good man at heart and he surely cannot blame you."

Yet three men started in surprise when Tom met the party at the little depot. Reynolds grew red with anger but said nothing merely tossing his valise t o the black man. Harrison Coles looked at him long and carefully and Tom started back in bewilderment. Then Coles extended his hand and said frankly "I'm glad to see you Tom."

But Colonel Higby said in a low voice to the Virginian: " Do you see that buck? Haynes, I'll bet a thousand dollars he's a runaway; I thought first he was a nigger I lost two years ago, but he's not. Yet he's a valuable darky and ought to be sent back south, and by God I half believe I'll send him." Then as he found himself beside Reynolds and noted Reynolds' anxiety to please and influence him, he said suddenly.

"Do you have many runaway niggers like that up here.?

Reynolds flushed. "No - and we could spare him."

Higby pricked his ears. "He is a runaway then, is he?"

" Yes - that is I'm pretty sure he is."

"I lost one like him two years ago," he said.

Reynolds turned quickly "Won't this one do" he said. Higby glanced at him , "Where's is there a United States marshall? " he asked. Then they lowered their voices and whispered.

As the party came up to the house several children were playing "I spy"

a boy came running round the house and colliding with a little girl, both tumbled to the ground at the feet of Harrison Coles. He stopped with an exclamation and stared at the boy:

"Who is that" he asked almost harshly.

"That is my son ~~Henry~~ Roland "said Reynolds apologetically. "~~Henry~~ Roland have you nothing to say for your rudeness."but Coles had quickly recovered himself and and dismissed the incident with a laugh.

Martha was in the midst of serving a county dinner two days later when two strangers drove up to the door. She hurried out,hot and perspiring

"Is there a Negro here named Tom Calhoun."

"Yes he's out ~~—~~ she stopped and looked suspiciously at them and ~~then~~ said more slowly ~~said~~ he— "he's out in the wood shed I'll get him" The potatoes were scorching on the stove - the guests were waiting, but she sped recklessly out the back door around the barn and down into the fields. Yes - yes - she knew the face of the marshall if it had been five years since he seized the runaway slave in Canaan and took her south -

"Tom - Tom" she cried. He started up from digging potatoes and hurried to her.

"Come"she said breathlessly. She slipped around the barn and into the barn yard, and clambered up to the main floor, and he followed in confusion:

"The marshall's after you Tom - climb up there on the hay and press on the ceiling there - no, further - won't it open - God, God - father used to - there,thank heaven crawl in. I'll bring you supper". And she flew back to the kitchen,,rescued the rapidly spoiling potatoes, and then

called out the door:

"I can't find him"she said. "I think he probably down at the grocery" and hurrying back she began dishing up the rest of the dinner for her waiting guests,and directing Silena Smith who was helping her. The waiting guests had lapsed into anecdote and Coles was speaking. "I was curiously upset the first day I reached Canaan - first at the depot I thought I recognized an old - friend here, in this far away village. That gave me a reminissent turn but when I reached the house there came an incident that made me feel eerie. Let's see - fully 57 years ago, I was once playing hide and seek with a lot of children,when an interloper joined us,rushed carelessly around the corner and knocked my sweet heart down. This lead to my first bloody battle and ~~may~~ my first bitter defeat, for he was bigger & stronger. I shall never forget it. Well, day before yesterday as I stepped into the gate that same boy rushed around the corner."

The guests burst into laughter and Coles smiled. "The resemblance was marvellous" he said."and the situation so like that I think only one thing saved my sanity."

"And that was"?

"It was a different girl."

Reynolds had excused himself at the beginning of the narrative to seek the cause of Martha's delay.

"What's the matter,Martha?" he asked going to the kitchen.

"Someone looking for Tom." He went quickly ~~to~~ out the door. With the marshall he ~~scanned~~ searched the farm but could not find the Negro.

"He was digging potatoes here evidently"said Reynolds. "And here are his tools - ah - to the barn."

They ransacked the barn. There was no one to be found.

"Well,he may have gone down town - suppose you come back about husk"said Reynolds. And then he returned, sat among his guests and thought. As he sat there he glanced up and saw Martha looking at him from the kitchen door. An appeal lay on her face but he did not see it - he only saw a look that brought back through the mists of twenty years and more the memory of a round girlish face, with terror in her eyes who crouched on the lintels of that very door and told him a tale of runaway slaves, and then he and she had slipped out into the yard yonder - he started to his feet. Fool! how could he have forgotten that old trap door. a moment ~~Then~~ he hesitated but the memory of that dark night on the wharf arose and he went white with anger. Sauntering out on the porch he watched the road and met the marshall. He whispered to him and the marshall and his assistants hurried to the barn just as Martha appeared on the back porch with a plate of food. She threw her apron over it and stood petrified. The tardy minutes dragged away and then the barred door opened and Tom Calohun chained hand and foot came out slowly between two heavily arned men. The food crashed to the floor; she staggered back to the kitchen.

"Silena,Silena" she cried "they're taking our Tom back to slavery" and then she settled into the old chair and stretched her arms on the kitchen table and faitned away.

Silena lost not a minute of time She dashed a whole pail of water over

the prostrate woman and then picking up her s kirts, jumped through the window leapt the fence and flew up the dusty road. Far behind she heard the hoof beats of the marshall's horse, but she threw back her head and ran like a fawn, across the bridge, under the great elm, into the post office.

"Father - father" she screamed "They're kidnapping Tom Calhoun."

And ~~then~~ with a shiver and a roar the town of Canaan poured into the street.

Meantime the guests save Higby had no inkling of the incident.

Grimes was showing certain specification on a large blue print to Haynes and Coles and Bates. Higby had ridden down town, and John Reynolds was listening to Grimes.

"What's that" asked Grimes as a low rumble reached his ears.

John Reynolds stepped to the door. A distant roar of voices was wafted in.

"Excuse me - I'll step down town and see." he said seiz ng his hat and to Grimes' disgust Haynes followed. The wagon of the marshall was in the midst of the long street of Canaan surrounded by an angry crowed of men.

"Thief".

"Slave-catcher."

"Murderer", ~~The~~ the yelled, "Let him go - let him go."

John Reynolds pushed his way through the throng and clambered into the carriage. The marshall recognized him. "Gentlemen" said ~~he~~ Reynolds " we are all law abiding citizens. You know me - I promise you that this man shall not be taken from town without a

~~55.~~

fair trial. Let us see that he is safely put in the lock-up tonight and his case properly tried tomorrow." The crowd looked upon Reynolds as defending the Negro and quickly assented.

The next morning Harrison Coles sauntered down town. Something had been said casually at breakfast about the trial of a fugitive slave, but no particulars were given, and yet he was curious. The court room was crowded to the doors with men women and children. The women were in tears, the children wide eyed and the men stern and solemn. A gaunt minister opened the proceedings with a long earnest prayer and then Tom Calohun was arraigned and Colonel Higby offered documents to prove that he was his property.

Surprise, disgust and indignation swept over Coles' face.

"You acknowledge that you ran away from slavery.?" insisted the prosecuting attorney.

"Yes" said Tom.

"And that you came from South Carolina."

"Yes"

"And this description could not be more precise" he argued as he read from a newspaper.

"That description might fit a thousand Negroes" protesed the lawyer of the defense. "There a is absolutely no identifying mark outside the general description of height, weight, etc.

"I think I can identify the man" the voice came from the back of the room. Higby looked round in surprise and Reynolds in apprehension.

Harrison Coles came forward. "This Negro" he said "belongs to me. He was the property formerly of Senator John C. Calhoun and came to me through my aunt by inheritance. He was always well treated, was married in my house and had two children. Suddenly and to us, unaccountably, he beat his young wife terribly and ran away. We suspected that he escaped north on some of the sailing vessels out of Charlestrn, and altho I advertised locally, I made no great effort to trace him. His action was to me unaccountable. His treatment was the best I could give and if he wanted to leave I was willing he should go. I have here a decription of his with certain scars and marks, published in the South Carolina -------- on March --- 18 --" Moreover I think Tom will corroborate my words."

"They are true" said Tom Calohun. "I am Master Coles' slave."

A groan went through the strained audience.

John Reynolds arrived at Saratoga in chagrin and disappointment and was soon closeted with Grimes & Fernando Wood. They were perturbed but hopeful, and all three sought the parlors of Mrs Glenmorith at the Congress Hotel.

and Wood. we must

hold the fire-eaters by all odds; the democratic party must not split - I'm going to win in New York this fall and we've got Douglass beaten. If we can prevent a split we'll have New York, city and state and the Nation solidly democratic and tha means - that means - well it means a new start and wide open ~~on~~ commerce for Reynolds" and Reynolds winced.

"I can't understand" said Grimes this new aggressiveness on the part of the South - they can't be pacified; they've got all & want more.

Mrs Glenmorith coaxed and straightened her silken stockings toward the fire place.

"I understand it perfectly" she said.

"Who's back of it all" said Wood. Who's stirring the muddle and backing up the agitators

"The Inner Circle" said Mrs Glenmorith wisely and carefully closing the door.

O I've heard of that mummery — the Knights of the White Camelia, the Golden Circle & all that but —

"Yes its mummery" said Mrs Glenmorith "but its more than mummery — I know because I belonged"

you?

Well Glennmith died & that was the same thing — she here: there's a secret oathbound organization now more than a generation old that has a death grip on the whole south. It's leader is some mysterious personage whom none seem to know. They meet with him in grand conclave every decade on the 9th year ~~that is will be this winter 1859.~~ The meeting of this year 1959 will be the 4th or 5th meeting. After each meeting comes some sudden dashing stroke - Missouri & Mississippi in the earlier years, Texas after the meeting of 39, Kansas after '49 and after '59 - what? This much I know — and this much is enclosed & limited might lead to — heart-failure." and she laughed nervously.

The men were silent. Then Woods and ~~asked~~ slowly ~~what can be their~~ — "The explanation sounds plausible although it sounds a bit flighty, I must confess. Yet there's something in it."

"It's true" asserted the woman "I know what I say"

"But what can they want?"

"Want? they want the earth and as a first step to it war and secession, then a southern slave empire sweeping over Mexico and the West Indies and then - "

The men looked at each other doubtfully and the woman continued: "at any rate we must know their program if we expect to checkmate them. They meet within the next 3 months

— one of you must meet with them."
"Ward slapped his knee — "the very thing" he said & looked about. "Grimes you are too old and we want you & Jimmie this week — I must stay and guide the political ship — Reynolds you must go"
Reynolds hesitated & Mrs. Glenmouth said "you may never come back"
"I'll go" said Reynolds quickly.
It will cost us at least $25,000 "said Mrs Glenmouth.
"It will furnish that & more if necessary" said Grimes
Mrs. Glenmouth rose and went to the door and whispered a name. A black bearded man of medium size entered
"My brother, Gentlemen" said Mrs. Glenmouth.

Thus it was that John Reynolds went south hurriedly in the fall of 1859 to renew his southern acquaintances and keep his eyes open. He sailed ~~south to~~ in Charleston in a swift yacht and the face of the captain seemed in some way familiar - he was tall and and yellowish, with harshly drawn face and tobacco stained mouth, and he swore to a degree that shocked John Reynolds. Then he remembered

"You've given up river work" he said, thinking of that westward journey in 1852. The Captain smiled.

"Yes - but I'm still hatin" niggers" he said and they fell to talking ~~planning~~.

~~Reynolds first errand was to find Colonel Henry Jones but he had disappeared~~
~~For some days Reynolds could not find Colonel Jones~~. Then suddenly as he returned to Charleston from reconnoitering inland where he got wind of some secret gathering he bolted into Colonel Jonies hurriedly enterin a carriage with a trunk strapped behind.

"Colonel Jones".

"Mr. Reynolds."

"Well this is fortunate - I -

"I'm very sorry but I have scarcely a moment" said Jones

hastily and as Reynolds thought uneasily. He offered to ride along in the carriage to the depot ut Jones said he had a companion and added hastily

"Can't you run over to the Magnolias and await me or a letter to-morrow"and scarce awaiting an answer he was gone. And so was John Reynolds for he saw Jones' carriage haeding furiously for the wharf and he ~~rushed after it~~ hastened cautiously in the same direction hailing another cab as he ran and leaping into it. He saw Jones embark and but a half hour later he too was sailing southward in his swift yacht behind the dark vessel that bore Jones to the secret conclave.

The smaller swifter vessel passed t e larger one in the night and then hovered lazily about the bahamas until the larger ship caught up. Scanning its decks carefully with their glasses,they were able to discover nothing but freight and a few black saliors.

"Are you sure that's the vessel?" asked Reynolds.

"Dead sure" answered the captain grimly,and then for days came the game of hide and seek until one golden morning they lost the ship and twelve hours later spied her again alomst hidden in the harbor of a tiny for ested island in the Florida straights. Skirting on in the tract of the usual traffic,they made no attempt to approach until night fa l,and even then Reynolds hesitated. But the gruff captain would listen to no temporizing. Anchoring behind a neighboring island, they embarked in a small boat & crawled listen to no temporizing, ~~and gliding~~ silently and noiselessly under the black sky across to the little island. For many hours they slipped about and ~~they were soon riding at anchor on the opposite side of the tiny island.~~ watched but no sentinels appeared.

Reynolds was uncomfortable. For a respecta le business man to be

chasing strange ships in mid ocean savored too much of piracy and novels for his practical mind.

"What place is this?" he whispered finally ~~as the captain rowed them noiselessly to the land.~~

"One of the slave msmuggler's nests, I reckon" was the answer, as they crawled upon the rocky shore. It proved to be a larger island than it ~~seemed.~~ appeared at first sight Dense forest covered the southern part and it seemed quite deserted. The captain reconnoitered. "I'm going to send th ship away a d stay here a day or so" he said. Reynolds remonstrated.

"Well what do you suggest?"

What Reynolds wanted to suggest was that they go home but he did not dare. He squated in the darkness and listened to the sighing of the trees and said

"It'll be hard for us to get away, in case - in mcase-"

"It'll be a damned sight harder if they wake up and see a strange crafte swooping aroun."

This was very logical, but to hear that man calmly toying off on such an errand was most fearfully disconcerting and John Reynolds shivered in the hot night and swore softly. Sleeping in the dense dank forest beneath the great white ones, The next morning they climbed a reat tree and cautiously reconnoitered. There lay the glowing silver ocean, shading into sh mmery gold on the misty horizon. Around them rose dark half tropical forestry harboring great winged bbirds and strange scents. And to the northward at the edge of a vast natural amphitheatre gleamed a great white pillared temple with long low arm like wings.

"Marble"gasped Reynolds, hearing cautiously.

"Stucco"growled the captain, spitting copiously.

"What do you suppose it is?"

"Meeting house of some kind."

All day they watched it furtively, noting black clothed figuers here and there but not daring to approach.

At night they slipped neaer and caught a glimpse of three or four figures that looked familiar.

"What can they be doing here?"asked Reynolds.

"That's for us to find out if we can." said the Captain peering carefully through his bony glass. At length he seemed satisfied and they climbed down.

"Had not me better go?" suggested Reynold cautiously

Go? go where?"

Alone

Alone? Look here young man, I've been offered $10,000 if I'll get you into their secret conference and I'm going to earn that cash & don't you forget it

get-me-in? why they'd kill me.

Possibly, but I think not "said the Captain coolly while Reynolds flesh crept." at any rate we'll see before the night is gone — you stay right here keep this bay tree. I'm going calley."

Alone in the great forest, in the grand seas, in the great wood, John Reynolds lay staring at the silent sky. Strange sounds startled him as the

ghastly steps of unseen men seemed drawing near. Any hour death day and just as finally his terror had abated & he was drifting into dreamless dreamed, someone touched his shoulder and the captain stood beside him; he leaped to his feet and saw against the dark figure dark of the captain. Cautiously the captain flashed his dark lantern now on Reynolds, now on the strangers face & Reynolds noted that the man was, ~~black haired~~ & bearded & accompanied the glenmorris butler

"Come" said the captain, and they marched single file through the forest until after a long hard climb Reynolds caught the dim outlines of the grand white temple. The captain paused

"Good night" he said — "~~good night~~ good night I would say, here" and he was gone. The stranger lead Reynolds cautiously until slipping noiselessly through doors & passage ways they found themselves in a plain cell like room. The stranger lighted the lamp

"Mr. Reynolds," he said ~~you are safe & safe~~ I am a member of this secret enclave. You are safe & take my place in the deliberations tomorrow. Discovery means death. I am going but carefully & disguise you with my clothes & then give you minute directions."

It was broad day. A black bearded man splendidly uniformed in crimson and gold stood before a great carven oak door knocking and his hand trembled as he knocked. The door flew abruptly open and a blast of trumpets rolled in

vaulted corridors. The room into which ~~Colonel Jones~~ he stepped directly from his simple quarters was of stately magnificence. It was tinted in crimson and gold - two rows of massive pillars lined each side holding great rounded

~~Magnificence. It was tinted in crimson~~
~~& gold - two rows of massive~~
pillars lined each side holding
great rounded arches of gleaming
mosaic. The light streamed in
from ~~great~~ long transom windows above
the pillars and high over them hung the
carved & vaulted roof. Down
the length of the hall between the
massive ~~columns~~ pillars, stretched
a ~~great~~ broad table of rich dark
wood, polished & inlaid, resting
into carved claw feet on ~~a~~ red velvet
carpets which guarded the white
marble floor. Twenty one ~~chairs~~
~~carved~~ golden chairs, with crimson

~~stones~~ of gleaming mosaic. The light streamed in from ~~great~~ painted windows above the pillars and high over them hung the carved and vaulted roof. Down the length of the hall between the inmost pillars, stretched a ~~great~~ wood table of rich dark wood, polished and inlaid, resting its curved claw feet on red velvet carpets which guarded the ~~white~~ marble floor. Twenty one golden chairs, with crimson trappings surrounded the table. The chair at the foot was empty. From the others rose twenty men ~~and Henry Jones~~ as the black bearded man entered. He stepped forward quickly with eager face - he knew that one, this one, all? yes, all of them, as he glanced rapidly and the great names of the South crowded to his lips but froze there for he remembered ~~that here all men were Nameless.~~ what must happen if they knew - if they ended! They were clad in the same gorgeous military t uniforms as he but each different, cream and grey and blue, and they bowed gravely and courteously as he seated himself in the empty chair.

Directly opposite to him and close to the unoccupied end of the table, ~~rose~~ was slightly raised above the level of the floor, canopied and the throne. It was of pure white marble, carven magnificently and garlanded with cloth of gold. Upon it rose a great black chair, strait and ancient and on the great sparkling arch that folded itself above the chair ~~rested a triple crown of crusted jewels and gold~~ hung a circle of jewels and gold.

Two giant black heralds — men mighty in limb & stature stood by the arm posts and as the last great crash of trumpets stirred & mailed throngs the hall — as the richly garbed company rose and faced the chair, the black bearded man bent forward in arrangement.

A singular figure was already seated in the ~~great dark chair~~.

The slight body was draped in a flowing silken robe that almost the soft black carpet. Above rose a ~~white~~ face transparently white pinched and shrunken; the top was bald so that the forehead rose like a pale dome; the upper lip was shaven but from the chin flowed a long white forked beard and the fringe of ~~silken~~ silvery hair from head clipped down and mingled with it. The eyes were dim & shadowy

He seemed unearthly, a thing shaped in
mystery, unsubstantial, yet real

~~and yet real~~ with a stinging forceful
reality that gripped the heart of every man then
And next a mysterious power that
lay in these men's hands, that ~~power~~
before which a ~~Continent~~ continent was humbled,
and the Five Seas recently, seemed
here suddenly incarnate flesh & blood
& yet that flesh spiritualized and the
blood, bloodless and then ~~Who was he? What~~
~~was he? Whence had he come? and Account to~~
~~Does these counter-~~ ~~Reproved~~
~~Arrested there in Charleston~~ ~~it echoed~~
~~and smelled~~ Over his face & form hovered all, seemed ~~made~~
~~grass be that will wither before~~, an appearance
of extreme age, endless years, ~~impenetrable~~ Army
Army acquaintances with the unfurled past and the man
unfathomable thought, shrouded with — the Impenetrable Future. ~~He~~
~~The man~~ ~~face~~ seemed himself nervously looked
about him and over the unasked question

clutched to his lips — Who is he?

As you answer the old man spoke and his voice sounded full and musical as it rang in the great hall: "My Lords, it is now full forty years since I placed myself on this throne. Whence I came & why matters little to you. I have seen the crashing of empires and the staggering of nations until weary with the old world's bitterness I conjured in the new world the true divinity of Right, the true doctrine of human inequality & human subordination. That I set myself to establish the supremacy of the central all-dominating Will-the formidable of monarchy to which the South was ever true. Wrongs that will me shame to establish a great slave empire stretching from Hudson bay & the south Pacific & from Sea to Sea."

We paused & scanned these strained faces

"The record of our empire has been unexampled, magnificent. The day of the crisis & its fortunes is at hand The traitor that triumphs the decker the dangers. Our foes are militant and faintly suspect our power and designs

Book 3 pp. 1-147

41-121

Book III.

The Seat of the Scornful.

The Seat of the Scornful.

Chapter I.

Mom Bett. (?) The Wild Woman and the Shadow Ship.

All the dark lowlands were sleeping. The solemn oaks dipped to the gloomy waters and a wild bird frightened from her nest rose and shrieked in the darkness, circled in the air, then settled to her sleep again. But the little boy whom her shrill cry wakened, started from his dreams, sat upright in his bed and turned fear-struck eyes toward the sea. Within the cabin all was dark and still save a dying gleam in the fire place and a sound of breathing. The little boy hearkened -how the sea roared like a great Voice! what was it saying? What were those little answering whispers, and whence that glowing in the outer blackness? A slow dim terror crept and trembled in his ~~limbs~~ limbs; his dry lips would not speak, but he strained ~~with~~ his eyes out through the great dark door. See! a flaming sat upon the midnight waters, and round it - yes, round it- rode the dark shadow of a shadowy ship, sailing swinging hurrying; and above it swirled a face, a great dark awful - "Mammy", wailed the child "Mammy - mammy - mammy" he shrieked in an ecstacy of terror till two great soft arms came out of the night and held him, and a voice crooned:

"There, honey, there; it's all a dream, nothing shall hurt mammy's child."

When the child awoke again, the sun was streaming across the waters. He wakened his sister and whispered to her and together in their scanty night gowns which scarce covered their smooth dark flesh, they stepped to the kitchen where the mother was hurrying to and fro and singing softly.

"Mammy, please tell us another story about Momm Bett" they asked in unison.

41-1-2

"No,no" said the mother"you've done heard too many tales already and it makes you sleep bad nights,and scream and wake us. Run along and dress and get ready to take this bundle to Unce Caesar".

41-1-3

After breakfast the children started for Uncle Caesar's hand in hand, going under the great oaks and skirting the lagoons,around the green rice fields and through the rows of blossoming cotton,treading carefully so as not to harm the plants. At last they came to an old tumble down cabin and knocked at the open door. No one answered. They knocked again & again until ~~Then~~, they heard a queer cracked voice:"What you want over there?" "Mammy's sent us with your mending." Out of the far field came a curious old bent black man. His hair white as snow and bushy,his beard scanty and scraggly. Sharp snappy black eyes twinkled in his head and his face was folded and seamed,wrinkled and forbidding. He glided along slowly bent half double and mumbling always some unintelligible jargon. The children always half-feared him and shrunk from him,~~yet~~ and yet he had a fascination and could hold them spell bound with his black eyes when he would. Today he seemed so minded. ~~He~~ He looked at them sharply till they began to slide off. Then he chuckled and searched in his great pockets until he brought out a grimy paper and in it a great piece of striped candy. The chlidrens' eyes grew big but they hesitated.

"Is you good children"?he asked.

"Yes,sir."

"Does you want some candy?"

"Yes,sir."

"Wall sit down" -they sat under a great tree and the old man squatted in front.

"This is powerful fine candy" he said "powerful fine - it'll make you grow."

They eyed it wistfully until finally he broke off two pieces and gave it to them. Under the spell of its wondroun goodnes ,the boy ventured to speak.

"Tell us about Mom Bett,Uncle Caesar."

41-1-4

The old man eyed them.

"What do you know about Mom Bett"he asked.

"Mammy tells us things sometimes."

"Go way - your mammy don't know nothing about Mom Bett - I knows - I knows all about her,but I won't tell all,nobody could tell all. She was a Wonder Woman."

The children crept nearer. "Tell us something",they plead.

So he told them and this was the tale he told,only he used curious language which the writer has straightened:

"Mom Bett,Greatest of Wonder Women,The woman!came in the year of the great Coming,when the doors were opened and Africa poured in suddenly upon the land,and Charleston harbor was black with slaves. This was the way of her coming. It was a red night, a hot red night when lights were flashing in the north. Just after the crimson sun set there came a great hailing at sea -a sudden angry wind swept by,with black clouds,and signal lights flew furiously up and down in the east. Then at last the gathering crowds on the wharves heard a whistling shriek and a great dark ship of ancient build staggered around the bar from the south under torn and flapping canvass,rushing like a fiend,and grating and tearing as she hove to. There was a strange creeking and tearing of cordage;black clothed and uncanny men moved about

silently and their master hailed the crowd in some strange tongue that none understood. At last an old hermit from the mountain, he that was half daft and wandered about silently, heard and answered the jargon. It seems the strang folk had been making for Holland around the Cape called Good Hope. There long beat back by eastward storms they had struck a sudden east wind which threw them violently westward till starving and thirsty they had made with difficulty this harbor. All this we doubted for we had seen no storms; still when they offered a slave cheap for food and water, men hurried forward to bargain. An old white bearded man with cavernous eyes brought her ashore. No sooner did I see her than I knew her. She was a queen and one of the Wonder Women. I crept upon my face. But they, the white folks, they only saw a black woman, six feet in height, lithe and straight as a pine with a mass of curiously puffed and bushed hair. A white man started toward her but she looked at him and he slunk away. Another clutched her arm but she siezed him suddenly and threw him ten feet along the docks and the crowd roared. Then her eyes fell on DeCoursey Lloyd - a perfumed darling of the day and she beckoned him. He came over laughing and offered the old man a thousand dollars for the Amazon. The grey-head looked strangely at Lloyd and took the money. The black woman smiling looked into his great dark eyes, waved her hand at the shadow of the ship and followed her new master into the darkness

"Ha ha" (the old man chuckled) she was a wise woman very wise." But there were some things I knew and everybody knew that she didn't. She was so wise about big things, she knew little of many little things. She thought she was to be De Coursey Lloyd's chief wife and queen - slave, of course, as all

41-1-5

wives are slaves, but chief slave and ruler by her cunning and her guile. And for a time -will you belive it - she was. Far off beyond the rice fields in ~~yonder~~ this old hald dead cabin, she sat and queened over the young exquisite; he seemed. fascinated, love-mad with his new mistress. A beautiful brown child - your mother- was born to them and they sat together and sang to it beside the mighty sea. Then men began to talk -or rather women.

41-1-6

"Is it not shameful"

"A Lloyd of Carolina."

"The libertine - "

"He must save him."

"He must be married to a white woman of standing."

So they gossipped and whispered until at last weary of this toy and fearful of his set and shameful of his life he took a pale doll of the country side and made a proud wedding.

"And then ah, then, rose the real Wonder Woman. She turned on him sudden-like as a tigerwrithes to its prey. They say the seat that night was red, and the whistling wind echoed on its bosom. She struck him across his face - do you mind the scar of his right foreHead - no, no you're too young - well- only his dodging saved him that hot night. And then she sent for me. I was his body servant then, and had dared raise eyes to her, the Queen, thinking to come by her as I came by his cast of clothes. Bah! she slapped me to the earth and spurned me, and thereafter I was Her dog and she the Queen. It was midnight--black moonless, starless midnight when we two went out together on the shore. One of the mad southern storms was muttering in the southeast and

the wind was chill. We lighted a circle of fire on the black beach, till it enveloped her tall form and waved and fanned about her. Then she led the mystic rites and at her feet I then began to learn the secret wisdom of the earth - the voice of spirits, the charm of snakes, the conjure of herbs- th not all then, O no, but begining then and after bit by bit in years and years. Then I learned but a forestaste and lay prone on the earth in terrified silence while in the circling flame she cursed DeCoursey Lloyd and his doll = wife and their issue forever and a day. Then she cursed the land and the sea. God! it was terrible -I sweat and tremble when I remember the muttering thunder and muttering woman, the air flashing with lightning and hate, the darkness and the flame and the misty swaying woman. This land? these white folks? They can never be anything, they can never prosper, they are accursed and I heard the curse. Hasn't it come true" he said lowering his voice mysteriously "- Did'nt old Lloyd live in terror and die of an unknown disease, didn't his proud-faced daughter run away and marry a scamp, didn't their child -" he stopped suddenly "Listen" (he said as the children's eyes widened and their breath came quicker) "Listen: the day old Lloyd died shrieking and screaming for Mom Bett - that next night Colonel Jones went across the rice fields to whip Mom Bett for her conjuring. He evendared to raise the snaky thing against her but before it touched her mighty form there came a whistling tearing wind from the south and round the bar shot a great black ship of ancient build, ~~aflame.~~ a-flame. And from it ere it touched the shore a white-bearded man, old, older than the sea itself beckoned and Mom Bett was gone and there was left only the wondrous glowing of the sea."

The old man stopped and sat staring rapt at the sea. They watched

him breathless,half comprehending. Then suddenly he rose and glanced at them.

"What you doing here - it most noon -your mammy wants you - go home - go."

And they went fearfully running across the low black land.

Juno was worried at the lingering of her twin children. Several times she called across the fields:

"Rob - Mary - Rob -ert".

41-1-8

But they did not hear. It was full noon when at last they came gauntering talking rapidly,pointing, gesticulating.

"Where ever have you children been"Juno cried menacingly.

"O mammy,Uncle Caesar told us all about Mom Bett and O, mammy will the shadow ship ever come again?"

But Juno said "Hush" and "Go along". Thereafter Robert brown and sturdy lived in a world of dreams,worshipping the deeds of Mom Bett,but Mary,frailer and more delicate lived in a wierder web of mystery striving in her childish way at the curious heart of things. Ever the children hovered over the tale of the witch woman,till it was their play and their dream,their solemn thought and inspiration of the work,as the sea swept harder over the grey and twinkling islands and the winter mists gloomed the air.

Chapter II.

The Wooing of Juno.

It was ~~the~~ Christmas week of 1863 - ~~the week of the Christ Child~~. Up through the chill of war rose a new strange Peace and far away along the waters and down from the rolling hills came a new song,a song of freedom. It came

down through the streets of the crowded cities and all the city rushed into the streets;it echoed in the great hills and the men of the mountain hushed their voices and looked thoughtfully into the valleys below. Far down the valleys,down where the blue sea was talking and telling its world old tale, there,by a thousand twinkling camp fires came the new Song and two thousand black men rose and yelled,cheered again and again and cheered the echo. All through the land rang that wild cheer and the soul of a black nation awoke. Had a black man dreamed a dream of happiness? That night that dream ~~that~~ came true. Had a black woman dreamed of a child that was hers and hers alone?that night it leaped in her breast. Had a father dared to hope to own his children? that night they were his. The girl who yesternight owned not even her body, tonight slept mistress of both body and soul. O it was a glad night,the gladdest night four millions ever saw,and ever they shouted and cried and prayed and the sound of their singing was as the ~~sounding singing of the~~ four voiced winds.

41-1-9

Juno pasued in the doorway with a great white cloud of clothes from the Big House and with her children heard the swelling cry.

"What's the matter"she asked.

"We'se free" cried the man running by.

" We'se free"shouted the surging crowd of women and girls,and the old woman hobbling painfully seaward,turned toward her with streaming eyes:"We'se free."

Juno ~~sat~~ stood still and the children looked up into her face. "No" she thought, "this was not the freedom she had dreamed of. Once she too would have welcomed freedom with songs and tears but now why should she be free since He was far away. With him would come freedom,without him,the chains hung

thick and nlose about her soul.

"Mammy who's Tom?said the boy - she looked at him.

"Who told you of - Tom"she asked.

" You just said "Tom,my Tom" and at night you pray for him and in your dreams he comes and talks to you."

She looked at them thoughtfully,then gathered them close in her arms.

"Tom's your papy"she said, and turned to her work again.

41-1-10

The children paused. Then Robert said timidly:

"Mammy,where's papy?"

Juno ~~sang~~ ironed slower and more slowly - then the tears came creeping. She paused over her ~~ironing~~ work a moment,then grasped ~~them~~ the irons sturdily and they flew over the white linen.

"Pappy's gone"she said. "Pappy's gone and left us - but he'll come again some time,some long time. My God has promised me and oh - he must come."

"Why did he go mammy?"

"Shall we know him - did he look like me mammy ?"

"O,he was high and great and pretty. Smooth and black and stronger than everybody. When first I saw him wading to me in the young rice field with his great arms and sweet eyes,my flesh went all atremble for I knew my man had come,my own man. Yet Celia wanted him and Celia was yellow and witching. I saw her tempting him once as he took her across the great lagoon under the ~~tortuous~~ shadows of the trees;she leaned toward him and put the spell of her eyes across him and he looked at her puzzled-like. O I was mad with jealousy - I was crouching in the slimy underbrush and they glided almost within my touch and then disappeared. I was but a girl and I ran home in wild tears and

Mom Bett saw me. (She fell silent and the hot irons raced across the cloth.)

"She didn't beat me that night."

"Did Mom Bett used to beat you, Mammy?"

"Yes" (with a shudder.)

41-1-11

"Were you a naughty girl?"

"I ~~expect~~ reckon so - I ~~expect~~ reckon so - but this night she looked at me with curious eyes and said ~~abruptly~~ 'Do you want him?" You see she was a Wonder Woman, and knew ~~all~~ everything."

"Yes - yes, Mammy, we know."

"So I crept on my knees before her and told her that I wanted nothing on earth like I wanted him. That without him I would die - that I would creep to the slimy lagoon and drink death. She smiled her awful smile and then (the irons moved slowly over the clothes and beads of sweat rose on the brown forehead) then she worked the witchery."

"How did she do it mammy?"

"How did she?"

"Hush boy," cried the woman with a frigthened glance. "Hush - ~~this~~ *that* night he came and sang a song before the door with his banjo. Mom Bett brought him in and married us then by the rites of his fathers with blood and salt and song. The next day we went up to the Big House and he asked Master Lloyd for me and Master Lloyd laughed and said "Sometime, sometime" for he did not like to have his folk marry off the place. But Mom Bett came *and looked at him*, and then the wedding was set for the next week. It was the month of blossoms and oh, the world was beautiful. We had had a garden party up at the Big House and

41-1-12

when I saw the beautiful dresses I wanted one to be dressed in. I slipped up stairs to Mistress Irma's beautiful room and, just to see how I would look, dressed me in her white silk and stood before the mirror coiling my curly hair. Ah, mammy was beautiful then. Suddenly I heard a noise and saw Miss Irma standing there. She was angry - so angry and she struck me down in her madness. I do not see why she was so angry - I had tried on her dresses before and sometimes she had let me. I lay in the cold dark room till opening my eyes I met the eyes of Master Lloyd. He picked me up so carefully and stopped the bleeding in my head and carried me to Mom Bett. There was black anger in Mom Bett's face when she saw us and long I heard her cursing at him far out under the oaks where they stood talking. The next day I was married in the chapel of St. Andrews but after the ceremony, Master Lloyd told me I belonged to Colonel Jones and was to have a new cabin all to myself [a sudden weakness came on the woman and she sank down in the doorway and wept] O evil day, she cried, then came that knocking at midnight, then came the cry of my babies, there came that night of pain and horror when Mom Bett went away in Blood and the sea glowed - "

"And the shadow ship mammy, did you see it?"

"No child, I did not see it, but some did and surely I heard the screaming of its sails - and the child - "

"What child mammy? "

"No child - I forgot - your pappy came then and was angry - angry because your mammy had sinned a great sin."

"Did you mean to, mammy?"

"God knows I did not."

"And if you ask God to forgive you - "

"Didn't I ask - O Jesus - haven't I begged you but you won't hear - but there, then. Your pappy went away but sometime he'll come again - he must come for till he comes I cannot die."

Then she and the children fell a weeping and the wind sighed in the trees and the shadows lengthened across the billowy rice fields. A wildness crept into the mother's eyes and her fingers twitched.

41-1-13

"It's bed time" she said hurriedly.

"O mammy it's hardly dark. Let us stay up and talk more about pappy." But the mother hurried them off to bed and sizing her irons again worked swiftly almost fiercely far into the night. As the night advanced she listened, going often to the door and peering out. At last she dropped her irons wearily and paced to and fro wringing her hands until she heard the shuffle of footsteps before the door and a low knocking.

"Uncle Caesar"she said looking at him in suppressed excitement. He growled gruffly and crouching by the fire relapsed into silence, watching the flame. She hovered about him clasping and unclasping her dark hands.

"He's alive"he said. She gave a great sob and sank into a chair. The children turned uneasily in their sleep. The old man started. Then rising quickly he stepped to the bed and raising the sleeping girl lifted her high and held her up where the north star blazed through the little window. He peered darkly into the darkness but the mother sinking to her knees cried "The child,O God,the child"and the half awakened little girl whimpered to the night. The old man shook his head.

"Nothing,nothing" he mumbled and he laid the child slowly in her cot again.

"Can't you bring him bback?"wailed the woman.

"He's with Celia" he said.

"Kill her" she cried fiercely starting up. "Kill her,conjure her,he's mine "and her voice wailed away into tears. He said nothing but crouched again on the hearth. She bent fearfully over him and saw before him a little ~~waxen~~ clay figure,black and misshapen. He threw an evil glance over his shoulder.

"She is sick" he said.

41-1-14

"Kill her" came the bitter answer.

He drew a long sharp needle from his coat and heated it in the flame. Then he paused again.

"Kill her" cried the woman with a half stifled scream that started the children in their dreaming. Muttering low and waving his hands he plunged the hot needle into the softened ~~wax~~ clay and whirled it and worked it there,till the black mass quivered and settled and spread into a dark splotch on the stone hearth and as it flattened and froze the door flew suddenly open and there drifted in a faint sharp cry as from afar.

Chapter III.

Celia.

Whence came the cry? Surely from the northward. Perhaps from up yonder where the pink limbed curlews were circling on the dim coast;perhaps it echoed further from the rolling highlands of the north state or from the high walled valleys or even drifted with the silences of the night far down from

Virginian vales, perhaps. But the strange old man whispered in after years that the death cry came from a thousand miles away, far up there where a great dark city sleeps in its forestry of houses. A stable was there up near Forty-second street and over it a home. A woman was rolling there on a bed of pain and Tom Calhoun sat moodily beside her.

"You never loved me Tom," she was saying " you married me out of sympathy- and yet I always loved you."

41-1-15

"There, there Celia, don't fret yourself, Honey—"

"I must, Tom, I must, I shan't stay here long and I've something to tell you You asked me once you know about the baby I brought north and I didn't tell you. You never asked again and I was afeared to speak. But now I must tell.

"Don't fret over it Celia, you'll be better soon."

"I must -Tom - I'll never be better. Listen. You know I was nurse in Colonel Jones' home and Jim his body servant had long courted me, but I had seen you and -I'll be honest- first out of spite against that high stomached Juno, but at last out of real love I set myself to win you. Ah, it was a hard thing - she was so crafty, so jealous and you so indifferent. I hid in the cotton field, waded the young rice, and once -do you remember? concealed myself in your boat and you did not know it till we were gliding over the lagoon. I would have won you fairly had it not been that the ugly witch woman cast a spell over you - no, no don't stop me, I know she did - and you married Juno. Still I swore I would have you. Your twins were born while I was maid to Miss Irma in Juno's place. Then a year later Colonel Jones' baby was born. Old Mammy Jean nursed it and I helped her. It was dusk one night -I had just

laid the child in its cradle asleep. I peeped in the bedroom -Mistress was asleep too,so I slipped down the back stairs to talk a minute with Jim. I wasn't gone more than a couple of minutes but when I came back the mistress was lying white and still on the nursery floor,the hag Mom Bett was bending over the cradle,Juno was standing at the head of the stairs and there were two babies - one in the cradle and one in Mom Bett's arms. My coming frightened Juno and seizing the child in Mom Bett's arms, she rushed down stairs. Mom Bett laughed - oh,how she laughed and I shrank in terror from her, just as Colonel Jones appeared at the top of the stairs with the baby Juno had carried down. Mom Bett brushed past me in the gloom and hid in the door way as Colonel Jones quickly changed the children and rushed back down the stairs. All bewildered I slipped after him and saw him lay the child behind one of the great pillars of the porch,and then turn and enter the library. I glided out and bent over the sleeping baby but the evil face of Mom Bett peered into mine as she snatched it and disappeared. I told Colonel Jones. He ordered me up stairs to take care of my mistress for I had forgotten her. As I climbed the stairs I saw him go out with a great black whip and they say he whipped the ~~old hag~~ witch to death that night - leastways no one ever saw her again. I got the mistress to her bed but she moaned and tossed and when I brought the child to her she eyed it suspiciously. -"Where is the other one"she said - 'You -you were dreaming mistress" I faltered -but she flung me a murderous glance and we never spoke of the thing again.

"As I sat in the nursery late that night pondering over the strange happening and trying to think it through,Colonel Jones slipped up the stairs

and beckoned me. I follwoed him timidly to the dark library for women told bad tales of him, and he was ashen like and trembling."

"He lighted a slim lamp and pointed to a bundle. "Celia" he said hoarsely "you take this brat north and lose it and don't you ever return - and if you ever say a word about tonight, I'll kill you if I have to follow you over half the earth." And there was red murder in his eyes."

41-1-17

"But the mistress- " I faltered.

"Never mind the mistress. Take this and walk to the Calhoun plantation. There's an empty cabin there which old Caesar will show you. Stay there till tomorrow night. Some one will call for you just after dusk. Follow him." He listened then pushed me into the hall. "Look you" he added "here's money and once north you'll be free." My heart jumped, and a fearful resolve came to me. I would go, but I was determined to make you come too. He was sending me to your plantation and as luck, or was it the devil? (or the soul of the evil woman?) would have it, I met you coming to Juno. I was mad. I whispered in your ear "See, I said, I've got Juno's white brat and Master Jones is sending it north, come with me" God forgive, I never saw such a look on man'n face before nor since. You crushed the bone of my arm, you shook me till my teeth grated and I staggered and fell into the brush and heard your steps tearing wild up the way toward Juno's cabin. I was half dead with fear, fear of you, fear of Colonel Jones. I slipped down to the wharf where I knew a sailor and giving him half my money sailed away that very night "- The woman gasped from pain and was still.

Tom bent over her eagerly "Celia" he said "Was it Juno's child?"

"I don't know - she answered slowly "I don't know ,one of them was,I know, but which one? sometimes I think -"Just then there was a confused noise in the street below.

"Hark"said Tom,. He went to the window. No,he was not mistaken. Far down the street he heard the cursing and yelli ng of the mob. The draft riot-ers had broken loose and they were coming straight down the street. He must get the horses around to the mission in time for Mistress Martha and Silena Smith. But his wife? He dare not leave here here.

81-1-14

"Celia"he said "the rioters are coming "I dare not leave you here" and wrapping a blanket around her he carried her swiftly down the stairs and placed her on the seat of the carriage. He started down the street just as the mob rounded the corner. The horses reared and snorted. He whirled them round,the carriage tipped,the woman clutched the side just as a great stone hurling through the air struck her in the side;she screamed a wild piercing scream,a scream that echoed far,far away and trembling sank prone on the bottom of the carriage. He drove furiously up the street where the red walls of the colored Orphanage pointed the way. Stopping there with a jerk he ~~lifted~~ carried the limp heavy form to the Colored Orphanage tenderly. But the physician shook his head. "Dead" he said "quite dead" Tom stood for a moment dazed. Then he remembered. The ship south would sail in a couple of hours and Martha and Silena were waiting,perhaps in danger. Leaving the body there at the Orphanage he again wheeled his horses into the street.

Chapter IX.

The Home Coming of Tom.

What had happened? A great drowsiness, a half misty consciousness lay on him and the bed where he lay seemed rising and falling. Then: room how strange it was, so small so - then he fell to dreaming. He awoke again in the darkness and the words of Chloe were singing in his ears "I never saw such a look on man's face before and alone" - so she but O, if she could have seen His risen soul. He had loved June in all the wild untrained strength of his young manhood. He had enslipped her from afar, watching her tottling feet and her proud young curled crowned head. When she passed by, his heart was still. And then in his affliction and despair came her vicar strange mother, saying: "Go to her - she loves you". Ay, for one short year the world grew rich and glorious, wanton in flower and fruit. He remembered afterward that sometimes in their mad happiness her eyes grew fear-struck and she clung to him terrified - the shadow of wanton wickedness, he said, in his awful bitterness. The children were born, the hands out beam twins that eased and called to him. And then - then what was it? How the room rolls and that ship that was like the breath of the sea - Yes they sent him away on the far off sea islands with a gang of men. He could not take his wife and babies. They were not his, they belonged to Colonel Jones But they promised to buy their freedom while he was away and then they could live together on one plantation. Blithely he had rushed back from

61-1-14

the sun. It was long after midnight but he ran across fields to his wife and babies and hurrying on he had set Chin and her devil's tale. He threw her from him with a curse and rushed blindly on. He burst in to the cabin at first daybreak. June rushed to him with a glad cry then shrank crouching, trembling before his awful face for she knew and knew he knew. The words were drowned in his blazing anger and she, what had she said cowering there in utter trembling - "I - I couldn't help it - I didn't know - He was my Master" God, how he struck her struck her straight across her brown grey face, till the babies shrieked, and the women, but she sat dumb and speechless. The overseer rushed on him but Tom threw out his hand and with a sickening crackle of bones the slave driver went to his long home. Then blindly he turned toward the fields and ran whither? - he knew not, cared not. The fresh dew of morning fell like gentle balm on his parched and glowing skin. He had run far when suddenly he stopped and whirled about. He must kill Colonel Jones - yes he must die. He turned and sped across the fields bending low and running easily in great long strides with his head thrust forward like a hound's. And the cry of hounds rose behind him faintly, surely - nearer and nearer, and his breath came in great gasps. No, he could run no further. Beyond him swayed a woman and two little children. He would call her - no it looked like June - was it she or her spirit? An old bridge sat beneath the oaks and above a silent black stream, he dodged under it, ran up the water a bit to throw the scent and then quickly with a last spurt doubled back on the Beaufort road. In vain! a white horseman sat on the road and with a crash he fell headlong in the underbrush and lay

41-1-20

panting as the hounds and horsemen swept by.

The sea air - the wild sweet air, how sweet it was and how plain that face, the face of the silent staring horseman in the road. It was an interesting face - a sharp face - a vacillating face but not a good face. But there was a good face beside it in after years - a face of sorrow and timid dread yet of goodness, pure goodness, sweet like the great fair hills where it was born. He turned uneasily and felt the tinge in his side and looked dreamily into Martha's face. Strange that she should be here and where was Here - was he dreaming - why -

"There, Tom, you're better now - don't try to move lie quietly."

"Where am I" he asked vaguely "I've been dreaming of the South and the sea and the days, the black days of long ago - I - I smell the sea - surely I smell the sea."

"Yes, Tom, we're on the water."

"On the water, on ship board - how did?"

"You were hurt in the riot, Tom."

"O yes, yes, I remember now - I remember poor Celia."

"O heavens Tom, is she left behind?"

"No, she went first - she's dead - where are we going?"

"To South Carolina, Tom, to Hilton Head."

"Hilton Head - Beaufort" - He half rose in excitement then fell back and closed his eyes with a sigh. "Beaufort" he murmured "Beaufort."

The next day Tom climbed slowly to the deck and watched the soldiers in the bow. Some were black and his eyes lighted.

41-1-21

"I drilled with a squad at Yonkers once" he said."

"Did you learn the manual?"asked a passenger.

"Fairly well."

"Why don't you join this squad?"

"Where are they going?"

"To Hilton Head to join the 54th Massachusetts colored troops and they'll see some hot work if rumor is true.

"Will they fight - will they let them fight?"asked Tom in excitement.

"Without doubt."

By the time the boat hove to off James Island and near Charleston, Tom Calhoun was an enlisted soldier and was embarking with the black trops in boats. It was the morning of the sixteenth of July, 1863 and the ~~clamp~~ camp of black soldiers was already stirring when and the new recruits marched into camp.

"We want to no green men"growled an officer.

"These men have all been thoroughly drilled before embarking"was the answer.

An eager spirit of epectation and unrest lay on the camp. Already they had waited years and days for this opportunity. Last night they had stepped forward with their pickets peering in the gloom and then fell slowly backward. But today, this very night the movement was to begin. Charleston lies by a cluster of islands and waters formed by the great harbor and the Stono river where Cato of Stono, the first black rebel, lived. Here Carolina like a great mouth bites the seas. The tip of the tongue is Charleston itself. In its great upper jaw is Fort Moultrie and between

41-1-22

its teeth is fateful Sumter. Its heavy lower jaw is James Island and over it like lips slip Folly and Morris Island. On Morris Island lay a fort, a low black grim fort, Fort Wagner, and thither the black mass waiting on James island was to go in force. The night was drifting slowly out to sea when six thousand shadows moved across the ugly marshes of James Island; great sloughs of mud yawned before them, sullen dark waters, rushing swollen streams and broken dykes. Thick sombre trees watched them silently and dipped their moss swept limbs deep into the mysterious black water. Serpents hissed and twined beneath their feet and wild birds screamed: yet all the long night, voiceless, breathless, they slipped and struggled toward the sea. Just as the faint grey dawn tinged the lowering hurrying clouds, they stepped on Morris Island; afar lay the grey dull walls of Fort Wagner sleeping sullenly.

As the soldiers halted, suddenly the air grew thin and chill, the far off muttering of thunder shook the morning hush and the sea flashed and roared and foamed. It was as if nature hesitated to let these black men go, even as their leaders hesitated and whispered and glanced.
The storm started from the face of the sea like passion sweeping a soul, screamed and panted, yelled and roared, while the black rain streamed and beat upon the sea and land. The soldiers crouched in the misery and hunger of wet waiting, six endless hours, and then above the voice of the dying storm rose the thunder of mighty guns. East, west and south they flashed and the iron and lead pounded into the stone and sand of Fort Wagner. Far out at sea the gunboas hissed and crashed and the air was thick with the whirring of death from noon till shadowy night. No sooner had the death

41-1-23

Hail lulled than again the storm clouds boiled over sea and land, the lightning lashed the purple clouds and the low tense chiding and chasing of the thunder knelled on the ears of the crouching, dripping soldiery. It was dinner time but there was no dinner; it was supper time but there was no time to eat. Five thousand white men swung suddenly into line facing the fort, but in front and ahead of them stood a thousand black men. They paused. A young man rose and stood before them. He was pale and thin His high cheek bones stood out beneath the burning beauty of his eyes. His ~~high cheek bones stood out beneath the~~ tones swelled like a benediction over the dark faced men and they took one word -"The eyes of the world are on you black men this day." They said no word but when the order came moved like a tidal wave against the gloomy fortress that peered dimly above the shadows of the falling night. From Sumter, from Wagner, from Cummings point the roar of artillery pouring into the massed ranks of the black men, shook the very sands beneath their feet. Yet the machine like fall of their feet oozed and splashed across the black island. Up tore the murderous rattle and crash of rifles. The dark mass shivered but swept on. Across the trenches they leaped, up the side of the angry frantic fort. For a moment the coiling flag waved from the very parapet -a a moment, then the black mass wavered, staggered, parted, recoiled. The very fires of hell were bursting in their vitals. The white face of the young colonel flashed a moment clear in the red light and then his thin hand clutched the black air and he fell beside Tom Calhoun. Tom raised him tenderly and staggered backward, and then - how sweet and cool the air was, filled with the scent of jessamine, and the voice of the little girl sing-

41-1-24

41-1-25

ing softly in the sweet fair sunshine rose like some new incense over the blood and dust of his torn life.

He lay and listened. His little girl must be as old as that and his boy the size of yonder lad sturdily splitting wood and then he turned and his eyes met the eyes of the woman bending over him. It was Juno. And his heart leaped and was still.

Chapter V.

The Pleading of Juno.

Long days he lay there nursing the remains of his stricken arm, calling back the strength of his sorely strained body. The children hovered about him singing and whispering. And ever sleeping or waking the woman's great sad eyes were bent upon him but she said no word, only lingered there serving him with her soft hands and quick thought. Ten days he lay there and then one day in the noontide silence, when the children were afar, he turned and looked into her eyes. She dropped on her knees and groped toward him.

"Tom" she sobbed "Tom for God's sake listen to me, listen Tom, while I tells you." Silently he stretched out his one whole hand but he turned his face to the wall. She covered the hand with tears and kisses and stroking it softly knelt beside the bed and spoke.

"I never had no one to teach me Tom, I came up wild-like as a weed. The other children was afraid of me for my mammy was a witch and I wandered

half dressed in the bushes and stared at folks. My mammy didn't love me she almost hated me and beat me frightfully, spat on me and drove me out to wander under the trees late of nights. What could I know - what could I learn? Once there was sickness in the cabins and Mistress Irma came down to help. I worked for her and wondered at her paleness and her clothes, till she noticed me and took me with her up to the Big House to wait on her. One day they went hunting- or at least she and Master Coles started and I was sent along after them to the picnic grounds with the wraps. One of the men drove and I and the cook went in the wagon. We passed them down the road and a big red faced broad shouldered man had ridden up and join them unbidden, I guessed from master Coles' face. It was the first time I had ever seen Colonel Jones, but not dear God the last. R That day I saw you first, awalking slowly across the cotton field with a gr- great red welt across your dark skin and your face twisted in fury. A wide pity was a-stirring in my heart as I stood there half hidden in the foliage waiting for the picnic party. Then - O I need not tell of those days of my loving from that first sight, to the day I was sold suddenly to Colonel Jones. Yet I dreamed of no harm, I thought only of my new cabin and my new husband. You were far away on the other plantation but I knew you'd come often and O I was so happy when I lay down that night to sleep. I was dreaming of great green fields and singing trees, of buds and dark red flowers, when suddenly I heard a knocking a low strange knocking in the night. I started up in terror "Who's there" I cried then I thought of you "Tom -Tom - " I whispered. "Is it you honey?" I flew to the door and as I

4-1-26

laid my hand upon it, a great fear came upon me all alone in the grim blackness of the night. Again came the strange knocking. "O God!who is it - go away, go away". I half screamed and then came his voice - the voice of Colonel Jones -"Don't be afraid,Juno,it's I,I've got a message for you." I quickly threw a blanket about me and without thought or fear opened the door. And then -o God,Tom don't judge me harshly. I did not struggle - I did not refuse - I did not think of refusing. He was my master. All my life I had drunk submission from the air - no one had taught me differently, no one had whispered fight. I crouched before him in dazed and dumb submission and when he slunk away I lay on the floor like the bruised stolen thing that I was,sobbing and trembling in utter misery and helplessness. And when I woke to morning - what could I do - what could I say - who could I tell - you ? I was afeared with shameful fear. My mammy? She would have beaten me or laughed in my face or killed me. For three days you could not come to me - do you remember? And then we were suddenly married at master's command in the dark little church and he married Miss Irma and went to war. Then came my year of happiness,my one year. The plantations were moved to Beaufort and we lived side by side. The twin babies came,yours and yours alone thank God - but then,then he came back from the war. For months he did not notice me and though a terror always was ~~apeering~~ a-racing in my blood when I thought of him or saw him,still it had begun to wear away till one day I met him riding. His face was red and black with liquor and he flung me a wicked look,bending ~~to~~ over he seized and fingered me by the arm."Where do you live"he asked. I told him faltingly. And then he named a day and said he was coming. That day I strove to keep you with me but you laughed and told of your work,so I took my babies and followed you to the field

41-1-27

and you scolded me. For two weeks I dodged and slipped till I was sick ~~w~~ with tire and terror and yet I dared not tell you, lest you kill him and they you, and I be left alone helpless with my babies. But I could not dodge forever and one day he found me. I fought, I screamed, but he whispered something in my ear and then I lay still to my shame. What did he say? He said he had bought you and if I yielded you could live with me and if I did not he would sell you south. It was a lie - a cruel wicked lie but I had seen ~~xxxx~~ husbands go chained to Georgia, and had seen children torn from their mothers' bursting breasts - O I was weak in yielding, Tom, I know it, I know it. I ought to have died afighting the great rad brute, but I thought even then that I had no right to - that God and the Law commanded me to obey my master - Tom, O Tom ~~is~~ aint there no forgiveness for the woman who sins? Can every creature rise from its ~~degradation~~ falling and ~~become~~ be new and good and true and ~~lovable save~~ loving, saving alone the woman who falls? O it is wrong Tom, it is damnable it is the justice of devils and not of God - but I have not told all yet Tom, do not turn from me Tom, My Tom, listen. I found myself with child - whose I knew not: yours or his. Then you went away on that six months journey on the sea islands. I felt it was our last parting and I clung to you and kissed you and wept wildly on your neck, do you remember, Tom? Then in fear and resignation I went to my mother's cabin and told her all. She kept me there smiling strangely the while and when once Henry Jones came she sneered in his face and whispered and he went sullenly away. The child came and looking into its white face I knew the worst was true. O how I hated it. I could have killed it but I dare not, yet I said nothing, I was glad when Mom Bett seized it naked, rolled in a rough ~~gown~~ shift and started out

41-1-28

into the darkness. I knew what she meant - she meant blood sacrifice. It was the Great Witchery of her dark religion, the killing of a male child of the hated race in the full moon. Then once she was gone I started in affright. This child was not full white but there was a white child up at the Big House. -Mistress Irma's child, born the same night - she might ! Would she dare? I rushed out after her in the night, weak and tottering from childbirth and hearing the wail of my own babies in the deserted cabin behind. I saw her slipping on ahead between the ghostly trees. I saw her enter the house and I crept after her. Up in the deserted nursery she unclothe d the sleeping child of Irma Jones and lay my baby in its place and clothes and I watched her dumb and trembling. Then turning she saw me standing there frozen with fear. She cursed me, but in sudden courage I rushed and seized my child from the cradle just as we heard steps coming up the back stairs. I folded my hateful ~~baby~~ brat to my breast and slipped down the front stairs just as the library door opened and threw a glare of light on me. I was half blind."

"'What are you doing here" asked the harsh voice of Colonel Jones."

"I stood still - Then he saw the child and started."

"'What! my God - is that - whose child is that?"

"Yours" I cried ~~holding~~ threatening it to him frantically. He called me a name - a low nasty name and the devil leapt in my blood " You didn't dare " he gasped " you -' Is your brat up stairs' "he hissed in fury and I lied - I lied - God forgive-I lied to the brute who had shamed me and he seized my child and rushed away."

"I tottered home in dazed half consciousness and when I came there sat Mom Bett and a baby - whose I do not know whether mine or Miss Irma's. I

41-1-29

shrunk speechless in the corner. I heard her witcheries over the child; I saw her glide like a ghost, ~~into the door~~ in the shadowy firelight; I heard the whip hiss and lash, then when I woke again my mother lay there quivering, silent, clotted with blood, before the cold hearth. All alone in the darkness I buried her - did I bury her? I do not know, perhaps I dreamed it all but I saw neither her nor that accursed child ever again."

She sank lower by the bed in quivering silence and her voice came huskily and from afar.

"My God can nothing ~~atone~~ make up for my sin? I did not know, they did not tell me, why did God leave me ignorant and punish me in hot and awful anger when I fell? Is cleanness simply of the body - God knows my soul is clean as the stars; I have never wanted man but you. And can the body never ~~atone~~ make up for deeds of ignorance and force? Since then my body has been clean as the limbs of the Mother of God. Are these stains that neither Time nor Goodness can wash? - Forgive, forgive me, Tom, take me back to you - take my babies, your babies - O Tom, Tom forgive me or kill me, kill me or forgive me."

All the while he had lain still his face toward the wall, but now slowly he lifted his hand, his one thin hand and laid it reverently on her bowed head. The children crept out of the gloomy day and knelt beside her; and a great silence fell.

~~Chapter VI.~~

41-1-30

Chapter VI.

The Arrest.

As Tom looked across his forty acres and saw the neat cabin and the nodding crops, heard the happy song of the mother working, and half listened to the prattle of his daughter, he suddenly realized that never before had he lived. At last he was a freeman - free, free as the air which filled his great lungs. He was his own master and his own man; no one had the right to command him, to drive him, to order him about as one with his cattle and his dogs. His wife was his and his alone, his were his children. He raised the stricken stump of his arm aloft: God! was it not worth a right arm - a body, a life to be free! The boy came racing toward him across the field - "Supper's ready" and the three hurried home, the girl aloft on his shoulder singing, the boy romping round them and the dog leaping and barking. Once home, the mother came to kiss all three, chiding them for being late and spoiling the biscuit. They sat down in the kitchen and ate - crisp fried ham, biscuit, white flaky rice, golden molasses - ah, it was good! Then came the twilight. The mother sang over the clinking dishes; and the father and the children - first they played games, then they sang the old folk songs and then came a story of Brer Rabbit - the African hero of the weak against the strong.

The next day was Sunday. They slept late and rising from a hurried breakfast, they dressed and went to church, riding in a wagon drawn by two fat mules - Juno in a blue gown that reddened her brown face, Mary in a wonderful red calico, and the man and boy in smooth dusted black. Other wagons and buggies and wayfarers met them along the road and they greeted them all

joyfully

"Howdy, Good mawnin"

"Hows all" How you all?"

"Tolerable" All up?"

And gay laughter and frolic filled the air, along with rough banter and noise. Sometimes great carriages filled with white folk passed them casting the dust on the walkers and the humble wagons; some laughed at the gay costumes and some cursed at the dark faces. At the cross roads sat the church - a great square board house, rough and plain. There were benches within and the sound of singing, and without rows of mules and crowds of wagons and throngs of girls and boys and knots of men and women. All the colors of man had met there: there were a few pink and golden haired girls, many black and white-haired old men, young bronzen giants and soft brown-cheeked maids there were olive hued men and women, girls golden faced and freckled brown, and every hue and shade of the wondrous changing human color from pole to circle but all set and shaded in a great background of unshaded black and brown. Next their color strangers would have seen their hair: with a few it flowed in yellow brown and black; most of it curled and crumped and twisted itself - some so minutely and crisply that it lay in hard grey black masses, immobile and thick. On others its bushed itself to a dark mass of piling cloud or was tied stiffly in spreading thongs, and then again it curled and waved and wantoned in tiny kissing ringlets or great midnight curls touched with gold. They were not as a rule beautiful, as the white world counts beauty, but they had faces of

41-1-32

interest and strength and lovableness that could easily grow in one's ideals and dreams, and then too a certain untrained and unfathomed depth of thought and doing - a new world peasantry with the dirt and roughness and ignorance of primitive man and the promise and aspiration and hidden beauty of all humanity. An old man was preaching when Tom and his family entered the church. He was unlettered, unattracitve and slovenly. And yet the burning earnestness of his talk, the half barbaric splendor of his nature imagery and the wonder of subject held his hearers in breathless strained attention. They were a primitive folk and their feelings sat naked and unashamed upon their faces clothed in laughter, stare and streaming tears, incensed with groans, low rapt wails and deep Amens. And why not? Was he not talking of Freedom? Of how God let his children toil in the blackish mud of Egypt, and then in his good time let them go? ~~Tie~~

41-1-33

The sermon was a great chorus and the preacher was ch orister. He intoned in two rythmic major and minor keys the strophe and the swaying chorus beneath him, standing, sitting bowing and on bended knee sang the wild anti-strophe ~~shout~~, in moan and cry and praise and loud "Amen."

"O my brethren and my little sisters, dark was that day (m'm'm'm'"sighed the people.) The sun was hot in the cotton fields, the waters boiled in the seas. (The seas boildd O Lord," answered the people.) Way over in th e Egypt land, the Children of God lost faith, my brothers, just as in the dark days of yesterday you lost faith. (Preach it, Father"sobbed the women) They sinned and cursed God, my sisters and hung over Hell on a single thread. And then my God was pitiful - O he's a pityful God, my sisters (Halleluah"shrieked a

soul) and the hot tears of his children dropped on his heart and melted it. And he lifted up his voice "(Glory to God" they chorused) and stretched out his great black arm. Let them go Pharoah- I say!- Oh,Pharoah,O let them children go. (Let them go,Let my children go" come the great full-voiced ~~ec~~ echo). But ole Pharoah,the old slave driver shook his head like a mule and said no,keep them slvaes,work them,kill them, (m'm'm'm' sighed the men) hoe that cotton, Nigger - but the Lord rose up and shook himself, "(Rise up Lord" cried the old men)and he screamed again till the mountain trembled and the sea got afeared and he say,says he -" A quick swaying and whispering, the crashing of falling benches and the sound of an oath broke abruptly upon the worshippers and the old man was suddenly silent.

41-1-34

The audience rose tumultuously in surprise and fear. Tom turned and saw the white sheriff advancing up the aisle:the folks behind rising quickly had overturned the benches and were whisper ing angrily,the forward benches sat in sullen silence half fear,for they were but a step from slavery and the spell of the white face was heavy upon them,but as the officer strode up the aisle he pushed a black soldier's wife roughly aside and in a moment a hundred men had leaped to their feet amid the crash of over turning benches and the screaming of children. Tom pushed quickly forward and ~~quickly~~ put his great form between the sheriff and the surging crowd. "Quiet brothers,quiet" he said "this is a officer of the law and we are peaceful citizens" The sheriff had his pistol in his hands and handcuffs. He turned quickly toward Tom "You're Tom calhoun aren't you"?

"Yes,sir."

You're my prisoner then hold out your hands."

"I've got only one" said Tom quietly "what am I arrested for?"

"For the murder of Sam White, overseer on Calhoun's plantation, in 1838." said the man. "Stand back there, you Niggers" he cried brandishing his pistol. There was a moment of hesitation but Tom nodded reassuringly. "It's all right boys, I'll straightend this out " he said "Let us go by". They slowly fell back and the sheriff got bolder.. "I've half a notion to take a dozen of you Niggers along for resisting an - "he did not finish, for somehow, somewhere, a great black arm shot out from the crowd and when the sheriff came too he was lying beside the road near the church and his prisoner was sitting quietly beside him.

41-1-35

The hearing of Tom was quick and summary. He admitted the killing and was bound over to the January term of the court for trial and sentence. Meantime he was put onto the chain gang for detention and with bowed head, marched past his own home in clanking chains to work with other convicts on the rock piles. Juno meantime had rushed straight from church to the commanding officer at Beaufort and begged his interference but he refused.

The January court term came but Tom's trial for some reason did not come off, and still he was working on the gang. He stood one day in the burning sun. The driver was swearing and cursing at them and ever and again the whip hissed around some chained slave. It was too much. Tom straightened up. Why not die like a man instead of quivering away like something worse than a dog. He straightened up, dropped his hammer and stood still The driver looked at him in amazement.

"You damned black scamp"he yelled "get down there to work". He raised his whip threateningly - then lowered it slowly.

"Oh,"he sneered "stubborn are you - tired - going to run this show? Well

we'll see". Tom knew what was coming, he had seen it before; only yesterday a great black fellow had been dragged down back of the guard house to the two stakes. They tied his hands to one stake and the feet to the other, strapped his sweaty back and then the driver had bared his great arm. Yes he had seen but it would not happen today. No. This was his last day. He was going to die but he was going to kill this man before he died. He knew how - ~~he fumbled on the ground and slipped into~~ for loose his jacket, lay a great jagged stone. The brutal bully would seize him by the shoulder - he always did - to throw him to the ground and as he seized him he would dash his damned brains out. He could see them ooze and spatter now and he chuckled to himself. Then he thought of his children. He would never see them again. When he brained the driver, the guard would shoot him - or perhaps a mob would hang him or burn him. No he would never see them again - the dear happy little souls - would to God he had never brought them to this ~~brutal~~ world. And Juno? He almost sobbed aloud: Juno - his poor, poor girl, who had suffered and almost died for him - ah - the fellow was coming, striding up with his fat red face, his nasty shirt and great leathern boots - yes - there was the place to strike him, there where his yellow matted thatch of hair lay twisted down his low dirty forehead. (Here he is - now - no not yet, he is not near enough - God! suppose he didn't come near - well he could throw it, "like this" -

"Halt!"

A squad of soldiers had marched into the yard and at their head was a mounted officer.

"Who's in charge here" he asked tersely.

41-1-36

The driver of the gang had thrown off his coat and was just reaching for Tom's shoulder. He turned quickly.

"I am" he growled "what do you want".

"I have an order here to bring a Negro named Tom Calhoun before the Commission of the Freedman's Bureau for a hearing -where is he?"

"I'm him"said Tom dropping his hand.

41-1-37

"Shut your black mouth"said the driver angrily turning and raising his whip. But the officer thrust him aside.

"Here,Jones,take these chains from Calhoun's legs and bring him along with us." Tom swayed and staggered stared vacantly at the other prisoners and then caught the step of the soldiers and walked firmly on.

The trial was brief.

"Do you mean to say,sir,expostulated the states-attorney hotly,that you are actually going to free a murderer in the face of the laws and the courts of this state?"

"He hasn't been proven a murderer"growled the commissioner.

"He has confessed it -confesses it now."

"Why then didn't you try him and hang him,instead of working him a year like a slave."

"We are proceeding according to law.

"Then the law is pretty bad."

"Which is our business, I take it, and not yours."

"No it isn't perhaps,but I'll be damned if fighting for a man's freedom shall be made a capital crime in this state so long as I command a regiment. Tom Calhoun,you're free!"

Chapter VII.

Hesitation.

Tom walked out the house and down the street. He looked neither to right nor left and greeted no one but strode along the road, in his ragged convict garb, with his head up. Across the fields he went and down the big road toward the sea till he saw the cabin. He strained his eyes; there was no movement, no life. He walked faster but heard no sound. He could see the great weeds growing in the field and he broke into a run. The cabin was closed and silent, the yard full of weeds and dirt, the crops ruined, the gate barred, and across the palings was a sign :"For Sale". Tom leaned against the fence and shook with fear.

41-1-38

"Is that you Tom Calhoun?" It was an old woman carrying a bundle of clothes.

"Yes" he said raising his head.

"Juno and the children are up to my cabin .- they'll be glad to see you - powerful glad."

"But why did they leave home?"

"Why, why didn't you hear, honey? Colonel Jones allows that this is still part of his old plantation and that he never sold it and he turned them out within a month after you left.

"But the deed?" he asked excitedly.

"Juno couldn't find it - she looked high and low and tried to find it but couldn't. And then she went up to the office but she couldn't get no satisfaction and they wouldn't let her nigh you."

Tom had leaped the fence while she was talking.

"Don't tell her I'm out, aunty - is she well? are the little ones well? Well, don't say a word, but bring them home tomorrow a t noon - coax them down to see the place" and he disappeared around the house. Tremblingly he forced his way into the back door and sought the old hiding place between the logs. There lay the deed safe and sound. Back up the road he ran and almost forcing his way to the commanding colonel told him his tale.

"The court house and records were burned the month after you were shut up"he said "and it's lucky you have this. I'll see to it in the morning." Tha Tom flew home. Out into the fields he went and dug and hoed in the monnlight. Then he mopped and cleaned the house, mended the fence and trimmed he trees. Toward morning he snatched a few hours sleep, but was up again with the sun, whitewashing. A forlorn looking brown dog sneaked inquiringly into the yard and seeing him leaped and barked and capered for joy. There was little furniture left in the house but he knocked together a table, built a fire, and by noon a dinner was singing over the blaze. And then they came, Juno and the children trudging wearily up the street, stopping in amazement and half dread and then the children rushed crying laughing and shouting into his arms, kissing him and hugging him until Juno drove them away and put her arms about his neck and buried her face in his heart and sobbed "My man, my man!"

One by one the neighbors dropped in that night. "Brother Tom" said the bent old minister "We'se mighty glad to see you back I'se done wrestled with the Lord all of these twelve long months and I knowed he'd answer me - I knowed it" Tom grasped his hand, but the stalwart young black in the corner moved impatiently. "God didn't never mean us to take all we'se been suffering

41-1-39

he growled "here's Tom put on the gang a year and his house and land almost stole - then Old Pompey killed in cold blood and Jim Adams whipped and his wife and girl abused before his eyes. Old Mammy Elkins had her house burned down and all round through the county, they've beating up the Niggers and beginning to work them like slaves - I tell you, men, we must fight -by God! the white man that touches me - "

"There, there boy not so loud - easy! hollering ain't fightin. Keep your smile, look humble but do, see? do . I ain't forgot my wife - I aint forgot the clot of blood down in the cotton rows, but I ain't sayin nothing. The night's our time, niggers, Gods drops his darkness for the helpless to burn and shoot and kill. " He was a bitter faced stolid man and there was a hush when he spoke for they all knew. Then an old black woman in the corner said "No, no we can't do it that way. Bide you time children - it will all come right. I've seen a heap of this old world and there's nothing I've seen that time won't cure."

"Yes," said a young brown man quickly "Time and Reason - the south will come to its senses in time and all the more quickly as we deserve respect and confidence. The government is back of us and it won't let us be imposed on or put back into slavery. Just let us prove our worth and capacity."

A low chuckle came from the corner where a smooth faced sleek mulatto was tilted against the wall .

"Huh" he said "you can talk and talk, but you know that if there's one thing a white man hates worse than a Nigger its a nigger that knows something and is something. No sir! if you want to get on with white folks make believe

41-1-40

you're a fool and no'count, flatter them and honey them an fool 'em and look meek - that's the way I does and Lord bless you I got more white friends than I knows how to use."

"Yes,we knows it,Sands,we knows it" flashed the first young black,"but before I'd crawl as you do,I'd die ~~no~~ by God,I say fight open and above board in the daylight,I says - "

"You're both wrong " mumbled an old grey haired woman "both wrong. There's only one way - to give and bear,to bow and yield - to say nothing just wait for death - there's no hope for black people on this earth — freedom? pshaw! who's free?"

41-1-41

"But in heaven,Sister,"said the old minister "in God's heaven we'll rest (she rejoined "Yes brother.) and there'll be no white folks there,blessed be Jesus"and a low moan swept the room. But it clapped with a half A tall yellow man who rose and paced the room: "That talk will do for old folks" he said"but not for me. I've got a life to live - I and my wife and my babies. If I can't live it here,I'm going somewhere else. Aint there any place where human beings can live and be let alone? We're at least free to go if not to stay."

A girl spoke up eagerly "But if there was,we'd need intelligence to develop it and run it and so ought we strive for schools and education first?"

"That's it" assented a black man -"that's it we need schools."

"And more than that we need land to earn a living so we can send our children to school."

"And we need law and protection for them and for our wives and ourselves while they learn and we work.

"The government will tend to that"said a blue coated soldier -"they're going to give us land and keep soldiers here."

"I don't believe it " answered another "they're promised and promised land for two or three years now and they'll never keep the promise. First thing you know the soldiers will go and we'll be naked to our enemies."

"Protect them with your fist and pistols"growled the first speaker.

"No"answered Tom."Protect them with your votes - that's all the defense a single man has today in a free country. I didn't think much of this voting before they did me so cruel,but boys,I don't see no other way - we must have the right sort of government if we want to be men " . And sothey talked and argued till deep night.

41-1-47

After they had gone and Tom and Juno were alone,she came to him:

"Tom" she sobbed "it was all my fault - it was a punishment put on me "

!Why - what? Juno-"

"I - I killed Celia! Tom."

"Killed Celia - what are you talking about - Celia died in New York."

"I know it,but I knew you had married her and I hated her and I got Uncle Caesar to conjure her."

"Juno,that's all nonsense and you mustn't think of it. I did marry Celia after I went north,but she was killed in the riot -"

"She screamed Tom,didn't she scream."

"Why yes, a great stone hit her and she was sick before ."

"Ah,Tom it wasn't a stone,it wasn't a stone,honey."

"There, there,Juno never mind,you must forget these old superstitions -

this is a queer and twisted world, hun, but its depths are beyond Uncle Caesar's witcheries."

And Juno sighed; but Tom said cheerfully "All will be well now, honey, all will be well."

Despite his struggles, the world did not go well with Tom. It was hard work to restore the stricken home to something like its former comeliness. It was too late to put in a crop that year and there seemed no way of avoiding debt to keep the family going. He worked at day labor and saved a little but at last put a mortgage of $100 on the little place. The next year he put every available corner in cotton but just as the bolls were opening a cavalcade rode through it during the night and left a warning pinned to his door. By hard work he saved a third of his crop but another mortgage of $150 was laid on his home, and hard lines crept into his face. He woke suddenly one night with the smell of smoke burning in his nostrils. Rushing out he found all the kitchen ablaze and on the front door another notice with skull and cross bones

"Let's go way Tom" plead Juno, but he sat his teeth and said "Never", and then he got down his gun and cleaned it carefully. The voice of unrest echoed in from the broad low fields. Often of a night Tom opened to a low halloo and brought some maimed and stricken black peasant, running from slavery, into his home. A vast loud hunger like a devouring burning thirst was crying among the blacks. The ignorant were running away, sitting by the wayside, loafing in town and asking "Master Lincoln - he promise us land when we'se free - when's he going to give it to us?" Masked bands of white men riding by night met these wandering peasants and flogged and harried them. Some times the hostile crowds met by day and sudden anger flashed with sudden frenzy "click! click! bang!

41-1-43

bang! went the guns and the green wayside flushed red with blood.

"Something must be done" said Tom after a race riot of this sort that counted its victims by the score. He went to the Bureau officials and they shook their heads "General Howard will be here in a few days" they answered. From lip to lip the word flew: the government is sending him down to divide the land; the saner men of the town and city did not believe all this but they believed much; the head of the Freedmen's bureau was coming and times would change and the simpler men and women of the broad flat fields believed everything: now freedom in truth was coming - now the day of the Lord approached, now they would have home and shelter and safety, and the day of endless heart-wearying toil ~~wa~~ was done.. Soon the rumors strengthened from Wilmington to Beaufort; from Abbeville to Charleston, from the mountains to the sea: "General Howard is coming" and great black throngs crowded and crushed down to the white circle of tents where he was to speak. There they sat, thousands upon thousands, their upturned faces gleaming darkly in the red glow of the pineknots. They caught their breaths when the uniformed soldier in cord and epaulets arose. They caught their breaths hopelessly when he sat down and an old woman swaying, bowed and burst into tears and weeping sang:

"No body knows the trouble I've seen."

Like the gathering and swelling of a great water the Sorrow Song rose, wavered and swelled. The soldier stared blankly at the throng and wiped his eyes furtively. "What have I done"? he whispered. And the fierd wailing beneath him answered: Nothing, nothing - only told these and other thousand

41-1-44

that the government is too poor to give them the land it promised and the days of the years of their servitude ~~were~~ are not ended.

Chapter VIII.

The Legislature of South Carolina.

"Tom you must go to the legislature"said the group of colored men who had long come to look to him for leadership "the government ain't going to do much for us but it has given us the right to vote and we must use it."

"I've got so little learning"said Tom "I'm not the man to make laws.-"

"That's right"whispered Sands unsinuatingly,but the men would hear of nothing else. "Tom goes to Columbia"they said and Tom went.

It was toward the end of the first week that a white member came to Tom. "

"Mr.Calhoun,"he said "How are you?"

"Tolerable,sir"said Tom,starting at the title,and they fell to talking of the crops. Then the member pointed to the upholstery of the chairs,

"Disgraceful isn't it?"

Tom hadn't noticed it in particular,he said.

"The whole room needs refurnishing"said the other looking around the old desks and grimy room.

"It does look a little worn."

"There's a bill to come up for furnishing tomorrow and I hope you'll

vote for it"and Tom said he would.

The day the bill came up there seemed to be some hitch but Tom promptly rallied his colored friends and the bill went through. The next day his white legislature friend approached him and slipped an envelope into his hand Tom opened it and found a $500 bill.

"What's this? " he asked.

"Just a little present - the house that got the furnishing contract is remembering its friends."

41-1-46

Tom thought this very generous and he was particularly glad of a ~~wonderful~~ sum large enough to pay the mortgage on the place. A few days later a bill was presented to redeem the state bank notes.

"A steal - a dirty steal" said the colored leader Elliott.

"Explain it to me" said Tom and when he heard, he said "I'll vote aganist it." Just then his white legislature friend came along and clapped him familiarly on the back.

"Well Mr.Calhoun"he said "how's things today -(and then lowering his voice confidentially)I've got another good thing afloat."

"Rally your men and vote for this - and say,don't go out to dinner - hang around, it's liable to pop up any time" and he gave Tom a printed copy of"A bill to Redeem the Notes of the State Bank." Tom looked it over carefully.

"Isn't this the steal you mentioned" he asked Elliott, afterward.

"Yes,that's it" and Tom set off to find his friend.
"I can't vote for this" he said as he came up to him.

The man looked about cautiously "Not so loud" he said and drew him into an empty committee room. "Now Mr.Calhoun this will be worth as much as the other job."

"What job?"

"Why the furniture."

Tom looked puzzled.

"It'll mean $500 cash."

A slow light broke over Tom's face but he was silent.

"Tell you what I'm willing to do"said the man bending forward confidentially and putting his hand on Tom's shoulder. "I'll make it a cool thousand if you deliver us the same ten votes." Tom arose "Wait here a minute - well say a half hour." The man hesitated.

"Very well I'll be here at 10:30 and say, if a thousand won't suit you come to me before you hitch to anybody else. We do the fair thing and we've got the needful." Tom hurried down the street and at 10:30 he was back in the committee room . He handed the man a bill .- a $500 bill and the man stared at it.

"What's this?"

"It's the money you gave me a few days ago - I didn't understand it then - I think I do now."

The man blew a cloud of smoke into the air and looked Tom over:

"Well you're all sorts of a fool" he said and Tom answered "That's just my opinion, boss."

Elliot smiled when Tom told him. "You'll be a marked man after this"he

said -"they'll try to scare you next - bribery and force is their policy with us. By the way, I've just got your boy a job as page - I was asked to name one and thought of him. Here he is now." Tom looked at him proudly. He was a tall dark brown lad with a fine face and closely krinkled hair.

"How old are you, my boy."

"Sixteen, sir."

"Well report to the clerk yonder - he has your name."

Calhoun, the young son of Tom,
Robert walked down the steps of the capitol in pleased pride, and dreaming sauntered down the streets and far out by the murmuring river. Up into the deep woods he went, listening to the birds and whistling and singing: perhaps he would be a representative some day and then a senator; he would stand like this and throw his hands, and the men would gape at him. He'd have a fine house painted green like Colonel Jones' and then, he dropped his dreaming with a laugh, and throwing back his head sang a merry rollicking work song such as he had heard the wharf hands sing on the Charleston docks. In the midst of his song a faint "halloo" struck his ears. He stopped abruptly and listened till he heard the voice again. Breaking through the underbrush he approached the river and came into an opening. A tall white girl stood there. Her dress was frayed with clambering through the wood, and in her arms were an easel and sketch book. She had evidently lost her way but she started back when she saw the black boy. Then catching herself she drew herself up and said imperiously "Show me the way to the road." He smiled at her haughty air for she was not over 15 and he said cheerily:

"Which road?"

His air and smile reassured her and there was unspoken apology in her tones as she answered:

"The road to Columbia - I wandered away sketching and lost my bearings."

He turned without a word and she followed. Then he noticed that the path was hard to follow with the easel and he quietly took it and went on ahead. As they proceeded she felt more and more uncomfortable at her manner and she walked a little faster.

41-1-47

"Do you live in Columbia?"she asked.

"Just now"he answered and then,as his dreams returned

"I'm a page in the legislature."

She looked at him in surprise for she knew another page down there only he was different - so different that she found herself saying:suddenly:

"Are you sorry to be black ?" She had not meant to say this but her thought spoke itself before she could stay it.

"Sorry,No!why?"he answered looking at her in amusement. They were walking side by side now and the river was rippling near.

"It must be - awful -"

"It isn't a bit - I laugh and talk and eat and drink just as you do"with a perplexed wrinkling of his forehead.

"But - black people are not - pretty."

"Neither are white people always,and beside looks are not all."

"No,but they're lots."

"That's so, and I like good looking black folk;they can be fine in form

and face to my thinking."

"Ye-es - but their hair, and they, well they can't blush" she said, blushing frankly.

"No," he said feeling a flush in his own dark face and feeling too a sort of unreasoning anger in his heart -"they can't and then disdainfully "what's the use of it - as for hair I don't like straight hair - I think brown curly haired people prettier that dead white folks with strings flying."

"But -but most black people seem so dirty and -

"That's because they're been slaves and haven't had time to be clean like white people."

41-1-50

"And now that they're free do they expect to become like white people?"

"No, but they expect to be people in their way just as you are in yours."

She looked at him -"but white folks can go with such people as they like and visit them - and - and marry them."

"Yes but I suppose that means you go with yourselves and visit yourselves and marry yourselves - all right we'll do the same, go with ourselves, visit ourselves and marry ourselves."

"But there'll have to be laws always to keep the two races apart."

"Why" he asked definatly.

"Why because you or some of you would want to go with white folks - and we are proud of our blood and have a right to be."

"And do you think we want your old blood." He said. "Do you think I'd want a friend or an acquaintance or a -wife who didn't want me?"

"Why no, I suppose not."

"Well then,if we didn't want each other we shouldn't need laws to keep us apart."

She looked puzzled. "But if some did want each other?"

"Then laws would be no good."

"But they've got no business to want each other,"she cried,and then suddenly she caught sight of the road and the city spread before her. She started and a sense of indiscretion,of vague wrong came over her. She had been talking almost familiarly with a Negro not as she talked to the servants but with a new feeling of human fellowship. She took her things from him quickly. "Thank You"she said coldly and started away, and then she turned back quickly and searching in her little knit purse found a last bright silver quarter - "Thank you" she said again and with a smile "I am Harrison Coles' daughter - here". But the boy had turned his back suddenly and was walking into the woods. She started in surprise then looked after him thoughtfully,holding the money in her hand. She turned slowly away but looked back. He was gone. She felt a vague discomfort,a feeling of anger, disappointment,curiosity and regret all mingled and softened into something disquieting and wavering. So the two children parted and in this world they never met again.

41-1-51

Robert walked back with a new thoughtfulness, a new wonder in his heart, for the girl's questions had wakened new thoughts and questionings. He had hitherto received the differing colors of men in something the same way as the differing colors of earth and sky and sea - as interesting facts,

differing orders,but not warring, jealous unadjustable things. To be sure, he had instinctively felt differences and gaps and discriminations but he had viewed them curiously as from afar,or looked upon them as in the course of nature or thought of them as relict of slavery. Himself he never found strange to himself nor realized that others did. He held out his hands; they were dark brown - the color of the good brown earth ,deep rich and warm: such was the color of primal man.— So was Adam hued when his dark body trudged doubtingly together at the bidding of his soul. So once peered all mankind, till they were paled with hiding from the sun and their sharp faces bleached with haunting midnights of sin. To the awakening boy this color of his hands seemed far more natural than any other;there was to him a sharp hard gleam about a white skin that struck him coldly,while darker hues seemed warmer homelier,nearer; and then the other things,the hair,the differing kind of comeliness,the mingling and marrying - he had never thought of these things definitely or lingeringly as he could remember. He groped in his mind for his past thoughts - but found none. When in his dreams he had married,it had always been of course some brown maiden like his sister Mary:it seemed strange and unreal to think of any one else ,to feel any affection for them, any fellowship or nearness,and then it suddenly occurred to him that they of the un-colored world perhaps felt the same,but he laughed at the discovery and thought it natural. So it was that Robert Calhoun entered the portals of a new world.

41-1-52

And this same world it was that sorely puzzled his father. His world simpler and solider was set with great metes and bounds,hemmed in with bog

and mountain and mud. And yet this slender,narrowed,shadowed path of a world of his held hopes and gleaming glimpses of promised happiness. With his strong untettered sense he strove persistently toward the gates called Peace and he thought they lay - he was sure they lay,in the silent flat soil round about. The Negroes must have land,little homes of their own,bits of soil to cultivate,havens of ~~xxxxx xxx~~ refuge against aggression and interference and a new slavery whose coming he foresaw. Day and night he worked toward this end. He wanted the state to buy up land and sell it cheap to Negroes or even give it to them. He talked of this to white men and to black men. The blalks were unawakened or over-sanguine. Sands in his silk hat and white linen suit,fingered his watch and chain and lifted himself on his toes.

41-1-53

"O well"he said "there's no particular hurry. We can buy up a lot of land ourselves when we get ready. My white firends will help too. There's no use pushing matters now because I know how the white folks feels."

"But waiting is dangerous,Sands,and you know it and what we black folk need now is a start,an acre of land today is worth ten tomorrow."urged Tom; but Sands waved his hand and walked on. Tom went to see John Reynolds. "That's a good scheme"said Reynolds "and I think I can get hold of some excellent land which a friend of mine is anxious to sell. Don't say anything about it however - he wouldn't want it known he was selling to colored men - you understand."

Chapter IX.

The Land Bill.

So the bill was drawn and introduced into the legislature,and day and

night, night and day Tom followed its fortunes as they rose and fell. A state election was approaching and the spirit ran high and bitter. Three factions faced the Negro voters - the old ring of carpet baggers, the new reform element and the Southerners. All of them were bidding high for Negro votes and the Negroes were elated, confident and ambitious. Sands backed by the old ring, and in secret alliance with the Southern whites, was already a state senator and looked to a supreme court judgeship; while Tom was determined to bring his bill to a vote before election and secure all elements in support of it. It came to a vote and passed the house by a large majority but there was a hitch in the Senate. Thinking to bring pressure to bear, Tom called a mass meeting of Negro leaders but found nothing like the unanimity he had expected. There was a feeling that they ought to stand behind Sands and support him as leader. When he held a high state position other Negroes would get preferment and the color line would be broken.

41-1-54

"But Sands is working hand in glove with Colonel Jones and the fire eaters" argued Tom. The other winked mysteriously and laughed. "He's fooling them" they said - "he is shrewd - you can't win by complaint and force, you must use diplomacy". Seeing that they had evidently been influenced by Sands, Tom set out to watch that individual to see how far he could trust him.

"Sands" he said "why won't the senate take up my land bill?"

Sands put his hand confidentially on his shoulder! "I'll tell you just how it is, Tom," he said " there are certain interests that are fighting the bill and I'm trying to head them off. Now I'm in position to win this fight for you, if I can get your support in the next election."

"I don't see what that's got to do with the land bill."

"A great deal - you see we've forced them to promise us a judgeship next term. Well now,to get this we must win this election and we can do this easily if the Negroes unite. But there are certain parties who are afraid of your loyalty and are disposed to hold up this bill of yours until they know where you stand."

41-1-55

"Very well,"said Tom" they'll find out when my bill is passed. You and your friends have got a majority in the Senate - if you don't pass this bill it will mean that for a fat office and a big salary you have sold out the best interests of the black people of this state - and I'll take the stump and tell them so."

Sands thought of the matter a week or so and called in two or three friends.

"Will you promise me your support if this bill passes" said Sands.

"Yes"said Tom "if you will help get this bill through giving land to the poor freedmen, I'll give you my support." The next day the bill passed and Tom was jubilant; but when the commission was selected to spend $700,000 in purchasing the land, his heart fell for it consisted of Sands and two of the biggest white thieves in the legislature. Several times he tried to see Sands but Sands was busy and gradually the scandal leaked out as the commission bought in at exorbitant prices swamps,barrens,bare hills,abandoned holes and worthless tracts.

Tom Calhoun was sick with anger and disappointment"who owned this land?" he asked and in nearly every case the records showed it was some unknown person who had bought it of John Reynolds a few months before.

As the election approached Tom took the stump against the old ring which was supporting Sands. A great mass meeting was held at Beaufort and Sands spoke. He was an imposing man and his argument was shrewd.

"Gentlemen" he said in conclusion "these men are the ones that first recognized you as men and voters;they organized a government of and by the people. They have made mistakes,perhaps been extravagant and not done much that they might have but I tell you they never held you in slavery or sold your children or drove you with a lash through the cotton fields" Loud applause greeted the speech and Tom went valiantly to the attack. A great black and brown mass of humanity filled the hall. The air was stifling with smoke and sweat. The wind sang without and a murmur and roll of voices rose and fell within. Yet Tom talked the calm direct speech of the folk: "I tell you, men,"he said "it pays to be honest and Joe Sands is not honest. I've worked for a year to get land for us poor people and he stole and gave it away for an office. Ever since you put him in the state house by your votes he has been bartering away your rights. He has flattered and lied and deceived on the theory that the only way to win in this world is to fool somebody. Today men, we face two roads:by the one we must stand up independently and honestly for our rights,uniting in self-defence and for self-protection and voting for honest men and honest measures. The other road is pointed out to you by Sands and it leads to slavery,trickery,stealing and bowing-down. I don't know what you are going to do about it but I'm going to vote against Sands and everything he stands for." The effect of the speech was tremendous both from its

41-1-56

simplicity, its well-known truth and the honesty of Tom. Sands was furious.

"You promised to support me and I can prove it" he yelled.

"I did promise to support you, if you'd do one honest deed" retorted Tom "and you did it but it turned out to be the biggest piece of theiving lot - the of the last steal -. For that reason, I didn't keep my promise and I won't— would you?" he cried turning to the people. The answering yell shook the sea:

41-1-57

"No!" they cried, and Sands turned to the door.

The ring and the southerners were beaten and the reformers were in the saddle. They promptly refused to appoint Sands as judge although he brought every influence to bear. Instead of the improvement in government decreasing lawlessness and intimidation however, evidence of organized effort to intimidate the Negroes and break their power was daily manifest, and Tom Calhoun set his teeth grimly. "Fight the devil with fire" he cried and he called meetings secretly of the leading black men. But Sands was watching him and what Sands found out came quickly to the ears of Colonel Jones.

41-1-58

It was a bright balmy night. In the sombre home at the head of High stood two women. One was tall and erect - her face pale and finely cut, touched with age and wreathed with whitening hair. She stood with her hand on the door knob of the front door - she was just opening it - it was already partly ajar when she heard her name called and threw her head back to catch the meaning of the sudden call. Without the great, partially opened,

front door in the arched corridor stood another woman - rather a girl, slender and lithe, with smooth dark brown face, thick clinging hair and ~~lips~~ lovable mouth. She seemed very happily standing there, her head half turned backward toward the scented magnolias, and a faint love light in her eyes like moon-rise. She had rung the bell and stood with a little note in her hand not noticing that the door had begun to open. As she stood she crooned half consciously a melody - a song without words in deep low tones of infinite sweetness, that seemed ever about to escape into wondrous melody yet ever fell away into some tearful minor cadence - the woman within, the tall old woman with her hand lingering on the door knob heard two sounds - a sound of singing - low sweet singing, distant beautiful, and from behind a sudden quick whisper - "Irma - my cloak and mask we're after that Calhoun nigger tonight."

41-1-58

The song in the heart of the girl choked in her throat, the note fell to the floor, she saw the door half ajar, she heard the words, she whirled and swayed and fled like a fawn. Past street and lamp she flew, silent swift as a cat; past the pale half lighted stores on Broad Street, through the dim alley to Sixth-down Sixth. A horseman reined up just to see her flit across his mare's forelegs; a dog ~~xxxx~~ snapped furiously after her, a watchman hailed her gruffly, but ~~xxxx~~ ere he turned she was gone. Slowly a dull red light spread above and about her. A murmur of voices and crackle of flames rose clearer and clearer down where the First African Church used to stand, but she heeded nothing until the roar of the fire and the shout of the mob flared full upon her as she turned into Cedar. Pausing suddenly

she stood like a bronzen statue,slight and still. The flaring building threw a crimson glory on the rising street and behind loomed the great city dark and dead. Against this awful shadow the slight figure of the lone black girl stood for a moment glorified and the mob swept straight toward her, grim and hoarsely shouting - masked men red-shirted or black cloaked,with long glistening ~~ropes~~ rifles:tall lank mountaineers with shot guns and pistols, slight youths in fantastic headdresses,drunk and blasphemous.

A second the girl looked on the ~~two-inch~~ horsemen with widened eyes, then turning darted like a deer back through the alley to the left.

"Stop the wench"cried a voice.

"Stop Hell!March on!"came a low stern command.

At the edge of the city where the city street free at last,bounds into the rolling country-side,where straggling dim-lighted cabins sit lonesome here and there,a panting girl still fled to the west. Up the knoll she flew,past cabin,until all sweat and mud,she had left the last house of the red city behind,and there rose before her Smith's hill and the dark oak spreading its black limbs.

With dizzy eyes she peered into the gloom as she dashed along,until, at last she seemed to see a tall,dark form silently rise beneath the sawing tree. An awful gladness clutched her heart. The earth rose,reeled,and staggered beneath her feet - the hot blood pounded in her ears.

Then a terror crept slowly on her. she slipped and stumbled,rose and wavered on. Why did he stand so still? Why did he look so strangely tall? His hands seemed - my God! his feet were swinging in t he air!

She bounded toward him "Father!" she shrieked. The tree moaned softly and the red light of the city fell full upon the dull hillside.

41-1-60

"Pappy" she wailed and shivering crept beneath the swinging body, stretched her frail form upon the dank, red earth and writhed.

Chapter X.

The Mourning.

Robert was writing hurriedly/swiftly. "Hello! sis" he cried cheerily "Did you take that note last night?"

"Yes."

He chuckled. "What did he say?"

"!Nothing".

"Ha, ha" I'll bet he's mad - how's ma?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know - why?"

" I haven't been home."

He looked up at her with surprise. As his eyes caught hers he started ~~a start~~. The pen fell to the floor with a bound. A great lump hardened in his throat.

"Sister - sister?" he cried.

She put her arms about him and in the depths of her clear sweet eyes stood neither tear nor fear, but the shadow of supreme sacrifice and she pulled his head down gently and whispered in his ear and whispered again and said "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

41-1-61

When they came forth into the street, sister and brother hand in hand the shadows were streaming upward from the moaning river, and in the boy's face God had carven two straight lines, downward through the cheeks to mark the beginning of the hours of the days of his manhood.

As they came to the home he put her gently back and behind the shelter of the gate she kneeled and waited.

Juno saw him from the door - "Where's sister" she cried - "she did not come home last night -"

"She's safe - mother - safe - I kept her helping me."

She looked at him.

He came and stood silent within the lintels of the door and she went all a-tremble.

"Will it - rain, honey" she said, groping for her flat irons.

"No mother the sun is all a-shining."

"The cow" she said " the cow hasn't - isn't -"

"The cow, dear mother, is grazing yonder."

The trembling crept into her voice "is the place - then they've taken the house and lot - yes, yes."

"No, mother."

"Yes, O God, it is - it is the place, tell me it's the house, Oh, it must be - Rob - O God - Rob - Is - he - dead?

~~"Is he dead?"~~

"Dead - dead - long dead."

Of a sudden the trembling ceased. She put out her hand vaguely and spread another garment on the board, dampened it carefully and ironed it, swiftly steadily. Another and another followed. Into the back door four men staggered with an awful burden. Still the woman ironed moving ~~not~~ neither fast nor slow but evenly. The girl came silently in and replenished the fire. "Mother will you not rest?" she asked. Juno looked at her with strange eyes. "No, I must work or die" and all night the girl sat feeding the fire and the mother stood ironing and re-ironing the clothes.

Then in the great blue morning, she turned slowly, wearily away and grooming herself carefully. donned her black dress. She stepped to the dark kitchen door. The boy and girl made as if to follow; but she motioned them away and entering closed the door and then alone with her torn and twisted dead, all the flood gates of her soul swept loose and she wept the mighty weeping of the strong.

41-1-62

The murder of Tom Calhoun fell like a northern blast upon the Negroes of Beaufort. They bent and bowed before it as before the cruel storm, that swept their low lying islands in December. Not that murder was a new thing to them— Human life was ever cheap in Carolina, and the lives of black men cheapest of the cheap. But this death was the End of Something and the Beginning. The end of the vast dream of Freedom toward which they stretched in sudden and sweet awakening, Jan. 1, 1863. The beginning of that second nightmare of slavery that holds them bound and crushed this day. They came then to bury a Dream - to weep over an Ideal for which their dark and bleeding hearts had striven piteously, if blindly, earnestly if in vain. The burial had been quick secret and at night but the funeral was preached a month later,

according to slave custom. They came in droves to the crossroads church, Siloam,and sat before the preacher in great rows of silence,and the voice of the preacher faltered and broke in the midst of his sermon;then gathering strength swept onward and upward in hope and faith and wild exultation and the audience crept after him but faltered by the wayside. There came a hush and a thousand eyes were strained toward the silent bended figure that sat between the tall son and slight daughter.

Then Juno rose and turning toward the upturned faces stretched her arms and moaned before the Lord,even as her mother had moaned and her mother's fathers had moaned in the presence of their dead a hundred and a thousand years agone:stark and straight she stood with closed eye and swaying body waving her arms rythmically,chanting wierdly in tones that rose,fell, wavered and almost sang:and all the host bowed, bent,and slipped to their knees murmuring in one low minor monotone "Hear her,Lord,Hold up her hands, O weeping Jesus - Amen and Amen". And these were the words of her death song:"O Tom,Tom,where is you Tom,my Tom"she muttered and then,full-voiced, "God has taken my man and reached him up on high:why did you do it,God? - didn't you know I loved him,Jesus?-didn't you feel my heart a pullings when you called him in the night,the dark cruel night. I love you God - yes - but O God,your ways are hard and dark to poor old Juno. Reach out and smooth my soul. You give him to me God,and now you's took again,blessed be you God and blessed be your ~~son~~ Jesus son. O Tom was a marvel man, so strong and high and pretty when first these old eyes lighted on him. I loved him with my life even when I sinned against him. I had rather a died than

41-1-63

sinned against my Tom. I did die, long years I was dead and then dear God you brought him to me again and I woke." She opened her eyes streaming with tears and stretched her hands straight upward while the host sank lower and wept and wailed; "Blessed be God, the God of black folk who brought again my husband from the dead. Forgive his enemies, Great God, but when they come to the dark river show them my twisted murdered man. There's no more moaning now Tom, no more mourning" and she sank quivering against the altar in one dark bowed mass - "I'm just awaiting, Tom, just awaiting". The sobbing of the bowed multitude fell to moaning and the moaning to murmuring and the murmuring spread like a great wide wave and the wave swept into song. Far down the coast and across the islands and across the waters of the purple sea men stopped and listened to these thousand voices raised in Heath-song:

"Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"

Chapter XI.

The Beginning of Battle.

Robert and Mary sat in the cabin door of the little cabin near Beaufort talking.

"You must go to school, Mary at Columbia" he said " and finish."

"But, Rob, Mmmay isn't well and needs me here and you are just ready for college - I can't -"

"You must, sis, there's only three careers open to black women in the south: teaching, drudgery and shame. If you don't prepare yourself to teach

you must work in some white man's kitchen with an even chance for shame or drudgery or both - no,sis,there's no arguing - you're going to Columbia when the term open next week. I'm going to stay here and take care of mother and carry on the farm."

Mary looked up at him in half wonder. The boy of yesterday was gone and he was a man - tall,broad and brown,resolute yet kindly of face with great dark beautiful eyes and white even teeth. She felt her one time guardianship of her twin brother slipping away and a sense of loving dependence coming in its place. For years she had been older,shrewder,deeper than her brother but now age and knowledge and deftness seemed to shrink behind a new born strength and masterfulness that was written on his forehead and on his more deeply carven cheeks. And so Mary went up to Columbia to Silena Smith's school,and Robert turned his face toward life. He had to begin with 40 acres of land burdened with a mortgage of $250; a mule, a cow and some pigs. There was but one thing to do and that was to borrow seed for planting and food for living until the crops were up. The little ready money on hand and what he could earn must go for Mary's schooling. Yet he started with strange light-heartedness for the fire of youth was in his veins - the glory of morning. By executing a mortgage on the mule he found the neighboring store keeper willing to loan him seed.

"Guess you'll need rations too,won't you"said he. Robert thought he might need a little sugar and coffee now and then but he expected to make out without much. Still it was extraordinary how quickly his little store of food and money dwindled and how the bill at the merchant's increased. As

41-1-65

soon as the cotton peered above the ground with its tiny pale green twin leaves, Mr. Johnson the merchant called on John with a p aper. "It's just a little mortgage I've had made out on the crop for you to sign" he explained. "Of course your word's all right with me, but it's a little more business-like" and Robert read it over and signed it, but he kept careful account of all he bought at the store and when he realized the enormous prices charged determined never again to get into the clutches of the credit system. The cotton grew sturdily, the little rice field was tall and green and all went well until harvest time. It was a great sunny morning and the cotton field was white and waving as though some magic summer snow had fallen and lay banked and billowy along the smooth dark face of the land. Robert bared his great sinewy arms and seizing two big baskets started for the fields.

"No mother" he cried" you can't come out, it's too hot, Betty and Frank will help me and we'll finish in a couple of days" and he went whistling gaily to the fields. The dark brown cotton plants nodded and bowed, bent their laden heads heavy with harvest beseachingly, and the harvesters swung lightly between them grasping them swiftly with deft fingers, playing a moment with the soft and silken fibre and then with a twist and a pull leaving the stalk brown and bare, and passed onward singing. As Robert far ahead of his helpers passed swiftly onward and counted the white basketsful of coiled snow, he counted and reckoned and dreamed great golden dreams and life seemed ——

"Hi - there - what the devil do you mean by touching that cotton

without letting me know"cried an angry voice and Johnson the merchant leaped from his buggy,whip in hand.

Robert stared at him owen-mouthed. "What do you say?" he asked.

"I say that you've got no business to touch this cotton,I tell you and am here to oversee it."

"But it's my cotton" isn't it?"

"No it isn't -it's mine - I've got a mortgage on it - that's the law and you know it and I could have you shoved in the calaboose for this - how do I know how much cotton you've made away with already - I - "

Robert whirled and walked straight at him hot and angry and the man retreated precipitately,falling over the rows and brandishing his whip.

"Don't you touch me" he cried,"Don't you lay your hands on me."

Robert paused and recovered himself.

41-1-67

"What you say, Mr.Johnson, may be the law and it may not be. I never heard of it and if it is the law it's unfair and rascally. As for the cotton here's every boll of it right before your eyes and if you dare to say I've concealed any, so as not to pay my honest debts,you lie."

Johnson's face flushed and his hand crept down to his pocket. Then he looked at Robert and paused.

"O well" he said awkwardly "I suppose it's all right but you see we merchants have a pretty hard time keeping up with mortgaged crops and avoiding being cheated out of our eye-teeth. I don't belive you meant wrong but the law is just like I tell you -you can't touch mortgaged cotton without the consent of the mortgager. But's all right ,go ahead - I can stay and see to

the weighing this evening just as well as not" and slouching off under the great oak tree he sat down and mopped his face with a red handkerchief. All the afternoon he sat there and Robert picked the cotton in silent rage, and no song arose among the sullen workers.

Robert slept uneasily that night despite his great weariness for he began to fear for his years' work. Early next morning he left his helpers picking under the argus eyes of Johnson and went to town. He entered the office of young Henry Reynolds whom he had known in the legislature and asked him about the law. Reynolds shook his head.

"Rob,he said "the man who plants on credit is the slave of the merchant It wasn't so before the war but the recent laws and rulings have changed things:the merchant has almost full control of the crop until after sale and then hands over the proceeds to you after deducting his little bill.

"But I have a careful account."

"Worthless unless the merchant accepts or unless you sue him and disprove his record".

Robert hung his head. It was a bitter disappointment but his fighting blood was up. He must make some money someway - but how?

"I'll tell you " said young Henry Reynolds "I'll tell you what you must do Rob:it's nonsense for a colored man to try and make anything at small farming. If you've got any capital,buy a lot of land and rent it and make by squeezing the renters. That's what all the farmers are doing since the war. Of course it's just slavery by another name,but it gives the shrewd colored man a chance to get in the ring."

41-1-68

Robert shook his head.

"You needn't let your conscience trouble you - if you don't live off the black tenants, white folks will and treat them worse in the bargain. "

But Robert still shook his head. "I'll tell you what you might do" said Reynolds thoughtfully - "You might try shipping cotton - buying it up from planters and shipping it out. There are not many men in that business now and I believe it would pay." Robert went home and began to figure. The sale of his crops turned out as Reynolds had predicted. The price paid for the cotton was 10 cents. "But the Charleston price is 12 cents" objected Robert.

41-1-69

"Well, you can't get 12 cents here" said Johnson and sure enough Robert found that none of the local agents would offer more than Johnson. so that Robert sold his 10 bales for $500. Then came Johnson's bill.

"I have calculated that it amounts to $136.23" said Robert.

Johnson opened his eyes and the truculent white loafers in the store edged nearer "$136!" said Johnson - "it's $252.50" said he laying out a bill. Robert sat down and laboriously checked off the items: amounts had been doubled, prices raised and new items inserted recklessly. Robert groaned in spirit. In his program of life he had girded himself to fight for success by desert and ability and toil — what did these avail against injustice and lies and theft? He saw the white men whispering together: they expected him to get angry and storm. He would disappoint them.

"Mr. Johnson" he said "your bill is $116 larger than my account."

"Well,what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm not going to do anything - I can't."

"Well you can sign this receipt and get your balance or leave it - just as you please."

Robert silently signed the receipt - took $247.50 for his years' work and walked out amid the low jeers of the crowd.

41-1-70

"It's just that sort of damned Nigger that makes trouble"said Johnson "and I'm agoing to see that this Nigger gets his deserts before I'm done with him"for he remembered the day in the cotton rows. Robert went straight home. He had resolved on his course. His cotton crop would not pay the mortgage - it would not hardly keep the family next year. In that case he determined to make a dash for liberty. Without ~~x~~ longing a moment he went to a bank and deposited his money. When as he went home he stopped at a white farmer's :"I'm buying cotton Mr.H -- H he said " at 12 cents a pound. Have you any to sell."

The planter looked at him. "Why,yes and I've been getting 11 cents. Do you ~~buy~~ pay ~~xxxx~~ cash?"

"Yes,sir."

"How much do you want?"

"Four bales today."

"Here they are."

Robert bought them - shipped them to Charleston and in two days cleared $50. He said nothing but went silently to work and in two months'hard

striving and figuring he had a balance of $2000 in the bank. He could hardly realize his good luck and the road to fortune seemed open. He paid the mortgage on the farm, fitted up a little office in Beaufort and put out a gilt sign:"Robert Calhoun- Cotton-buyer." Then he noticed a change. There was no sudden happening,no noticeable incident but gradually the atmosphere about him grew different. One by one white planters ceased to sell him cotton,either giving evasive replies or curious excuses or coming out point blank as one did:

"I don't belive in trading with Niggers when white men can do the business."

In a few weeks the boycott was almost complete and only the few independent colored planters came to Robert's office with cotton. He pondered over the matter and at last he went to Harrison Coles and laid the matter before him.

41-1-71

Mr.Coles shook his head sadly "It's but another chapter of an old story my boy,Johnson and the white commission merchants have combined against you and are using their tremendous power of race prejudice to put you out of business."

"But what can I do - I paid good prices and no one lost a cent,I did my work well."

"Too well,my boy - your only mistake lay in paying off that mortgage too quickly,buying a gilt sign and wearing better clothes - yes,yes,I know there are little things and well within the rights of a freeman and you're not free,my boy,you're not free. More than that you never will be free until

the rank and file of the race is capable of economic organization so that the boycott will be ineffective against it."

"Do you mean Mr.Coles,that our race can only rise by stealing upward in the night or fighting in organized battle,if not with hands,with wits?"

"Something very like that,Rob"- Ah,here is Lloyd Jones - you boys know each other? of course,of course. Well Lloyd is to be my son-in-law next month Rob." and the young men shook hands heartily.

41-1-72

Chapter XII.

The New Start.

Juno was ~~fairly~~ failing fast. "No honey,"she said "I can't go up to Columbia- you go and see sister graduate and bring her home to me before I die."

So he kissed her and went up to Columbia. The new school,risen from the ashes of the old sat back among magnolia trees,a little green oasis among the low close crowded cabins of the Negro quarter. The building itself was bare red brick but today trimmed with humanity - a great dark cloud of mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers. A sense of longing and unrest fell on Robert as he sat and heard the music and the voices and saw little sister,slight and womanly,stand before all those hundreds and tell them of "The Glory of Sacrifice."

His eyes wandered over the sea of faces and turning half around to look farther back he saw a face and ~~he~~ started - there sat a girl of perhaps sixteen. She sat among the other girls - she was but one of a hundred two,

three hundred and yet she - ah, she was Woman Wonderful; ~~and he saw~~ her face was burnished gold and her hair the wavering brilliant changing brown of bronze. All her soul seemed to stream and quicken and quiver thru her lithe limbs. Her eyes - o, her eyes were little pools - dark liquid pools that stand of a summer's day in forests' fastness. Nay, they were fires that leap in dark mountains - they were depths of mighty night all starry and meteored with threading light and now they were lightning gleams, shuddering on the eternal halls. Her hands were blue and red beneath the gold. Her hair did not string lankly to the ground but curled and hesitated, coiling in a thousand shivering ringlets, soft and gilstening like a summer sea. Her head was poised proudly on a slender neck, and her little bosom burst above a waist that was all rythm and movement. She did not blush but went red gold from cheek to ear and glowed darkly like a summer sunset kind and silent, on a brown and silent sea. Ah, she was Woman Wonderful.

41-1-73

"Why -Rob- haven't you a word for sister?"

And then he woke shamed of his monning and kissed little Mary and carried her beribboned diploma, but still his heart beat riotously. They hurried homeward that night and found their mother tossing on a bed of pain. She looked at them fondly - "Just a waiting - children" she murmured "only -only one thing lies on my soul - and Robert, sister, listen -when I come to die, I a going to call for somebody and I wants you to run and get him for I'se got a death word for him", and she felli into fitful sleep.

As Robert and Mary sat on the door-sill talking a stranger came up.

"Who owns this place" he asked looking over the land.

"My mother does"answered Robert.

"Is she in"?

"She is sick and can see no one but I do all her business for her."

"Got about 30 acres here haven't you?"

"Forty."

41-1-74

The stranger looked at it critically and turned as if to saunter away.

"Mighty poor land - he said - "I'd been thinking of buying up some land here but - "

Robert said nothing.

"What would you sell this place for?"

"We don't want to sell."

"Pshaw!anybody wants to sell if they can get their price ." And the stranger moved off. At the gate he paused again. "I'll give you $250 for the whole thing"he said but Robert shook his head and he went out.

"Robert " said Mary "I have a plan. "I'm going to teach school and take care of mother and you're going to finish your college course."

His heart beat faster at this spoken echo of an unspoken, almost unrealized thought.

"Nonsense" he said shortly. But she was in deadly earnest. "Robert" she said "you must. It isn't merely land or money or even knowledge that our people need,Robert,it is Vision and Sacrifice. We must know what the

world was and what men have thought. I have gotten in these two years as it seems to me a faint gleam of the meaning of life. I have stood on the foot-hills and glimpsed the peaks of the world. And yet you see I only finished the Normal course and we got so little - so little."

"But you know,Sis,I wanted you to go through college."

"Yes - yes - but I know that but one of us could afford that and it would far bettey be you because you will have larger and better opportunity to use the things you will see and know. And so for four years you must go up into the hills of God and sit before the vision and then come down and lead us to the Promised Land" and she smiled into his eyes through her tears.

"I've got a thousand dollars in the bank and the place is clear of debt.

She leapt in glee - "O Rob have you? is it? why we're rich "- the weak faint voice of the mother came to them and Mary rose quickly "Mammy ,poor mammy,"she murmured " if only she could live to see it" and she hurried in. But Robert sat and dreamed and behind the dream hovered a girl' s sweet face, the wonderful witching beauty of one dark golden face.

41-1-75

"Did you sell the place,Rob,"asked his neighbor eagerly over the fence next morning.

"No" said Robert..

"I did- got $400."

What's he buying for?"

"I hea r they're putting cotton mills and a railroad through here."

"Well,I won't sell my father's place"said Robert.

"You'd better - they'll buy you out or cheat you out."

"O, I reckon not."

He turned back to the house and met the land agent again.

"I want to buy this place" he said and "I'll give you $400 which is about twice as much as it is worth."

"I won't sell" said Robert shortly. Two or three times during the next week the agent importuned him until he had offered $750. But Robert was obdurate and the agent went angrily away. Robert thought little of the matter for his head was full of the college course which he and Mary had now fully planned. If he could get the village school for her to teach all seemed well. He could put a tenant on the land, building him a small cabin at the other end of the plot. This would pay living expenses for mother and sister. Mary could then save a large part of her salary and his $1000 would pay his way through college. It seemed a fair world that Robert looked upon that night as he walked quickly in toward Beaufort. It seemed fair to Henry Reynolds and his land agent as they rode past Robert not recognizing him in the darkness.

41-1-76

"Do you suppose it's spite against your father for lynching old Tom?" the agent was saying.

"O no, he's been in my office since that - these Niggers haven't much family affection - no it is stubbornness and the only thing to do as I told you is to attach-" and they rode on out of ear shot.

The blood was roaring in Robert's ears and the thrill of bitter ven-

geance for his father's brutal murder rose as wild and insistent as on that awful night when Mary had whispered in his ears. He hurried to town and straight to the home of John Epps an old colored friend of his father. "Uncle John he said "what did John Reynolds have to do with killing my father?"

"Well,buddy,he was in the mob you know and they say that it was him that lead them to Frazier's woods."

"A traitor and a murderer"said Robert.

"And a white man "added John Epps. "Now see here buddy,don't be a fool. This is a hard world and God knows hardest for black people- so hard that you can't afford to make it harder. If a white man comes at you,buddy,kill him,if it takes your last drop of blood. But don't go calling up old quarrels and righting all the wrong that's dead and gone there's too many -your pappy's only one in a thousand. Let God tend to it - you know what the good book say about revenging - how is it?"

41-1-77

And Robert repeated it mechanically "Vengeance is mine,I will repay, saith the Lord."

"That's it - that's it."

"Yes,"said Robert wearily "that's it - the refuge of cowards since the world began."

But the old man put his hands on his shoulder "There's braver things than dying in this world,son,and one of them is living"and Robert walked away in silence.

It was two weeks later that Juno Calhoun was summoned to court to de-

fend the disputed title of her property. She wass too sick to go and Robert represented her. He hired the best lawyer he could get - a sharp young fellow,who fought the case well and won. It took half of Robert's savings to pay him,but he did not care - he was flushed with the victory over Henry Reynolds. But the case was promptly appealed to a higher court and the young lawyer advised Robert to compromise..

"But the place is mine."

41-1-78

"Yes".

"And they are just trying to wear me out with law suits."

"Yes".

"Then I'll fight it" and he mortgaged the house and land to the young lawyer and fought on. He won again but his money was gone and the property was mortgaged to its full value and the case appealed to the SUpreme Court. It was a useless fight and when the lawyer offered him $50 for his equity in the estate ~~he~~ Robert sold it to ~~him and the lawyer~~ him and he sold it to Henry Reynolds.

They moved Juno at night over to old Uncle Caesar's cabin. She started up"where are you taking me?" she cried but they soothed her and said "We are carrying you out to smell the sea and then we'll go home again." She lay still and sniffed the air and then they carried her to the new cabin arranging her room as well as they could to look like the old. She did not notice the difference in the room but she heard the nearer roaring of the sea "The sea"she cried "the Sea -it's coming nearer - and

the Ship-Robert-Robert go -go bring Henry Jones to me."

It was a grey cold morning and the mists lingered low above the leaden waters. Within upon a bed white-shrouded was stretched the form of Juno Calhoun-thin, haggard and dead. Beside her stood her children.

41-1-79

"It's no use - no use" said Robert "the hand of God is against us."

But Mary lifted her eyes up to him and said "Shame on you Robert -sh shame! here in the morning of life, in health and strength with the memory of our dear old mammy before us, to falter and hesitate because God has not made our way rose or our paths peace. Shame on you Robert" - "and then slowly they fell upon their knees and with bowed heads and trembling words searched for God in the great misty morning and stretched doubtful hands up to the shining armposts of His throne, and without the dog crept in the clay and weeds and howled to the howling sea.

"Robert" said Mary the morning after the funeral. "You'll have just four weeks now to get ready." He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, for school" she answered, smiling at his expression. Then seeing that it hurt him she added quickly "You see my school begins in two weeks".

"What school?"

"Didn't you know I had the village school? $40 a month and, which I think is very good."

"But I tried to get it for you and couldn't - they said it was promised to Lettie Sands."

"Well here's my contract signed yesterday."

He glanced it over -"Henry Reynolds!" he said bitterly and then added -"I'm awfully glad sis,but of courge I can't go away."

"Why not",she said eagerly "I can stay here with old Uncle Ceasar with perfect safety and I wrote to Miss Silena and told of our losses and hshe has a scholarship and some work for you. Rob, if you don't go I'll - be so disappointed". He sat down almost overcome by a sudden vision of a dream which he had shriven to renounce in the last weeks of hardship and loss.

"It doesn't seem possible"he murmured.

But Mary made it more than a possibility - a duty,a way of life. He put his hand lovingly on her head - "Dear little sister" he said.

41-1-80

Cdapter XIII.

The School.

The day of parting came. Mary stood at the depot and smiled brightly and joyously into Robert's face as he boarded the train for Columbia;she waved her handkerchief cheerily as far as he could see but as the train faded away,her eyes grew misty and when at last it was gone and the sense of utter loneliness sank on the brave girl,the great hot tears came rolling unheeded down her face. She was ever a girl older than her years;sensitive as a flower and deeply sympathetic,she felt the sorrows and troubles of others almost before they came and her perfect wonderful unselfishness brought her so quickly to aid that people came easily to expect it of her. Her spirit of sacrfice was perfectly simple and sincere and attracted no notice to herself. Indeed she was at first glace,to all,and ever to the ordinary eye,an unattractive girl,scareely noticeable alone,quite unnoticed in a throng. She was slight almost frail in build,dark brown in color with short greyish crinkled hair,which was always neatly piled in rounded motionless cones,deftly inbraided and twisted. To those whose eyes were trained only to the more glaring flashes of light and shade on white faces,the softer shadowings of her sensitive countenance were all unheeded and unknown,and her soul looked out from the liquid depths of her eyes dead and unmoved. But those who came to know Mary Calhoun better knew the depths of passionful striving,the low tense yearning for goodness,

41-1-81

the great brave feeling that for the good of others no giving of herself was too great - too exhausting. All the mystic and wierd wanderings of her mother's and grandmother's souls, had in her, through the strong balance and sense of her father become transmitted into a great vivid passion for spiritual purity. She wanted to be good and true, she wanted the world to be good and true and she wanted this with a fervor so intense and burning that all else paled before this flaming zeal for souls. Long years before when she was but a child she had sat very still in that great reeking revival and then suddenly had risen and stretched her little arms toward God and said clearly, calmly "I am free!" They called this her conversion and on its testimony took her into the church although some who believed in visions shook their heads. The freedom into which she had stepped that day she never left. Ever after she was free - free from all the littleness of life, all its baser passion, all its jealousy, envy and strife, and into her clear eyes came and grew the spirit of endless sacrifice, the sweet lovableness, and tender pity - all this, but veiled and unknown to most men because it was shrouded in a dark skin.

41-1-82

Perhaps her greatest physical gift was her voice - a low wonderful contralto that came tremulously welling upward as from hills of tears and fell upon her auditor in sudden over-powering sweetness. Today she hurried quickly from the depot and wandered homeward under the great oaks and sang as she walked the wierd old songs of the far off motherland:

"You may bury me in tie east,
You may bury me in the west
But I'll hear the trumpet sound
In that morning."

The low winds crooned with her and at last she found herself weeping again with that sense of perfect loneliness that comes with song. All had gone - her dear old Mother, her new found father and now, today, Robert. Tomorrow she must face life and face it alone and if life be hard and puzzling to men, who much harder, narrower, bewildering to a woman? And if bewildering to a woman, what is it not to a black woman in a land that despises them and leaves them naked to their enemies? She felt with sudden dismay all that she must face: they would call her by her first name as they called their slaves and servants; they would couple her with strumpets by refusing to call her "Miss." They would leer at her in secret, take open liberties with her sense of modesty and decency, and regard her ruin by force or wile as the lawful pastime of a gentleman. And if she anywhere, at any time she protested or rebelled, they would laught at her anger, sneer at her

airs,mock at her chastity or slap her face - O God - could she stand this, could she go through it. She lifted her eyes toward the grey sky and stretched her hands,then dropped them in sudden shame and contrition,sank upon her knees by the great gnarled roots of a black ivy, wreathed oak;the birds sang above her and when she rose it was with the old sweet look of gladness and sympathy and sacrifice.

The school was to be held in the church for there was no school house and the committee refused to build one. Which church then should be chosen? To Mary the new board Methodist church just built seemed cosiest and better sheltered than the great hulk of old Siloam at the cross-roads. But no sooner was her choice known than the whole black community was rent in twain. "What"said the baptists "in a Methodist church?; "What" sardamed the old paster of Siloam "going to that new darky's shanty with his stuck up ways,No,Sir!". Mary hesitated in dismay and went to consult her committee. Henry Reynolds was too busy to look at her "Who?" he asked "Mary Calhoun? O yes, well Mary,you niggers settle that yourselves,if you can't get 50 scholars why give the thing up. Now Johnson"and Reynolds plunged into his figures again. Mary took her usual direct and simple way out of the difficulty. She called a meeting of the patrons and conquering her timidity told them in a straightforward way the situation:"if you want a good school you must have it in the best place;Siloam church is big,the benches have no backs and it leaks;the Zion church is new,tight and small and has good benches. I'm ready to teach in either place - which will you have?" They chose Siloam church sbut they fixed her some new benches and patched the roof. On the opening day of the first regular free school in the community,125 children of all ages,sizes and conditions crowded in. Mary was thoroughly frightened at the row upon row of solemn faces and prospects of teaching them single-handed. The first few days they were interesting,they sang with vigor,looked at the pictures in their books

41-1-83

and wrote on the limited black boards. But the books were few in number - one to every three or four - the sitting still became irksome and then the mischief maker began to appear. Paper wads flew, bent pins brought agonized yelps and the whispering made reciting difficult. But the big boys mistook their mild-faced little teacher. She stood the hub-bub and disorder several days, pleading with them and warning them. And then suddenly one morning she sent a troublesome girl home and whipped a half dozen little boys so vigorously that they alarmed the neighborhood. The next morning as she approached the school house she found a great fat yellow woman with towselled hair and angry mien planted squarely in the door way, with one of her victims of yesterday. Affairs certainly looked warlike and Mary felt a chill down her back: but she came straight on:

41-1-84

"I'm so glad you came Mrs. Johnson" she said sweetly - "I wanted to talk to you about Jimmie - come right in and sit down - and here's Aunt Jane too, move right in, there we've quite a family party . Now Children, we've got two visitors this morning ~~xxxxxx xxx~~ Jimmie's mother and Willie and Tom and Sarah's, who've come to see if this school can't behave just as well as any". The visitors who had not been able to get in a word as yet, straightened up now with sense of importance and the school day began. Four children, it is needless to say out did themselves in studiousness and exemplary conduct. One small incorrigible in a far corner started in with a paper wad while the second reader class was reading a story that astonished Aunt Jemima very much, about a gentleman named Alladin. The ensuing snicker disturbed Aunt Jemima and she spoke right out:

"You Jim Banks over thar - if you throws another one of them I'm just goin' wear you to a frazzle - you know your mammy don't allow no such cutting up". And James Banks subsided for the day.

It took but a few experiences of this sort to make Mary full mistress of her school, while her never failing courtesy and kindness

with the ignorant but well-meaning patrons disarmed most of their hosti;-ity. Still even that did not make the children come to school regularly or continuously. The school dwindled to 100,75,50,25 and the school committee promptly warned the little teacher that she must close unless the average was kept up to fifty. She was very tired nights after school but she started now regular visiting and it opened her eyes. She found that she had had no idea of the difficulties the sorrows,the slovenly habits of her community. Here in filthy rags and vermin-infected hut lay a sick mother with a new baby "Sarah has to stay and tend me and Josie gets the meals." Here was a father struggling in a fearful battle with debt. "I needs the boys to help me right now,Miss Mary - I'me mighty sorry,but we must live". Yonder she met sloven indifference "O they can go if they want to \- but what's the use - white folks got everything and going to keep.it,I 'spect - no use no Nigger trying to be anybody." Into this slough the little woman threw herself with sympathy,kindlines and unwavering determination. She helped surse the sick,strove to systematize work and accounts,spoke a word of cheer and encouragement. Made the girls mend their clothes,hunted jobs for the boys until the school became a centre of love as well as learning,of work and play, of striving and sacrifice. John came home at vacation time and saw his sister's work with astonishment and pride. But he hurried away - he had work for the summer in Charleston.

4/1-1-85

"I - to - did you know Hilda Quarles at school?" he asked as he was almost ready to start.

"Little Hilda - why yes."

"I met her in Beaufort yesterday - her little brother was in trouble and I'm going to try to help him out."

Mary felt just a tinge of jealousy but she put it away quickly and turned to her work again,bidding him a fond good bye.

Another year started in and it brought new troubles. This time it came from the white planters and employers round about. They had at first

looked on Negro schools as non-sensical experiments bound to fail on account of the sheer stupidity of the children. Then when they prospered they begrudged them the public monies. At last there came a new and more sinister plaint - the scarcity of labor. It was a new thing - unknown in its present form in slavery times and the planters attributed it to the deviltry and laziness of the freedmen.

"There are a dozen good cotton hands down at that Nigger school" said Mr. Johnson to the loafers in his store "and a couple of dozen half-hands -it's bad enought to keep these niggers idle without teaching them all to shun work or making them impudent. By God they'll think they're good as white folks in a year or so." Thus the white community grumbled. Nor was the black world altogether satisfied.

41-1-86

"Miss Mary's a good teacher but she's had her share of the school money now and she ought to let somebody else have a little now" suggested Sands, cautiously.

"She don't pay no attention to my children, it's only the smart ones she cares for," growled another.

And so the leaven of criticism and discontent grew about the unconscious hard working girl, until the day that Henry Reynolds found himself with a grievance against her brother and ordered her dismissal at the end of the school term.

Chawter XIV.

The Servant.

She went into her little room in the cabin and lay down on the bed and thought it all out. Next year was Robert's last year in college - it would be awful to have him stop now, he must not stop. He had worked in Columbia last year and in the long summer months had saved $75. His scholarship had added $50 to this and she had sent $150 from her salary.

This year would cost him a little more and then too he might not be able to make so much in the summer. The wave of misery overwhelmed her and she wept and wept and sobbed until the shadows rose from the sea and Uncle Caesar's querulous voice called her to make supper ready. She rose and smoothed her dress and washed her face and came out to him with her old sweet way - cooked a pone of corn bread, made him some coffee and sent him mumbling off to bed. Then she went to her room again and took down her little bank book. She had taught three years, six months in each year at $40 a month - let's see that was $720. Of this $475 had gone to Robert -$200 the first year, $125 the second and $150 the third. That left $230. It had cost her and uncle Caesar but little to live and they raised their own vegetables and chickens and had a bale or so of cotton each year; still she had only $75 left in the bank and it looked very, very small. She wrote a cheerful letter to Robert saying nothing of the school, but urging him not to come home in vacation -"stay and work in Columbia and perhaps I'll run up and see you, if I'm lucky. Uncle Caesar is well and so am I. How sweet it is to live and work, Dear Robert - Lovingly your sister Mary" and carefully blotting off the tear, she sealed it. Then she sat down to contrive and think - a county school? it was too late this summer and they did not run in winter and she could only wait for next summer - and even then would have to be very near for how could she leave Uncle Caesar alone? She thought of sewing - now there was a chance - she had often in summer done fine needlework - but O, it paid so little; she thought of private lessons but so few, so very few of the colored people could afford to pay. Then she turned and

41-1-87

faced it - faced that which was ever there but from which she shrank in nameless repulsion - house-service. Why not? Why not?she said bravely and resolutely and yet she knew why not;because it was the sign of the slavery out of which she and her people were creeping - because it was wasting her talent in doing what a thousand others less fortunate than she could do as well and often better. And yet that was not all - the chief and greatest reason was that it held the raw sore of her sensitiveness at slights, jibes and discrimination open to the careless, the scornful and the harsh. Her very soul revolted against the semblance of bondage. Her mother and father had shielded her from it and although she was ready to do almost any honest work - yet her whole being recoiled at this step And yet,and yet, her soul whispered, perhaps this last sacrifice is what God asks - perhaps this is that dark valley of Humiliation through which all true souls travell. Was it the drudgery she feared,was it mere pride that bound her? She hesitated,walked to the wall and threw back the wooden shutter and drank in the night air. A silent figure passed along the road and sudden fear shot through her. She remembered Robert's word "Drudgery and shame and perhaps both." Suppose she should go into some home and fall into wanton treacherous hands - what was there to protect colored girls; Tradition?God save the mark! Chivalry?there is no chivalry for ~~helpless~~ black women in the South. Christianity?was not the canting Christian south mottled with the bastards of

41-1-88

white fathers? Her hands gripped the flesh till it bled and fierce hot anger rose in her throat - but she turned- shut the window and slipped to her knees beside the little bed and strove with her wavering soul to think how 2000 years before another heart, upon which lay the sin and burden of a ~~hunted people~~ world, bowed alone in a great shadowy garden and prayed "Let this cup pass from me."

41-1-89

She had scarcely finished the breakfast dishes next morning and tidied up the cabin ~~next morning~~ when she saw the shadow of a woman at the door. She went forward and greeted her pleasantly, trying in vain to remember where she had seen her before.

"It's getting real warm" she said "won't you come in and sit here in this chair. It just catches the breeze from door and window and Uncle Caesar says it's the coolest spot on the coast."

The lady seated herself thankully. She was a short fat woman, with smooth brown hair parted in the middle, and a worried kindly face.

"I thought I'd come and see you" she said - "John told me - that is O I meant to say I am Martha Reynolds, John Reynolds wife. I was so sorry when you lost the school and I told Henry and he said - Well at any rate I do wish I could get you to come and work for us. I've heard of your school and I heard you sing once and my heart sort of went out to you. I never had any children myself - that is, except Henry. And I thought that you'd like a good home. There are only three of us and there won't

be much to do,although just now we are expecting company from the north, Mrs.Grimes and - but of course you don't know her. These girls I've been having are so trifling and dirty,and somehow I can't get hold of the decent tidy-looking colored girls - I don't see why;I'm sure I try to treat them right and pay they good wages - won't you come?"

Mary's heart rose to her mouth and she stammered. She meant to say "No,no"I can't"but she said vaguely:

"How much do you pay?"

"We've been paying $5 a month but I'd give you ten gladly if you'd come -only of course you mustn't mention it - John is so close."

Mary sat with her arms in her lap staring out doors and almost forge ting her visitor _- $10 a month and that included board. She could work 11 months and ore John's graduation - $110 . This with the $50 in the bank would make the $150 for him and $10 over. Could she live on $1 a month outside her board? What would the colored people say who had known her as teacher,and with this thought came trooping tumultuously all the throng of doubts and fears and pains - but she thrust them aside with one great sweep and rose. "I'll come" she said "tomorrow."

And Martha Reynolds rose and took her hand. The two women looked in each other's eyes and saw something of each other reflected there,each in each,something deeper and nearer than money and color and years. And Martha's voice faltered "We'll be good friends,Mary."

41-1-90

"We'll be good friends Mrs.Reynolds"said Mary in quick understanding and then speeding her guest,she went slowly into her little room and shut the door.

It was busy times at the Reynolds'. "I don't see what I ever should do without you Mary"said Martha plunging her arms into the white dough. Mary had just slipped a cake into the oven door and she was humming to herself, for Robert's last letter was blithe and hopeful. "I am glad I came" she said as she cleaned up the dishes and hung up the clothes. !There now- my part of the baking is done - what next?" "I guess that's all"said Martha and you'd better go home and see to Uncle Caesar and take him something good to eat. Now tomorrow you'll have the windows to wash. I'll go to Charleston right after breakfast as soon as I put the bread in -" and Mary for Lord's sake don't forget it. Turn it round twice, I always do and take it out when it's gold-brown. And then -let's see - O yes, Henry will be home by tomorrow on time for the picnic.I s'pose it's wrong for me to be away at this time but these picnics are the pokiest, stiffest things and I hate 'em. He'll find his clothes all laid out. ~~Fu~~ Funny,he hasn't been home since you came,has he? Well he's a good boy - with a little temper but that's man like - Good night."

41-1-91

The house was empty when Mary came next day. Martha had gone to Charleston shopping,John REynolds to his office and Henry was still out

of town. Mary went blithely about her work for she liked it. With all its drudgery and long hours and endless repetition, there was something fascinating in the keeping of a home. It grew to feel like some great quiet friend, loving sympathetic with its great broad bosom, its moods and tempers, its many sided character - it was very pleasant to move in a great rich cozy place like this and care for it tenderly and know that one's duty lay here - safe-guarded from the cold hard hurrying world without. She ~~turned~~ turned the bread and took it out gold-brown; and then took Robert's letter from her bosom and sitting on the stairs with duster, pail and wash cloths, read it again and laughed and cried a little. Hilha - little Hilda-she must have grown into a nice big girl and Robert seemed to mention her often. She wondered - but she laughed at the thought and started up the stairs. She had not told Robert yet of her new work. He thought her still teaching. It was hard to write it and it would make him ill at ease. She went to Henry Reynold's room first and dusted it and put it in order and washed the window. Then she went into Mrs. Reynold's room. She looked out of the window -a bed of great white lillies grew beneath and she bent far out to catch the fragrance and felt for a moment like plunging down into them. A man with a satchel came rapidly up the street - a tall broad shouldered red faced young fellow and turned quickly in at the gate, glancing up toward her. It was Henry Reynolds and she drew back in something like confusion, and went rapidly to her work. She made the bed

41-1-92

swept and dusted, hearing him stamping up the stairs whistling and banging the doors. She started to the window and began washing it and sniffing the lillies. Suddenly she heard the door behind her open quickly and Henry Reynolds looked in. He was dressing for the picnic and had neither coat, vest nor collar and his hair was rumpled.

"Where's Ma" he asked vigorously applying the towel to his recently shaven face.

"In Charleston" -she answered "there's a note on the dresser."

"O yes, hello you're a new one aren't you" regarding her. She murmured something, growing hot beneath his continued gaze. He seemed disposed to keep up the conversation but she picked up her pail and brush and would have started to the door when she realized that he was standing between her and the hallway. He laughed and A wild crazy fear surged up to her heart as she watched the gathering sneer on his red face and the swing of his great bare white arms. Her hands shook and she faltered backward twisting her apron and whispering to herself - "He will not - of course he will not - he is a gentleman - he would"-then as he tossed the towel away and stepped confidently carelessly toward her, she raised herself erect in sudden hot fury that battled with the whelming sense of utter helplessness, God would not leave her thus alone and unprotected in this great dark empty house - God - Oh! and then she caught suddenly the scent of lillies and the rush of the wind. Like a

41-1-93

flash she weeled,never faltering never doubting;with one light bound she was on the window - the man cried out in horror - but she leaned upon the air,the trees and house whirled upward,the skies flew,she felt her body wheeling twisting downward;up roared the good sweet air and the great fragrance of lillies - nearer,nearer- falling,falling - and she closed her eyes and slept.

Chapter XV.

The Pain.

41-1-94

Mary lay before a wide window gazing dreamily out upon the sky - great clouds,grey and silver and white sailed silentlm,majestically by as if on long and mighty missions to some blue and unknown land afar - thrones and kings rolled on in gleaming splendor and changed and grew and altered as they rolled. She turned away:why was it - ah-a - ah God, the Pain,the dull deep massive pain, - the grinding, pressing, sickening ~~pa~~ pain! The beads of sweat bubbled on her forehead and she sank back with a sigh as Martha bent over her.

"Poor dear- poor dear!"she mummured "there don't move - you mustn't move - is it easier now?"

"Yes - yes - I-I want to write - I must write."

"To your brother- I'm writing now,dear - "

"You must not write l- no - no - yes I am strong enough quite - (ah the Pain the deep tingling bitter pain - ah,ah - there) yes,yes get me a

pencil and I'll tell him all - thank you - yes, I'm quite easy now - quite - ah - well."

She seized the pen and wrote:

"Dearest Robert:-

Is not this sweet weather?this glorious [oh,the pain the pain,the bitter pain] summer time? The sun is tender to us here and sends us [ah,dear God!] kissing cooing winds. I am sitting,no-lying (am I not lazy Rob?) here and watching the great white clouds fly - they seem like God's great waving banners marching always marching so silently and swiftly on. I am as well as can be - I hope you're in good health Work and study hard next year - I shall send you $150 for the year - it won't pinch me at all. My [the pain,the awful whizzing pulsing pain - I cannot bear it,dear God - ah] love to Hilda and all your friends [ah, it comes again dagger-like and strikes my hand] how careless - my finger slipped Goodbye,dear Rob, Good bye,

Mary."

"There - there"she whispered faintly "now the envelope no,no I'll back it - there then now you won't write you won't - " and she fainted away.

Long days she lay there watching the sky. Now in deep peace now wracked with paroxisms of fever shivering pain.

"What,what is broken" she asked once.

"Your hip is crushed dear."

4-1-95

"Will it ever get well?"

"O,it will get much better?"

"So I can work - so I -" she began eagerly.

"You are working now and here are your first month's wages"said Martha. Mary took the little envelope and opened it and there was a hundred dollar bill .

"O no"she said quickly "no I"-

But Martha was kneeling by the bed sobbing."You were hurt working for me and this is my own money,my own savings,if you do not take it I shall never forgive myself."

Mary looked at her and lay back with a sigh -

"Thank you"she said "thank you very,very much".

But Martha still knelt.

"Mary"she said and her voice came dry and harsh

"Mary - did you - fall out the window?"

For a moment their eyes met but Mary closed hers quickly.

"Yes" Mrs.Reynolds"she said.

"O thank God - thank God"murmured the woman -"O no,no,I don't mean that Mary - I - "but Mary put out her hands and slipped them about the woman's neck and kissed her.

"Can you not give me some needle and cloth. I think I will try

to embroider a bit"said Mary one day,and lying there she wove a figured mat with flaming border and waving lillies strewn ~~without~~ within and Martha took it out and sold it for her. Many of these she made (yet the pain,the low grinding pain,lived ever with her)and then at last obedient to her begging they moved her to Uncle Caesar's cabin and put her in her little neat room where half sitting ,half lying,she sewed and wrought and sang([The pain the cruel pain,it wrought and sang there too.] One day a child came in for help on its lesson. She eagerly turned to her books and helped it and in after days others came and others,and though they wondered to see her pause now and then,and closing eyes and teeth,drip silent sweat,yet the class grew and the black parents came in and hovered over her and paid her little sums as they could. Thus so that soon she found herself earning $3 and $4 a week with her sewing and teaching and she was glad and brave and happy. One day a letter came and she opened it. There was a long blue check and a card. The blue check said $500 - the card said "Henry Reynolds- Real Estate". She sat and held it. Wild anger, cold contempt,calm resignation strove in her heart. Would it not be right to use this for Robert's training,for the poor about her,for the school? Then she sighed. No it was the price of shame,and the next day Henry Reynolds received back his check and card.

41-1-97

She wrote long letters to Robert filled with cheer and cautioned all the neighbors lest they worry him with gossip.

"He knows all he needs to know"she said sweetly. "He's hard at work, dear boy, and does not need to be troubled with little things. Yet it was hard as commencement approached. "When are you coming "he kept writing anD she hobbling about on her crutches and knowing that the Limp and the Pain had married her body for all this life kept putting him off and at last said "Dear Brother-I have met with a little loss and I cannot come to see you graduate. God only knows how I am disappointed at this". The next mail brought money but she sent it back saying "When you come, I will tell you all, dear Robert - I cannot come." There came no answer. She knew how deep was his disappointment - and hers? [Ah- the bitter, bitter Pain the slow hot pain.] She put away her crutche s and hobbled to her little chair before the door and waited. In a few hours he would come. She draped her skirts so as to hide the sick bones and glanced at her face in the little mirror - poor little thin, lined mask of deep brown. She sat back with a sigh and waited - waited.

41-1-98

week, in a few days and now at last in a few

Chapter XVI.

Hal.

A little boy sat on the fence swinging his legs. He was a symphony in brown- yellowish brown of face, with flying light brown hair, dirty dark brown trousers hitched up with dingy strings - a ragged neutral tinted shirt and ~~many~~ red brown feet and legs. All the coloring he was engaged in heightening with bright orange persimmon juice — devouring the luscious little golden ~~galdenabungsofrbrighy and nhipersimmonsjuicebetdevouring the luscious little g~~ bulbs greedily and whistling lustily between.

"Get out of there you little scamp" yelled an angry voice "I'll break your neck if I catch you in those persimmons again". The boy measured the distance of the oncoming owner warily, grabbed another good handful of the fruit and dove with incredible swiftness into the underbrush, wriggling, screwing, slipping, flying across the fields until with a whoop and a swing of his old felt hat he landed in the limbs of a great black oak at th edge of the cotton field. Finding that the pursuit was not pressed, he finished the persimmons, licked his hands and looked about for further adventure. Beneath this long accummulated layers of dirt his face was almost beautiful but it was spoiled by a precocious sharpness slynss and and restlessness. It seeme d as if the little body was tingling with pent up energy and the restless mind quivering and sparkling every minute - and overall hung a furtive watching for blows and yells, a preparedness for missiles and oaths and a mocking, mischievous sense of ability to triumph over and laugh at a hostile world. No sooner had he finished his persimmons and spied the

66-1-14

land out with his great shining black eyes,than he shook out his tangled hair and doveagain to the ground and in a moment he was moving stealthily among the big green striped watermelons that lay in the field beyond the cotton. He tapped the melons carefully,cocking his head aside and had just chosen a big ripe melon when he heard a furious barking and saw a big brown dog dashing across the fields. It was a long pull to the nearest tree and he measured the distance carefully. Then with the melon under one arm and a big stone in either hand he fairly flew across the field. It was a race that made the angry planter stare in astonished amusement. The dog skimmed silently with head down and in great skipping curves. The boy ran like a deer clasp ng the melon. Once when the dog was almost on him he turned and sent a stone straight at the brute's eyes and the dog leaped aside and started again,but before he had dodged the second stone the boy,melon and all had wriggled like a ~~snake~~ snake up the tree and squatted on a branch. The dog rushed boldly up and the boy bent over and waited. Just as the dog was directly under him he suddenly threw the big melon straight at his head. It hit him squarely in the eyes and the astonished animal turned with a wild yelp of surprise and pain turned and flew acros the field like a streak. The boy watched and rested a bit. Then climbing cautiously down he gathered up the fragments of watermelon ate the juicy meat carefully and threw the rinds at the ~~birds~~ birds that hovered near.

It was quite dark when he sauntered into a little dirty cabin. No

41-1-100

one was there and hunting about for a piece of musty corn-brea d,he curled himself in the corner and fell fast asleep. It was ten oclock at night before anyone came. Then the door opened and a little ragged girl came it. Her face was sweet and innocent and of etherial beauty- the same wonderful symphony of brown as in the boy's but softened and with the sharpness and restlessness absent. She was tired but first she looked about for her brother. "Buddy,buddy?"she cried,then listened and heard his breathing aed lying down besied him,she slept. Some time later in the night a man came in and slept hevily in another corner and a woman followed toward midnight. At day-break the woman rose hastily and hurried away. She was a brown woman with straight black hair and tired eyes. The man stretched himself and called "Hilda - Hilda- breakfast". He was a slender weak looking man,white to look at but colored in the eyes of Carolina. Hilda hurried about - cooked a bit of bacon and made corn bread and black coffee. He stood and ate it ravenously and ran out putting on his coat and Hilha leaving the dishes on the dirty table took a needle and tried to putll together the widest rents in her little brother's trousers as he lay in them; but he slept on. It was a curoius sight - the dingy dirty room,the sleeping boy,the brown girl bending over him in her rags and softly curling hair Silena Smith looking in at the door caught her breath and stood there till the girl turned her head and started up in mute apology,yet with something of reserve and haughtiness in her air despite her squalid surroundings.

41-1-101

201-1-14

Silena apologized. "I'm a schoo>teacher"she said "and I'm looking for pupils."

Something eager lighted in the girl's eyes and the boy awaking suddenly sat up and stared.

"Have you ever been to school"asked Silena-

"No,Missus ."

"Would you like to go?"

"O yes,missus."

"I wouldn't"sang the boy "I'd ruther drive mules"and he dove toward the table.

Silena sat down on the door step and pulled the girl gently to herp

"How old are you?"

"I was born the second crop after the storm,mammy says."

"That makes you about ten,I guess - and where's mammy?"

"She's nursing for the white folks up at Captain Snyder's and I helps in the kitchen and pappy is coachman."

"And who ta kes care of little brother?"

"I takes care of myself"volunteered the boy as he gathered up the last of the breakfast crumbs.

So finally Miss Silena went up to Captain Snyder's.

"What pretty children"she said looking over the fence at the six children and their brown nurse with the tired eyes. The mother who was lolling

41-1-102

near in the hammock with a novel looked up and greeted her.

"They're great troubles"she said languidly.

"But you've a good nurse."

"O yes I don't know what we should do without Jane."

Silena stepped nearer and lowered her voice. "I've just been to the cabin looking at Jane's own children"

"Oh!"said the woman looking at her narrowly.

"They look sadly neglected."

"Negroes have few natural affections- I believe Jane thinks ~~once~~ more of our children than of her own."

"Perhaps"suggested Silena "she hasn't time for her own - at any rate I came to ask if I could take them into my school."

The woman rose hastily and haughtily:

"Are you the Yankee school teacher?"

"Yes".

She looked at her and turning walked into the house and closed the door. But Silena went to Jane.

"Jane"she said "I want to talk to you about your children - when are you at leisure?"

"Never,Missus,or almost never!she answered dully -then she said "I'll have next Sunday afternoon from 4 to 6."

"I'll come then"said Silena. She came and talked to the mother,and it

41-1-103

was agreed that Hilda and Hal should go to Miss Silena's school. The mother wouldn't give them away.-

"I wants 'em - I aint got no time to care for 'em right I knows but I'll pay what I can and save up; p'raps, if their pappy'll only stop drinking, and maybe we'll have a home and a piece of land sometime."

To Hilda the new life was a veritable opening of the heavens. She was in her every instinct a lady born to caste and rags "- some ancestor whether Zulu chieftain or Virginian aristocrat had bequeathed to her a poise and delicacy, a pride and beauty which made her rise to her new life with a naturalness and lack of affectation that seemed wonderful when Miss Silena remembered that morning in the dirty cabin. Then too she blossomed like a rose - in a certain tropical magnificence mingled with a great innocence and simplicity of soul and a yearning for life and the beautiful things of life. She grew ashamed of her squalid past -yet it was a good solid shame - a shame that was an incentive and not a temptation - a source of loving and striving and doing and not of hating and repining and waiting. By such shames the world rises and rises upward from cloud to cloud. She was religious by nature but had a certain fine paganism, a Greek love of form and fitness, an African sense of song and color, an Italian longing for pure beauty. Having known poverty and squalor and dirt and hunger in childhood she leapt from the old dark chrysalis gay-winged and gorgeous in spirit, sensing a new world, looking for daily miracles and knowing few metes and bounds. The things she had suffered she thought

41-1-104

due
~~dire~~ wholly to her position and not to anything in herself - she had been a servant and therefore took the slights that rained on servants but now she was to be a lady - why not? Was not the face that looked out up on her from her little mirror bewilderingly beautiful and framed in pride and sensitivenes So she set out toward the great sky - all she touched grew beautiful - the plain print frocks took to frills and touches of color, the hats flashed with bits of gay ribbon and the flowers of the field came willingly to garnish her toilets. Yet with all this there was nothing sordid and selfish. The beauty of her new world was a beauty for all - not just for herself; her joyousness and song ligthened ever one it touched and Miss Silena loved the girl as a strange new flower of the deep forest - strange Bedause so utterly different from herself.

41-1-105

The new world soon had its touches of tragedy and sorrow. The weary mother came now and then with dull eyes and faltering words and then Hilda's eyes would fill with sudden tears - why, she hardly knew and she would stroke the mother's hand and kiss her timidly, for Hilda had known but little kissing in her baby-hood. Then from out the blue cloud-kissed roof of her new world dipped the great shadow of her race . It startled and bewildered her on street, in newspapers and in talk and thought. Why should there be the these curious maddening distinctions when there was neither ignorance nor dirt nor slavery to base them on? And sitting one day in a cabin, looking on the ~~sahes~~ ashes of the burnt school over the way she suddenly said to Miss Silena:

"Isn't God queer?"

"Why - I - that is - " none of these thoughts seem d to fit,so Miss Silena compromised:

"Why Hilda!" Just then Hal the little brother came along the street. He was cleaner and tamer than before but not tamed. On the whole he despised the school life and longed for the freedom of fields and waters and trees. Some th things,to be sure,were fairly interesting - singing,errands,sweeping the big halls in clouds of dust,and driving old Jim the mule;,the fire too had been glorious and he had romped and yelled and worked and enjoyed himself hugely. But books and lessons and long hours of squirming and giggling and frowning which were called "study-hours" these things he hated with perfect hatred and the shaggy restless mook grew beneath his tangled hair and lay plainly in sight this morning. He wheeled round the corner in his usual half-run,half skip,and met a white boy somewhat larger than himself,stiffly dressed and feeling important. The boys' eyes met each other "Get out of my way" demanded the white one;"I won't"retorted the yellow one and then before Miss Silena could realize it the boys were rolling in the dirt,fighting and clamoring like animals. A fight between two small boys in most lands is a thing for laughing,chiding and waining ~~kk xxxx xxxxx~~;it is the same in the south if the boys are both white or both black but when one is of one color and the other of another,and when the darker boy bids fair to give the lighter one a good drubbing, then there is food for mobs and riots. A crowd of white men and boys gathered suddenly and seized Hal Quarles ~~and~~ while another crowd of colored people edged near. A policeman hurried up,the crowd began to jostle and curse and Hal

41-1-106

saw his danger. His eyes danced with mingled anger and merriment and diving suddenly he upset his captor, slipped between the legs of the policeman, wriggled twisted and dodged an was soon running like a deer with a long string of hallooing cursing men after him. Hilda stood rooted with fear and terror and then in an agony of tears she ran to the tall young man entering the gate and put up her hands piteously: "Robert, Robert" she wailed "save my little brother."

41-1-107

Chapter XVII.

Hilda.

And Robert?

When he had come up to Columbia this time it was like some strong swimmer rising to breath on the curving sea, like the intaking of a great sweet new breath of a morning, like a new baptism of faith and love for the good old world. He was but 22 and yet he was an old young man, for his life had swept the vast limits of human feeling - joy and sorrow, hope and despair- life and death, birth and burial, joy hope and dreaming - sorrow, anger and despair. The blood bounded too bounteously in his veins to let him ever sicken of the joy of living and yet just now he needed inspiration and breadth and vision - new dimensions to his narrow and narrowing world, new sources of joy, new and greater ideals. Born to the common lot of men, he could have lived a little life and made much of it, but crowded to a life narrower than his soul he needed new and large dimensions - a breadth of vision and upward lifting of ideal which should compensate in greater ways the loss and theft of

of the common goodness of living.

And so he came to college not as his paler brothers northward, in budding half green manhood, serious in little and realizing but a bit of the riches round them before they pass quickly beyond the college green. Robert came on the contrary thirsty to know, serious beyond his years, eager, with all the half used eagerness of youth to explore and sound and measure the meaning of life. He brought with him too his measuring rod - his grim hard experience at making a living and meeting men and doing things. He grasped his new books curiously, read and re-read them. Pored over them with a thoughtfulness that delighted the older teachers and worried the young er ones. His was a quick bright mind that leapt and flew where others walked, that saw at times with fearful clearness straight across the world and at other times was dull from very over-richness.

Yet in all and about all his new world of wonder, his passion for knowing and understanding dwelt a faint strange halo of something new. The shadow of some far-off dream of wonderful happiness. He remembered that face of commencement morning and always when he remembered, the day how dark so ever, glowed, the drizzling rain sang, the blazing noonday whispered and rang. He did not love the face - it seemed to his queer soul a thing to be felt not seen, a revelation to be waited for and not to be sought garishly, and so when he came in the great dining room with its cheerful wonderful hum of voices, its mischievous eyes and nodding faces, he did not look butd drank the scence cautiously

in half embarrassed wonder - a little startled at the white faces of teacher sitting here and there among the darker students,a little troubled at his table manners and yet always conscious that he was waiting for a vision that had not yet come. A bell tinkled faintly and a quick silence came. A neighbor nudged him to stop eating and he put down his knife and fork and raised his haed and then - he heard faintly and from afar the voice of the white haired little woman reading of the blessed feet of *Him* that bringeth good tidings that publisheth peace - he joined in the prayer that asked and gave forgiveness but all this was faint and from afar,for in front of him and at the table beyond sat Hilda Quarles.

In the days that followed he saw little of her and if she had noticed him at all,she gave no sign of it. Yet this seemed not unnatural to him. If perchance he met her he was in a panic lest some accident should throw him in her company and in greater panic lest it should not. Other boys spoke to her and greeted her carelessly and familiarly and she threw them back quick greetings or a little laughsand passed on quickly. But Robert scarce dare look at her and never spoke. Once indeed at a social when he was talking in eager quick tones to a crowd of boys, a bevy of girls came by and, melting apart a senior introduced some to the others saying carelessly - "O Calhoun have you met Miss Quarles - let me present you Mr.Robert Calhoun,Miss Hilda Quarles - called 'little Hilda' usually I belive". Robert stood doumb and Hilda glancing at him whispered "What an awkward fellow"and passing on forgot him.

41-1-109

Yet it was not easy permanently to forget Robert Calhoun - his height and bearing, his splendid scholarship and his knack for leadership made him soon well-known in school and once Hilda, puzzled with her algebra - (she had watched the moon instead of studying last night) came skipping through the normal room and seeing him there asked him:

"O please-how is this? no, not that here. A + B - " And he bent gravely over the little brown golden head and tried to hold the insane beating of his heart and blundered over the simple thing like a junior prep - so that she said "O never mind - thank you"; and rushed out and told the girls "that Calhoun boy may be good in Greek, but Algebra is beyond him - Mary what did you get?

When the annual picnic came and all the school went out by the paths and woods over rolling hills and beside the surging river, Robert walked with Miss Silena and helped her carry her bundles and talked long and rapidly of the world and its ways. And then he wandered apart and down to the river and there he saw Ellis Jones handing Hilda into a little boat. Ellis was slim, dapper and womanly handsome with his creamy face and straight black hair, and he held Hilda's hand as though that wonderful little thing of blue and red and gold was just ordinary human flesh and she skipped lightly into the boat and laughed till she saw Robert and then - why she did not know - his look startled her, it was so grave, surprised, sorrowful. She did not often look at him or think of him consciously and yet when she did there was always something like approval and fellowshap in his great dark eyes and now - not that she cared, she shook out her curls and tossed her head half angrily to think she had even noticed - and yet

41-1-110

what had she done wrong,why could he disapprove - and then she put the incident out of her mind and stroked the curling waters with her hand and thought of Robert's look. On Robert settled grim blackness and despair - he thought his world had reeled and tumbled,and his idol broken and ruined. To think that she-She,to whom he dared scarce speak- should let another chatter to her and hold her hand and of all fellows that addle-pated Jones,who has already been four years making the prep. course and bade fair to be four more if he got his deserts. Unreasonable anger and hatred rose in his heart and he strode off through the woods,beating cruelly the shy little violets sneering at the great white clouds of dogwood,until pushing impetuously through a clump of dark bushes he almost stepped on a sleeping boy - a neatly dressed dirty-faced brown boy of 12 with a bundle rolled up under his head,a carefully whittled staff by his side and his rumpled light brown hair curling about his face. Robert looked at him - who was he? He had seen that face somewhere. It must be - it was one of the boys in the grades at Miss Silena's school. What was he doing here - running away? Just then the boy awoke stretched himself a nd then sat up with a ~~stra~~ start,suspicion lurking in his sharp eyes.

"What are you after"he sad doubtfully,gathering up his bundle and staff and edging across the other side of a big log.

"I'm running away,too."said Robert.

The boy looked incredulous "What for?"

"I want to see the world."

41-1-111

"And Chase rabbits and sleep out doors and steal watermelons"said the boy eagerly.

"And dig for gold,and own a palace and ride on the wind."

The boy looked suspicious. "How can you dig gold" he asked.Robert took a bit of paper and drew some marks on it. "Fairies hide their gold deep in rocks like this and men hunt around and find it and take it out and it makes them rich.

"Who tells them where to look?"

"O you have to study books."

The boy tossed his head as if that were too hard then he said "What's a palace?"

"A great beautiful building of marble and gold and - "

"I like this better"said the boy glancing up at the trees" it feels wider than a house - and how can you ride on the wind?"

"Did you ever ride on the cars?"

"Yes"said the boy contemptuously but we didn't run into anything and I got tired - I wanted to just smash up something."

Robert smiled "But wouldn't you like to take a long walk in the dark to see a good witch and - and - some fairies and learn how to be free and learn lots of things".

"Would I have to study books?"

"No - not much."

"We'd talk together and go hunting."

41-1-112

"For bears - every day? Have you got a gun?-"

"I (mysteriously) have got a pistol and he extracted an old broken horse pistol from his bundle .

"Not every day - but some days and you shall use my shot gun."

"Come on" said the boy eagerly.

The long lean shadows of night were creeping across the land as they started. Robert t old long tales of hunting and adventure trying always to bring the boy's mind back to a realization of the toil that guards human happiness. The night deepened and the ~~little~~ young limbs already began to falter.

"There's houses" said the boy suspiciously.

"Yes, it's a town" said Robert.

"I thought you lived in the woods."

"No but the woods are near - only an hours' walk"

"I'm sleepy" said the boy at last.

"Let's lie down here" said Robert as they came to an open lot and in a few minutes the little fellow was in deep dreamless slumber and taking him up in his arms Robert carried him carefully through the streets of Columbia, up to the school house and into his room.

The next morning he sent word to Miss Silena and before he h ad hardly finished cleaning up a knock came and Miss Silena and Hilda stood at the door. He stared -

"It's Hilda's brother you know" said Miss Silena and Robert stammered

41-1-113

his surprise. Miss Silena went and wakened the boy and he sat up bewildered but Hilda turned to Robert and put out her hand and tried to thank him but two little tears came and drownded the words and a great throb of sympathy surged in Robert's heart. So they touched hands, timidly reverently ~~then~~ Then in the sweet new morning beside the bewildered little brother and so parted.

Robert kept his word with Hal. Every Saturday they went shooting and wandering in woodland and they were allowed to room together so that Robert could show the boy how to study. The new life did not suit Hal altogether and he could not quite forgive Robert for brining him back home and yet he grew to like him far better than he loked most human beings, and to try a little now and then to endure school life. So it was that when the street fight occurred and Robert came it seemed so natural for Hilda to stretch her arms as to some elder brother and cry "Save him."

Robert never doubted but that Hal would elude the crowd - he was fleet as a hare and knew every nook of the city and country. but where would he go and where could Robert find him? That was a problem. All day he searched and all night. There was no record of him at the police station and Robert was in despair as he started out the second morning when to his absolute amazement there sat Hal on the fence not two hundred yards from the school swinging his legs and peering narrowly down the street. Robert stopped and leaned against the fence in the sheer weakness of his supprise.

"Hal" he gasped "what in heaven's name are you doing here?"

H11-1-14

"Waiting " said the boy grimly "I'm going to finish lickin'that kid he comes by here every morning." . Without another word Robert seized the struggling protesting boy and slipping round the back way carried him to Miss Silena's cottage. A little council was held and to Hal's great delight it was decided to send him to Beaufort where he was to go to work with a friend of Robert's,who kept a livery stable.

41-1-115

Chapter XVIII.

The Mystery of Love.

So the world went,and so through the bond of the wayward brother, there rose a bond of fellowship between Robert and Hilda and through this their lives began to meet and twine. She seemed to him more and more like some new little sister,whom he must protect and teach and listen to;and to her he stood where father and mother and brother had not stood,where Miss Silena could not - some one of her own blood and thought,in whose grave guardianship she trusted her thoughts and questionings and puzzles of life. But there behind this soul-brotherHood lingered the deity that he worshipped from the first day he had seen her misty eyes,unknown,unnamed but loved and felt. And to her sometimes in the midst of their talking and reading,when she glanced into his eyes,came to her soul a strange new wonderment like the hearkening to wierd low music from afar. And then her golden cheeks would glow dull red and her blood would pulse and quiver and she would marvel at herself and lay long into the night trembling and questioning.

Then came the change and changes come to all - sometimes slowly in painful steps of years, sometimes swiftly in some great piteous day, when childood and its far flying train of castled splendor goes and life becomes a low hard-riven thing with skies still flaming but reddened with blood. The change came to Hilda the summer she went back to Beaufort to visit her parents. Ah! the dirt and squalor of that cabin - it had been four years ago that she had left it a girl of 14 and she looked about her with a little gasp. Was it the same- could this have been home - this sordid mass of ill-smelling discomfort? A sense of utter misery overwhelmed her. Why? why? why? she wailed must this be in so beautiful a world? And then rolling up her sleeves and slipping off her outer skirt she began - weeping, dreaming, ever working upon the almost hopeless task until a gruff voice called in at the door.

"Is Hal Quarles here?"

She looked up at the blue coated officer in surprise.

"No, sir" then her heart jumped "what do you want him for?" but the officer stood staring frankly and boldly at her rumpled beauty and she reddened and raised her head haughtily and saying "search if you want to" she walked out into the yard and waited. She was walking up and down still chafing with anger when the officer appeared pulling her manacled brother after him and grinning triumphantly. Hilda sprang forward with a cry "Hal - hal: why did you come - what have you done" The look of fierce hatred and shame on the boy's face softened a minute."

"Stealing" answred the officer.

"You lie" cried Hal and the man struck him across the forehead with his club. The girl screamed and clutched his arm "O don't - for God's sake don't" she pleaded wildly and the officer half ashamed let her wipe away the blood and bind her handkerchief on the wound. The boy was hysterical with anger: "I took few persimmons from the —— old tree where I always used to —— take them, and then I came home eating them - I did it an broad daylight and then I came home and went to the attic to sleep - I sleep there always, Sis, now - I meant to wake and go meet your train but I overslept until this —— " She put her

41-1-116

hand over his mouth "There,there,Hal go along quietly. I will come right down" and she hurried in to dress."

A moment on the threshold of the dirty court room she wavere d - a hundred eyes were on her,a dozen loafers discussed half audily her hair her face her limbs. The blood rose dizzily to her head but she walked in and sat down and slipped her arm about her brother's shoulders. The judge was a coarse heavy faced man smeared with tobacco juice,and the air was heavy with smoke and odors of liquor. She did not dare turn round but sat staring blindly at the desk and the lawyers until she realized that one big red faced man was staring persistenly at her. She turned and looked out the dirty window and hot blinding tears welled in her eyes. She scarcely heard what was said until her brother rose and hs sturdy defiant voice rang out. The answer stunned her - 30 days? 30 days? her little brother to live a month among the deparved and wretched,paraded on the street like a dog - chained and bound and manacled like a slave. O God - a ~~robbery~~ sobbing shook her and stifled her;she tried to speak - to plead but what she said she knew not - Some one came up and said pleasantly "Come to my office and we'll try to get him out "- she thanked him hysterically and took his card and then it seemed so natural to look up and find Robert's kind grave face,to put her little hands in his and let him lead her silently away.

It was just twilight when she bade little Hal good-bye. He choked a bit but kept his old defiant look.

"O I'll get on all right,Sis -I'll - O yes,I'll try and be good - You ought to have some one to protect you,sis !- I saw them fellows staring at you, damn them - dam but you just tie to Rob- he's the best fellow I know and he loves you" and then he was gone. She stood bent forward her hands upon her breast, her head turned away from Robert. The message had rung her soul like summer thunders, new yet old,so old so natural. She turned slowly and looked at him in sudden wonder - wide-eyed as though her soul new born unclothed itself to him alone and then she lifted her little arms and clasped them ~~lovingly~~ about his great shoulders. He looked into her eyes - her great ~~death~~ dark ~~terror~~ tear-stained eyes and therewitin saw black and endless depths - upon those depths slept other detphs

C11-1-14

as deep and dark again - deep calling unto deep. Beneath the deep flowed flame and in the flame burned Love. Bending hown he clasped her with a great sigh - her bosom fluetered warm and wild on his and in the world was ~~Peace~~ Peace

Wither walk the feet of them that newly love? In green and flowered ways, in paths all sweet and golden with sunny shadows and shadowy shine. Up far up the great and glowing mountains to the gates of Revelation - happy the man to whom those gates lie open and the woman who finds them wide unbarred - she is of maidens thrice time blessed,the film fledged fairy of God's one wonder world To Robert and Hilda,these dark children of a darkened world,veil-swept before the burning glory of the sun,came insomuch the larger fuller and more splendid Love - new from untainted untouched hearts,great fm all-believing souls, wide with the width of all the world,they knew. Within the gates of Revelation they walked reverently with bowed heads,and half veiled eyes;with midnight prayer,orisons and madrigals,little silent tremblings tinid touchings of hands and great flashhes of utter whelming happiness such as men may not taste often on earth lest earth be heaven.

41-1-118

They did not talk of Love - they lived it and talked of Life - of the wonderful world of tree and sky and cloud and creeping thing and how God made them,of men and the thoughts of men,of the glory of doing and the ~~dirty~~ duty of deeds. Together they sat in humid twilights,with light clasped tinorous hands and wandering misty eyes and sang,sang the sorrow songs,the old sweet heart songs of their fathers and set what thoughts they could to the little words and winding music. Then he would rise as he rose tonight:

"There's the study bell,Hilda,I must go - "

"So soon,Robert"-

"Yes,Hilda,dear Hilda,"

"Good night,my Robert."

He hesitated,then bent forward toward her and she swayed to him,as two wild flowers curl together on a windy moor - his eyes found hers and all the world went singing,her lips found his and all the sky blushed crimson to the sun. Then he turned and parted lingeringly glancing back to where the maiden marvellous stood darkly silhouetted in silvery golden light,with out-

stretched arms;when he walked on again face forward there where the giant gateposts stood stalwart and stone,stood now white satined heralds and they cried to the thousand ears of Night - "The King - long live the King", while unseen silent hands brushed back the curtains of the night that hang before the stars. And Hilda above in the arched doorway standing so sweet and still in the s aying gentleness of her dawning womanhood watched him swaying onward and saw him last turn backward at the gate. She kissed her hands to him- kissed all ten tiny finger tips and stretched them toward him benediction-wise till he was gone. Then turning with a great Joy upon her heart,she mounted the broad stair case walking as on piling cloud or thick green meadows - up,up,bounding up,slipping through bright clear air;she laughed low and shook out the silkly curling of her hair till it haloed her dark beauty splendidly,she heard the tinkling music of little far off bells,the eager gates of paradise flew back and lo! her room,her room-mate and her little bed.

Chapter XIX.

The Criminal.

That same night two hundred miles away lay a long low row of filthy huts surrounded by a great stubborn fence. Two or three fat lazy looking white men with rifles,guarded the palisade and drank and laughed and talked. At last one arose looking at his watch. "Well I guess I'll take a last look at the niggers" he said and he strode to the huts. Kicking up the doors of the first he entered uncerimoniously. It was a dark ill-smelling place with one smoky lantern. A couple of dozen half-dressed women were strewn about the floor. Some were sleeping heavily on dirty straw with bits of bagging or mats over them,or lying in half naked abandon,the great dark limbs stretched out or their half naked breasts showing. Others were disrobing - some hastily concealing their nakedness as the guard entered and others stood in brutish impudent abandon and leered. "Well girls,all here"said the guard good naturedly and he walked carelessly among them,stepping over their limbs,slapping one woman's flesh familiarly and chatting and joking. "Where's Susie"he said at last peering around. A dark half dressed girl,comely and sullen stood up. He crossed over to her and took her by the arm and she crouched trembling as

he whispered something to her. A half-dozen others laughed loudly. Passing he caught at the foot of another woman and she struck at him fiercely. He scowled."We'll train you yet,Sadie"he said and "Well get to bed and blowing out the light he left locking the door securely on the female section of the Beaufort city chain gang. The men's huts were even filthier and the black bodies lay packed together closely save in the last section where a crowd were massed together and cries and curses rang. Some were on their knees around a circle while others bent and crowded over them.

41-1-120

"Seven come 'leven"cried a voice."Ha!" - it was a peculiar half fierce explosion of breath that accompanied the wave of his hand and he dashed the die down.

"Gamblin' a gain,you black rascals"laughed the guard and he came and stood over them. "Come it's time to quit"."Just a minute,just a minute,captain,till I skin this nigger"cried one of the gamblers. The other one seized the dirty yellowy dice. It was Hal Quarles - with drawn face,and blood shot eyes and clothed in rags;the shackles clanked on his ankles as the threw the dice three times. - He was pale with excitement

"Six come seven - ha!"

"Seven come twelve - ha!"

"Two come eleven - ha! - hell - take it and be damned!"and he threw the last greasy coin to the other and the crowd yelled and jeered. "How much did he lose"asked the guard.

"Five dollars!"

"God!his lady is keeping him rich!"

"Yep- he gets a fiver every week or so."

"Huh- an Ned gits it nex'day."

The lights flickered and went out,the harsh voice of the guard yelled "Get to bed"and quiet settled on the quarters. Hal turned restlessly "Sam got any more of that whiskey"he whispered. A bottle was passed and he drained it silently,and greedily,and then lay there burning and tossing.

Some one touched him "Come on Hal."

"Where?"

"Over cross the way."

"Another game? will you loan me a quarter?"

The fellow chuckled and Hal followed eagerly. Out through a hole in the rotten cabin three of them wriggled,across a dark space to another building. One of them rapped and listened while Hal took another drink of the raw whiskey till his brain fäämed and whirled. Soon a bit of plank was pushed aside and and they crept in. It was pitch dark. "How can we see here"growled Hal fiercely. The other men laughed and crept away -he put out his hand and touched warm flesh and heard a woman's low ~~hideous~~ shrill laugh and the lad sank down in wild confusion and half shame.

Robert would have gone to Beaufort and met the boy on his release from the chain gang but Hal begged him not to - "I shall come to Columbia and see you and sis and then I'll go off to work."he wrote. But they waited in vain no Hal came and deep in the eyes that Hilda so often lifted to Robert crept shadowy pain.

"Where can he be,Robert?"

"Perhaps he's gone to work and wants to redeem himself and surprise us" answered Robert's lips but his heart said "Perhaps he has gone to the devil" And Hilda looking into his eyes read both answers and was silent.

Robert was looking,always looking for Hal and at last one Friday night after school he said "Hilda I am called away over Sunday - I'll "-

But she looked at him and said "Thank yourRobert"and he went. All day Saturday he searched Beaufort,but he did not go home because he had so little time. One hint he got from a bold besotted woman in the back allies. "Hal,the little gambler - o he's in Charleston"she said raising her bloated face,and Robert shuddered and turned toward Charleston. Ah!the alleys of Charleston - where in those vile sinks of vice that shame the city should one search for one lone man? All the hot sabbath day with the far off ringing of church bells in his ears he searched in the mire of hot low coarse packed houses,full of strange scents and sounds,with oaths and lewd talk in his ears,misery and crime in his eyes,and even when he looked and found him not,he started at some seeming

41-1-121

familiar form at finding it strange felt his heart lighten and ~~he~~ said "Thank God."

This time he said again "Thank God"and was turning away when the man he was staring at suddenly stopped his cursing,turned uncertainly as if to slink away and then with an oath strode in front of him and said with a swagge

"Hello!Bob."

Robert sat down on the doorsill amid a gurrulous crowd of loud mouthed women and men,and stared at Hal. It was a year since he had last seen him -one little year:let's see,he was ~~eighteen~~ seventeen now - or was it ~~nineteen~~ eighteen? Yet her was a face scarred and stricken,seamed with vice and passion;he was thin and bent and his skin parched blotched and yellowish and a great red jagged scar ran from his eye down to his thwhat -was this Hal - was this little mischievous Hal? Could he take this back to Hilda? A s Hal looked at him and saw astonishment fade into pity and then into disgust and horor - the sneer on his face,flashed to fierce anger,dropped to shame:

41-1-122

"Go on Bob- you don't know me - tell her I'm - dead. God damn these white devils they -"his face twitched,a paroxism of coughing seized him and he sank to the pavement with the blood streaning from his nose and mouth. Robert leaped to action.

"Help- water"he cried "don't crowd round."

"What's the matter"growled a policeman.

"My friend is sick"said Robert.

"Your friend"said the policeman"well you've got a mighty slippery friend there,cully." Robert sadd nothing but hailing a passing hack got Hal into it and drove to the house of an old friend whom he knew. Here he bathed and attended to the boy and got him new clean clothes. The physician shook his head when he saw him: A wreck from dissipation,exposure and want"he said, "only the carefullest nursing will help him and I doubt if that helps much."

It was not till Wednesday that Robert came back to school and found Hilda pale with waiting.

"You found him?"she whispered fearfully.

"Yes and no - I have not found the little brother you left - but I have

found Hal sick and broken and we two must nurse him back to health of body and of soul."

She laid her hand lightly on his head and he bowed beneath them "God bless you,Robert"she said,and then she went up to the little room and packed away her clothes and books and little trinkets and kissed her room mate and kissed the little bed and walked down the wide stair case and out into the storm swept world. The mother now bent and grey came up from Beaufort and took in washing and Hilda ironed and cooked and together in a little home not far from ~~the~~ school they tended and nursed the sick boy. He was a fearful patient- now raving and cursing with all the filth and obscenity of the chaingang and the brothel,now still and gasping white as death,now sunk in stupor. Great shadows sat beneath Hilda's eyes- her hands were hard with toil and she crept to Robert's breast of evening when he came, with a great hunger in her soul and a great fear.

4/-/23

"O Robert"she would gasp "I cannot stay in this land I cannot bear it - ~~so~~ see what they have done to my brother,my sweet little wayward boy- see how vile and wretched and riven they have left him - I cannot live here,Robert,I cannot live in the South the very air reeks with slavery and injustice and oppression.

Then Robert would sooth her and kiss her shining hair and say:"This is our land,dear,as well as theirs ours to redeem and save and not to desert"but tonight Hal started up suddenly from his stupor at the words and swore a ~~great~~ great oath:

"Save?save what?Damn the land and cursed be the people. O Christ, I hate a white face worse than I hate hell. The pale sneering sneaking devils, what have they ever done to us but steal our ~~money~~ work and ruin our women and damn our souls-"they sought to sooth him but he waved them off "O I was no saint- I know it - but I wasn't bad I wasn't bad - I just wanted air,movement,freedom. I was head-strong,wild careless but my heart was innocent and instead of of guidance they gave me chains,temptation,durdgery,whiskey,gambling and filthy women - forced them on me threw me among them and held me there till my soul

and body were filthy thought and then when they smell the carrion they hold their beaks with their dirty hands like the swollen hypocrites that they are and shriek "crime and depravity" -I hate them - I hate them,Christ I hate - if I could drain their hearts "- and then in a great rushing flood his own dark blood choked his voice and he fell back gasping and lay as if dead.

Yet he did not die,but strengthened with the cooler weather;slowly and slowly gained until at last with the spring he stood a pale thin young fellow at the threshold of life with a dubious future beckoning him and an awful past behind him. And the mother seeing him at last standing alone sighed wearily closed her dull tired eyes and died when the jasmines bloomed,staring blankly at the cabin walls.

4/1-1-124

"Hilda - you'd better go back to school now"said Hal- but the girl looked at him with startled eyes - "No,no Hal, I'm going to keep a home for you,buddie, you need one - you never had one before."

Chapter XX.

The Murderer.

And so Hal started,staggered out into the world. The burning thirst for alcohol raged in his blood but he fought it grimly;the old wild wander-lust called him but he remembered Hilda and his home. Beneath the slights and curses and petty discriminations of a despised class he writhed in dumb fury- striving to hold hand and tongue and stay the impetuous fury of his blood;the life of the gambler tempted him at every corner when he heard the half-hissed "Ha" of the dice thrower,or saw the urchins flutter pennies,or the horses racing;and then in the still nights when he wandered wearily home from fruitless searching for work - he heard the voices of sirens and saw their beckoning hands,but he cried "Hilda,Hilda!"and ran home sweating in the darkness.

But it was hard - bitter hard. What could he find to do ? He went to work in a restaurant,but they served liquors and the smell was maddening ravenous so he left;he became porter in a store,but the headclerk cursed him

his slowness and called him a "damned nigger". Nor ever knew how near he was to murder and death that day. He got a dray to drive, but he cursed at some white children who were stealing a ride and lashed them and a policeman arrested him,. His employer bailed him out after a few hours detention but he gave up the job. Then he found a place in a private family as butler. It was quiet and they seemed kind honest people. "God help me to stay - if I fail here-"but the woman looked at him narrowly and suddenly asked him"Were you ever in jail"and he answered rboldly -"Yes, three times" and she discharged him immediately. The frenzy of that night! he had hardly earned $10 in two months of his recovery: he knew that Hilda was washing and ironing and seeking to keep the home, and that Robert to shield and protect her was gathering and delivering the clothes - and he? he a man, wandering from pillar to post, a drag on creation, unable to earn a living for himself - a beggar living on the crusts of his sister. He hurried wildly down the street - Hark!

"Seven come eleven - Ha!"

He stopped. He had $5 - a week's wages in his pocket. He rushed into the dark alley and into the house. The gamblers leapt up but he growled at them and flourished his money. Long into the night they gambled. Whiskey! he kept crying as he threw his dice.

"Ha!" And the fiery hell burned through his body. It took but a few hours. At ten he had sixteen dollars and his brain was blazing and his laughter and curses filled the room and the alley; at 11 o'clock he had not a single cent and neither coat nor hat, and his brain was mad with liquor and poison Up the alley, up the stree up the broad cool avenue he lurched. A gentleman and lady were coming toward him and he staggered sullenly to the right. This however was the inner side of the broad side walk and the tall white man determined to make him take the curb. "Turn out there, nigger" he commanded holding the lady closely and reaching quickly to his right hip pocket. But Hal raised his blood shot eyes and with a fearful oath leapt straight at the man's throat. There was a pistol shot, the clash and crunch of steel against the bone and Henry Reynolds sank bleeding to the ground and his new

41-1-125

made wife bent screaming over him.

From them flitted a dark shadow,through street and alley,leaping fences creeping through gates until Hal burst in upon Hilda - hatless,coatless, reeking with sweat fuming with liquor,his clothes all blood,his face black with powder. ~~She~~ She backed away from him,slowly,silently her eyes sick with dread until she stood flattened against the wall with outstrecthed arms like some golden crucifix.

"I've killed a white man"he said thickly"I knew I should some time - it had to be - I'm going to d hide at Beaufort,under the old cabin you know the hole - burn these clothes"he rand into the cabin and grabbed bread and meat slipped into other clothes washed his face and was gone.

When Robert hurried down in t he morning with a great basket of clothes full of the horror of the murder and the frantic search for the unknown murdered - he found her still there,sunk shrunken,still and pale against the wall,with tangled glowing hair and shadows beneath her eyes. She pointed to the pile of bloody clothes and then he knew. He started toward her with a cry but she waved him back -"No,no"she said"chokingly"Robert-dear Robert- you must not touch me - I - I am - unclean - her voice sank into a hoarse whisper - "I am - a murderer's sister - I - I must go to him and die with him. O God,Robert,my Robert - anything but this,anything but this - what's that?" There was the sound of hurrying men,clattering footsteps of horses, and the low roar of mingled shouting. Robert swung to the door and barred it and brought the shot gun from the kitchen - his present to little Hal in the long ago. The girl watched. She rose to her full height standing tall and lithe and shook down her hair. He looked at her and she smiled the old sweet smile. "At last"she said "at last,O death." Then they turned to the window "They'be got him" "They've got the nigger"yelled the boys on the street. Then came the crowd - the dirty grimy crowd - the policeman dragged a bound man,the hatless,coatless followers,the wild-eyed men,the pistols, rifles and oaths they swept on - but they did not stop They did not stop at the little home,they did not even look -on they went like a mad whirpool

"Burn him!Burn him"they yelled and the eyes of the prisoner turned for a

moment toward Robert and Hilda;Hilda screamed and Robert dropped the gun and gasped. It was not Hal Quarles whom they saw.

Robert leaped from his post and gathered up the bundle of clothes. A bloody clasp knife dropped out. He made a hasty bundle of it all.-

"Hilda "he said"do you know where Hal is".

"Yes"she whispered "He's ——"

"Hush -"he said "he's not - here?!

"No."

"I must go then,must I not"he paused then with the bundle.

"No - O God forgive me - yes,yes , go go! tell them - all."

He ran swiftly through the streets and winding and turning came breathless to the police station. Only one officer was there.

41-1-127

"Is the prisoner Here?"

"What prisoner?"

"The Negro charged with Mr.Reynolds' murder."

The man smiled grimly "I reckon he's in hell by this time"he said.

"But they've got the wrong man"panted Robert. The officer looked at him

"At any rate he's a nigger"he said "and I reckon he'll do."

Robert rushed out with his bundle and hurried down the street .

"Which way did the mob go?"he asked of an old black man;the man pointed silently and Robert ran. He ran silently,swiftly,in great sweeping strides bending his head forward like a hound with widened panting nostrils. As he rose to a hill top he saw them in the full noon day glare,heard the hoarse ravenous grating of their shouting and shifting the bundle he ran till it seemed his heart would break - Before him he saw the column of smoke and flame and heard the yelling of men and then as his feet struck the bridge that spanned the Congaree,the crowd broke and staggered toward him;leaving the thin curling smoke and the ashes. He leaned sick and weary against the bridge and his heart hammered pitifully:

"Too late,too,late"he muttered. The crowd began to straggle b, him - the older men silent ith set faces,the younger flushed with liquor. Robert raised his bundle silently and balanced it on the rail. A half grown boy

rushed by.- "This is his finger,nigger"he yelled truckulently and thrust a little scorched bone before Robert's sweaty boiling face. Robert made no answer but he pushed the little bundle. It fell with a splash into the water and went bobbing and whirling down the swift curren.

"An innocent man has died a shameful awful death"he whispered "and I have hidden the guilty of the guilty." And he turned wearily toward the sullen angry city.

41-1-128

Chapter XXI.

The Home Coming.

It was Commencement time. Yet to Robert there hung a veil in the air,between him and the sun. Mary had not come — -she had forgotten him and was thinging only of her school and money "too busy " to come and see her brother graduate. Hilda was there - with her silent gravely beautiful face and the unspoken sorrow that lay brushing out her life.

They stood that last night where the great dark hall did slow and vast obeisance to the moon, and all about was the soft sheen of velvet darkness. It was the last meeting and they spoke to each other nakedly, soul unclothed to soul. He took his face between his hands and whispered "O I have loved you so long - so unutterably long - since that first hour - for the endless ages of hours and days and the minutes of endless years. And she answered creeping to him"Before you came I did not live and when you go I shall die - not suddenly and frantically but slowly - slowly - o slowly in long weary ~~lead~~ leaden years," and I must - Robert this is breaking my heart - I cannot bear it- I cannot. And I have tried - God knows I have tried. But I must go to him. I do not believe he can be saved - I do not believe I can save him, but if any one can, I can. I am all he has. You Robert have - O I know, I know heart's darling, kiss me again and again - yet it is so - you have a world about you and I am an outcast's sister. I cannot breathe the air Here it burns me. I cannot live here in this choky slavery-haunted place. It's hard enough for you here Robert,but O you do not know what a girl must suffer

-the heart hurting blows, the slurs upon her womanhood, the petty dirty insults which every white thing - loafer or gentleman considers it his right and duty to heap on us - O I should die a living death here - Robert could you marry a wife here knowing that you were powerless to protect her even with your life? Robert do you know that that very Reynolds whom Hal killed has followed and persecuted and insulted me in every way possible and that I dare not tell you lest you stand where Hal stands or lie a heap of moldering ashes? O darling, darling, would we dare bring children into such a world, with such a destiny? Robert - my Huty is calling me, my fears and hate is calling - I must go north and loose myself from this hateful world - and ~~I~~ from you" And a wild weeping shook the stricken girl.

41-1-129

He answered slowly - thoughtfully.

"Suppose I should come too?"

She grasped him in agonized entreaty "Don't don't tempt me, Robert - have I not thought of that and dreamed it a d wrestled before God with it and - and - but think of your sister, think of the things a man coul do here -think of them , but if - if no, no Robert if your duty called you as it shrieks in my ears then come and let us be happy and free - but no! there is no such happisess for me. Your duty is calling here - you see it - I see it " - she turned to leave him, then suddenly fiercely clasped him to her -"I am yours forever - yours and yours alone till the Trump of God shall sing upon the sea yours - yours and you are mine" and turning she fled into the hall and the shadows burned and twinkled in the night.

The train was flying toward Beaufort and Robert was going home. "We shall start from Charleston next week - Hal has saved $200 from work in the phosphate mines and given it to me. He is crazy to go, and my faith in him has given him new determination. He has only been drunk once. And so, my man, my one true man, Good bye. Heaven love and keep you true and noble and good and God rest your soul.

Little Hilda.

P. .The train goes at eight -Atlantic Coast Line. My love to Mary."

He mused. "The train goes at eight" and then he supplied the unwritten words "Come to me Robert and god too." Why not, he argued. Mary was satisfied alone - he had not seen her in two years - nor she him and yet she was cheerful and busy - so "busy" he said impatiently. It was hard to work here, and hopeless. There was no peace - no beauty, no upper air. Every where was the mob or the making of the mob, harsh words, epithets, ugliness, ignoarnce. The world was tight, narrow - hemmed in. Above, below - he gasped for air as Hilda gasped. Hilda - could he give her up? She rose before his vision glorified - beautiful as some dark eastern dream, touched with deep yearning sadness, he saw the changing gleaming bronze gold of her curly hair, he felt the soft hair heaving of her breasts and saw the curve of her little limbs - he closed his eyes. Hilda Hilda, he murmured and out from her shadowy eyes stepped her soul - her silent striving soul, her panting wounded soul and her voice blew upon his watting ears as the voice of sighing singing waters -

"Beaufort - Beaufort - change cars!" He grabbed his valise and stepped into the street. Mary was not there. A fierce anger shot through him. Miss Sands simpered up - "Why Mr. Calhoun? So glad to see you. I-er- I've been wanting to see you a long thme and thought of writing but - well you know we ladies must be so careful" and she giggled aimlessly "How's Mary" she said" "Very well" he answered coldly " So glad I hated it so after her awful accident". Robert stared in amazement but Miss Sands did not notice "-about her losing the school." Robert dropped his umbrella and fumbled for it tremblingly and a great light crept through his darkened mind -"I suppose" ~~con~~ continued Miss Sands rapidly and confidently " "that she thinks it was my doings but it wasn't, honest, I hate it - it was all Pa's work and I could a cried when I found I had to teach all those nasty little dirty children -" Sie stopped breathlessly and picked her handkerchief "I wish I could come to see Mary - I know she can't walk "- but Robert muttered something and hurried away.

"Acident - lost the school - cannot walk" was he dreaming. He hurried almost ~~sank~~ ran down the street and out into the country side . The shadows hung over the black disk of the sea, and the groaning of the waters st uck wild-

41-1-130

ly on the gathering twilight. Uncle Caesar's cabin gazed darkly out upon the road and swelling waters. Robert stopped and steadied himself, and then with hammering heart opened the gate and walked up the path. A little light shone within up on the dim form of Mary where she sat a waiting. He rushed forward with glad cry, but just as he reached the treshold, she rose twisted misshapen and limped and hobbled forward, with pale face and great dark burning eyes. He strode in and snatched her lightly tenderly in his a rms and groaned:

"Sister, O my sister."

Chapter XXII.

The Mom Bette School.

41-1-131

It was Thursday night.

They sat on the door step with clasped hands as they used to sit in childhood days.

"And that is all, Rob" she said smiling ["Ah the pain the sharp cruel pain] All! He looked at her in dumb wonder for a revelation had risen in his soul. He remembered that day four years ago when she had spoken commencement morning of sacrifice- Sacrifice - it had meant little to him then. But now he saw it embodied here beside him in this little weak sister - this wonderful girl who had borne pain and humiliation and neglect, had looked full in the face of Death - all for what? for him - for him wo had forgotten here, neglected her, blamed her. For h im, because she believed in him with the transfigured idealism of a woman's heart, because she saw him a leader and teacher of his people and through them, of the world. Why had he not seen the angel sitting in this child's soul? Why ha d he not seen her transfigured, glorified as she ever had seen him? He knew why - his vision had been too gross - selfish small. He had dreamed of his pleasure, has good, his success. And in sudden humiliation, renunciation and high resolve he bent over her hand, touched his knees in the dust and murmured "Ave! Maria!"

The sound of church bells striking the hour of eight came echoing from the town. He rose and raised his hat and going out looked toward the eastward

stars. "Good-bye Hilda"he murmurred"my first love and my last." And then he came slowly back and seated himself on the step.

"What did you see,Robert?"

He smiled gravely into her eyes"The passing of a dream"he said and then added quickly"And now little sister,come let's plan for the World and its work. A sudden rush of happiness came over the girl [The Pain - the low udull grinding pain!] and she lifted her soft full voice and sang till his clear tenor caught the strain and far away that night came wondrous singing

"I know my mother will be there
In that beautiful world on high..
"Then palms of victory you shall wear."

41-1-132

Far down in the rice fields a weary mother clutched her dying child and lifted her eyes up to the stars. Far up in the mansions a grey haired man clasped his wife's hand and smiled,and all down the dark land where the melody echoed came peace and the shadow of Joy.

Mary's plan was simple. "Robert I have thirty two day pupils and I can have more. Uncle Caesar is old and feeble now but he has forty acres here and the title is clear. We might arrange to buy it of him,and in turn to build a little home and school where we could live and teach. We could have our garden and a little church perhaps - and " she looked at him half fearful of his judgment. A year ago he would have said "Nonsense,sisseer"and showed her a better way or another way. But now the awe of her sat fresh upon him and he said "Good! We'll do it,little sister - let's go talk to Uncle Caesar". Uncle Caesar would not hear of sale - he gave them land outright.

"Done bin savin' it 'twell you'd want it" he muttered "it b'longs to Mom Betts, children" Mary said "It shall be called the Mom Bett School"and she produced a little hoard and with this they purchased for a song 40 acres of rough bare land adjoining. Then Robert took off his coat and seized his tools and began to work. Soon a sturdy crop appeared on the land he tended it faithfully.

The children came from round about and a few Mary contrived to stow

in the little home. The crops prospered and at the end of the first year Robert began building two cabins - low wide cabins of sweet palmetto logs. Mary watched him [the Pain the dull aching pain!] with bright eyes. "At first, Robert, I wondered why you built of logs and I half wanted to say boards then it would be bigger-roomier, but I see now - there are ours, homelike simple beautiful " One was the girls' home - there Mary lived with 12 country girls. In the other Robert lived with 10 boys and in the middle cottage was for Uncle Caesar. There Robert and Mary sat of evenings hand in hand to drink the inspiration of the sea, and behind was the long low school room.

One day a stranger walked by and stopped in surprise. And well he might for it was the ~~odor~~ month of the oleanders and jessamine and all the front of the three dark cabins was riotous with color and perfume, while behind lay black-green cotton and tossing corn, and to the side low billowy rice. A fence of crooked crinkled vines ran round the wold, two cows stood mincing gravely and above where a tiny gate stood gaping arched in crmison glory, dead sweet and languorous in the hot still morning, was a legend in white shell and it read "The Gates called Peace". A gleaming white path of spotless sea stone lay up to the cabin. The man hesitated, then entered. He as a ~~large~~ spare man clean shaven, with clerical dress and that aggressive all-judging face that seems so often to accompany it. He wandered in, and then where a little bower, blue garlanded guarded a simple bench, he seated himself and looked about. He had sat as hour musing, wondering when the voice of children came to him. He rose looked and knitted his brow in surprise - a colored woman twisted and limping was coming out the door and with a troop of little girls - dark vari-colored girls romping and laughing about her. They turned toward the little cabin to the right and ran and raced.

Then came from the other side came the voices of shouting boys and a tall young brown man walked after them. The watcher hesitated . He had waited to ask about the school - to know more of this strangely attractive place ; but somehow it was difficult to ask. He could have apologized politely and enquired had the persons been white as he had supposed they were of course when he entered the gate. If the place had been a dirty hovel of black folk

he would have entered as some being from above and received homage and given advise and censure. But these folks - these surroundings?he rose half vexed at his hesitation,and then something occureed to him - Of course he arguedy,releived,there must be white northerners at the haed and these were under teachers or monitors; he did not like to even approach those officious Yankees but perhaps it was his duty - he stepped into the path raised his shoulders,looked about with his gold eye glass and coughed slightly. Robert turned and seeing him came to him

"Good morning,Sir,can I be of any service.!

"Ah,thank you,young man,I was looking for the - er - principal or head of this - er- establishment."

"I am he"said Robert.

"But who has charge - oversight."

"No one beside myself."

"Who owns the property."

"I do - that is I and my sister."

The rector stared "But I never heard of the -

"The Mom Bett School?"

"Oh - wh y - yes,but I thought that was -" he stopped. He was about to say that he thought it was a Negroe pnherprise and to his mind "Negro" meant - oh,it meant so many things - first of all Negro was synonymous with dirty and this place was clean;"Negro' meant badly manged or not managed at all,while this looked orderly "(tho of course ose could not tell");Negro meant silly, inconsequential childish imitative - everything low laughable and wrong,while this - he spoke slowly

"I thought it was a more unpretentious affair -"

"This is very simple - let me show youp"

They walked together over the little place. Peeped into the neat cottages,saw the school,saw the children at dinner. The rector kept alternately t hawing and freezing. He like the place but he could not rid himself of the uncomfortable feeling . He felt like tipping his hat to Mary and then reddened at the memory of the impulse.

Yet as he walked slowly toward the rectory his mind and heart were busy He began to see a faint light in one dark corner of his soul where there had long lain an unwelcome heaviness. He did not read the passage often but when he did he felt ashamed:"In asmuch as Ye did it unto the least of these my brethren,ye did it unto me." and had he imagined it?was there not at such times an uncomfortable flutter in the well-bred pews of St.Andrews?

ChapterXXIII

Mission Work.

It was Wednesday evening,the service had ended and there had been a very fair attendance. Mr.and Mrs.Harrison Coles were out - he a bent and feeble old man of seventy and she a fussy prim little lady of fifty-five,well-preserved and complacent. Her daughter was there too,Mrs.Lloyd Coles-Jones, a tall fair goddess visiting from New York where her artist husband was struggling;then there was the young widowed Mrs.Reynolds,the Misses Cox,the dowager Baxter,Judge Wade and one or two gentlemen. Yes and back,half hidden by the great shadowy pillar sat a tall and stately woman, her face rouged dead white,her thin white hair piled high and her dark eyes dreaming beyond the walls,beyond the sea. "Mrs.Irma Lloyd Jones - one of the Abbeville Lloyds married the late Colonel Jones -- you know the story" whispered Miss Adelle Cox,and her guest Miss Weir of Savannah bent eagerly forward but shrank to find the haughty eyes blazing toward her.

"And does Miss Weir apwrove of such attempts at educating Negroes?" Mrs. Jones was asking coldly. Miss Weir recovered herself hastily and groped for the thread of the doings. The chest tones of the immaculate rector came to her rescue.

He had called a little after-assembly:

"For the purpose - ah - of considering two missionary enterprises. One was the matter of sending aid to a promising mission in Angola,West Africa The mission had been very successful during the year. There had been twelve converts,a little church had been built and it sorely needed a bell. With some

desultory comment $200 of mission money was devoted to bell and maintenance. Then it was that the rector had cleared his throat and said:"The other matter lies nearer" he had thought to say"to our hearts"but thought better and said 't -"to us. It concerns our own colored population"and then hearing a faint warning rattle,he hurried on talking rapidly"after all we owe these people aid and guidance. They are ours,their mistaken emancipation was not their fault but misfortune. If we do not take their training in hand how can we complain if they are mistrained and filled with absurd ambitions and thoughts. My friends the welfare of these dark brothers of ours - for they are our brothers - has long weighed heavily on my soul. Yesterday by accident or by divine guidance I visited the colored school kept by Robert and Mary Calhoun. I was favorably impressed by it and I want to help it. I happened to be speaking to my young friend Miss Weir of Savannah and she was telling me of a similar enterprise in her city -"

41-1-136

"And does Miss Weir approve of such attempts at educating Negroes"? asked the cold voice of Mrs.Jones.

The Rec tor scented danger and hastened to explain "Training- training. I should say,rather than education,My dear Mrs.Jones,and perhaps I should explain my reference to Miss Weir. We all know how poorly trained our servants are since the paternal system has been broken. In Savannah as I understand there is a school supported by the church which is supplying this need of training." Miss Weir nodded gently.

"And who will see that the money is properly expended and the teaching properly done"asked Judge Wade.

"Well,eventually we should of course have a board of trustees and I had hoped that some of our ladies might help in the teaching at times. The bulk of the routine work would be done by colored teachers."

"But wouldn't that involve the training of colored teachers?"

The speaker was a stranger - a rather dried up elderly man with a northern accent. The rector ignored him and after some demur induced the mission society to give $100 to the school on condition that as soon as practical the school be turned over to a board of trustees who should conduct it.

Robert looked at the rector with a puzzled smile as he explained next day.

"But our property here is worth at least $500" he said.

"Yes - I should say so"

"And it has cost us $500 a year to run it."

"$500!" said the rector "why - why where did you get it?"

"The boarding children pay a dollar a month - all except a few - and the day children pay 25¢ - that amounts to about $300 - the other $200 come from the crops."

"That is better than I expected" said the rector.

"And of course" continued Robert "I should hardly think it fair to transfer to others the title and control of my own proerty for the sake of small and- pardon me - not altogether certain support."

41-1-137

The rector was silent and half embarrassed but Robert continued

"Could we not arrange it this way? Suppose you and two members constitute a committee for the expenditure of such sums as the church contrives and that I expend them as your agent reporting carefully to you and being at all times under your inspection so far as the spending of the money is concerned?"

The rector readily assented, and thus it was that the Rev. St. George Tucker and Robert Calhoun began their friendship. And when two men find each other, and walk together in the golden day and talk amid the shadows of evening they come to know each other soul and soul despite all the piling barriers men place between. The church stipend gradually increased until it was $500 a year. Robert read the Episcopal service in the school and gradually by studying a few months in the year was raised to the diaconate and built a tiny log church at the edge of the oaks and near the song of the sea.

But there were those that watched all this jealously and did not understand and when the Bishop dined with Mrs. Irma Lloyd Jones the subject came up:

"You do not mean to say that a Tucker can so far forget himself as to receive a Negro as an equal" gasped the Bishop.

"He certainly is giving some ground for the suspicion" said the young Mrs. Reynolds.

The Bishop frowned." I will speak to him " said he - school?"

"I wish you would go see the school"said Mrs.Jones "my opinion is that much of their time is being given to book study and very little to the training of domestics."

"Suppose we go now"said the Bishop and in a half hour the horses were at the door.

There were seven in Mary's little latin class. Two were bright quick students - "John they ought to - they must go up to Columbia to college" she had said that morning. Two others were fair students earnest plodders. The other three were poor and one of them - O he was so stupid, and Mary was in despair over him;he ought not to study more,but it was hard to discourage him. So Mary sat that morning giving him more of the class time than he deserved, and trying O so hard to make him understand,when the door behind opened authoritatively and Mary knew by the widening eyes of the children that dignitaries were come. She rose with a limp [Oh,the dull grinding pain] and started to ask them to be seated when the Bishop ~~was~~ waved his hand "What class is this?"he demanded.

"They are the Seniors - they are having six months of beginners'Latin"

"Latin!"

"Yes,sir."

Mrs.Lloyd Jones smiled "Let us hear this fellow recite" she sai d. If John's recitation had been bad before, in his perturbation now,it was simply awful. His Latin flew and his English took after it. Mary quickly called one of the brightest students,a bright-eyed little black girl of 14 -but the great eyes of the ~~Bishop~~ Bishop were too much for her and she stammered, looked at Mary in tearful appeal and sat down. Mrs.Jones smiled again. "Is this what we're spending our money for,Robert,"she said sharply "to ~~teach~~ skoil plow boys and serving girls with Latin?"

"I do not think you can judge the school fairly yet"he said quietly"Let me call - "

41-1-138

"I want to see the industrial work "said the Bishop peremptorily. I found some girls sewing in the girls' cottage. "How much do you sew a day?" asked Irma.

"An hour Ma'am".

"And the rest of the day?" "One hour helping in the dining room and kitchen and six hours on our lessons."

The old lady glanced at the bishop - "Two against six"she said.

"It shall be six and two next year"he said decidedly and Robert heard.

He found the rector gloomy and taciturn that night when he called and the usual cup of tea was not served.

"I'm afraid that Latin class of yours has played the mischief,Calhoun. It had grown to be "Mr"Calhoun for a year or more back,but now it changed again.

41-1-139

"I am sorry."

"You had better give it up"

"Why?"

"The bishop is determined upon it."

"But you advised it and you have seen the need of the training."

"O I am not criticising the work - only others do not know it as we do

"Then let them study it and not judge it from a five minutes look."

The rector shrugged his shoulders,and said Goodbye coldly when Robert left.

Chapter XXIV.

The ~~E~~Bial.

It was the morning of Exhibition day,when the Mom Bett School was to close. Robert was nervous,for this year there was to be a very distinguished audience. The bishop was to be there,and the white dignitaries of the town where to sit in reserved seats in front. Behind would be ~~banked~~ *grouped* the darker patrons of the school. The graduating class of five sat on the platform of the vestry,but the rest of the school sat banked aloft in the back gallery,whence their clear young voices came rolling down in sweet massed ~~song upon the audience the slave songs,Mary pick out~~

song upon the audience.

"They will want to hear the slave songs, Mary pick out the best and wierdest.

"They?" answered Mary.

"I mean the white folks."

"Yes but our people want also a glimpse of something else, they yearn for music and they can hardly appreciate their own till they hear some of the world's harmony - I'll tell you what I want to do, Rob - at the end when all is through I want to sing Gounod's Sanctus Spiritus with a small chorus of girls - surely no one can complain of that and the children want to so."

"Well it all right "said Robert doubtfully "but don't forget plenty of our own slave songs."

So it happened that all came - the white aristocracy of St. Andrews in half curious patronage led by the Bishop and Mrs. Jones. The black village in proud wonder, decked gorgeously, and happy; and the children hard and fluttering with giggle and whisper and solemn stare. The graduates sat in one half frightened row below the reading stand and beside them to the left sat Robert in his new deacon's robes. Tears of great happiness were in Mary's eyes as she watched him from the thronged gallery opposite where she had marshalled her little host. On the platform sat the Bishop, the rector and the judge and they whispered together glancing at the black faces.

First there was a slave song "Bright sparkles". Then the rector prayed for "the least of these our brethren" and there came another slave song. Then a tall boy brown and slim arose and recited "The Slave that saved St. Michaels"; the black audience applauded lowly, the whites scatteringly. A girl then read an essay on Napoleon which smacked of the encyclopedia and made the whites smile and the blacks look mystified. After a simple part song in which all apllauded another girl read an essay on "The Faithful Slaves" which the whites applauded generously and the Nearoes half ~~heat~~ heartily. A boy talked on the "Value of Work" while the Bishop yawned and then came the valedictory. ~~She was the little black~~ She was the same little black

41-1-148

girl of the latin class, small bright eyed and intelligent and her shrill clear tones roused and held the house. The blacks bent forward breathless clutching the seats. The children back aloft sat silent and wide-eyed, and the whites roused themselves, grew tense rustled in their seats and whispered. The rector looked uncomfortable, the judge seemed amused, but the bishop was angry. It was as essay on "Ambition" - a school girls' effort with many of the usual platitudes and echoes of greater thought, but singularly clear and straight forward. In a white girl's mouth it would have been applauded and expected, but what did this audience think to be told that black boys and girls must "aspire to the highest" that "all things come to those who wait" that "labor conquers all things" that they "should never be content to be mere servants and menials but should aspire to the great things of earth in this land of freedom and opportunity."

"Let us then be up and doing
"With a heart for any fate
"Still achieving, still pursuing
"Learn to labor and to wait."

The still clear little voice of the dark white frocked girl ceased amid a thunder of applause from the black world and absolute silence from the white. Robert arose with the little bundle of diplomas - but the Bishop strode forward. "I have wanted to say a word to you black people" he said in sharp forceful tones "and this seems just the place to say it. You have heard this girl's talk and you have foolishly applauded it. Let me tell you plainly that such talk is silly, wrong and wicked. Yes I repeat it Wicked. God made you people to occupy a fixed humble place in his universe. To strive to escape from your appointed destiny is impudent blasphemy against his holy unalterable laws. I do not wholly blame you for these foolish thoughts - your false northern friends put them into your heads when they thought by law to make you white. But it was impossible - you will always be what you are and you must reconcile yourselves to it. Your ambition ought to be to become faitful servants such as one of these girls spoke of, and humble laborers. To this end we are going next year to change this

1-1-14

school into a more thorough industiral school. We are going to teach your children to work and not fill their heads with false notions and I want you older people who know that what I say is true,to support our efforts for your weal loyally." He paused. Robert had been ~~sitting~~ standing down on the platform before him half turned toward him,listening with bowed head and trembling hands. What would He do - what could he do? The horrible temptation of cowardice was upon him - he felt a thousand eyes upon him - the wondering eyes of his patrons,the tearful eyes of his little children,the accusing eyes of the white world. If he could sink into the floor - if he could fly into the outer air - if he could - but he could not. He must and would speak - he knew it,he felt it. He could scarce realize how he Hared and yet he knew he did dare - he knew that before these rulers of the village,before these parents and children he was going to speak the faith that was in him if it killed him; that he was going to answer the bishop. He wondered at his own voice when he heard it - it was so round and full and clear, so steady,when his whole soul was trembling and the audience was quivering with him:

"Reverend father in God"he said " for the thoughts this child of mine has spoken,for the ambition knitting in these dark hearts do not blame these people - blame me. I have taught I have sought to inspire them,I have ~~xxxxx~~ tried to stir them from the sluggisd depths of their lives up to the fullness of their opportunities. I have done so,and forgive me, Sir,but I shall continue to do so. So long as there is breath in this body I shall speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. I shall tell my people you are God's children - whatever destiny is open to the child of God is open to you. Withersoever men may aspire,you may aspire, for you are men. Be ambitious,try to rise,try to be just as useful, wise and great and your God given powers will let you. This I have taught my people and my children,reverend father,and this by God's grace,I will continue to teach them as long as he gives me life and strength."

He turned and stripping off his robe laid it silently at the prelate's

2-1-1-14

feet and then clasping his hands priest-wise before him he walked with bowed head silently toward the door. A hush fell on the people like the trembling of a mighty hand;the rector half rose- the bishop stepped back from the mute dead robe as from a stricken thing and the blood roared in his head,while the little valedictorian bowed her head and wept.

And suddenly above the throng rose one clear voice and voices: "Sanctus spiritus" it cried,and again higher,cleared "Sanctus spiritus". The slowly moving figure of the unfrocked deacon raised his head and his eyes met the wild tear swept eyes of the singer as the third wail higher, sweet rolled aloft

"Sanctus spiritus."

And then in a great wave of music swelled and the thrilling majesty of Gounod's great prayer-song, swinging in the air as the black man walked out into the free sunshine and into Peace.

41-1-143

The people listened motionless - sighed and then the rector glancing to where the bishop sat stern and motionless,receiving his nod hesitated forward and said with low voice and raised hands:

"The peace of God,which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." And the moving host murmured slowly "Amen."

The judge was furious:"The damned impudent nigger"he hissed "he ought to be horse whipped and I've a notion to do it." Mrs Baxter too was inexpressibly shocked "To insult the bishop too - he's a dangerous pestilential fellow and must be gotten rid of - indeed, my dear Mrs.Jones,it's just such men that ruin the docility of our Negroes"but Mrs.Jones did not answer,and in her face sat a perplexed half-angry wonder - a creeping gnawing doubt.

The bishop greeted no one. He looked dreamily out the gilded colored glass until slowly the people had gone and only the quivering dust motes danced in the vestry room. The rector watched him silently with twitching face and far back in the church the black janitor watched them both. Slowly the bishop turned and saw the rector. He smiled;he said:

"I have had a vision."

The rector started to answer vaguely,but the bishop went to where the deacon's robe lay folded and picked it up and handed it to the rector And then he placed his hands on the rector's shoulders and said:

"St.George,I have seen a man!"

And the rector bowed his head and was silent.

Chapter XXV.

The Priest.

"I am going north to beg money"said Robert "It's the only way and you must run the school,little sister"and with this he went to the meeting of the advisory board. The bishop and rector were there,the judge,a rather dried up elderly man with a northern accent and the principal of the white academy. Robert bowed silently and stood until the rector brought him a chair. The dried up elderly man spoke:

"As I have said,Bishop,I am willing to devote $10,000 a year to this work during my life and to endow it liberally when I die. My only condition is that the sum be equally divided between a white and Negro school."

The bishop bowed ~~cautiously~~ courteously "We are certainly indebted to your great generosity and will endeavor to use the trust for the advancement of God's work - Mr.Patterson can you tell us of your plans?" The white principal explained at length. There was a pause. The Bishop turned "Mr.Calhoun" he said "Will you now kindly tell us of any plans you have?"

Robert started but rose and said: "I thank you but I came here merely to say that I have decided to withdraw my school from your control and to try and support it by my own efforts."

The bishop ~~frowned~~ smiled "And why?" he asked.

"Because"said Robert "my ideas of what a Negro school should be,differ so much from yours that I could not conscientiously carry out your ideas."

"Could you carry out your own?"

"I could try sir,and I'm going to try."

4-1-14

The bishop rose and Robert with a sight bent for his hat.

"Then sir"said the bishop "Try - I say frankly that I do not believe the Negro race is ready for your ideas or capable of rising to them. We may differ as to Negroes,my son,but we do not differ as to men and God forbid that I should ever place my ignorance of divine plans in the way of the aspirations of any human soul. Mr.Brown ,your other $5000 will by our advice go to Mr.Calhoun's school." And then instead of warm words of thanks,instead of a courteous speech,instead even of silent bow,Robert stood awkward and speechless and great tears gathered and rolled down his cheeks.

41-1-45

It was a year later that Robert Calhoun returned from the Theological Seminary to his school and was ordained priest of St.Benedict the Moor's and warden of the Mom Bett school. Even then it was not all a path of flowers. The white rectors snubbed him,save Mr.Tucker,and even he was forced to be distant. The church convention refused him a seat,the white community regarded him with suspicion. Yet the work prospered and into it the young man threw his soul.

Beautiful little cottages covered his broad campus ,workshop stood beside class room, and a curious ivy -covered church and rectory nestled beside "The Gates called Peace," and in sight of the sea . Little homes rose here and there and then in the surrounding land and men and women who wanted more than they had and were dissatisfied with the present, grew and walked and talked beside the school and the sea.

To the white world this seemed a dangerous unfortunate thing and they mourned the passing of the Old Time negro. Even to Robert there came a sense of hopelessness as he saw the pretty heart-hurt ~~shooting~~ barriers erected by the envious and vicious to keep back the human tide of aspiration. He saw himself forced into Jim Crow cars,subjected to veiled and open insult, judged by the worst of his fellows and not the best,and above all he saw men like St.George Tucker content to sit and allow this in cowardly half-apologetic silence. Yet he knew that God's kingdom was moving on - that

his people every year were richer, better and more ambitious. Why could he not be happy and wait. He did not know but Mary did. He was heart-hungry -something was gone from his life which he yearned for in misty half dim consciousness. And Mary long knowing it, knew it now more plainly saw it more clearly with her woman's heart.

Her pain came not now in fits and flashes, to her frail body, but lingered alway there now like one low dull sickening monotone that was ever saying "Death- Death!" He did not notice it - he was too near her and leaned so fully on her woman heart that he could feel the faltering of its beating. He felt and prized all the beauty of her sweet clean spirit and chided his own heart restlessness and yet he gradually began to know and she knew even better that he was heart -hungry. Once when long years of work had rolled by and his brown face was battle scarred with Life, standing where the Moon rifted a flying veil of cloud he cried as he rememberd "For the sweet heaven of one woman's love, I thank thee O God." And far far away to northward, a woman hollow-eyed and thin lifted her head suddenly from her sewing and listened and in her heart leapt sudden gladness.

41-1-146

"Why?" She knew not, but the postman laboring up the long stairs handed her a letter and she stared: "Miss Hilda Quarles", it said and its postmark was "Beaufort, S.C." She looked at it consciously read it wonderingly and thought and thought, sitting idle over her work. It was from Mary Calhoun - How had she found her? A year of letters followed. She learned of the school, the work, the disappointment, the triumph. Then at last one day came the note:

"Hilda, Robert needs you. He scarcely realizes it, but he is waiting. His whole life is waiting, for the chord once touched by you and you alone. I am sick but he does not know it. Yet I know it. I know that the time hastens when I shall take a great journey to some fair painless land, and but for one thing I should be glad, so glad, for I am tired, Hilda. He loves you; he always has - he always will. Come to him when your task is done."

And she came, for the task was long done. A month she hesitated, a

week - a day. And then suddenly a longing swept upon her like a midnight cry - she rose and stood before her glass frightened and looked upon herself - O she was so different, so different, all the witching roundness was gone, the eyes were ringed, the skin had lost its glow and gold - and yet within she felt the fully woman, the richer better soul - the larger life, and she turned toward her Man and faced the South. On crept the train. Great troops of trees marched past the windows, stark and swift, shadowy and slow but behind, the hills the everlasting hills marched on and with her The world seemed twisting backward past her, twisting in great swinging circles. Then came the mountains - that far-flying line that leapt along the sky, with peaks that rose like woman's breasts and swelled to heavenward. So they wheeled into Carolina, sweet land - sweet lovely land.

The day rose grey and grim. The wind whistled and moaned fitfully and the grey cabins sat silent and stolid. A sound of half muffled church bells rose afar, toning mournfully. The world seemed sorrowing oppressed by its cares.

She took ther little satchel and wandered slowly along the village stree. An old woman and a child walked before her and stopped as she stopped to listen to the Vesper singing of a little ivy-hidden church. Instinctively she knew it and they all went in and her heart leaped. There he stood in in the pulpit - surpliced, the old smooth face, lined and scarred, the hair thin - yet RObert, Robert and all the world held nothing else. She saw the white old woman totter out, she heard the singing and she glided away as Mary slipped down to her. Then when all was still she went round to the study door and slowly opened it.

The Service was done. Robert had greeted the people and hastened to greet the strangers, but the white haired old woman had shrunk back strangely from his outstrecthed hand and hobbled away. He rememberd it bitterly. He expected such slights - they were part of his daily life and yet they fell daily on the raw sore of soul. He knew the woman - Irma Jones - all his life he had known that proud white face and his mother had known her before him - what had she said once? Something, something but he could no re-

41-1-14

member. O the Seat of the Scornful - why must he ever linger here in its bitter shadow.

He cast his robe upon the chair and sitting down bowed his head and idly ~~thumbed the old testament~~ the night's sermon and read the text: "The chariot of the Lord and the horsemen thereof" he read and his head sank in his hands. He heard the wind gently open the door but still he bowed his head and his heart cried bitterly "Where are thy chariots O God, where - where?" And then he lifted up his eyes. The sun was drifting in with fading glory and there in its rays dyed gold, lithe and glorious as of old stood - stood the Woman Wonderful.

He sat still lest the vision vanish. His senses rose and whirled and sank, and sinking whirled and swooned. Then he rose dizzily and stepped forward. She stood within the lintels of the door simple and alone and said slowly "My task is done - I have come back to you Robert." He tried to speak and could not but came swiftly toward her and wound his arms about her and kissed the coiling curling of her hair, hungered into the misty depths of her tired eyes and sobbed "The chariot of the Lord and the horsemen thereof."

The western sun was dying the waters when Mary found them. "Go greet the sea" she said "and I will sit and watch you."

They turned and caressed her and she laughed and wept upon their shoulders then pushed them gently away. As she watched them shadowy through her joyful tears, suddenly a great Peace hovered over the pain and she sang softly clearly as they wandered on. He took her hand - that little roughened golden hand and together they walked down the world and toward the blazing sea. Upon the air hung soft the sister's singing; within them sang the song of bounding life, around them swelled the mighty chorus of the Sea - and all was Peace and Joy and Hope save there behind where sat a woman's startled soul staring white-faced at the white-faced sea.

84-1-1-14

Book 3 pp. 205-303

The Seat of the Scornful.

Chapter I.

~~The Coming of~~ Freedom.

All the dark lowlands were sleeping. The solemn oaks dipped to the gloomy waters and a wild bird frightened from her nest rose and shrieked in the darkness circled in the air then settled to her sleep again. But the boy whom her shrill cry had wakened, started from his dreams sat upright in his bed and turned fear struck eyes toward the sea. Within the cabin all was dark and still save a dying gleam in the fireplace and a sound of breathing. The little boy hearkened - how the sea roared like a great Voice! what was it saying? What were those little answering whispers and whence that glowing in the outer blackness? A slow dim terro r creps and trembled in his limbs; his dry lips could not speak but he strained with his eyes out the great dark door. See a flaming sat upon the midnight waters, and round it- yes, round it- rode the dark shadow of a shadowy ship, sailing swinging hurrying; and above it swirled a face, a great dark awful - "Mammy", wailed the child Mammy-mammy- mammy! he shrieked is an ecstacy of terror till two great soft arms came out of the night and held him and a voine crooned:

41-7-330

"There, honey, there; it's all a dream, nothing shall hurt mammy's child."

When the child awoke again the sun was streaming across the waters. He wakened his older sister and whispered to her and together in their scanty night gowns which scarce covered their smooth dark flesh, they stepped to the kitchen where the mother was durrying to and fro and singing softly:

"Mammy" said the boy "I dreamed Momm Bett got me, last night".

Ever and again such dreams come through long long years. But one mother Juno had paused in the doorway with a great white cloud of clothes from the Big House. They were big children then, the girl 14 and the boy 11.

"Hush" cried the mother "Hark!"

It was t he Christmas of 1862 the week of the Christ Child. Up through the chill of war on the last night of the old year and the first of the new had risen a new strang Paece anda far away along the waters and down from the rolling hills came a new song, a song of freedom. It came down through the streets of the crowded cities and all the city rushed into the streets; it echoed in the great hills and the men of the

mountain hushed their voices and looked thoughtfully into the valleys below. Far down the valleys,down where the blue sea was talking and telling its world old tale,there by a thousand twinkling camp fires came the new Song and two thousand black men rose and yelled cheered again and again and cheered the echo. All through the land rang that wild cheer and the soul of a black nation awoke. Had a black man dreamed a dream of happiness? That night that dream came true. Had a black woman dreamed of a child that was hers and hers alone?that night it leaped in her breast. Had a father dared to hope toown his children? that night they were his. The girl who yesternight owned not even her body,tonight slept mistress of both body and soul. O it was a glad night,the gladdest night four millions ever saw,and ever they shouted and cired and prayed and sang and the sound of the ir sing ng was as the sounding singing of the four voiced winds.

This was the sound that Juno and her children heard that early morning of the New Year and they paused and poised themselves agog:

A man rushed running by -

"What's the matter"asked Juno.

"We'se free" cried the man.

"We'se free" shouted the surging crowd of women and girls, and an old woman hobbling painfully seaward turned toward her with streaming eyes:"We'se free."

Juno sat still and the children looked up into her face. "No"she thoaght "this was not the freedom she had dreamed of. Once she too would have welcomed freedom with songs and tears but now why should she be free since He was far away. With him would come freedom,without him,the chains hung thick and close about her soul. The day flew wildly by and at nightfall the children hung about the mother:

"Mammy who's Tom?"said Mary,the girl - Juno looked at her.

"Who told you of - Tom?" she asked.

"You just said "Tom,my Too"and at night you prays for him and in your dreams he comes and talks to you."

She looked at them thoughtfully,then gathered them close in her arms.

"Tom's your pappy"she said.

The children paused. The mother hummed an old strange tune. Then Robert said timidly:

"Mammy,where's pappy?"

Juno sang slower and more slowly-then the tears came creeping.

41-7-331

She rose quickly and went back to the ironing paused over it a moment, then grasped the irons sturdily and they flew over the white linen.

"Pappy"s gone"she said. "Pappy's gone and left us - but he'll come again some time,some long time. My God done promised me and oh - he must come."

"Why did he go mammy?"

"Shall we know him- did he look like me mammy?"

[redacted]

I was but a girl and I ran home in wild tears and Momm Bett saw me. (She fell silent and the hot irons raced across the cloth.)

"She didn't beat me that night."

"Did Momm Bett used to beat you,Mammy?"

"Yes"(with a shudder.)

"Were you a naughty girl?"

"I expect so - I expect so - but this night she looked at me with curious eyes and said abruptly'Do you want him?' You see she was a Wonder Woman andknew everything."

"Yes - yes,Mammy,we knows."

"So I crept on my knees before her and told her I wanted nothing on earth like I wanted him. That without him I would die - that I would creep to the slimy lagoon and drink death. She smiled her awful smile and then (the irons moved slowly over the clothes and beads of sweat rose on the yellow forehead)then she worked the witchery."

"How did she do it mammy?"

"How did she?"

"Hush boy"cried the woman with a frightened glance. "Hush -this night he came and sang a song before the door with his banjo. Momm Bett brought him in and married us then by the ways of her fathers with blood and salt and song. The next day we went up to the Big House and he asked Master Lloyd for me and Master Lloyd laughed and said "S "Sometime,sometime? for he did not like to have his folk marry off the place. But Momm Bett came and whispered to him then the wedding was set for the next week. It was the month of blossoms and oh,the

41-7-352

world was beautiful. Colonel Jones had just come back from Mexico and with him - with him - Evil came, and pappy Tom beat me and ran away."

"Was you naughty mammy-"

"Yes - your mammy sinned -but she didn't mean to God knows she didn't and then Celia witched Tom and the witchery's still a working."

"And if you ask God to forgive you -"

"Didn't I ask - O Jesus - ain't haven't I begged you but you won't hear -but there then. Yourppappy went awy but sometime he'll come again- he must come for till he comes I can't die."

Then she and the children fell a weeping and the wind sighed in the trees and the shadows lengthened across the billowy rice fields. A wildness creeps into the mother's eyes and her fingers twitch.

"It's bed time-fshe says hurriedly.

"O mammy it's hardly dark. Let us stay up and talk more about papy." But the mother hurried them off to bed and seizing her irons again worked swiftly almost fiercely far into the night.

41-7-353

Chapter II.

Monn Bett.

A little boy sat on Colonel Jones' fence swinging his legs. He was perhaps seven years old and looked a symphony in brown - yellowish brown of face, with flying light brown hair, dirty dark brown trousers hitched up with dingy strings - a ragged neutral tinted shirt and muddy red brown feet and legs. All this coloring he was engaged in heightening with bright orang persimmon juice - devouring the luscious little golden bulbs greedily and whistling lustily between.

"Get out of there you little scamp" yelled an angry voice "I'll break your neck if I catch you in those persimoons again." The boy measured the distance of the oncoming owner warily, grabbed another handful of the fruit and dived with incredible swiftness into the underbrush, wriggling, screwing, slipping flying across the fields until with a whoop and a swing of his old felt hat he landed in the limbs of a great black oak at the edge of the cotton field. Finding that the pursuit was not pressed, he finished the persimmons, licked his hands and looked about for further adventure. Beneath this long accumulated layers of dirt his face was almost beautiful but it was spoiled by a precocious sharpness slyness and restlessness. It seemed as if the little body was tingling with pent up energy and the keen mind quivering and sparkling every minute- and over all hung a furtive watching for blows and yells, a preparedness for missiles and oaths and a mocking, mischievous sense of ability to triumph over and laught at a

41-7-355

hostile world. No sooner had he finished his persimmons and spied the land out with his great shining black eyes, than he shook out his tangled hair and dived again to the ground and in a moment he was moving stealthily among the big green striped watermelons that lay in the field beyond the cotton. He tapped the melons carefully, cocking his head aside and had just chosen a big ripe melon ~~when~~ when he heard a furious barking and saw a big brown dog dashing across the fields. It was a long pull to the nearest tree and he measured the distance carefully. Then with the melon under one arm and a big stone in either hand he fairly flew across the field. It was a race that made the angry planter stare in astonished amusement. The dog skimmed silently with head down and in great skipping curves. The boy ran like a deer clasping the melon. Once when the dog was almost on him he turned and sent a stone straight at the brute's eyes and the dog leaped aside and started again, but before he had dodged the second stone, the boy, melon and all had wriggled like a cat up the tree and squatted on a branch. The dog rushed boldly up and the boy bent over and waited. Just as the dog was directly under him he suddenly threw the big melon straight at his head. It hit him squarely in the eyes and the astonished animal turning with a wild yelp of surprise and pain turned and flew back across the field like a streak. The boy watched and rested a bit. Then climbing cautiously down he gathered up the fragments of watermelon ate the juicy meat carefully and threw the rinds at the birds that hovered near.

Then he started carelessly across the fields tramping on the young cotton and whistling merrily.

"You better get out of that cotton, boy" cried a girl across the field.

"If you don't Momm Bett'll get you" added the boy.

The urchin stopped whistling and stared at Juno's two children.

"Who Momm Bett?" he asked.

"She gets bad children" answered Mary.

"Humph" said the boy "I ain't afraid of no -- "

"What's that?" said a gruff voice; they all turned and saw Uncle Caesar behind them. He was a curious bent black man, his hair white as snow and bushy, his beard scanty and scraggly. Sharp snappy black eyes twinkled in his head and his face was folded and seamed, wrinkled and forbidding. He glided ~~along~~ slowly bent half double, with great brass rings in his ears and mumbling always some ~~unintelligible~~ jargon. ~~The~~ children always half feared him and ~~shrunk~~ from him, yet he had a ~~fascination~~ and could hold ~~them~~ spellbound with his black eyes when he would. ~~Today he seemed so minded.~~ He looked at ~~them~~ sharply till they began to slide off. ~~And even the wild urchin shrank.~~ Then he chuckled and searched in his great pockets until he brought out a

41-1-149

grimy paper and in it a great piece of striped candy. The children's eyes grew big but they hesitated.

"Is you good children?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

He turned suddenly to the urchin:

"No you ain't -you name Hal -you runs away and steals and lies and if you don't watch out Momm Bett'll get you."

Hal looked uncomfortable but he asked steadily:

"Who Momm Bett?"

And the other children.

The older children looked at each other. The idea of anyone's not knowing Momm Bett! They had heard the talk from their cradle and yet it was ever wonderful - ever new.

"Tell us about Momm Bett, Uncle Caesar."

The old man eyed them.

"What you know about Momm Bett?" he asked. He always said that.

"Mammy tell us things sometimes."

"Go way- your mammy don't know nothing about Momm Beet - I knows- I knows all about her but I won't tell all, nobody could tell all. She was a Wonder Woman."

The children crept nearer. "Tell us something," they pleaded.

He crouched in the cotton patch and swayed and mumbled and this was the tale he told, only he used curious language which the writer has straightened:

"Momm Bett, Greatest of Wonder Women, came in the year of the great Comingywhen the doors were open and Africa, he Black Land poured suddenly -like upon us and Charleston harbor was black with slaves. This was the way she come. It was red night, hot red night when lights was a-flashing in the north. Just after the hot sunset come a great hailing out at sea - a sudden madfull wind went a-sweeping by with black clouds and lights flew up and down up and down in the east. Then at last the big crowds on the wharf heard a whistling and a great dark ship old, older than anything staggered around the bar from the south with torn sails aflapping, rushing like a devil fiend, and crunching and tearing as she hove up. There was a strange creeking and tearing of ropes; black coated and goopher-looking men walked about." Then Uncle Caesar rose and gesticulated and told how their master had hailed the crowd in some strange tongue that none understood. At last an old hermit from the mountain, he that was half daft and wandered about silently, heard and answered the jargon. It seems the strange folk had been making for a far off land around some goodly cape. There long beat back by eastward storms they had struck a sudden east wind which threw them

41-1-150

violently westward till starving and thristy they had made with difficulty this harbor. All this men doubted for they had seen no storms; still when they offered a slave cheap for food ~~feed~~ and water men hurried forward to bargain. An old white bearded man with cavernous eyes brought her ashore. And Uncle Caesar said in low rapt tones: "No sooner does I see her than I knows her. She was a queen and one of the Wonder Women. I creeps upon my face. But they white folks they only saw a black woman, six feet high, willow like and straight as a pine with a mess of puffed bushed hair. A white man started toward her but she looked at him and he crept away. Another grapped her arm but she seized him quick and threw him ten feet along the docks and the crowd roared. Then her eye falls on old Master Lloyd- He was young then, scented gay and pretty, and she beckoned him. He came over luaghing and offered the old man a thousand dollars for the Wonder Woman. The grey-head looked strangely at Lloyd and took the money. The black woman smiled right into his big black eyes, waved her hand at the shadow of the ship and followed old Master into the darkness."

41-1-151

"Ha, ha (the old man chuckled) she was a wise woman very wise. But there were some things I knew and everybody knew and she didn't. She was so wise about big things, she didn't know nothing about lots of little things. She thought she was going to be DeCoursey Lloyd's chief wife and queen- slave of course as all wives are slaves, but chief slave and ruler by her cunning and her conjure. And indeed for a time - you better believe - she was. Far off beyond the rice fields in yonder half dead cabin, she sat and queened over the young fool and he seemed love-mad with her. It was a pretty yellowish brown child- your mammy-that came to them there and they sat aside each other and sang to it and to the sea. Then men began to talk - leastways women.

" 'It's shameful' " they said.

" 'A Lloyd of Carolina.' "

" 'He's no account and fast.' "

" 'We must save him.'"

"~~M thay xxi~~ " 'He must be married to some big white woman.'"

"So they talked and whispered until at last ~~weary of this toy and~~ when he was tired a-playing and a-feared and shameful of his life he took a pale doll from the country and made a proud wedding.

"And then ah, then, rose the real Wonder Woman. She turned on him sudden-like as a snake creeps to a toad. They says the sea that night was red and the whistling wind echoed on it. She struck him across his face - do you mind the scar of his right forehead -no, no you're all too young - well only his dodging save him that hot night. And then she sent for me. I was his man then and had dared raise eyes to her

the Queen thinking to come by her as I came by his cast of-clothes. Bah!she slapped me to the earth and ~~spurned~~ glistening me and ~~then~~ glaring after I was her dog and she the Queen. It was midnight,midnight,no moon,no star when we two went out together on the shore. One of the mad storms was a muttering in the southeast and the wind was chill. We lighted a circle of fire on the black beach,till it covered her high form and waved and fanned about her. Then she led the witchery and at her feet I begun to learn the secrets of the earth -- the voice of spirits,the charm of snakes,the conjure of herbs -not all then,O no, but beginning then and after bit by bit in years and years. Then I learned but first bits and lay flat on the earth ~~in~~ scared, ~~silenna~~ still, while in the circling flame she cursed DeCoursey Lloyd and his doll and their children forever and aday. Then she cursed the land and the sea. God!it was ~~xx~~ awful - I sweats and I trembles when I remember the muttering thunder and muttering woman,the air aflashing with lightning, and hate,the darkness and the flame and the mist-ful bending woman. This land? these white folks? They can't never be nothing,they can't never prosper,they are accursed and I heard the curse. Hasn't it come true?"she said lowering his voice mysteriously "Didn't old Master live scared all his life and die of a ~~s~~trange thing,didn't his proud-faced daughter run away and marry a scamp,didn't their child"he stopped ouddenly "Listen (he said as the children's eyes widened and their breath came quicker) "Listen:the day old Lloyd doted ashrieking and ascreaming for MommBeet -that night Colonel Jones went across the rice fields to whip Momm Bett for her conjuring. He even dared to raise the snaky thing against her but before it touched her monstruos form there came awhistling tearing wind from the south and round the bar shot a big old black ship all flaming. And from it before it touched the shore a white-bearded man,old,older than the sea itself beckoned and Momm Beet was gone and she left only a red ~~glowing~~ shining on the sea."

41-1-152

The old man stopped and sat staring rapt. They watched him breathless,catching his meaning only here and there yet dreaming confused things of ships and wonderful women.

Suddenly Uncle Caesar rose and said as he always did "What you all adoing heah?" It's most noon - your mammy wants you - go."

41-7-354

They rushed away fearfully,running across the low black land until they were out of Uncle Caesar's sight. Then Hal halted:"I don't believe nothing about no Momm Bett and shadow ships"he declared stubbily But the other children drew back from the blasphemer in horror and left him standing there while they hurried from him talking rapidly,pointing gesticulating;for their world differed from his:Robert,brown and

sturdy lived ever in a world of dreams, worshipping the deeds of Momm Bett, and Mary, his older sister, frailer and more delicate, lived in a wierder web of mystery striving inh her half-grown way at the curious heart of things. Ever the two children hovered over the tale of the witch woman, till it was their play and their dream, their solemn thought and the inspiration of their work, as the sea swept harder over the grey and twinkling islands and the winter mists gloomed the air.

858-7-1A

Chapter III.

The Incantation.

Juno was waiting. As the night advanced she listened, going often to the door and peering out. At last she dropped her irons wearily and paced to and from wringing her hands until she heard the shuffle of footsteps before the door and a low knocking.

"Uncle Caesar" she said looking at him in suppressed excitement. He growled gruffly and crouching by the fire relapsed into silence watching the flame. She hovered about him clasping and unclasping her dark hands.

"He's alive" he said. She gave a great sob and sank into a chair. The children turned uneasily in their sleep. The old man started. Then raising quickly he stepped to the bed and raising the sleeping boy lifted him high and held him up where the north star blazed through the little window. He peered darkly into the dark ness but the mother singing to her knees cried "The child, O God, the child" and the half awakened boy whimpered to the night. The old man shook his head.

"Nothing, nothing" he mumbled and he laid the child slowly in his cot again.

"Can't you bring him back?" wailed the woman.

"He's with Celia" he said.

"Kill her" she cried fiercely starting up. "Kill her, conjure her, he's mine" and her voice wailed away into tears. He said nothing but crouched again on the hearth. She bent fearfully over him and saw before him a little waken figure, black and misshapen. He threw an evil glance over his shoulder.

"She is sick" he said.

"Kill her" came the bitter answer.

He drew a long sharp needle from his coat and heated it in the flame. Then he began to murmur - a faint low mumbling noise - like the crooning of some vast and wandering soul far far away - wierdly and mysteriously chanting its ancient mysteries.

He stuck the needle into the wax and drew it out poising his head and listening.

"Did you hear it?" he asked.

"No" she whispered. "Again, again, deep!"

He muttered long and waved his arms and then again he plunged the needle deep into the wax and whirled it.

41-7-337

A low moan seemed to drift down the wide fireplace. She laughed low and wildly and urged him on.

"Hurt her "she panted "Hurt her to death."

He leaped to his feet and bared his withered black arm.

"Her blood's on you and over you" he growled and bending raised the red hot needle, plunged it way through the wax, twisted it and turned it. The woman danced and quivered. He paused again.

"Kill her" she cried with a half stifled scream that started the children in their dreaming. Muttering low and waving his hands he kept plunging the hot needle into the softened wax and whirling it and working it till the black mass quivered and settled and spread into a dark splotch on the stone hearth, and as it flattened and froze the door flew suddenly open and there drifted in a faint sharp cry as from afar.

VI-7-32

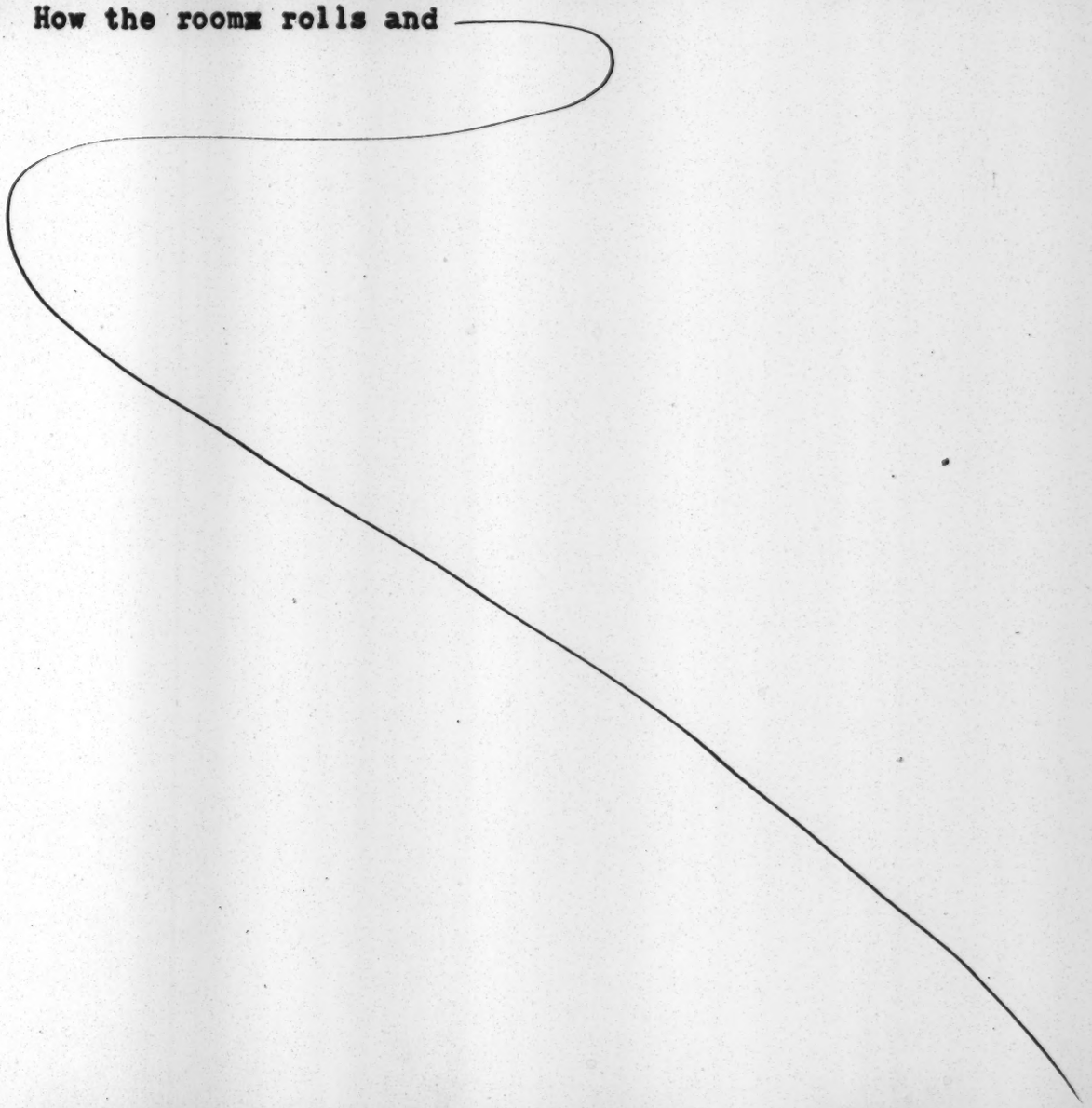
Whence came the cry? Surely from the northward. Perhaps from up yonder where the pink curlews were circling on the dim coast; perhaps it echoed further from the rolling highlands of the north state or from the high walled valleys or even drifted with the silences of the night far down Virginian vales, perhaps. But the strange old man whispered in after years that the death cry came from a thousand miles away, far up there where a great dark city slept in its great thick walls. Away down where the walls were many and the spaces dark lay in a great many windowed house a gaunt woman, and a great dark bodied man bent over her. Suddenly the woman gave a sharp cry of pain, and the man raising his head listened and heard a faint low rumbling - like the crooning of some vast and wandering soul far far away - wierdly and mysteriously chanting its ancient mysteries. The woman shrank toward him.

Three times she cried, while without the great inhuman voice swelled and roared, shattering itself into a pounding of feet, a babel of voices and rushing of men.

Then in the long corridor came the patter of little frightened foot steps and the great cry "Fire!" he seized the woman in his arms and staggered toward the stairs. What happened then he never knew clearly. He remembered vaguely her dark head face, the prancing horses and the dray. He remembered the ride with Martha and Silena to the wharves, the whirling through the streets; he remembered the glinging and gleaming of the sunlight on the great glass windows; the hoarse roar of voices, the swinging of great doors and then -

and then when day broke pale above the riotous city, he had staggered out among the charred ruins, aching & fevered. He remembered

What had happened? A great drowsiness,a half misty consciousness lay on him and the bed where he lay seemed rising and falling. The room how strange it was,so small so - then he fell to dreaming. He awoke again in the darkness and the words of Celia were ringing in his ears. O if she could have seen his riven soul. He had loved Juno in all the wild untrained strength of his young manhood. He had worshipped her from afar,watching her twirling feet and her proud young curled crowned head. When she passed by,his heart was still. And then in his diffidence and despair came her wierd strange mother,saying:"Go to her,she loves you!" Ay,for one short year the world grew rich and glorious,wanton in flower and fruit. He remembered afterward that sometimes in their mad happiness her eyes grew fear-struck and she clung to him terrified - the shadow of wanton weakness,he had said in his awful bitterness. The child was born, the bonnie nut brown girl that cooed and called to him. And then - then what was it? How the roomm rolls and



41-7-334

that - why that was like the breath of the sea.- Yes they sent him away on the far off sea islands with a gang of men. He could not take his wife and baby. They were not his, they belonged to Colonel Jones. But they promised to buy their freedom while he was away and then they could live together on one plantation. Blithely he had rushed back from the sea. It was long after midnight but he ran across fields to his wife and baby and hurrying on he had met Celia and her devil's tale. He had thrown her from him with a curse and rushed blindly on. He had burst in to the cabin. Juno rushed to him with a glad cry and a new-born child in her arms, a dark brown boy but he cursed her and she shrank crouching, trembling before his awful face. The words were drowned in his blazing anger and she, what had she said cowering there is ashen trembling - "I -I couldn't help it - I didn't know - He was my master." No!no! Celia had told the truth, it must have been the truth. God, how he struck her till the babies shrieked and the woman had sat dumb and speechless. The overseer rushed on him but Tom, he remembered how he had thrown out his hand and with a sickening crackle of bones the slave driver went to his long home. Then blindly he turned toward the fields and ran whither - he knew not, cared not. The fresh dew of morning fell like gentle balm on his parched and glowing skin. He sped across the fields in a great circle bending low and running easily in great long strides with his head thrust forward like a hound's . And the cry of hounds rose behind him faintly, surely nearer and nearer, his breath came in great gasps. No he could run no further. Beyond him swayed a woman and two little children. He would call her - no it looked like Juno - was it she or her spirit? An old bridge sat beneath the oaks and above a silent black stream, he dodged under it, ran up the waters a bit to throw the scent and then quickly with al last spurt doubled back on the Beaufort road. In vain a white horseman sat on the road and with a crash he fell headlong in the under brush. and lay panting as the hounds and horse men swept by.

41-7-35

The sea air - the wild sweet air, how sweet it was and how plain that face, the face of the silent staring horseman in the road. It was an interesting face - a sharp face - a vacillating face but not a good face.. But there was a good face beside it in after years - a face of

sorrow and timide dread of goodness, pure goodness, sweet like the great fair hills where it was born. He turned uneasily and felt the twinge in his side, and looked dreamily into Martha's face. Strange that she should be here and where was Here - was he dreaming - why.-

"There, Tom, you're better now don't try to move lie quietly."

"Where am I" he asked vaguely "I'se been dreaming of the South and the sea and the days, the black days of long ago - I - I smell the sea- surely I smell the sea."

"Yes, Tom we're on the water."

"On the water, on ship board - how did?"

"You were hurt in the riot Tom."

"O yes, yes, I remember now - I remember , poor Celia."

"O heavens Tom, is she left behind?"

"No, she went first, she's dead - where are we going?"

"To South Carolina, Tom, to Wilton Point."

"Wilton Point -Beaufort - He half rose in excitement then fell back and closed his eyes with a sigh. "Wilton Point" he murmured. "Wilton Point."

41-7-336

Chapter IV.

War. ~~Fort Wagner.~~

"We want no green recruits" said the captain.

"I know the manual" answered Tom. "I drilled with a squad ~~at Yonkes~~ on New York

"Fall in" came the command and Tom Calhoun joined the black regiment on James Island where the boat first hove to . It was the morn of the sixteenth of July, 1863 and the black soldiers were already stirring as the new recruits marched into camp.

An eager spirit of expectation and unrest lay on the camp. Already they had waited years and days for this opportunity. Last night they had stepped forward with their pickets peering in the gloom and then fell slowly backward. But today, this very night the movement was to begin. Charleston lies by a cluster of islands and waters forme by the great harbor and by that old ~~the~~ Stone river where Cato of Stono, the first black rebel, lived. Here Carolina like a great mouth bites the eastern seas. Above the tip of her tongue lies Charleston ; ~~itself.~~ In her great upper jaw is Fort Moultrie, ~~and~~ white between

its teeth is fateful Sumter, while its heavy lower jaw make James Island. Over the jaw like lips slip Folly and Morris Islands. On Morris Island lay a fort, a low black heavy fort, Fort Wagner, and thither ward the black mass waiting on James Island ~~was to go in force~~ looked in grim longing. The night was drifting slowly out to sea when six thousand shadows moved across the ugly marshes of James Island; great sloughs of mud yawned before them, sullen dark waters, rushing swollen streams and broken dykes. Thick sombre trees watched them silently and dipped their moss swept limbs deep into the mysterious black water. Serpents hissed and twined beneath their feet and wild birds screamed; yet all the long night, voiceless, breathless they slipped and struggled toward the sea. Just as the faint grey dawn tinged the lowering hurrying clouds, they stepped on Morris Island. Afar lay the grey dull walls of Fort Wagner sleeping silently.

41-7-337

As the soldiers halted suddenly the air grew thin and chill, the far off muttering of thunder shook the morning hush, and the sea flashed and roared and foamed. It was as if nature hesitated to let these black men go, even as their leaders hesitated and whispered and glanced. The storm started from the face of the sea like passion sweeping a soul, screamed and panted, yelled and roared, while the black rain streamed and beat upon the sea and land. The soldiers crouched in the misery and hunger of wet waiting six endless hours and then above the voice of the dying story rose the thunder of mighty guns. East, west, and south they flashed, and the iron and lead pounded into the stone and sand of Fort Wagner. Far out at sea the gunboats hissed and crashed and the air was thick with the whirring of death from noon till shadowy night. No sooner had the death lulled than again the storm clouds boiled over sea and land, the lightning flashed the purple clouds and the low tense chiding and chasing of the thunder knelled on the ears of the crouching, dripping soldiery. It was dinner time but there was no dinner; it was suppertime but there was no time to eat. Five thousand white men swung suddenly into line facing the fort, but in front and ahead of them stood a thousand black men. They paused. A young white man rose and stood before them. He was pale and thin. His high cheek bones stood out beneath the burning beauty of his eyes. His tones swelled like a benediction over the dark faced men and they took one word - "The eyes of the world are on you black men this day." They made

no answer but when the order came moved like a tidal wave against the gloomy fortress that peered dimly above the shadows of the falling night. From Sumter, from Wagner, from Cummings Point the roar of artillery pouring into the massed ranks of their black men shook the very sands beneath their feet. Yet the machine-like fall of their feet oozed and splashed across the black island. Up tore the murderous rattle and crash of rifles. The dark mass shavered but swept on. Across the trenches they leaped, up the side of the angry frantic fort. For a moment the coiling flag waved from the very parapet - a moment, then the black mass wavered, staggered, parted recoiled, Again they rushed forward; again and yet again. The very fires of hell were bursting in their vitals. The white face of the young colonel flashed a moment clear in the red light and then his thin hand clutched the black air and he fell beside Tom Calhoun. Tom raised him tenderly and staggered backward and then - how sweet and cool the air was, filled with the scent of jessamine and the voice of the little girl singing softly in the sweet fair sunshine rose like some new incense over the blood and dust of his torn life.

41-7-338

He lay and listened. His little girl must be as old as that and his boy the size of yonder lad sturdily splitting wood and then he turned and his eyes met the eyes of the woman bending over him. It was Juno. And his heart leaped and was still.

Long days he lay there nursing the remains of his stricken arm, calling back the strength of his sorely strained body. The children hovered about him singing and whispering. And ever sleeping or waking the woman's great sad eyes were bent upon him but she said no word, only lingered there serving him with her soft hands and quick thought. Ten days he lay there and then one day in the noontide silence, when the children were afar, he turned and looked into her eyes. "Juno" he faltered. She dropped on her knees and groped toward him.

"Tom" she sobbed "Tom for God's sake listen to me, listen Tom while I tells you." Silently he stretched out his one whole hand but he turned his face to the wall. She covered the hand with tears and kisses and stroking it softly knelt beside the bed and spoke.

"I never had no one to teach me Tom, I came up wild-like as a

weed. The other children was afraid of me for my mammy was a witch and I wandered half dressed in the bushes and stared at folks. My mammy didn't lowe me-she almost hated me and beat sme frightfully, spat on me and drove me out to wander under the trees late of nights. What could I know - what could I learn? Once when people was sick in the cabins,Mistress Irma came down to help. I worked for her and wondered at her paleness and her clothes till she noticed me and took me with her up to the Big House to wait on her. I was waiting on her when I first saw you,honey,a-standing in the cotton field the day of the hunt. And that was the first day I saw Colonel Jones,but not,O God,the last.

"While I was aloving you Miss Irma got sudden an gered at me and Old Master sold me to Colonel Jones. He gave me a new cabin and rode down there the very day I came and looked at me till I shrank before him for his eye was evil and I was glad when he went suddenly to war. All of us black folk then came back to Master Lloyd ;we were married,you and me,Tom and then came my year of happiness,my one sweet wonderful year. Perhaps I was so happy God took it hard. You were living over on Master Coles place when Colonel Jones came home.

41-7-339

"One day I met him riding. His face was red and black with liquor and he flung me a wicked look;bending to,he seized and fingered me by the arm. 'Where do you live?'he asked. I told him faltingly and he leered and laughed. That very afternoon he rode by our door but you were there. I noted the dark[redacted] of his face but you never saw nothing. The very next day you were sent for a month way down on the sea islands in charge of a gang of slaves from Master Coles plantation and from ours.

"Yet I dreamed of no harm,I thought only of my little cabin and my baby and my husband. You were far away but I knew you'd come soon and O,I was so happy when I lay down that night to sleep. I was dreaming of great green fields and singing trees of birds and dark red flowers,when suddenly I heard a knocking,a low strange knocking in the night. I started up in terror"Who's there?" I cried then I thought of you "Tom- Tom" I whispered. "Is it you honey?' I flew to the door and as I laid my hand upon it,a great fear came upon me all alone

in the grim blackness of the night. Again came the strange knocking at the door. 'O God, who is it - go away, go away." I half screamed and then came his voice, the voice of Colonel Jsnes ' Don't be afraid, Juno, it's me, I've got a message for you." I quickly threw a blanket about me and without thought or fear opened the door. And then - O God, Tom, don't judge me harshly. I did not struggle - I did not refuse - I did not dare refuse - I did not know I could resist. He was my master. All my life I had drunk bowing from the air - no one had taught me different, no one had whispered fight. I crouched before him in dumb helplessness and when he slunk away I lay on the floor like the bruised stolen thing that I was, a sobbing and trembling in utter misery. And when I woke to morning - what could I do - what could I say - who could I tell - you? I was afeared with shameful fear. My mammy? She would have beaten me or laughed in my face or killed me. For long months you could not come to me - do you remember? O I was weak in yielding, Tom, I know it now, I know it but I did not know then. I ought to have died afighting the great red brute, but I thought even then that I had no right to - that God and the law commanded me to obey my master - Tom, O Tom is there no forgiveness for the poor woman who sins? Can everything hope for heaven but me? O, it is wrong Tom, it is damnable, it's devil's judgment and not God's -but I have not told all yet, Tom, do not turn from me Tom, my Tom, listen. I found myself going to have a child - whose I didn't know: yours or his. You came back once then went away again uor six months to the dark sea islands. I felt it was our last parting and I clung to you and kissed you and wept wildly like on your neck, do you remember Tom? Then in fear and despair I went to my mother's cabin and told her all. She kept me there a smiling stranger and waving her hands above as I slept and when once Henry Jones came she sneered in his face and whispered and he went sullenly away. Then the birth-night came: It was brown, dark sweet brown, a man child and I wept aloud for joy, but even then the birth pains seized me again and, may Christ be my witness, a white faced twin leapt from my dead heart to join its dark brother. Tom, Tom, for God's sake believe. I am telling the truth, by my soul's salvation: a child to you and to him were both

41-7-340

born that red night. How the ~~unholy~~ awful thing happened God only knows but it is true. Perhaps it was the accursed witchery of my mother, perhaps it was the damning of God, perhaps a wild ~~freak~~ laugh of nature, but I looked into the faces of the misbegotten twain and groaned and fainted.

"When I came to the children lay beside me - the darker one I seized. The other I hated - I could have killed it but I dare not; yet I said nothing - I was glad when Mom Bett seized it, rolled it in a blanket and took it away. Three days I watched her furtively and knew what she meant - she meant blood sacrifice. It was the Great witchery of her dark religion, the killing of a manchild of the dated race in the full moon. On the night of the full moon she painted her face and looking at me long and strangely started away and I heard her swift steps running. Then I thought and thought - why di she take this child - it was not full white? Why did she go from and not toward the sea? Then of a flash I knew. Miss Irma's child had come the same night with mine and Momm Bett was bent on mischief - unholy mischief The devil tempted me but I left my baby, leapt and ran after her in the night, weak and tottering from childbirth and hearing the wail of my own ~~babies~~ child in the deserted cabin behind. I saw her slipping on ahead between the ghostly trees. I saw her enter the house and I crept after her.——

~~wash?~~ Forgive, forgive me, Tom, take me back to you - take my babies, you r babies - O Tom, Tom forgive me or kill me, kill me or forgive me."

All the while he had lain still his face toward the wall, but now slowly he lifted his hand, his one thin hand and laid it reverently on her bowed head. The children crept out of the glooming day and knelt beside her; and a great silence fell.

Chapter V.

Peace

41-7-354a

A vast unrest lay upon the land. Men looked at each other furtively, uneasily and the world hearkened. Groups stood at the corners, idle; blue clothed soldiers lounged along, curious wide emed black men stared at land and sea. Peace was come at last, peace with emancipation and men wondered what it meant. Then came the tattered stragglers in grey; now riding in rapidly on horseback with hard set faces, now s itting listlessly peering out of the win dows of creeping screaming trains, now walking at twilight along the weary dusty road with bowed heads. Waste, ruin, poverty sat grinning on the f ace of the land, save here and there where former slaves were d hoeing and digging. Unrest, hesitation, speculation, curious wonder sat upon the housetops and whispered in the winds and John Reynolds who had at this time just begun his Reconstruction career was standing on the pillared verandah looking in perplexity through the vista of magnolias out into the white cot-

41-7-359

Chapter V

~~The~~ Murder.

Little Hal was just creeping home with the twilight. It was down in one of the oldest and dreariest cabins of the Jones plantation - a dirty cheerless place. No one was there and hunting about for a piece of musty corn-bread, he curled hicself in the corner and fell fast asleep. It was ten oclock at night before anyone came. Then the door opened and a little ragged girl came in. Her face was sweet and innocent and strange and unusual beauty- the same wonderful symphony of brown as in the boy but softennd and with the sharpness and restlessness absent. She was tired but first she looked about for her brother. "Buddy, buddy?" she cried, then listened and heard his breathing and lying down beside him, she slept. Some time later in the night a man came in. It was the father Jim Quarles a yellow man with crisp hair and a sullen expression. He did not go to bed but sat quietly in the corner watching. At last he started forward. The were

steps and whisperings without as a beautiful weak-faced colored woman, slouched around the house in her ragged clothes talking to a white man, the brown man crept out. There was a moment's silence, a wild scream, the sound of swift steps and silence. Slowly the man returned to the cabin and throwing himself carelessly in the corner slept heavily. Just before day-break he stretched himself and called "Hilda -Hilda- breakfast." Hilda rose and hurried about - cooked a bit of bacon and made corn bread and black coffee. He stood and ate it ravenously and ran out putting on his coat and Hilda leaving the dishes on the dirty table took a needle and tried to pull together the widest rents in her little brother's trousers as he lay in them; but he slept on. It was a curious sight; without lay the dead body of the mother, unknown to the children, surrounded by a silent curious group of black folk; within was the dingy dirty room, the sleeping boy, the brown girl bending over him in her rags and softly curling hair. Silena Smith looking in at the door caught her breath and stood there till the girl turned her head and started up in mute apology, yet with something of reserve in her childish air despite her squalid surroundings.

41-7-360

41-7-361

Silena sat down, striving not to scare the children, yet listening to the noises without as they raised the body and bore it away. Then she turned toward the children.

"I'm a school teacher"! she said "and I'm looking for pupils."

Something eager lighted in the girl's eyes, and the boy awaking suddenly sat up and stared.

"Have you ever been to school?" asked Silena.

"No, Missus."

"Would you like to go?"

"O yes, Missus."

"I wouldn't " sang the boy "Id ruther drive mules" and he dived ~~dove~~ toward the table.

Silena rose and pulled the little g irl gently to her.

"How old are you?"

"I was born the second crop after the storm, mammy says."

"That makes you about seven, I guess - and what did -does mammy do?"

"She's nursing for the white folks up at Colonel Blakesley's and I helps in the kitchen and pappy is coachman."

"And who takes care of little brother?"

"I takes care of myself" volunteered the boy as he gathered up the

last of the breakfast crumbs.

Silena said slowly:

"Children your mammy has gone away - forever, and your pappy for - a long time, and you're both coming to live with me and work and learn and be good children."

The girl's face lighted but the boy frowned.

Chapter VI

The Hunted ~~The Arrest.~~

On Tom Calhoun, who had bought a little farm with his bounty money the sun still shone. As he looked across his forty acres and saw the neat cabin and the nodding crops, heard the happy song of the mother forking and half listened to the talk of his daughter, he suddenly realized that never before had he lived. At last he was a freeman - free, free as the air which filled his great lungs. He was his own master and his own man; no one had the right to command him, to drive him, to order him about as one with his cattle and his dogs. His wife was his and his alone, his were his children. He raised the stricken stump of his arm aloft - God! was it not worth a right arm - a body a life to be free! The boy came racing toward him across the field--"supper's ready" and the three hurried home, the girl singing, the boy romping round them and the dog leaping and barking. Once home, the mother came to kiss all three, chiding them for being late and spoiling the biscuit They sat down in the kitchen and ate - crisp fried ham, biscuit, white flake rice, golden molasses - ah, it was good! Then came the twilight. The mother sang over the clinking dishes; and the father and the children - first they played games, then they sang the old folk songs and then came a story of Brer Rabbit - the African hero of the weak against the strong.

41-7-361

The next day was Sunday. They slept late and rising from a hurried breakfast they dressed and went to church, riding in a wagon drawn by two fat mules -Juno in a blue gown that reddened her brown face, Mary in a wonderful red calico and the man and boy in smooth dusted black. Other wagons and buggies and wayfarers met them along the road and they greeted them all joyfully.

"Howdy, Good mawnin."

"How's all" "How you all?"

"Tolerable" "All up?"

And gay laughter and frolic filled the air, along with rough banter and noise. Sometimes great carriages filled with white folk passed them casting the dust on the walkers and the humble wagons; some laughed at the gay costumes and some cursed at the dark faces. At the cross roads sat the church - a great square board house, rough and plain. There were benches within and the sound of singing and without rows of mules and crowds of wagons and throngs of girls and boys and knots of men and women. All the colors of man had met there: there were a few pink and golden haired girls, many black and white haired old men, young bronzen giants and soft brown cheeked maidens; there were olive hued men and women, girls golden faced and freckled brown and every hue and shade of the wondrous changing human color from pole to circle but all set and shaded in a great background of unshaed black and brown. Next their color, strangers would have seen their hair; with a few it flowed in yellow brown and black; most of it curled and crumped and twisted itself, some so minutely and crisply that it lay in hard grey black masses, immobile and thick. On others it bushed itself to a dark mass of piling cloud or was tied stiffly in spreading spikelets and then again it curled and waved and wantoned in tiny kissing ringlets or great midnight curls touched with gold. They were not beautiful as the white world counts beauty, but they had faces of interest and strength and lovableness that could easily grow in one's ideals and dreams, and then too a certain untrained and unfathomed depth of thought and doing - a new world peasantry with the dirt and roughness and ignorance of primitive man and the promise and aspiration and hidden beauty of all humanity. An old man was preaching when Tom and his family entered the church. He was unlettered, unattractive and slovenly. And yet the burning earnestness of his talk, the half barbaric splendor of his native imagery and the wonder of his subject held his hearers in breathless startled attention. They were a primitive folk and their feelings sat naked and unashamed upon their faces, clothed in streaming tears, incensed with groans low rapt wails and deep Amens. And why not? Was he not talking of freedom. Of how God let his children toil in the ~~black~~ mud of Egypt and then in his good time let them go?

The sermon was a great chorus and the preacher was chorister. He intoned the strophe and the swaying chorus beneath him, standing, sitting bowing and on bended knee sang the wild anti-strophe, in moan and cry and praise and loud "Amenp"

"O my brethren and my little sisters, dark was that day (m'm'm'm'") sighed

the people). The sun was hot in the cotton fields, the waters boiled in the seas. (The seas boiled, O Lord" answered the people.) Way over in the Egypt land, the children of God lost faith, my brothers, just as in the dark days of yesterday you lost faith. (Preach it, Father" sobbed the women.) They sinned and cursed God, my sisters and hung over Hell on a single thread. And then my God was pitiful - O he's a pityful God, my sisters (Hallelujah" shrieked a soul) and the hot tears of his children dropped on his heart and melted it. And he lifted up his voice (Glory to God" they chorused) and stretched out his great black arm. Let them go Pharoah-I say! Oh, Pharoah, let ~~them~~ my children go. (Let them go, Let my children go" came the great full voiced echo.) But ole Pharoah, the old slave driver shook his head like a mule and said No, keep them slaves, work them, kill them, (m'm'm'm sighed the men) hoe that cotton Nigger - but the Lord rose up and shook himself, (Rise up Lord" cried the old men) and he screamed again till the mountain trembled and the sea got afeared and he say, says he - " A quick swaying and whispering, the crashing of falling benches and the sound of an oath broke abruptly upon the worshippers and the old man was suddenly silent.

41-7-363

The audience rose tumultuously in fear. Tom turned and saw the white sheriff advancing up the aisle: the folks behind rising quickly had overturned the benches and were whispering angrily, the forward sat in sullen silence half, fear, for they were but a step from slavery and the spell of the white face was heavy upon them, but as the officer strode up the aisle he pushed a black soldier's wife roughly aside and in a moment a hundred men had leaped to their feet amid the crash of overturning benches and the screaming of children Tom pushed quickly forward and quickly put his great form between the sheriff and the surging crowd. "Quiet brothers, quiet" he said "this is an officer of the law and we are peaceful citizens". The sheriff had his pistol in his hands and handcuffs. He turned quickly toward Tom.

"I'm after Jim Quarles - you know him, he used to be Colonel Jones body servant and then was sold to the Quarleses."

"What's he wanted for?"

"For killing his wife and he came in this church this morning - 'there he is;" the sheriff started toward the ~~brown~~ man in the corner and Tom nodded reassuringly. "It's all right boys, I'll straighten this out" he said. "Let us go by." They slowly fell back and the sheriff got bolder. "I've half a notion to take a dosen of you Niggers along for resisting an -" he did not finish for somehow, somewhere a great black arm shot out from the crowd and when the sheriff came too he was lying alone beside the road and the church was empty.

Afar across the fields next night in the darkness a boy went slippi with a bundle in his arms. It was Tom's son Robert and he was hurrying toward the swamp. On his way he passed a long lean white man, yellowish and haggard. He knew it was Boggs, the Sheriff, and without a word the boy dropped into the shadows of the hedge. The sheriff was mad and was not noticing shadows; he stamped down the road and into the hardware store.

"I want a gun" he said.

Now a sheriff without a "gun" being unheard of, the proprietor and his loafers expressed very great surprise and by degrees elicited the following story: The sheriff after his unsuccessful attempt to arrest Quarles at the church had returned home. Martha his wife was up-country for the day but had left his supper prepared. When the tired and hungry Mr.Boggs arrived about sundown, what did he find but the door ajar, and a bright light. He ppeped in astonished.

"And damned if there wasn't the very Nigger I was looking for, that big yellow kinky-haired Quarles a-setting there finishing off that there ham-bone and all of them pones."

Naturally Mr.Boggs was both irritated and elated. He reached for his pistol -but lo! it was gone, having probably been left near the church where, as Mr.Boggs explained, he "taken a nap!" Nevertheless Mr.Boggs rushed forward especially as the ham was rapidly disappearing. In fact as he expressed it:

"I was so damn mad I could hardly talk. Bet out of there" says I "you—" and Mr.Boggs ussd a stock of expletives which was rich and varied. The Negro continued to sit there eating quietly and eyeing Mr.Boggs, until that gentleman's patience gave quite way and he rushed madly at the colored man.

Being excited at the time Mr.Boggs' testimony cannot be absolutely relied upon at this point to the inch, but be that as it may, he solemnly avers that the Negro reached down into his hindermost pockets and produced a gun at least 4 feet in length and big proportionately. It stands to reason that Mr.Boggs stopped. It is also reasonable to suppose that he diddnot at first comprehend the simple remark, which the Negro thereupon made:

"Dance!"

"Dance? what me?"

"Dance and damn quick."

Now Mr.Boggs was not particularly graceful nor did he feel unusually agile or hilarious. Nevertheless he danced, and danced considerably - as

he figured it he danced 30 minutes.

"But what did he want you to dance for?asked a bystander.

Mr.Boggs snorted. "After a man has capered on one foot an hour or so he aint liable to go chasing a Nigger across a swamp is he? Specially if he's got no gun. I fell over on the bed and he just naturally walked off" And continuing his remarks he said:

"I want a pocket gun - I want the damndest biggest pocket gun there is in this whole plantation and if I ever catch that nigger."-

He went out and looked over a crowd of blacks loafing near and finding no one that he recognized, kicked an unoffending pickaninny for luck, and walked off again toward the swamp fingering his revolver. He was gone all night and his wife was worried, but late the next afternoon one might have seen Mr.Boggs making his way out of the swamp with a satisfied smile on his face. Every few rods he raised a large bottle to his lips chuckled audibly and hurried on taking a well-known path homeward.

The full moon rose in the east and the red sun dropped lazily westward. Mr.Boggs took a long and loving pull at the green bottle, and looked about him. There was the familiar long shadow of himself cast by his friend the sun, stretching down to the right. He knew its length well and often told time by it. And by it now it was full time for supper. So he started along the path. Then he espied something: on the left was another fainter but well-defined shadow which Mr.Boggs could not rightly understand. He balanced himself and eyed it suspiciously until his ear caught a faint rustle of the leaves -ha! he comprehended - he was followed. The sweat started on his brow. He glanced about carelessly and stepped firmly along the road. It was as he had suspected - the strange shaddw followed almost noiselessly. Mr.Boggs walked swiftly. So did the shadow. He broke into a gentle trot and with a perceptible rattle of the leaves the shadow trotted too. Mr.Boggs accelerated his pace, he ran and ran faster-in fact he came ~~down~~ up the gentle incline to his cabin at a rate which few sprinters have equalled and none perhaps surpassed; and yet as he fell panting against the house it was with full presence of mind. He straightened himself up, whistled carelessly and would not look round but kept the shadow in the tail of his eye as he called carelessly:

"Marthy, Marthy!"

" "What? why is that you Hash? What on-"said Mrs.Boggs aloud, but he added "sh" with his eyes and remarked "It's a damn fine night!" and then under his breath:

41-7-365

[redacted] don't get scared" and He whistled vociferously -whispering between strains" now come here - do you see anything behind me in the bushes?"

"No."

Mr.Boggs turned warily "that shadow" he whispered.

"What shadow?"

"That there."

"That's your shadow."

"No - on the right."

"Course - aint the moon up? Hash Boggs,you drunken loafer,do you mean to say-"

"Marthy,go to hell - get me some supper." And seating himself in the doorway Mr.Boggs rested from his labors.

Down in the swamp by the red radiance of pine knots sat a dozen black men talking- and the boy Robert with his bundle of food.

"I killed her because she was bothering with that white man - and I'm going to kill him too." Quarles was saying

"I knowed it"said Tom"and that's why I knocked him down to let you get away. I'm sorry you did it,Jim,I'm sorry you killed the poor weak woman, she didn't know no better,poor thing." Then his face hardened. "And I'm sorry you didn't kill him then and there. But it's too late now, Jim -no more killing now for it will hurt us all.Where's the sheriff?"

"[redacted]

"Gone home" said Robert "he's been scouring the swamp up east" Quarles ate ravenously: [redacted] -Well good bye boys-I'm off . Take care of yourselves" and the fugitive slipped away into the dark forest.

Chapter VII

Hilda.

Hal and Hilda were not Miss Silena's first boarding pupils for she had early found that her school must be a home as well as a school and a her friend had sent her money for a large brick building where they were housed. Hal was not happy. He was not a bad boy- indeed there was a peculiar cleanness of soul and honesty beneath his sharpness and restlessness and mischief. Under Miss Silena's care he grew a shade cleaner and tamer. than before but not tamed. On the whole he despised the school

life and longed for the freedom of fields and waters and trees. Some things to be sure, were fairly interesting - singing, errands, sweeping the big halls in clouds of dust, and driving old Jim the mule; the fire too had been glorious and he had romped and yelled and worked and enjoyed himself hugely. But books and lessons and long hours of squirming and gigling and frowning which were called "study hours" these things he hated with perfect hatred and the sharp restless look grew beneath his tangled hair and lay plainly in sight this morning. He wheeled round the corner in his usual half-run, half skip, and met a white boy somewhat larger than himself stiffly dressed and feeling important. The boys' eyes met ~~each other~~ "Get out of my way" demanded the white one; "I won't" retorted the yellow one and then before Miss Silena could realize it the boys were rolling in the dirt, fighting and ~~calmoring~~ clawing like animals. A fight between two small boys in most lands is a thing for laughing, chiding and waihing - it is the same in the south if the boys are both white ~~and~~ or both black, but when one is of one color and the other of another, and when the darker boy bids fair to give the lighter one a good drubbing, then there as food for mobs and riots. A crowd of white men and boys gathered suddenly and seized Hal Quarles and while another crowd of colored people edged near. A policeman hurried up, the crowd began to jostle and curse and Hal saw his danger. His eyes danced with mingled anger and merriment and diving suddenly he upset his captor, slipped between the legs of the policeman, wriggled twisted and dodged and was soon running like a deer with a long string of halloing cursing men after him.

41-7-367

Of course they did not catch the boy; he was fleet as a hare and knew every nook of the city and country. But where would he go and where could Miss Silena find him? That was the problem. All next day ~~she~~ Robert Calhoun had one of her ~~son~~ husband's men searching and all night. There was no record of him at the police station and ~~she~~ Robert was in despair as ~~she~~ he started out the second morning when to ~~her~~ his absolute amazement there sat Hal on the fence not two hundred yards from the school swinging his legs and peering narrowly down the street. ~~She~~ He stopped and leande against the fence in the sheer weakness of her surprise.

"Hal" ~~she~~ he gasped "What in heaven's name are you doing here?"

"Waiting" said the boy grimly "I'm going to finish lickin' that kid he comes by here every morning." Without another word ~~Robert~~ he seized the struggling protesting boy and slipping round the back way carried him to Miss Silena's cottage. A little council of war was held

for ~~[illegible] cottage. A little council was held~~ and to Hal's great delight it was decided to send him out in the country nearby to work on a farm, near enough for his sister to visit him regularly and see after him.

To Hilda the new school life was a veritable opening of the heavens. She was in her every instinct a lady born to caste and rags -some ancestor whether Zulu chieftain or Virginian aristocrat had bequeathed to her a poise and delicacy, a pride and beauty which made her rise to her new life with a naturalness and lack of affectation that seemed wonder ful when Miss Silena remembered that morning in the dirty cabin. Then too she blossomed like a rose - in a certain tropical magnificence mingled with a great innocence and simplicity of soul and a yearning for life and the beautiful things of life. She grew ashamed of her squalid past - yet it was a good solid shame - a shame that was an incentive and not a temptation- a source of loving and striving and doing and not of hating and repining and waiting. By such shames the world ~~pieces and~~ rises upward from cloud to cloud. She was religious by nature but had a certain fine paganism, a Greek love of form and fitness, an African sense of song and color, an Italian longing for pure beauty. Having known poverty and squalor and dirt and hunger in childhood she leapt from the old dark chrysalis gay-winged and gorgeous in spirit, sensing a new world, looking for daily miracles and knowing few metes and bounds. The things she had suffered she thought due wholly to her position and not to anything in herself- she had been a servant and therefore took the slights that rained on servants, but now she was to be a lady, why not? Was not the face that looked out upon her from a little mirror bewilderingly beautiful and framed in pride and sensitiveness, she seat out toward the great sky- all she touched grew beautiful- the plain print frocks took to frills and touches of color, the dats flashed with bits of ribbon and the flowers of the field came willingly to garnish her toilets. Yet with all this there was notthing sordid and selfish. The beauty of her new world was a beauty for all- not just for hernelf; her joyousness and song lightened every one it touched and Miss Silena loved the girl as a strange new flower of the deep forest- strange because so utterly different from herself.

The new world soon had its touches of targedy and sorrow. The memory of the half-known mother came now and then with her weak face and faltering words and then Hilda's eyes would fill witd sudden tears- why, she hardly knew and she would stroke Miss Silena's hand and kiss her timidly for Hilda had known but little kissing in her babyhood. Then gradually as she grew, out from the blue cloud-kissed roof of her new world dipped

41-7-368

the shadow of her race. It startled and bewildered her on street, in newspapers and in talk and thought. Why should there be these curious saddening distinctions whene there was neither ignorance nor dirt nor slavery to base them on? And sitting one day in a cabin, looking on the setting sun she suddenly said to Miss Silena:

"Isn't God queer?"

"Why - I - that is -" n one of these thoughts seemed to fit, so Miss Silena compromised:

"Why Hilda!"

But Hilda shook her head and laughed and then started on her weekly visit to the country to clean Hal's cabin as was her wont. Yet this visit always saddened her- everything was so sordid and dirty. Could she ever have lived like this in narrowness and dirt and discomfort? could a cabin like this have been home - this sordid mass of ill-smelling discomfort? A sense of utter misery overwhelmed her. Why? Why? why? she wailed must this be in so beautiful a world and then rolling up her sleeves and girding up her skirt she began -sweeping, dreaming, working on until a gruff voice called in at the door.

41-7-369

"Is Hal Quarles here?"

She looked up at the sheriff in surprise.

"No, sir" then her heart jumped "what do you want him for?" but Boggs stood staring frankly and boldly at her rumpled beauty, and her cheeks burned as she raised her head haughtily and saying "Search if you want to," she walked out, listened and then ran swiftly up toward the great wood, looking over her shoulder as she ran, and calling softly "Hal? Hal?"

Chapter XVIII

Edith & Hilda

Robert Calhoun was walking in the great woods that run from Wilton Point back toward the rolling inland. The world was very bright to Robert that morning and he hurried along in pleased pride dreaming. Up into the deep woods he went listening to the birds and whistling and singing: perhaps he would be a representative some day and then a senator; he would stand like this and throw his hands and the men would gape at him. He'd have a fine house painted green like Colonel Jones' and then he dropped his dreaming fith a laugh and throwing back his head sang a merry rollicking work song such as he had heard the wharf hands sing on the Charleston docks

In the midst of his song a faint "Hallo" struck his ears. He stopped abruptly

ly and listened till he heard the voice again. Breaking through the under brush he approached the river and came into an opening. A tall white girl stood there. Her dress was frayed with clamoring through the wood, and in her arms were an easel and sketch book. She had evidently lost her way but she started back when she saw the black boy. Then catching herself she drew herself up and said imperiously "Show me the way to the road." He smiled at her ~~haughty~~ haughty air for she was not over 15 and he said cheerily:

"Which road?"

His air and smile reassured her and there was unspoken apology in her tones as she answered:

"The road to Wilton Point- I wandered away sketching and lost my bearings."

He turned without a word and she followed. Then he noticed that the path was hard to follow with the easel and he quietly took it and went on ahead. As they proceeded she felt more and more uncomfortable at her manner and she walked a little faster.

"Do you live at Wilton Point"she asked.

"Yes" he answered and then, as his dreams returned "but I'm going to Columbia."

"So am I" she said "My father is in the legislature."

"So is mine, and I'm a page."

She looked at him in surprise for she knew another page up there only he was different- so different that she found herself saying suddenly:

"Are you sorry to be black?" She had not meant to say this but her thought spoke itself before she could stay it, and then, beside, she had longed to talk of this frankly to someone.

"Sorry, No! Why?" he answered looking at her in amusement. They were walking side by side and the river was rippling near.

"It must be - awful-"

"It isn't a bit - I laugh, and talk and eat and drink just as you do" with a perplexed wrinkling of his forehead.

"But - black people are not- pretty."

"Neither are white people, always, and beside looks are not all."

"No, but they're lots."

"That's so, and I like good looking black folk; they can be fine in form

41-7-870

and face to my thinking."

"Ye -es- but their hair and they, well they can't blush" she said blushing frankly.

"No," he said feeling a flush in his own dark face and feeling too a sort of unreasoning anger in his heart -they can't" and then disdainfully "what's the use of it - as for hair I don't like straight hair- I think brown curly haired people prettier than dead white folks with strings flying."

"But - but most black people seem so dirty and - "

"That's because they've been slaves and haven't had time to be clean like white people."

"And now that they're free do they expect to become like white people?"

"No but they expect to be people in their way just as you are in yours."

She looked at him -"but white folks can go with such people as they like and visit them and- and marry them."

"Yes, but I suppose that means you go with yourselves and visit yourselves and marry yourselves - all right we'll do the same, go with ourselves, visit ourselves and marry ourselvesp" she said, repeating a phrase she had often heard.

"But there'll have to be laws always to keep the two races apart."

"Why?" he asked defiantly.

"Why because you or some of you would want to go with white folks- and we are proud of our blood and have a right to be."

"And do you think we want your old blood" he said. "Do you think I'd want a friend or an acquaintance or a -wife who didn't want me?"

"Why no, I suppose not."

"Well then, if we didn't want each other we shouldn't need laws to keep us apart."

She looked puzzled. "But if some did want each other?"

"Then laws would be no good."

"But they've got no business to want each other," she cried, and then suddenly she caught sight of the road and the little town before her. She started and a sense of indiscretion, of vague wrong came over her. She had been talking almost familiarly with a Negro, not as she talked to the servants but with a new feeling of human fellowship. She took her things from him quickly. "Thank you" she said coldly and started away, and then she turned back quickly and searching in her tittle knit purse found a

41-7-371

last bright silver quarter -"Thnak you" she said again and with a smile "I am Edith Coles, Harrison Coles' daughter -here". But the young man had turned his back suddenly and was walking back into the woods. She stood in surprise and looked after him thoughtfully, holding the money in her hand. Then she turned slowly away but looked back. He was gone. She felt a vague discomfort, a feeling of anger, disappointment, curiosity and regret all mingled and softened into something disquieting and wavering.

Robert walked on with a new thoughtfulness a new wonder in his heart, for the girl's questions had awakened new thoughts and questionings. He had hitherto received the differing colors of men in something the same way as the differing colors of earth and sky and sea - as interesting facts, differieg orders, but not warring, jealous unadjustable things. To be sure, he had instinctive y felt differences and gaps and limits, but he had viewed them curiously as from afar, or looked upon them as in the course of nature or thought of them as relics of slavery. Himself he never found strange to himself nor realized that othero ididd. He held out his hands; they were dark grown, the color of the good brown earth, deep rilh and warm; ouch was the color of primal man. So was Adam hued when his dark body trudged doubtingly together at the bidding of his soul. So once peered all mankind, till they were paled with hiding from thn sun and their sharp faces bleached with haunting midnaghts of sin. To the awakening man this color of his hands seemed far more natural than any other; there was to him a sharp hard gleam about a white skin that struck him coldly, while darker hues seemed warmer, homelier, nearer, and then the other things, the hair, differing kinds of comeliness, the mingling and marrying - he had never thought of these things definitely or lingeringly as he could remember. He groped in his mind for his past thoughts - but found none. When in his dreams he had married, it had always been of course some brown maiden like his sister Mary; it seemed strange and unreal to think of any one else or feel any affection for them, or any fellowship or nearness; then it suddenly occurred to him that they of the uncolored world perhaps felt the same but he laughed at the discovery and thought it natural. So it was that Robert Calhoun entered the portals of a new world.

It was a vast world - a puzzling world; a world half-hateful, half-alluring At times a fiere joy surged in his veins, and the lust of battle burned in his eyes, and then a low dull unreasoning anger glowed sullenly- an anger at that

41-7-372

proud white-faced girl who despised him. What was she? And he beat the shy little violets cruelly with his switch, and pushed through the white clouds of dogwood and entered the portals of a new world.

~~four~~ Two years past by- years of strife and turmoil, of intrigue and bloodshed that made the boy more sober and thoughtful as he gazed upon the world. Again he walked in that same great glowing wood and he remembered the scene vividly. A bitterness crept into his heart as he neared the place of the meeting. He remembered the faint "Hallo"! that had greeted his ~~xxx~~ whistling, and half laughing he whistled again the wild merry tune that seemed so beautiful then - so trivial ~~then~~ now, and -hark! a low hallo! greeted him and then the vision burst again.

41-7-373

A girl stood before him, but she was not white: a girl just there where the thick wood clearing formed a great glorious frame of green and ~~gold~~ black - a girl just bursting to womanhood - a girl- was it a girl or was it some vision glorious, standing startled there in the evening sun, some woman wonderful? her face was burnished gold and her hair the wavering brilliant changing brown of bronze. All her soul seemed to stream and quicken and quiver thru her little limbs. Her eyes were little pools, dark liquid pools that stand of a summer's day in forests' fastness, no rather they were fires that leap in dark mountains - they were depths of mighty night all starry and meteored with threading light; and now they were lightning gleams, shuddering on the eternal halls. Her hands were blue and red beneath the gold. Her hair did not string lankly to the ground, but curled and hesitated, coiling in a thousand shivering ringlets, soft and glistening like a summer sea. Her head was poised proudly on a slender neck, and her little bosom burst above a waist that was all rythm and movement. She did not blush but went red gold from cheek to ear and glowed darkly like a summer sunset ~~kind~~ soft and silent, on a brown and silent sea. Ah, she was woman wonderful.

He stood before the vision rapt and silent, till her voice, the tenor and pleading of her voice startled him out of dreamland.

"Hal" she cried "I -I thought you were Hal- Have you seen Hal - the sheriff is ~~police are~~ coming - Can't you help me find Hal?"

Then he came to himself again . It was little Hilda Quarles - he had not seen her these ~~four~~ two years - he had never noticed her before, what had happened in ~~four~~ two years - ~~four~~ two little years - then he hastened toward her half reverently and said softly:

"Don't you know me, Hilda? Don't worry, we'll find him."

Hand in hand they hastened back through the forest seeking, calling until at last they came upon him - a fawn-colored boy of 16, with brown tangled hair, haughing mouth and dare-devil eye.

"Oh Hal," she cahokd "what did you do? the sheriff came to the cabin after you" and I'verun every step." What have you been doing, Hal?" she wailed.

"Nothing" said Hal laughing sardonically and balancing himself on an old stump.

"Come Hal, tell us, how was it?" asked Robert.

"Well I've been working ~~for Col. Blakesley~~ on Col. Jones' place now for a year and he hasn't paid me. So this morning I walked over and helped myself to a bag of cotton on account - just exactly 108 pounds-52 weeks at 25c a week."

Robert laughed. "You oughtn't to have done that Hal and you must take at back."

"He didn't intend to pay me."

"Well sue him then."

"We sue a white man? Hell! what with?"

"Well at any rate Hal there's just one thing for you to do and that is to carry this cotton back."

Hal was sulky but the determination of Robert and the tears of Hilda prevailed. Sending Hilda on ahead they took the cotton back to ~~Col. Blakesley~~ the Jones plantation, but the ~~Colonel~~ overseer said not a word to Robert's explanation, only slammed the door in their faces and Hal went back to Miss Silena's. The next day the sheriff appeared at the ~~school~~ cabin as Robert had half expected and arrested Hal for stealing.

"It will be all right". Robert assured Miss Silena, but Hilda insisted on going to the court room with them. And so they went down the village street Hal swinging freely along hand cuffed to the gruff sheriff and Robert and Hilda behind.

A moment on the threshold of the dirty court room she wavered- a hundred eyes were on her, a dozen loafers discussed half audibly her hair, her face, her limbs. The blood rose dizzily to her head but she walked in and sat down and slipped her arm about her brother's shoulders. The judge was a coarse heavy faced man smeared with tobacco juice and the air was heavy with smoke and odors of liquor. She did not dare turn round but sat staring blindly at the

41-7-374

desk and the lawyers until she realised that one big red faced man was staring persistently at her. She turned and looking out the dirty window and hot blinding tears welled in her eyes. She scarcely heard what was said until her brother rose and his sturdy defiant voice rang out. The answer stunned her and it stunned Robert -12 months? 12 months?her own brother to live a year among the depraved and manacled like a slave. O God,a osbbing shook her and stifled her;she tried to speak - to plead but what she said she knew not. Some one came up and said pleasantly "Come to my office and we'll try to get him out"-she thanked him hysterically and took his card and then it seemed so natural to look up and find Robert's grave face to put her little hands in his and let him lead her silently away.

41-2-375

Robert had seen the lawyer speak to her and a fear shot through his heart:it was Roland Reynolds,formerly page with him in the legislature;they did not speak but when Hilda was out on the sidewalk she told Robert what he said. He was skeptical and tried to dissuade her from going but she plead so hard that at last he went with her to the railway offices where Reynolds had his headquarters and was directing his father's interests. As they entered Roland looked up.

"Hello Bob"he said carelessly.

"Good morning,Mr.Reynolds."

"What can I do for you?"

"I came with Miss Qurales - to see about her brother.-"

He waited and fumbled his pen but Calhoun sat down quietly and the girl waited.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Hilda Quarles.!

Still he fidgeted and Calhoun waited.

"You can go,Calhoun-"at last said Roland. "I'll transact this business with - wi th Hilda."

Calhoun rose. "Have you anything to say to her that I cannot hear?he said.

"Well- suppose I have?" said Reynolds irritably looking him full in the face.

"Then" said Calhoun quietly" she cannot hear it."and he lead her out.

But she did not understand - it seemed like giving up the last chance to save her brother. She must go back.

"Robert" she said pleadingly "just - a moment- I must-" and she turned and flew back up the stairs. A sickening suspicion rose in Robert's heart - how could he help it - he knew what a pretty colored girl faced in the south, and he did not know how innocent her heart was. One-two-ffive-ten minutes he waited and then he heard her step on the stair. A slow faltering step. Her face was ashen, they did not speak to each other, they did not look— but within their worlds were whirling-her faith in God and His universe was ~~tempting~~ trembling- his faith in Love and Truth was tottering.

41-7-376

Silently they hurried to the jail. It was twilight when they bade little Hal good-bye. He choked a bit but kept his old defiant look.

"O I'll get on all right, Sis-I'll -O yes, I'll try and be good - You ought to have some one to protect you, tho' Sis I - I saw them fellows ~~a~~ staring at you - but you just tie to Bob -he's the best fellow I know— and he loves you" and then he was gone. She stood bent forward her hands upon her breasts, her head turned away from Robert, startled, mystified, self-revealed. The message had rung on her heart like summer thunders, new yet old, so old, so unnatural. It was as though ~~her eyes~~ he upon some ashen waste had struck a sudden sunlight and a bloom. She turned slowly and looked at him in deepening wonder, wide-eyed as though her soul new born unclothed itself to him alone and then as the prison doors (closed upon Hal) ~~closed~~ ~~glided~~ she half lifted her little arms as if to ~~and~~ stretched them ~~boringly~~ toward Robert's ~~his~~ great shoulders. He looked into her eyes- her great dark eyes and therewithin saw black and endless depths -upon those depths slept other depths as deep and dark again - deep calling unto deep. Beneath the deep flowed flame and in the flame burned Love ~~forever~~ but he did not see it. He could not see it. A chill had frozen his heart. The face of Roland Reynolds swam in his eyes and he stepped slowly back. She saw the movement - she faintly divined the cause and with a ~~cry like a hurt animal~~ stifled sob she turned and disappeared.

A wave of revulsion shook his soul. He started to run after her- but just then a messenger boy called him & thrust a telegram in his hand and it said:

"Come immediately and prepare for the election.'

"Mary."

He hurried to the depot.

Chapter IX.

The Lynching.

The critical election of 1876 was approaching and Tom Calhoun was working eagerly to unite his followers with the best elements of the Southern whites. The demagogue Sands, while secretly playing the spy and informing the radical southerners was openly espousing the cause of the old ring whose thefts were ruining the state.

As the election approached Tom took the stump against the old ring which was supporting Sands. A great mass meeting was held at Beaufort and Sands spoke. He was an imposing man and his argument was shrewd.

41-7-377

"Gentlemen" he said in conclusion "these men are the ones that first recognized you as men and voters; they organized a government of and by the people. They have made mistakes, perhaps been extravagant and not done much that they might have but I tell you they never held you in slavery or sold your children or drove you with a lash through the cotton fields." Loud applause greeted the speech and Tom went valiantly to the attack. A great black and brown mass of humanity filled the hall. The air was stifling with smoke and sweat. The wind sang without and a murmur and roll of voices rose and fell within. Yet Tom talked the calm direct speech of the folk: "I tell you, men," he said " it pays to be honest and Joe Sands is not honest. I've worked for a year to get land for us poor people and he stole and gave it away for an office. Ever since you put him in the state house by your votes he has been bartering away your rights. He has flattered and lied and deceived on the theory that the only way to win in this world is to fool somebody. Today men, we face two roads: by the one we must stand up independently and honestly for our rights, uniting in self-defence and for self-protection and voting for honest men and honest measures. The other road is pointed out to you by Sands and it leads to slavery, trickery, stealing and bowing-down. I don't know what you are going to do about it but i'm going to vote against Sands and everything he stands for." The effect of the speech was tremendous both from its simplicity, its well -known truth and the honesty of Tom. Sands was furious.

"You promised to support me and I can prove it" he yelled.

"I did promise to support you, if you'd do one honest deed" retorted Tom. "and you did it but it turned out to be the biggest piece of thieving of the lot - the land steal. For that reason, I didn't keep my promise and I won't -would you?" he cried turning to the people. The answering yell shook the sea:

"No!" they cried, and Sands turned to the door.

As the time of the election approached evidence of organized effort to intimidate the Negroes and break their power was daily manifest, and Tom Calhoun set his teeth grimly. "Fight the devil with fire" he cried and he called meetings secretly of the leading black men. But Sands was watching him and what Sands found out came quickly to the ears of Colonel Jones.

41-7-378

It was a bright balmy night. In the sombre home at the head of High stood two women. One was tall and erect-her face pale and finely cut, touched with age and wreathed with whitening hair. She stood with her hand on the door knob of the front door - she was just opening it- it was already partly ajar when she heard her name called and threw her head back to catch the meaning of the sudden call. Without the great partially opened front door in the arched corridor stood another woman, -rather a girl, slender and lithe, with smooth dark brown face, thick clinging hair and a full lovable mouth. She seemed very happy standing there, her head half turned backward toward the scented magnolias, and a faint love light in her eyes like moon-rise. She had rung the bell and stood with a little note in her hand from her father Tom Calhoun to Colonel Jones and she had not noticed that the door had begun to open. As she stood she crooned half consciously a melody- a song without words in deep low tones of infinite sweetness, that seemed every about to escape into wondrous melody yet ever fell away into some tearful minor cadence;- the woman within, the tall old woman with her hand lingering on the door knob heard two sounds - a sound of singing - low sweet singing, distant beautiful, and from behind a sudden quick whisper-"Irma-my cloak and mask we're after that Calhoun Nigger tonight."

The song on the heart of the girl choked in her throat; the note fell to the floor, she saw the door half ajar, she heard the words, she whirled and swayed and fled like a fawn. Past street and lamp she flew, silent swift as a cat; past the pale half lighted stores of Broad

Street, through the dim alley of Sixth, down Sixth. A horseman reined up just to see her flit across his mare's forelegs; a dog snapped furiously after her, a watchman hailed her gruffly, but ere he turned she was gone. Slowly a dull red light spread above and about her. A murmur of voices and crackle of flames rose clearer and clearer down where the First African Church used to stand, but she heeded nothing until the roar of the fire and the shout of the mob flared full upon her as she turned into Cedar. Pausing suddenly she stood like a bronzen statue, slight and still. The flaring building threw a crimson glory on the rising street and behind loomed the great city, dark and dead. Against this awful shadow the slight figure of the lone black girl stood for a moment glorified and the mob swept straight toward her, grim and hoarsely shouting -naked men red-shirted or blacd cloaked, with long glistening ropes: tall lank mountaineers with shot guns and pistols, slight youths in fantastic headdresses, drunk and blasphemous.

41-7-379

A second the girl looked on the the ~~hind~~ horsemen with widened eyes, then turning darted like a deer back through the alley to the left.

"Stop the wench" cried a voice.

"Stop Hell! March on!" came a low stern command.

At the edge of the city where the city street, free at last bounds into the ~~rolling~~ smooth black country side, where straggling dim-lighted cabins sit lonesome here and there, a panting girl still fled to the west. Up the low knoll she flew, past tree and cabin, until all sweat and mud, she had left the last house of the red city behind, and there rose before her Smith's ~~hill~~ woods and the dark sentinel oak spreading its black limbs.

With dizzy eyes s he peered into the gloom as she dashed along, until at last she seemed to see a tall dark form silently rise beneath the swaying tree. An awful gladness clutched her heart. The earth rose, reeled, and staggered beneath her feet - the hot blood pounded in her ears.

Then a terror crept slowly on her. She slipped and stumbled, rose and wavered on. Why did he stand so still? Why did he look so strangely tall? His hands seemed -my God! his feet were swinging in the air! !

She bounded toward him "Father!" she shrieked. The tree moaned softly

and the red light of the city fell full upon the dull ~~hillside~~ (the black + moaning forest. forest.

"Pappy!"she wailed and shivering crept beneath the swinging body, stretched her frail form upon the dank, red earth and writhed.

Chapter X~~I~~.

The Mourning.

Robert stepped hurriedly from the train "Hello Isis"he cried "Is any thing wrong-are the chances of beating them good?"

"Yes."

He brightened. "Has anything happened to you."

"Nothing."

"My, but your message scared me -how's ma?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know -why?"

"I haven't been Home."

He looked up at her with a start and a great lump hardened in his throat.

"Sister - sister?"he cried.

She put her arms about him and in the depths of her clear ~~sweet~~ eyes stood neither tear nor fear, but the shadow of supreme sacrifice, and she pulled his head down gently and whispered in his ear; and whispered again and said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

When they came forth into the street, sister and brother, hand in hand, the shadows were streaming upward from the moaning river, and in the boy's face God had carven two straight lines, downward through the cheeks to ~~mark~~ mark the begining of the hours of the days of his manhood.

As they came to the home he put her gently back and behind the shelter of the gate she kneeled and waited.

Juno saw him from the door-"Where's-sister" she cried "she did not come home last night."

"She's safe - mother-safe - I kept her helping me."

She looked at him.

He came and stood silent within the lintels of the door and she went all a-tremble.

41-7-380

"Will it - rain, honey, "she said.

"No mother the sun is all ashining."

"The cow -"she said "the cow hasn't - isn't "

"The cow, dear mother, is in the stable yonder."

The trembling crept into her voice-"is the place at old Wilton— then they've taken the house and lot -yes, yes."

"No ,mother."

"Yes, O God, it is -it is the place, tell me it's the house, Oh, it must be -Rob- O God -Rob? Is he dead?"

"Dead -dead- long dead."

Of a sudden the trembling ceased. She put out her hand vaguely and spread another garment of the week's ironing on the board, dampened it carefully and ironed it, swiftly, steadily. Another and another followed. Into the back door four men staggered with an awful burden. Still the woman ironed moving neither fast nor slow but evenly. The girl came silently in and replenished the fire. "Mother will you not rest?she asked. Juno looked at her with strange eyes. "No, I must work or die"and all night the girl sat feeding the fire and the mother stood ironing and re-ironing the clothes.

41-7-381

Then in the great blue morning, she turned slowly, wearily away and donned her black dress. She stepped to the dark kitchen door. The boy and girl made as if to follow; but she motioned them away and entering closed the door.

The murder of Tom Calhoun fell like a northern blast upon the Negroes of Wilton Point. They bent and bowed before it as before the cruel storm, that swept their low lying islands in December. Not that murder was a new thing to them. Human life was ever cheap in Carolina and the lives of black men cheapest of the cheap. But this death was the End of Something and the Beginning. The end of the vast dream of Freedom toward which they stretched in sudden and sweet awakening, January 1, 1863. The beginning of that second nightmare of slavery that holds them bound and crushed this day. They came then to bury a Dream - to weep over an Ideal for which their dark and bleeding hearts had striven piteously, if blindly, earnestly if in vain. The burial had been quick, secret, and at night, but the funeral was preached a month later, according to slave custom.

They came in droves to the crossroads church, Siloam, and sats before the preacher in great rows of silence and the voice of the preacher faltered and broke in the midst of his sermon; then gathering strength swept onward and upward in hope and faith and wild exultation and the audience crept after him but faltered by the wayside. There came a hush and a thousand eyes were strained towards the silent bended figure that sat between the tall son and slight daughter.

Then Juno rose and turning toward the upturned faces stretched her arms and moaned before the Lord, even as her mother had moaned and her mother's fathers had moaned in the presence of their dead a hundred and a thousand years agone: stark and straight she stood with closed eyes and swaying body waving her arms rythmically, chanting wierdly in tones that rose, fell, wavered and almost sang: and all the host bowed, bent, and slipped to their knees murmuring in one low minor monotone "Hear her, Lord, Hold up her hands, O weeping Jesus - Amen and Amen." And these were the words of her death song: "O Tom, Tom, where is you Tom, my Tom" she muttered and then -full-voiced, "God has taken my man and reached him up on high; why did you to it, God?- didn't you know I loved him, Jesus, -didn't you feel my heart apulling when you called him in the night, the dark cruel night. I love you God- yes- but O God your ways are hard and dark to poor old Juno. Reach out and smooth my soul. You give him to me God, and now you's took again, blessed be you God and blessed be your ~~son~~ Jesus' SON. O Tom was a marvel man, so strong and high and pretty when first these old eyes lighted on him. I loved him with my life even when I sinned against him. I had rather adied than sinned against my Tom. I did die, long years I was dead and then dear God you brought him to me again and I woke." She opened her eyes, streaming with tears and stretched her hands straight upward while the host sank lower and wept and wailed "Blessed be God, the God of black folk who brought again my husband from the dead. Forgive his enemies, Great God, but when they come to the dark river show them my twisted murdered man. There's no more moaning now Tom, no more mourning" and she sank quivering against the altar in one dark bowed mass -"I'm just awaiting, Tom, just awaiting." The sobbing of the bowed multitude fell to moaning and the moaning to murmuring and the murmuring spread like a great wide wave and the wave swept into song. Far down the coast and across the islands and across the waters of the purple sea men stopped and listened to these thousand voices raised in death-song:

"Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"

41-7-382

Chapter XI.

The ~~Temptation~~ Tempting

Hilda was wandering down near the gates of despair. Where was the use of trying, what was the use of striving. All her love of the world beautiful was slipping from her. She saw her own wonderful face now with growing terror, for since that ten minutes alone before the face of Roland Reynolds the scales had dropped from her eyes. She was alone and helpless-a chartiy burden on the slender purse of poor busy worried Miss Silena. What could she do - what could she do -What faced any colored woman in the South: shame, drudgery, or ~~sx~~ teaching. She could not teach - she did not know enough - o yes, there were scores o f black teachers who knew less, but was that excouse for her, who was ignorant and knew she was ignorant? Drudgery? All her little body quivered and shrunk from the coarse hard toil of field and kitchen and besides with its taunts and insults and oppression how did it differ from open shame? Shame- the glances of the street no longer warmed her merry innocent heart. She saw in them all now the glance of Roland Reynolds. She saw too that she could not escape them - there was no protection. Any insult of look, whisper, note, ~~jobbity~~ - any insult could be offered her in public and there was no escape no redress. In the strong arms of one man she might have found refuge, but he had dared to distrust her in her childish innocency and she hated him for it. She had no one to tell- no one to confide in. Poor Miss Silena knew nothing of the world thus shadowing her and had for such things but a few weak New England wisesaws, fathered in ice and snow, and mothered in law and plenty. Then two shadows haunted the growing girl whithersoever she turned. On the street, in the yard even in the school, it was the shadow of Roland Reynolds- he always met her, spoke lowly when no one was near, came on errands to the school and spoke softly to Miss Silena, sent notes innocent yet meaningful. She could not escape him- he was everywhere silent resourceful and with money, money, money. She ran from him, flew at him in white anger, ignored him, listened in dumb helplessness. And then when she escaped him and stood alone in her narrow room then came the other shadow- the shadow of herself. She began to doubt herself, to question, to wonder. She had heard the tales of her weak mother, her shame and her awful death. Had her mother's spirit leapt to her- was it this that made her prayers empty mockery- was it this that sapped her faith in all good - was it this that kept whispering, whispering -"No use- no use- give up the struggle yield and be comfortable-shame? What is shame but the unconventional deed?" Then as these thoughts strove to form themselves she would fly from herself, loose herself in a frenzy of passionate weeping, stretch her arms toward God and cry to the dumb heavens. So she lived until the

41-7-383

awful day when she rose and found poor Miss Silena cold and white and dead. The creditors lounged in the halls, the childrenn cried. At last Hilda stood naked to the world unprotected and pnniless. The door-bell knelled solemnly and she went hesitatingly. Roland Reynolds stood facing her.

and opened the door

Chapter XII

The Chain-gang.

A few days earlier ~~than this then~~, miles away, lay a long low row of filthy huts surrounded by a great stubborn fence. Two or three fat lazy looking white men with rifles, guarded the palisade and drank and laughed and talked. At last one arose looking at his watch. "Well I guess I'll take a last look at the niggers" he said and he strode to the huts. Kicking up the doors of the first he entered uncerimoniously It was a dark illsmelling place with one smoky lanters. A couple of dozen half-dressed women were strewn about the floor. Some were sleeping heavily on dirty straw with bits of bagging or mats over themor lying hin half naked abandon, the great dark limbs stretched out or their half saked breasts showing. Others were disrobing - some hastily concealing theio nakedness as the guard entered and others stood in b utish impudent abandon and leared. "Well girls, all here" said the guard good naturedny and he walked carelessly among them, stepping over their limbs, slapping one woman's flesh familiarly and chatting and joking. "Where's Susie" he said at last peering around. A dark half dressed girl, comely and sullen stood up. He crossed over to her and took her by the arm and she crouched trembling as he whispered something to her. A half-dozen others laughed loudly. Passing he caught at the foot of another woman and she struck at him fiercely. He scowled. "We'll train you ye, Sadie" he said and "Well get to bed" and blowing out the light he left looking the door securely on the female section of the Beaufort city chain gang. The men's huts were even filthier and the blaog bodes lay packed together closely save in the last section where a ceowd were massed together and cries and curses rang. Some were on their knnes around a circle while others bent and crowded over them.

"Seven come 'leven" cried a voice. "Ha!" - it was a peculiar half fierce explosion of breath that accompanied the wave of his hand and he dashed them down.

"Gamblin' again, you black rascals" laughed the guard and he came and stood over them. "Come it's time to quit". "Just a minute, just a minute captaintill I skin this nigger" cried one of the gamblerm. The other one seized the dirty yellowy dice. It was Hal Quarles with drawn face, and blood shot eyes and clothed in rags; the shackles clanked on his ankles as he threw the dice three times. He was pale with excitement.

"Six come seven -ha?"

J1-7-384

"Seven come twelve-ha?"

"Two come eleven-ha! Hell! -take it and be damned!"and he threw the last greasy coin to the other and the crowd yelled and jeered.

"How much did he lose?"asked the guard.

"Five dollars!"

"God!his lady is keeping him rich!"

"Yep-he gets a fiver every week or so."

"Huh-and Ned gits it nex' day."

The lights flickered and went ou ,the hars voice of the guard yelled "Get to bed" and quiet settled on the quarters. Hal turned restlessly. "Sam any more of that whiskey?"he whispered. A bottle was passed and he drank silently,greedily,and then lay there burning and tossing

Some one touched him "Come on Hal."

"WHere?"

"Over cross the way."

"Another game?will you loan me a quarter?"

The fellow chuckled and Hal followed eagerly. Out through a hole in the rotten cabin three of them wriggled,across a dark space to another building. One of them rapped and listened while Hal took another drink of the raw whiskey till his brain flamed and whirled. Soon a bit of plank was pushed aside and they crept in. It was pitch dark. "How can we see here?"growled Hal fiercely. The other men laughed and crept away - he put out his hand and touched warm flesh and heard a woman's low bold laugh and the lad sank down in wild confusion and half shame.

41-7-385

Chapter XIII

Vengeance.

Robert Calhoun was fighting the battle of his life,and within his mother lay wasting agay. He tried to listen to Mary as she hovered over him:

"Don't think of it Robert - it won't do - it isn't right."

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"he muttered.

"But it is useless fighting against the strong,the powerful and the rich."

"Honest resistance is never useless."

"But it may be impolitic,and certainly is today when the times are so fearful."

"For just that reason perhaps a blow in revenge would be heeded."

"But why meet lawlessness with lawlessness."

"Because it can be met no other way."

"Let God meet it - let God do his own work in his own time."

"Well why don't he do it - haven't we waited 200 years?"

"Think of the work you could do for your people if you but put away these bloody thoughts."

"Nothing I could do could be greater than a deed teaching white folk to keep violent hands off of innocent black men."

"Yes,yes Robert one thing we black folk may do greater than any deed of retaliation:forgive our enemies, do good - "

He rose in anger -"Will that sort of stuff impress brute beasts- will you try gentle sermons and sweet deeds on hounds and murderers? No — kill them."

"Who are you Robert,to judge God and his plans. Let us humbly bow-"

"We have bowed humbly too long now,sister-

"But Robert will you leave me and mother alone and unprotected?

"No,Mary,No - and that thought alone holds me back"-"Is it that or am I a coward!" and he rose and paced moodily before the door.

them more often to himself

A stranger passed and stopping leaned over the fence.

"Who owns this place"he asked looking over the land.

"My mother does"answered Robert.

"Is she in?"

"She is sick and can see no one but I do all her business for her."

"Got about 80 acres here haven't you?"

"Forty."

The stranger looked at it critically and turned as if to saunter away.

"Mighty poor land" he said "I'd been thinking of buying up some land here but - "

Robert said nothing.

"What would you sell this place for?"

"We don't want to sell."

"Pshaw!anybody wants to sell if they can get their price." And the stranger moved off. At the gate he pasued again. "I'll give you $2100 for the whole thing" he said,but Robert shook his head and he went on.

~~But~~ Robert sat long in the night and dreamed and in the dream was blood but behind it hovered a girl's sweet face,the wanderful witching beauty of one dark golden face.

"Did you sell the place,Rob?"asked his neighbor over the fence next

41-7-386

morning.

"No" said Robert.

"I did - got $150."

"What's he buying for?"

"I hear they're putting cotton mills and a railroad through here."

"Well, I won't sell my father's place" said Robert.

"You'd better- they'll buy you out or cheat you out."

"O, I reckon not."

He turned back to the house and met the land agent again.

"I want to buy this place" he said and "I'll give you $150 which is about twice as much as it is worth."

"I won't sell" said Robert shortly. Two or three times during the next week the agent importuned him until he had offered $200. But Robert was obdurate and the agent went angrily away. Robert thought little of the matter for gradually his calmer self was returning and he was beginning to plan his life. Where was Hilda, he wondered, poor little Hilda and a pang shot through his heart and then a pain for toward him came Roland Reynolds riding and beside him the land agent. Robert could not meet them; his heart was suffocating and he turned aside into the thick forest. They did not see him but rode close to where he sat, talking loudly:

41-7-387

"Do you suppose it's spite against your father for lynching old Tom?" the agent was saying.

"O no, he's been in my office since that - these Niggers haven't much family affection - no it is stubbornness and the only thing to do as I told you is to attach-" and they rode on out of ear shot.

The blood was roaring Robert's ears and the thrill for bitter vengeance for his father's brutal murder rose as wild and insistent as on that awful night when Mary whispered in his ears. He hurried to town and straight to the home of John Epps, an old colored friend of his father. "Uncle John" he said "what did John Reynolds have to do with killing my father?"

"Well, buddy, he was in the mob you know and they say that it was him that lead them to Frazier's woods."

"A traitor and a murderer" said Robert.

"And a white man" added John Epps. "Now see here buddy, don't be a fool. This is a hard world and God knows hardest for black people- so hard that you can't afford to make it harder. If a white man comes at you buddy, kill him if it takes your last drop of blood. But don't go calling up old quarrels and rightsing all the wrong that's head and gone -there's too many - your pappy's only one in a thousand. Let God

tend to that -you know what the good book says about revenging -how isit?

And Robert repaeted at mechanically "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."

"That's it - that's it."

"Yes," said Robert wearily "that's it - the refuge of cowards since the world began."

But the old man put his hands on his shoulder "There's braver things than dying in this world, son, and one of them is living". Robert walked away in silence.

But once out in the air, like the whirling of hell came wild fierce bitter anger rushing tumultuously over the little whisperings, the calm warning, the old excuses - the "damned dirty cowardice" he hissed and muttered.

"O I am a coward, a cringing pityful coward. I have bent and called it Sacrifice, bowed and named it Duty - I have shuffled and sweated and let men kick me like a dog because I was afraid - afraid - a miserable rabbit - by - " He set his teeth and glided, ran, rushed down the road, kindling the fires of hate and vengeance as he ran, stifling the little whisperings, the little visions - the vision and the whisper: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." In a half hour he had it - the long shining rifle of his father. "Yes - no - a fox, I think!" he muttered at the house, and his sister Mary looked at him curiously as he ran leaping toward the dark and giant oaks to the westward. For a moment he wavered as the shadows closed on him, and the long low plaint of the owl went shivering through the darkness; the whispering of his heart ~~climbed~~ rose and clambered, but he forced them back furiously and strained his eyes till slowly, doggedly he fetched it up from the ~~gravel~~ sands - up till it shone red among the trees, the great black twisted face, the lived neck stretched sideways - the nasty dark crimson gash that wound up into the clotted hair - the oozing dripping brains. "Ah" - he screamed lowly fiercely, with the horror of his own dream, seized the gun and panting, sweating, weeping, crept stealthily onward - across the lagoon, up the creek, over the cotton fields and behind the rows of shadowy houses: raising himself he peered into one - a dining room softly lighted - a woman sewing, a cat dozing and supper laid. Yes, John Reynolds had come down from Columbia and was living in his new house, but he was not home now, he had not come in yet, so Robert crept and writhed back beside the field path and lying prone with the gleaming rifle cocked, waited waited - waited. A rabbit leaped over him and fled in terror; a toad croaked in his ear. There came footsteps and he grew tense and fingered the trigger - no, it was young Roland Reynolds riding back. The father had not come yet, ~~Still~~ he lay and waited - waited, with whirling brain and pounding heart but grim set purpose - waited minutes, hours -long

Why not kill the cub too? no, no, the Murderer only and

41-7-38

awful years with the wraith of the fearful - hist! He came walking along the road bowed bent with hanging head and listless hands, his gray hair gleamed in the star light; as he came opposite the black man rose silently with levelled gun. John Reynolds saw him, dim ind indistinct "Tom ,Tom" he cried -the rifle flashed in one keen crash of sound and John Reynolds fell prone in the path.

On, on the boy ran, silently warily holding the rifle well forward and cocked, glancing keenly right and left. Down that same path his father had run red-handed 30 years before - down the same path under the same dark brigge and singing water and crept fainting into the same underbrush Long hours he lay there - till Orion girded his sword from far east to far west. It was done - the deed was done and he was glad. There sat a fearful peace upon his s oul as one by one the pale stars slept before the sun and the crimson and gold of a new day played in the darkened east As the day brightened he rose and sat upon an old stump. A red fox walked past. He shot him, watched him writhe to death; then reloading and throwing the carcass across his shoulder stepped bodly out into the highway and walked careless homeward. A murderer - he shuddered but became suddenly cold and alert as he saw two horsemen approaching. He chose his path carefully and measured his step so as to meet them by the great oak. They greeted him pleasantly "a fine brush ." And rode on. He leaned against the tree. They had not heard yet - they had not heard; they did not k ow that he was a murderer. He turned to enter the wood and cut across toward home, when a sudden trembling seized him. He looked a t his hands in horror - they were red, dripping red and all down his back crept slimy blood. He gave a low cry of fear then remembered that it was only the blood of the fox. Yet and yet - he was a murderer - he had taken human life and his soul was red as his hands - O it was awful - awful - why had God planned it so, why -why? and the shadows danced and the birds screamed as he stepped into the wood and wandered. ~~and wandered.~~

The wood was horror. Dark slimy ooze swished about his feet. A long black snake slipped hissing by and the cold trembling shook all his limbs. He was a hunted beast - an outlaw, a red-handed Cain. Before his feverish gaze the trees shaped themselves as like black gallowses and dark noosed vines looped themselves and swung above him. He could not stay longer in the wood - he dared not. A shriek struggled and fought in his throat and hurling the gun and the bloody carcass of the fox from him he turned and dashed out into the highway. It was already late afternoon. A black coach with prancing horses swept slowly by just as he peered wildly from the forest. And in the polished seat - he looked-

41-7-389

he started - he stared - great God! in the polished seat sitting alone and bent forward gazing wearily at the world was John Reynolds- John Reynolds-tall, alive and well. Silently Robert slipped back into the wood-lurched, swayed and fell prone into the black mud.

"Why Robert-Robert- a twenty four hour hunt and only one poor little fox? Why Bob how bad you look. Have you hurt youroelf -didn't you get any other shot?"

Robert caressed his sister's eager face, and turned his away, muttering carelessly:

"I - shot - at - an old wolf -but missed him -thank God!"

"It's a shame to kill them isn't it?but a wolf?a wolf? How strange I never heard of wolves about here."

But Robert was stumbling, crawling, groping up the dark little attic stair and as he went he still murmured -"Thank God-O thank God?" And then barring the door he shook his bloody hands, hurled the stained coat across the floor, weeping laughing, trembling and singing.

41-7-390

Chapter XIVI.

The [redacted] Changeling

It was a day of death and marriage. Up in Harrison Coles' country home, Lloyd Jones was marrying his daughter Edith and all the aristocratic clans of Carolina were celebrating the Revolution of 1876. Down by the restless sea that was ever calling, Juno Calhoun was dying and calling for Henry Jones. Robert hesitated at this whim of his mother, but Mary donned her cloak -he stopped her "I will go" he said and turning seized his hat and went rushing up the street. Colonel Jones was not at home -"Didn't you know this was his son's wedding night?"they asked him in surprise.

He hurried over ts Harrison Coles'house and saw with strange feelings the glare of light and gaiety. It was long before he could get the ear of Colonel Jones and even then he was with great difficulty persuaded to come, but at last he came against his wife's protest and stood bending over the dying woman and his long white hair flew in the night breeze.

She struggled to whisper to him. Her voice came in great gasps- she raised herself on her elbow and her clinging, twisting coils of grey brown hair framed her strickend aged face.

"That night - that night-"

Colonel Jones glanced keenly about "Yes" he said harshly, bending down-

"I - I, Master Jones - did you know what I lost that night - I lost

something, I lost something that night."

"What was it" he asked ~~roughly~~ *fearfully*.

She struggled to rise and he half held her.

"I lost - your baby."

He dropped her and straightened up.

"My baby?"

"Yes, your baby, but whether it was mine or Miss Irma's I don't know". She struggled up again but he shrank back from her as she whispered "Celia found it - and gave it to Henry Reynolds -it's Roland and" her voice came in great gasps of sound "Master Jones, Roland and Lloyd are both your sons and one is mine but which only God ---" and then she sighed and waved her hands wearily and lay back dead.

Colonel Henry Jones passed silently out the door and walked down the beach, and a shadow walked before him. Did he know it? Yes -"Reynolds John Reynolds" he cried and Reynolds paused and listened. Colonel Jones came and put his hands on his shoulders and laughed. It was a great harsh echoing laugh- a mirthless laugh, a laugh that lay before great hardened masses of tears.

41-7-391

"Do you know Celia Jones?"

"Celia" said Reynolds vaguely "Why Celia brought Roland" - then he stopped, but Colonel Jones pushed him roughly backward, passed his hands wildly through his hair and screamed in Reynolds ears above the screaming *of the Sea!*

"Reynolds -there's a Nigger in my family or in yours and *only* God knows which" but the mists rose in the mind of John Reynolds and grope as he would he could not understand.

The morning dawned grey and cold and the clouds lingered low above the leaden waters. Within upon a bed white-shrouded was stretched the form of Juno Calhoun -thin, haggard and dead. Beside her stood her children

"It's no use - no use" said Robert "the hand of God is against us."

But Mary lifted her eyes up to him and said "Shame on you, Robert shame! here in the morning of life, in health and strength with the memory our our dear old mammy before us, to falter and hesitate because God has not made our way roses or our paths peace. Shame on you Robert" - and then slowly they fell upon their knees and with bowed heads and trembling words searched for God in the great misty morning and stretched doubtful hands up to the shining armposts of His throne, and without the dog crept in the ~~clay~~ *clay* and weeds and howled to the sea. Then she continued:

"Robert, I have a plan."

"What is it, sister?"

"We will sell this house,we might as well or they'll cheat us out of it. I will go and live with Uncle Caesar and teach school."

"Teach school?"

"It does sound queer Robert,I know so little but I went to the school commissioner."

"Who is he?"

"Harrison Coles,and he gave me the school of this district and $40 a month."

"Splendid."

"After we pay our debts we'll have $100 left. You will take that and go up to Columbia and take the college course,and I can keep you there with my savings."

His heart beat faster at this spoken echo of an unspoken almost unconscious dream.

"Nonsense"he said shortly. But she was in deadly earnest. "Robert" she said "you must. It is'nt merely land or money or even knowledge that our people need,Robert,it is Vsion and Sacrifice. We must know what the world was and in and what men have thought. I have gotten in my years at Miss Silena's as it seems to me a faint gleam of the meaning of life. I have stood on the foot hills and glimpsed the peaks of the world. And yet you see I know so little - so little."

"But you know,Sis,I wanted you to study more."

"Yes - yes-but I know that but one of us could afford that and it would far better be you because you will have larger and better opportunity to use the things you will see and know. And so for four years you must go up into the hills of God and sit before the vision and then come down and lead us to the Promised Land" and she smiled into his eyes through her tears.

41-7-392

Chapter XV.
The School.

The day of parting came. Mary stood at the depot and smiled brightly and joyously into Robert's face as he boarded the train for Columbia;she waved her handkerchief cheerily as far as he could see but as the train faded away,her eyes grew misty and when at last it was gone and the sense of utter loneliness sank on the brave girl,the great hot tears came rolling unheeded down her face. She was ever a girl older than her years;sensitive as a flower and deeply sympathetic she felt the sorrows an d troubles of others almost before they came and her perfect wonderful usselfishness brought her,so quickly to aid that people came easily to expect it of her. Her spirit of sacrifice was perfectly simple and sincere and attracted no notice to herself. Indeed she was at first glance to all,and ever to the ordinary eye,an unattractive girl,scarcely noticeable alone,quite unnoticed in a throng She was slight almost frail in build,dark brown in color with short greyish crinkled hair,which was always neatly piled in rounded motionless cones,deftly inbraided and twisted. To those whose eyes were trained only to the more glaring flashes of light and ~~shade~~ color on white faces,the softer shadowings of her sensitive countenance were all unheeded and unknown,and her soul looked out from the liquid depths of her eyes dead and unmoved. But those who came to know Mary Calhoun better knew the depths of passionful striving,the low tense yearning for goodness,the great brave feeling that for the good of others no giving of herself was toog great - too exhausting. All the mystic and wierd wanderings of her mother's and grandmother's souls,had in her,through the strong barlane and sense of her father become transmitted into a great vivid passion for spiritual purity. She wanted to be good and true,she wanted the world to be good and true and she wanted this with a fervor so intense and burning that all else paled before this flaming zeal for souls. Long years before when she was but a child she had sat very still in that great reeking revival and then suddenly had risen

41-7-393

and stretched her little arms toward God and said clearly,calmly "I am free!" They called this her conversion and on its testimony took her into the church although some who believed in visions shook theio heads The freedom into which she had stepped that day she never left. Ever after she was free - free from all the littleness of life,all its baser passion,all its jealousy,envy and strife,and into her clear eyes came and grew the spirit of endless sacrifice,the sweet lovableness and tender pity - all this,but veiled and unknown to most men because it was shrouded in a dark skin.

Perhaps her greatest physical gift was her voice - a low wonderful contralto that came tumultuously welling upward as from h ills of tears and fell upon her auditor in sudden over-powering sweetnes. Today she hurried quickly from the depot and wandered homeward under the great oaks and sang as she walked the wierd old songs of the far off motherland:

"You may bury me in the east,
You may bury me in the west
But I'll hear the turmpet sound
In that morning."

41-7-394

The low winds crooned with her and at last she found herself weeping again with that sense of perfect loneliness that comes with song. All had gone - her dear old mother,her new found father and now,today, Robert. Tomorrow she must face life and face it alone and if life be hard and puzzling to men,how much harder,narrower,bewildering to a woman? And if bewildering to a woman,what is it not to a black woman in a land that despises them and leaves them naked to their enemies? She felt with sudden dismay all that she must face:they would call her by her first name as they called their slaves and servants;they would couple her with strumpets by refusing to call her "Miss". They would leer at her in secret,take open liberties with her sense of modesty and decency, and regard her ruin by force or wile as the lawful pastime of a gentleman. And iu anywhere,at any time she protested or rebelled,they would laugh at her anger,sneer at her airs,mock at her chastity or slap her face- O God- could she stand this,could she go through it? She lifetd her eyes toward the grey sky and stretched her hands,then dropped them in sudden shame and contrition,sank upon her knees by the great gnarled roots of a black ivy oak;the birds sang above her and when she rose it was with the old sweet look of gladness and sympathy and sacrifice.

The school was to be held in the church for there was no school house and the committee refused to build one. Which church then should be chosen. To Mary the new board Methodist church just built seemed cosiest and better sheltered than the great hulk of old Siloam at the crossroads. But no sooner was her choice known than the whole black

community was rent in twain. "What?"said the Baptists "in a Methodist church?" "What?"screamed the old pastor of Siloam "going to that new darky's shanty with his stuck up wayn,No,Sir!" Mary hesitated in dismay and went to consult the Superintendent. He was too bu sy to look at her. "Who?"he asked "Mary Calhoun? O yes,well Mary,you Niggers settle that yourselves,if you can't get5 50 scholars why give the thing up. Now Johnson " and he plunged into his figures. Mary took her usual direct and simple way out of the difficulty. She called a meeting of the patrons and conquering her timidity told them in a straightforward way the situation:"If you want a good school you must have it in the best place;Siloam church is big,the benches have no backs and it leaks; the Zion church is new,tight and small and has good benches. I'm ready to teach in either place - which will you have?" Theyc chose Siloam church but they fixed her some new lbenches and patched the roof. On the opening hay of the first regular free school in the lommunity,125 children sf all ages,sizes and conditions crowded i n. Mary was thoroughly frightened at the row upon row of solemn faces and prospects of teaching them single-handed. The first few days they were interesting,they sang with vigor,looked a t the pictures in the books and wrote on the limited black boards. But the books werefew in number-one to every three or ofur .- the sitting still became irksome and then the mischief makes began to appear. Paper wads flew,bent pins brought agnnized yelps and he whispering made reciting difficult. But the big boys mistook their mild faced little teacher. She stood the hutbut and disorder several days pleading with them and warning them. And then suddenly one morning she sent a troublesome girl home and whipped a half dozen little boys so vigorously that they alarmed the neighborhood. The next morning as she approached the school house she f found a great fat yellow woman with towselled hair and angry mien planted squarely in the door way with one of her victims of yesterday. Affairs certainly looked warlike and Mary felt a chill down her back;but she came straight on.

41-7-395

"I'm so glad you came Mrs.Johnson"she said sweetly - "I wanted to talk to you about Jimmie - come right in and sit down- and here's Aunt Jane too,move right in,there we've quite a family party. Now children we've got two visitors this morning Jimmie's mother and Willie and Tom and Sarah's,who've come to see if this school can't behave just as well as any." The visitors who had not been able to get in a word as yet,straightened up now with sense of importance and the school dam began. Four children,it is needless to say outdid themselves in studiousness and exemplary condult. One small incorrigible in a far corner strated in with a paper wad ~~kkk~~ while the second reader class was reading a story that astonished Aunt Jemima very much,about a gentle-

man named Alladin. The ensuing snicker disturbed Aunt Jemima and she spoke right out.

"You Jim Banks over thar - if you throws another one of them, I just goin'to wear you to a frazzle - you know your mammy don't allow no such cuttin'up. " And James Banks subsided for the day.

It took but a few experiences of this sort to make Mary full mistress of her school,while her never faling courtesy and kindness with the ignorant but well-meaning patrons disarmed most of their hostility. Still even that did not make the children come to school regularly or continuously. The ~~xxxxxx~~ school dwindled to 100,75,50,25 and the school committee promptly warned the little teacher that she must close unless the average was kept up to fifty. She was very tired nights after school but she started now regular visiting and it opened her eyes. She found that she had had no idea of the difficulties,the sorrows,the slovenly habits of her community. Here in filthy rags and vermin infected hut lay a sick mother with a new baby "Sarah has to stay and tend me and Josie gets the meals." Here was a father struggling in a fearful battle with debt. "I needs the boys to help me right now,Miss Mary - I'se mighty sorry,but we must live". Yonder she met sloven indifference "O they can go if they want to - but what's the use - white folks got every thing and going to keep it, I 'spect-no use no Nigger trying to be anybody." Into this slough the little woman threw herself with sympathy,kindliness and unwavering determination. She helped nurse the sick,strove to systematize work and accounts,spoke a word of cheer and encouragement; made the girls mend their clothes, hunted jobs for the boys untill the school became a centrs of love as well as learning,of work and play,of striving and sacrifice.

41-7-396.

Another year started in and it brought new troubles. This time it came from the white planters and employers roun d about. They had at first, looked on Negro schools as non-sensical experiments bound to fail on account of the sheer stupidity of the children. Then when they prospered they begrudged them the public monies. At last there came a new and more sinister plaint - the scarcity of labor. It was a new thing - unknown in its present form in slavery times and the planters attributed it to the deviltry and laziness of the freedmen.

"There are a dozen good cotton hands down at that Nigger school"said the sheriff ~~Mr.John son~~ Boggs to the loafers in his store "and a couple of dozen half-hands -it's bad enough to keep these Niggers idle without teaching them all to shun work or making them impudent. By God they' ll think they're good as fhite folks in a year or so." Thus the white community grumbled Now was the black world altogether satisfied.

"Miss Mary's a good teacher but she's had her share of the school money now and she ought to let somebody else have a little now"suggested Sands cautiously.

"She don't pay any attention to my children, it's only the smart ones she cares for" growled another.

And so the leaven of criticism and discontent grew about the unconscious hard working girl, until the day of the new election came and Harrison Coles was replaced on the board by Roland Reynolds.

He saw the name of Mary Calhoun on the pay roll and remembered something.

"Is this Bob Calhoun's sister" he asked.

"Yes, sir" said the colored porter.

"Where's Bob -"

"He's up to Columbia at school."

"And she's supporting him, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, I guess so."

" Johnson, dismiss her. We'll give that school to Sands' daughter. He's a good Nigger."

41-7-397

Chapter XVI.

The Servant.

She went into her little room in the cabin and lay down on the bed and thought it all out. Next year was Robert's last year in college- it would ae awful to have him s top now, he must not stop. He had worked in Columbia last year and in the long summer months had saved $75. His scholarship had added $50 to this and she had sent $150 from her salary. This year would cost him a little more and then too he might not be able to make much in the summer. The wave of misery overwhelmed her and she wept and wept and sobbed until the shadows rose from the sea and Uncle Caesar's querulous voice called her to make supper ready. She rose and smoothed her dress and washed her face and came out to him with her old sweet way- cooked a pone of corn bread, made him some coffee asd sent him mumbling off to bed. Then she went to her room again and took down her little bank book. She had taught three years, six months in each year at $40 a month -let's see that was $720. Of this $475 had gone to Robert -$200 the first year, $125 the second and $150 the third. That left $230. It had cost her and Uncle Caesar but little to live and they raised their own vegetables and chickens and had a bale or so of cotton each year; still she had only $75 left in the bank and it looked very, very small. She wrote a cheerful letter to Robert saying nothing of the school but urging him not to come home in vacation - "stay and work in Columbia and perhaps I'll run up and see you, if I'm lucky. Uncle Caesar is well and so am I. How sweet it is to

and work, Dear Robert - Lovingly, your sister Mary" and carefully blotting off the tear, she sealed it. Then she sat down to contrive and think - a county school? it was too late this summer and they did not run in winter and she could not wait for next summer - and even then it would have to be very near for how could she leave Uncle Caesar alone? She thought of sewing - now there was a chance - she had often in summer done fine needlework - but O, it paid so little; she thought of private lessons but so few, so very few of the colored people could afford to pay. Then she turned and faced it - faced that which was ever there but from which she shrank in nameless repulsion - house-service. Why not? Why not? she said bravely and resolutely and yet she knew why not; because it was the sign of the slavery out of which she and her people were creeping - because it was wasting her talent in doing what a thousand others less fortunate than she could do as well and often better. And yet that was not all - the chief and greatest reason was that it held the raw sore of her sensitiveness at slights, jibes and discrimination open to the careless, the scornful and the harsh. Her very soul revolted against the semblance of bondage. Her mother and father had shielded her from it and although she was ready to do almost any honest work, yet her whole being recoiled at this step - and yet, and yet, her soul whispered perhaps this last sacrifice is what God asks - perhaps this is that dark valley of Humiliation through which all true souls travel. Was it the drudgery she feared, was it mere pride that bound her? She hesitated, walked to the wall and threw back the wooden shutter and drank in the night air. A silent figure passed along the road and sudden fear shot through her. She remembered a remark of Robert's about colored women's work: "Drudgery and shame and perhaps both." Suppose she should go into some home and fall into wanton treacherous hands - what was there to protect colored girls: Tradition? God save the mark! Chivalry? there is no chivalry for helpless black women. Christianity? was not the Christian south mottled with the bastards of white fathers? Her hands gripped the flesh till it bled and fierce hot anger rose in her throat - but she turned - shut the window and slipped to her knees beside the little bed and strove with her wavering soul to think how 2000 years before another heart, upon which lay the sin and burden of a hunted people, bowed alone in a great shadowy garden and prayed "Let this cup pass from me."

41-7-298

She had scarcely finished the breakfast dishes next morning and tidied the cabin when she saw the shadow of a woman at the door. She went forward and greeted her pleasantly, trying in vain to remember where she had seen her before.

"It's getting real warm"she said "won't you come in and sit here in this chair. It just catches the breeze from door and window and Uncle Caesar says it's the coolest spot on the coast."

The lady seated herself thankfully. She was a short fat woman, with smooth brown hair parted in the middle,and a worried kindly face

"I thought I'd come and see you"she said "John told me that - is, O I meant to say I am Martha Reynolds,John Reynolds wife. I was so sorry when you lost the school and I told Roland and he said — well,at any rate,I do wish I could get you to come and work for us. I've heard of your school and I heard you sing once,and my heart sort of went out to you. I never had any children myself- that is, except Roland -and he,you know — . And I thought that you'd like a good home. There are only three of us and my husband is not well but there won't be much to do,although just now we are expecting company from the north,Mrs.Grimes and - but of course you don't know her-they're in Columbia now. These girls I've been having are so trifling and dirty and somehow I can't aet hold of the decent tidy-looking colored girls I- I don't see why: I'm sure I try to treat them right and pay them good w ages.- won't you come?"

41-7-399

Mary's heart rose to her mouth and she stammered. She meant to say "No,no"I can't "but she said vaguely?

"How much do you pay?"

'We've been paying $5 a month but I'd give you ten gladly if you'd come - only of course you mustn't mention it - John is so close."

Mary sat wiah her arms in her lap staring out doors and almost forgetting her visitor - $10 a month and that included board. She could work 11 months before John's graduation -$ 110. This with the $75 in the bank would make the $175 for him and $10 over. Could she live on $1 a month outside her board? What would the colored people say who had known her as teacher,and with this thought came trooping tumultuously all the throng of doubts and fears and pains -but she thrust them aside with one great sweep and rose. "I'll come"she said "tomorrow."

And Martha Reynolds rose and took her hand. The two women looked into each other's eyes and saw something of each other reflected there,each in each,something deeper and nearer than money and color and years. And Martha's voice faltered "We'll be good friends,Mary."

"We'll be good friends Mrs.Reynolds"said Mary in quick understanding and then speeding her guest,she went slowly into her little room and shut the door.

It was busy times at the Reynolds' for the wedding day o f Roland Reynolds and Alicia Grimes was coming soon. "I don't see

what I ever should do without you Mary"said Martha plunging her arms into the white dough. Mary had just slipped a cake into the oven door and she was humming to herself for Robert's last letter was blithe and hopeful. "I am glad I came"she said as she cleaned up the dishes and hung up the clothes. "There now,my p art of the baking is done - what next?"

"I guess that's all" said Martha "and you'd better go home and see to Uncle Caesar and take him something good to eat. Now tomrrow you'll only have the windows to wash. and then all will be ready. John and I start for Columbia tonight and Roland will come tomorrow. Why you haven't seen him have you? He hasn't been back since you came -well he's a good boy. He'll find his clothes all laid out" And away Martha hurried up stairs.

41-7-404

The house was empty when Mary came next morning. She went blithely about her work for she liked it. Withall its drudgery and long hours and endless repetition,there was something fascinating in the keeping of a home. It grew to feel like some old quiet friend,lovingly sympathetic with its great broad bosom,its moods and tempers,its many sided character - it was very pleasant to move in a great ric h cozy place like this and care for it tenderly and know that one's duty lay here - safeguarded from the cold hard hurrying world without. She put the bread carefully in the oven and then took Robert's letter from her b osom and sitting on the stairs with duster,pail and wash cloths,read it again and laughed and cried a little. Hilda was there - little Hilda - how strange -she must have grows into a nice big girl and Robert seemed to mention her often. She wondered-but she laughed at the thought and started up the stairs. She had not told Robert yet of her new work. He thought her still teaching. It was hard to write it and make him ill at ease. She went to Roland Reynold's room first and dusted it and put it in order and washed the window. Then she w ent into Mrs.Reynolds room. She looked out of the window - a bed of great white lillies grew beneath and she bent far out to catch the fragrance and felt for a moment like plunging down into them. A man with a satchel came rapidly up the street - a tall broad shouldered red faced young fellow and turned quickly in at the gate,glancing up toward her. She saw that it was Roland Reynolds and drawing back went rapidly on with her work. She made the bed,swept and dusted,hearing him stamping up the stairs whistling and banging the doors. She had started to the window and had begun to wash it,sn iffing the lillies. Suddenly she heard the door behind her open quickly and Roland Reynolds looked

in. He was dressing and ha dneither coat,vest nor collar and his hair was rumpled. He always liked to jok e and skylark with the domestics and this one to his mind seemed unusually clean and comely fawr a black girl.

"Hello"he said cheerily.

"Good morning"she answered in a low voice quickly gathering up her utensils.

He looked at her curiously. She certainly was a well built thing "Can't you talk?"he said -"what's your name? You'd better get on with me,or Ma will fire you" and he laughed pleasantly and reached out his hand. She shrunk back to the window in sudden fear. He jeered at her.

"Stuck up are you?"he said suddenly bolting the door. She staggered backward with a scared look,as she saw the gathering sneer on his red face and the swing of his great bare white arms. Her hands shook and she falthered twisting her apron and whispering to herself "He will not - of course he will not - he is a gentleman -he would -then he tossed the towel away and stepped confidently carelessly toward her,ohe raised herself erect in sudden hot fury that battled with the whelming sense of utter helplessness God would not leave her thus alose and unprotected in this great dark empty house - God -Oh! and then she caught suddenly the scent of lillies and the rush of the wind. Like a flash she wheeled,never faltering,never doubting, with one light bound she was on the window - the man cried out in horror -but she leaned upon the air,the trees and house whirled upward, the skies flew,she felt her body wheeling twisting downward;up roared the good sweet air and the great fragrance of lillies - nearer,nearer- falling,falling - and she closed her eyes and slept.

107-7-14

M. CA. 14

Chapter ~~XVII~~
Hilda and Hal.

Like some full plumaged bird that flutters before the nest of the tempter until wounded and broken winged it drops and looks at him helplessly in dumb and terrified submisson,so Hilda stood silently staring at Roland Reynolds. He hesitated and flushed, and behind him she saw a shadow. It was a little thing. She remembered that shadow long ago when poor little mischievous Hal would creep along the inside of the fence - she thought of Hal,she thought of his home-coming-she must be here to help him- she was all he had,she - and then in swift horrible revulsion of feeling she leapt forward toward the tempter. The shadow moved again and she knew it:

"Hal"she cried "Hal,my Hal"and she threw herself into the arms of the returned convict,while Reynolds vaulted the fence and disappeared. Hal hung his head - he had not dreamed of so loving a greeting and it shamed him-

"Don't sis,"he said "don't - I aint fit."

But she would not let him speak. "Hal" she cried "Have you any money?" He drew out a five dollar bill. "Come"she said "Let's go -anywhere,anywhere".

And early next morning they landed in Columbia with a satchel and a tiny trunk. The sudden responsibility and the tale which his sister had poured into his ears strengthened all the good in Hal . He sent her straight over to the Negro College.

"But what shall I say,Hal?"

"Never mind,I'll arrange"he said. "Just say that I'll be up this afternoon." And then once shae was gone and h e slipping about had seen the great doors close on her,he stood and stared at himself in dismay:

A boy of 19 just out of jail,with little education,no skill,no friends, not a cent of money,and a sister to save from starvation and shame,not to mention his own needs,for he was dungry,dirty and in rags -what could he do?

He whistled.

Then he came rapidly to a conclusion. There was just one way out of it:nobody would give him money;he couldn't borrow it;no matter how hard he worked he could not expect pay for a week or more:therefore he must steal. He simply must steal for a start and then afterward he would work and be honest,for he intended to be honest. After experience he thought thatthe best policy. Now however he must steal,and what? It was so easy that he was surprissd. Two ladies descended from a carriage as he looked by.

One was an elderly lady,the other evidently her daughter.

"Why Mrs.Glennworth"said a gentleman rushing up.

"That was"said the lady smiling"Mrs.Grimes now -my daughter Alicia" and the pale thin girl bowed and fingered her silver mounted purse. "We are on our way to Charleston - they passed in but the pale girl lingered. It was then that Hal laid his thin hand gently on that silver mounted purse and disappeared down the alley.

Five new ten dollar bills lay in his hand. He bought a ten dollar suit of clothes. Hired a room and washed and dressed. It was nearly five o'clock and he almost ran to the school. Hilda was sitting uncomfortably in the parlor and she rose joyfully to greet him. He did not say much. But But paid two months' board in advance,gave Hilda $10 and started to go.

"Have you got work so soon Hal?"

"Yes - and you're to stay here in school."

204-7-14

"Will you come and see me often?"

"Well -once a week,perhaps -Good bye."

And he was gone.

And so Hal started,staggered out into the world. The burning throb for alcohol raged in his blood but he fought it grimly;the old wild wanderlust called him but he remembered Hilda and his home. Beneath the slights and curses and petty discriminations of a despised class he writhed in dumb fury -striving to hold hand and tongue and stay the impetuous fury of his blood;the lure of the gambler tempted him at every corner when he heard the half-hissed "Ha" of the dice thrower,or saw the urchins filthy pennies,or the horse racing;and then in the still nights when he wandered wearily home from fruitless searching for work- he heard the voices of sirens and saw their beckoning hands,but he cried"Hilda,Hilha!" and ran home sweating in the darkness.

41-7-403

But it was hard -bitter hard. What could he find to do? He went to work in a restaurant but they served liquors and the smell was maddening so he left;he became porter in a store,but the headclerk cursed dim for his slowness and called him a "Damned Nigger". Nor ever knew how near he was to murder and death that day. He got a dray to drive,but he cursed at the white children who were stealing a ride and lashed them and a policeman arrested him. His employer bailed him out after a few hours detention but he gave up the job. Then he found a place in a private family as butler. It was quiet and they seemed kind honest people. "God help me to stay - if I fail here" but the woman looked at him narrowly and suddenly asked him "Were you ever in jail?and he answered boldly -"Yes, 12 months"and she discharged him immediately. The frenzy of that night! he had hardly earned $10 in two months of his ~~recovery~~ trying;he knew that Hilda's board was due and he had nothing. The physical and mental strain was telling on him and the thirst for relaxation,company,carousal was driving him to frenzy. Why should he try to work?stealing was far easier. That night he slipped out noiselessly at midnight. Hark!

"Seven come Eleven.-Ha"

He stopped. He had $5 - a week's wages in his pocket. He rushed into the dark alley and into the house. The gamblers leapt up but he growled at them and flourished his money. Long into the night they gambled. "Whiskey" he kept crying as he threw his dice.

"Ha!"and the fiery hell burned through his body. It took but a few hours. At ten he had sixteen dollars and his brain was blazing an his laughter and curses filled the room and the alley;at 11 o'clock he had not a single cent and neither coat nor hat,and his brain was mad with liquor and poison. Up the alley,up the street,up the broad

cool avenue he lurched. A gentleman and lady were coming toward him and he staggered sullenly to the right. This however was the inner side of the broad side walk and the ~~turd~~ white man determined to make him take the curb. "Turn out there, Nigger" he commanded holding the lady closely and reaching quickly to his right hip pocket. But Hal raised his blood shot eyes and with a fearful oath leapt straight at the man's throat. There was a pistol shot, the flash and crunch of steal against the bone and the pale-faced man sank bleeding to the ground

Chapter XVIII
Robert and Hilda.

41-7-404

When Robert Calhoun went up to Columbia this time it was like some strong swimmer rising to breath on the curving sea, like the intaking of a great sweet new breath of a morning, like a new baptism of faith and love for the good old world. He was vut twenty five and felt himself an old young man, for his life had swept the vast limits ou human feeling - joy and sorrow, hope and despair, life and death, birth and burial. The blood bounded too bounteously in his veins to let him even sicken of the joy of living and yet just now he needed inspiration and breath and vision - new dimensions ot his narrow and marrowing world, new sources of joy, new and greater ideals. Born to

the common lot rf men,he could have live d a little life and made much of it,but crowded to a life narrower than his soul he needed new and large dimensions - a breadth of vision and upward lifting of ideal which should compensate in greater ways the loss and theft of th lommon goodness of living.

And so he came to college not as his paler brothers northward, in budding half green manhood,serious in little and realizing only a bit of the riches round them before they pass quickly beyond the college green. Robert came on the contrary to know,serious beyond his years,eager with all the halfused eagerness of youth to explore and sound and measure the meaning of life. He brsught with him too his measuring rod- his grim hard experience at making a living and meeting men and doing things. He grasped his new books curiously,read and re-read them. Pored over them with a t hhughtfulness that delighted the older teachers and worried the younger ones. His was a quick bright mind that leapt and flew where others walked,that saw at times with faerful clearness s traight across the world and at other times was dull from very over-richness.

Yet in all and about all his new world of wonder,his passion for knowing and understanding dwelt a deep strange loss. The shadow of some far-off dream of wonderful happiness that had fled. He remembered ever one face and always when he remembered,the day how dark so ever, glowed;the drizzling rain sang,the blasing noonday whispered and rang. He had never forgotten little Hilda - he had never ceased to chide himself for losing her,yet when the tragedy of his life had let him seek her she was gone and no one knew whither. The awful suspicion returned to him but he was ashamed of it now. To day when hewwalked into the long dining room and saw its host of faces - its wonderful rainbow of faces somehow it seemed as though her face must be there because he wanted it there. Then he smiled and sighed at so ~~xxxxxx~~ foolish a thought and drank in the scene before him in half embarrassed wonder - a little startled at the white faces of teachers sitting here and there among the darker students,a little troubled at his table manners and yet always conscious that he was waiting for a vision that had not yet come and perhaps wound never come again. A bell tinkled faintly and a quick silence came. A neighbor nudged him to stop eating and he put down his knife and fork and raised his head and then his heart leaped and the blood sang in his ears - he heard faintly and from afar the voice of the white haired little woman reading of the blessed feet of Him that bringeth good tidings that publisheth peace - he doined in the prayer that asked and gave forgiveness but all this was faint and from afar,for in front of him and at the table beyond sat Hilda Quarles.

504-7-41

In the days that followed he saw little of her and if she had noticed him at all, she gave no sign of it. Yet this seemed nou unnatural to him. He knew he had forgotten all right. he her and yet as he saw this tall grave beautiful young woman moving among the others so gently and ~~silently~~ gracefully a bitterness and a determination seized him and he asked leave to call on her. She came to him in the parlor without delay or excuse and went to him with extended hand looking him frankly in the eyes.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Calhoun" she said "I never have had a chance to thank you for your kindness to my brother."

He could have met anything but this frank openness

"It-a- was nothing" he stammered. "I thought" but she went on.

"Hal is working not steadily and keeping me in school."

"I am very glad."

"How is your sister?"

"She is doing the same" he said with a certain sense of shame" "working and keeping me in school."

"How good-I only wish Hal would study. I would work my hands off for him."

"Hilda" he burst out " I hope you have forgiven me?"

But she rose "Forgiven you? Why I had nothing to forgive. I shall always be thankful for your goodness."

"And if you need me will you call on me - freely?" he said.

She hesitated andthen she thought of Hal.

"Yes, certinly" she said "good bye."

She went to her room -swiftly up the first flight then slowly, pausing in the reading room to turn the leaves of the paper - a line caught her eyes "Murder- Mr. Roland Reynolds who married Miss Alicia Grimes a few ~~nights~~ months ago and was spending his honeymoon ~~xx~~ x in the capital was stabbed last night on the streets by a Negro and died within an hour. He described his assailant and a posse of citizens are hot on his trail."

A fierce gladness struggled in her heart and then a sense of shame. Slowly she went up to her room. A letter lay under her door- a grim ~~burly~~ acquired letter. She opened it, ~~a bank book~~ and a scrap of paper fell out - she read it - read it again and turning, threw herself across the bed and shook with sobs. stared blankly out of the window & at last

Then she rose quickly bathed her face and ran down stairs. Robert was still standing by the parlor window and he turned to her eager-faced as she stretched the crumpled note toward him; he read:

904-7-14

"Dear Sis:-

~~Here's your bank book with enough hoest money to school you.~~ I've killed a white man - Roland Reynolds. It wasn't my fault, except that I was drunk, but I'm no good no how. Good bye, you'll never see me again. Be a good girl.

Hal.

Robert read the letter and looked up. She stood leaning aganist the wall, pale shrunken together, with glowing tangled hair and shadows beneath her eyes. He stretched his arms, she shrank back, and said " I must ~~go~~ find him - I must go to his room and search for him - I must -" she looked at him.

"Wait" he said. He went up stairs and got his pistols put them in a satchel and came down and after a short talk with the matron together they hurried through the streets.

The room down in the squalid Negro quarter was dark. They pried open the door: it was empty but in the fire place lay a half burned bundle of dark stained clothes. They were still searching, when

"Hark;"cried Hilda.

There was the sound of hurrying men, clattering footsteps of horses and the low roar of mingled shouting. Robert sprang to the ~~window~~ and opened it. The old cabin fronted a narrow alley and up the alley the mob was making straight toward the house. Quickly Robert barred the door and half closed the rickety shutter of the one window; then opening the satchel gave her one of the pistols, and took the other. She understood and stood tall and lithe, with her bronzen hair half shaken about her face, like some great golden madonna. On came the mob - she looked at him with the old sweet smile and he bending kissed her forehead as she murmured "At last, O Death."

Then they listened. They've got him - they've got the Nigger" yelled the boys along the street, and Robert and Hilda started in dismay. Then quickly he rose, pushed back the shutter and leaned out:

"I will kill him as he passes" he whispered. She crouched ~~kneeled~~ beside him on her knees. "And then?" she cried fingering the cold fatal steel -"and then! he answered with set face;- click! click! went the revolvers. On came the crowd - the dirty grimy crowd - the policeman dragging a bound man, the hatless, coatless followers, the wild-eyed men - the pistols, rifles and oaths - they swept on - but they did not stop. They did not stop at the little home, they did not even look - on they went like a mad whirlpool.

"Burn him! burn him" they yelled and the eyes of the prisoner turned for

41-7-14 704-407

a moment toward Robert; and Hilda screamed and R obert dropped the pistol and gasped. It was not Hal. Quarles whom they saw.

The roar of the mob passed into silence. She stood against the wall with outstretched hands like a crucifix, with hunted eyes. He stood with folded hands looking at the bloody bundle.

"I ~~-~~ " she faltered and stopped.

"We - " he hesitated.

She dropped her arms wearily. "Yes - we must - save him, even - even if it it means Hal's - O it's cruel Robert, cruel."

"But just " he said slowly "perhaps - perhaps Hal has escaped - at any rate we must save this innocent man."

She roused herself - "yes - go!" she cried.

A moment he paused before her swimming eyes - a moment, an eternity - then he turned and his footsteps rang on the pavement. He flew

~~He ran swiftly~~ through the streets and winding and turning came breathless to the police station. Only one officer was there.

"Is the prisoner here?"

"What prisoner?"

"The Negro nharged with Mr.Reynolds' murder."

The man smiled grimly "I reckon he's in hell by this time" he said.

"But they've got the wrong man" panted Robert. The officer looked at him.

"At any rate he's a nigger! he said "and I reckon he'll do."

Rsbert rushed out with his bundle and hurried down the street.

"Which way did the mob go?" he asked of an old black man; the man pointed silently and Robert ran. He ran silently, swiftly, in great sweeping strides bending his head forward like a hound with widened panting nostrils. As he rose to a hilltop he saw them in the full noon day glare, heard the hoarse ravenous grating of their shouting and shifting the bundle he ran till it seemed his heart would break - before him he saw the column of smoke and flame and heard the yelling of men and then as his feet otruck the bridge that spanned the Congaree, the crowd broke and staggered toward him; bleaving the ~~xxxxx~~ thin curling smoke and the ashes. He leaned sick and weary against the bridge and his heart hammered pitifully.

"Too late, too late" he muttered. The crowd began to straggle by him - the older men silent with set faces, the younger flushed with liquor. Robert raised his bundle silently and balanced it on the rail. A half grown boy rushed by -"This is his finger, Nigger" he yelled truculently and thrust a little scorched bone before Robert's sweaty boiling face. Robert made no answer but he pushed the little bundle. It fell with a splash into the water and went bobbing and whirling down the swift current.

"An innocent man has died a shameful death" he whispered "and I have hidden the guilt of the guilty." And he turned wearily back toward the sullen angry city.

41-7-408

Chapter ~~XXXXXIX~~
The Pain .

Mary Calhoun lay before a wide window gazing dreamily out upon the sky - great clouds, grey and silver and white, sailed silently, majestically by as if on long and mighty missions to some blue and unknown land afar, thrones and kings rolled on in gleaming splendor and changed and grew and altered as they rolled. She turned away; why was it - ah- ah- God, the Pain, the dull deep massive pain,- the grinding pressing sickening pain! the beads of sweat bubbled on her forehead and she sank back with a sigh as Martha bent over her.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" she murmured "there don't move - you mustn't move - is it easier now?"

"Yes - yes - I - I want to write - I must write."

"To your brother - I'm writing now, dear - "

"You must not write I - no - no - yes I am strong enough quite (ah the Pain the deep tingling bitter pain - ah, ah) there, yes, yes, get me a pencil and I'll tell him all - thank you - yes, I'm quite easy now - quite - ah - well."

She seized the pen and wrote:

"Dearest Robert:-

Is no this sweet weather? this glorious [oh, the pain, the pain, the bitter pain] summer time? The sun is tender to us here and sends us [ah, dear God!] kissing cooing winds. I am sitting, no lying -(am I not lazy Rob!) here and watching the great whte clouds fly- they seem like God's great waving banners marching always marching so silently and swiftly on. I am as well as can be - I hope you're in good health. Work and study hard next year - I shall send you $150 for the year - it won't pinch me at all. My [the pain, the awful whirring pulsing pain- I cannot bear it, dear God - ah] love to ~~[illegible]~~ all your friends [ah it comes again, dagger-like] ~~and strikes my hand~~ - a blot, how careless - my finger slipped. Goodbye, dear Rob, Good bye,

Mary."

"There - there" she whispered faintly "now the envelope no, no I'll back it - there then now you won't write, you won't -" and she fainted away.

Long days she lay there watching the sky. Now in deep peace now wracked with paroxisms of pain.

"What, what is broken" she asked once.

"Your hip is crushed dear."

"Will it ever get well?"

"O, it will get much better?"

"So I can work - so I -" she began eagerly.

604-7-14

"You are working now and here are your first month's wages"said Martha. Mary took the little envelope and opened it and there was a hundred dollar bill.

"O no" she said quickly " no !"

But Martha was knseling by the bed sobbing. "You were hunt working for me and this is my own money,my own savings,if you do not take it I shall never forgive myself."

Mary looked at her and lay back with a sigh -

"Thank you" she said "thank you veryvery much .-"

But Martha still knelt.

"Mary" she said and her voice came dry and harsh -"Mary did you - fall out the window?"

For a moment their eyes met but Mary closed hers quickly.

"Yes,Mrs.Reynolds"she said.

"O thank God - thank God "murmured the woman "O no,no,I don't mean that Mary - I -""but Mary put out her hands and slipped them about the woman's neck and kissed her.

"Can you not give me some needle and cloth. I think I will try to embroider a bit" said Mary one day,and lying there she wove a figured mat with flaming border and waving lillies strewn without and Martha took it out and sold it for her. Many of these she made (yet the pain, the low grinding pain,lived ever with her) and then at last obedient to her begging they moved her to Uncle Caesars cabin and put her in her little neat room where half sitaing,half lying,she sewed and wrought and sang. (The pain the cruel pain,it wrought and sang there too.) One day a child came in for help on its lesson. She eagerly turned to her books and helped it and in after days others came and others and though they wondered to see her pause now and then,and closing eyes and teeth,drip silent sweat,yet the class grew and the black parents came in and hovered over her and paid her little sums as they could. Thus so that soon she found herself earning $3 and $4 a week with her sewing and teaching and she was glad and brave and happy. One day a letter came and she opened it. There was a long blue check and a card. The blue check said $500 - the card said "HenryxxReyx "Roland Reynolds - Real Estate." She sat and held it. Wild anger,cold contempt,calm resignation strove in her heart. Would it not be right to use this for Robert's train ing,for the poor about her,for the school? Then she sighed. No,it was the price of shame,and the next day Henry Reynolds received back his check and card.

She wrote long letters to Robert filled with cheer,and cautioned all the neighbors lest they worry him with gossip.

"He knows all he needs to know"she said sweetly. "He's hard at work,

41-7-14

dear boy,and does not need to be troubled with little things. Yet it was hard as commencement approached. "When are you coming?"he kept writing and she hobbling about on her crutches and knowing that the Limp and the Pain had married her body for all this life kept putting him off and at last said:"Dear Brother - I have met with a little loss and I cannot come to see you graduate. God only knows how I am disappointed at this." The next mail brought money but she sent it back saying "When you come,I will tell you all dear Robert - I cannot come." There came no answer. She knew how deep was his disappointment and hers? Ah - the bitter,bitter Pain then slow hot pain. She put away her crutches and hobbled to her little chair before the door and waited. In a few hours he would come. She draped her skirts so as to hide the sick bones and glanced at her face in the little mirror poor little thin,lined mask of deep brown. She sat back with a sigh and waited - waited .

The days flew until the Day of days came

41-7-411

Chapter ~~XXX~~
~~The Lovers.~~ Illumination

Never again did Hilda see her brother. Whither he went and what his final fate was she never knew,and the story of his crime lay locked in hers and Robert's hearts. And in their hearts too lay something else. She shrank from it. All these years of her imagined hating stood now revealed to her as the deep and lower tides of love. Yet she kept saying "No , no." She seemedto herself twice to have thrown herself at him in unmaidenly abandon. She was ashamed and shut herself in her room -would not come when he sent for her and rehearsed again and again the words she must say when they met again:"Robert you surely will not misinterpret my excitement - no I do not love you" or "Robert, yes I love you but we can never be more to each"-"Robert - "-and then he came, ~~in the flesh~~.

He met her on the great front path just beyond the shadow of the trees. He said nothing and she started to falter the set words - then remembered that he had not yet spoken.

He hesitated,then bent forward toward her and she swayed to him, as two wild flowers curl together on a windy moor- his lips found hers and all the world went singing,her eyes found his and all the sky blushed crimson to the sun. And then at last she knew. Then at last the great aching void of her life was full. The sense of loneliness flew,the fear at lack of protection - a strength and joy crept through her limbs and she sobbed and laughed and whispered in his arms,until she woke to life with the great clear ringing of the night bell.

He turned and parted lingeringly glancing back to where the maiden marvellous stood darkly silhouetted in silvery golden light,with out-

stretched arms; then he walked on again face forward and there were the once giant gateposts stood stalwart and stone, stood now white satined heralds and they cried to the thousand ears of Night "The King -long live the King", while unseen silent hands brushed back the curtains of the night that hang before the stars. And Hilda above in the arched doorway standing still in the radiant ~~fulness~~ fullness of her ~~dawning~~ womanhood watched him swaying onward and saw him last turn backward at the gate. She kissed her hands to him- kissed all ten tiny finger tips and stretched them toward him benedictionwise, till he was gone. Then turning with a great Joy upon her heart, she mounted the broad stair case, walking as on piling cloud or thick green meadows - up, up, bounding up, slipping through bright clear air; she laughed lowand shook out the silky curling of her hair till it haloed her dark beauty splendidly, she heard the tinkling music of little far off bells, the eager gates of paradise flew back and lo! her room, her room-mate and her little bed.

Wither walk the feet of them that newly love? In green and flowered ways, in paths all sweet and golden with sunny shadows and shadowy shine. Up far up the great and glowing mountains to the gates of Revelation - ~~her~~ happy the man to whom those gates lie open and the woman who finds them wide un-barred- she is of maidens thrice time blessed, the film-fledged ~~fairy~~ fairy of God's one wonder world. To Robert and Hilda, these dark children of a darkened world, veil-swept before the burning glory of the sun, came insomuch the larger fuller and more splendid Love new from untainted untouched herats, great from all-believing souls, wide with the width of all the world they knew. Within the gates of Revelation they walked reverently with bowed heads, and half veiled eyes, with midnight prayer, orisons and madrigals, little silent tremblings, timid touchings of hands, and great flashes of utter whelming happiness such as men may not taste often on earth lest earth be heaven.

41-7-42

They did not talk of Love - they lived it and talked of Life- of the wonderful world of tree and sky and cloud and creeping thing and how God made them, of men and the thoughts of men, of the glory of doing and the duty of deeds. Together they sat in humid twilights with light clasped timorous hands and wandering misty eyes and sang, sang the sorrow songs, the old sweet heart songs of their fathers and set what thoughts they could to the little words and winding music.

Then gradually subtly a new note came. The sudden revelation of life to them was so wonderful why could it not be more wonderful- independent, freer, broader, better? They talked of Hal and the world's injustice toward him and a bitterness and complaint grew in her tones and talk. Again and again she whispered to Robert:

"I cannot breathe the air here in the south it burns me "-

Since Hal's disappearance Hilda had been living on the Charity of the school for the authorities begged her to stay. Yet the thought of dependence galled her and him

"I cannot live in this choked slavery hanated place-"

"You do not - you cannot know what a colored girl must suffer- the heart hurting blows, the slurs upon her womandhood, the petty dirty insults which every white thing - loafer or gentleman considers it his right and duty to heap on us - O I should die a living death here- Robert could you marry a wife here knowing that you were powerless to protect her even with your life? Robert as you never knew that that very Reynolds whom Hal killed followed me after that awful day and persecuted and insulted me in every way possible and that I dare not tell and could not complain could not even have told you had you been there lest you stand where Hal stands or lie a heap of moldering ashes? O darling, darling, would we dare bring children into such a world, with such a destiny? Robert we must go nowth and loose ourselves from this hateful world."

At first he resisted the liberty cry even of his own heart.

"These white folk are but erring human beings, dear - they do not realize the wrong they do us, they do not realize that we have hearts as sensitive as theirs -" he would say.

"They may not realize all that" she would answer "but they are not fools or babies and they know well enough that lying and stealing and cowardice are wrong even toward animals. And yet they lie about us, they steal our labor, attack us not man to man, but armed mob to helpless outcast."

"Yet Hilda, all the south is not thus, all of our neighboss are not to blame."

"Robert they are, and that is the thing that sickens me of the south I could stand the sin riot and brutality of ignorance, but I cannot stand that of intelligent men who know better and yet who do and wink at wrong."

"Many of them feel our wrongs keenly and have told me so."

"Yes, dear, whispered it to you alone, glancing furtively about, lest some ears hear their confessing and yet persist in their oppression when the mob calls -"

"But they are also generous and kind in many ways."

"O they give us old clothes."

"And their wrong actions are but a few among many good ones."

"Yes, yes - but a man continually guilty of one mean low kind of deed, stamps meanness so thoroughly on his soul that he becomes mean throughout and forever. I cannot picture their thought to myself Robert -I cannot realize their way of looking at injustice: how can grown strong intelligent beings look us in the face unblushing and know that the y are cheating, defrauding humiliating and crushing a human soul and then add to the wrong ind insult, the impudence of telling us our duty -

41-7-413

O Robert they are not men, they are devils."

"Even granted all this Hilda, paint the situation in the south as black as you will: doesn't it call all the more for intelligenme and sacrifice to fight it - to you and me to work right here and now?"

"Why we? Why must we grind the soul out of life in heart sickening hurts and the rest of the world go free? Why is it any more our duty than the duty of a million of others white as well as black? Why we Robert who can be so happy - to whom life means so much - who have seen the vision of the Blessed?"

He laid his hands reverently on her hair and stroked it gently saying slowly: "Perhaps it is not simply duty, my little girl - perhaps it is a great privilege, the privilege of Life, perhaps Life is work and work sacrifice and sacrifice not simply the ~~sight~~ vision of the blessed but blessedness itself."

"Nay, Robert" she answered "Life is Love and Love is Joy, and Work is the lowly handmaid of greater and greater Joy. Sacrifice is evil- necessary perhaps at times but ever evil. And of all evils useless sacrifice is the worst, — it is foolishness; and the sacrifice of black people in the south to convert Southern white people to Christian decency is useless for it's fighting unreason."

"There is no Unreason, Hilda, for the world is God and God is reason."

But Hilda stamped her little foot.

"What does God care for black people?" she cried as she clasped her arms about his neck.

Then Robert hushed the rebellious heart -and soothed her and whispered into her ears and kissed her dark and softening eyes. And so it ever ended.

And so too the battle of Love and Hate in Hilda's soul and the battle of Work and Love in Robert's found ever no abiding victory. The realness of their great new love was ever before them and the strange new happiness, and yet - yet in his soul Robert sometimes wondered if deep as was her love for him, her hate for the south was not deeper: and then he would search his own heart and say was his case any better? Deep as was his love for her was not his love for his life-work greater? Was it? Was it not? He scarcely knew. It depended on the day, the sun, the place. A glance at two tear-filled eyes made the world hold but one dear woman- nothing else. A walk through the alleys and hovels made the world all one great beckoning duty. And so in that last school year the battle surged now up, now down, till at last with him all-conquering love began to conquer and the more so because of Mary's strange behavior. He could not understand his sister. She suddenly

H-7-41

did not want him to come home in vacation time. Her letters had a queer strained sound and she did not come to him - would not even come to his graduation - she was -"too busy",thinking only of herself and her school. Yet he hesitated - it was not easy to give up a life dream- a life duty,even for love:even though the sister who was his inspiration has forgotten him,but gradually,easily,eagerly he slipped into new ways of thinking and dreaming and a great hunger for freedom possessed him and the love of one woman filled his life.

Then came the curious change.

It happened that Letty Sands the teacher who succeeded Mary in the colored schools of Wilton Point came up to Columbia visiting. Hilda was sitting in the yard embroidering when bits of conversation were wafted to her.

41-7-415

"Roland Reynolds"-she lifted her head -"awful man - yes he did and she jumped out the window and broke her hip - nice girl too,only mooney- o sure he knows it - he must know it - Hilda Quarles?"- oh! -well poor Mary Calhoun -" Hilda rose quickly. She walked around and finally managed to get hold of the talkative girl and hear the whole story. This then explained Mary's behavior and Robert did not dream of it! A curious ~~doubt~~ a vague vision of devotion and sacrifice ~~of~~ which she had not known Hilda. seized. She must see Mary. She pledged Betty's confidante to silence and took Letty herself in charge. Then she told Robert of a necessary journey to Wilton Point. He demurred and wanted to go with her but she reminded him of the nearness of graduation and his work. She arranged to travel with Letty and to return with one of the teachers who would be coming from Charleston.

Hilda came to seek a querulous bitter vision of wrong;she found a sweet faced girl,bright,sunny and triumphant,filled with the one all-pervading thought:"Robert!"

She clasped Hilda's hands and held them: "Do you know him? Is he well? Does he look worried - or thin? Is he working too hard?"

Then she told her great secret. The Episcopal church ~~had~~ was talking of taking Miss Silena's school and ~~were going to give it~~ giving to Robert when he graduated. Perhaps he would study for orders and some great day be priest in a little chapel. Then she got her crutches and showed Hilda the world - her world. The struggling suffering laughing masses of women and men - in and out the homes she crept with her crooked body and sunshine face and ever before and around and about her crept Love. Down,down,deep down fell Hilda's heart. The vision of her own narrow selfishness ~~blinded~~ shamed her,a vision of the glory of work and the endless beauty of Sacrifice silenced her. Who was she her heart cried "that had dared to come between this woman

and her dream?

Then she wondered if perhaps in all this there was a place - some little place for her. She tried to mention it carelessly—that "Robert - er - liked one of the girls", but Mary's face turned grey and the hope fled from Hilda's heart.

"Robert is so young" faltered the sister, looking about helplessly as though her kingdom were crumbling. Probably the thought of Robert's loving and marrying had never come to her before and and Hilda hastened to speak:

"O it is nothing - he - he loves her face - perhaps."

"O it is wicked" cried Mary "for girls with pretty faces to lure boys from their life work and duty - tell me of this girl - do you know her-"

"Yes, yes - I " then more slowly "No-I do not know her thoroughly, I would God I did."

"Is she good - true - unselfish?"

"O she is selfish, selfish - selfish above women - she wanted Robert for her own to worship her alone - but don't worry, dear, don't worry - he is taken-only-perhaps-with her comely face."

"The lust of the eyes - the pride of the flesh?" murmured Mary.

"Mary" and Hilda came close to the girl and looked into her starry eyes" "Mary, does God help a poor woman - a poor untaught woman who wants to do right and knows not how?"

"Yes O, Yes Hilda God is an ever present help in trouble"

"And Mary would God help me - and strengthen me - for a great sacrifice?"

"Yes, Hilda."

"And Mary will - you ask him - now -?"

And the crooked woman took Hilda's face and layed it on her knees and lifted up her clear voice there in the little lonely cabin- "O God, my God who brought men out of darkness and the shadow of death look upon this thy daughter. Defend her O God from the wiles of the devil, set her affections on high and make her noble and true and good. Amen." and Hilda said solemnly "Amen."

Then she rose and they sat silently hand in hand:

"Do you see the shadow ship" asked Mary pointing to the dark clouds that rode the eastern waters, and then she told Hilda the old tale and told her of her childish wanderings and of Roberts, of their mother and of Robert - RObert- Robert- and then the anxiety crept back into her voice.

"Hilda - Hilda, do you thing he cares more for this girl than for God's work?"

41-7-416

"No no - he likes the sheen of her hair, her pretty eyes - and she is but a child."

"I think" said Mary "that such unions are wicked. I think a man and woman who marry should marry some great work of God and be wife and husband to it. And what can be holier marriage than the soul bond of brother and sister working for their race.?"

"Nothing, Mary - and listen sister, let me call you sister, I think - I am sure I can separate these two and bring Robert back to his duty."

"But, but I would not like to hurt her, or -"

"No, no she is a slight - a - frivolous thing."

"Save him then for God's sake and mine."

"With God's help, I will."

And all the way back on the train the cry rang in her ears" "Save him for God's sake and mine" and the answer came firmer and firmer "With God's help I will."

A new comprehension sat on Hilda's spirit - she had degraded Robert, lowered his ideals, and made them love a selfish self-centred thing. She must atone, for it. Down by the sea a dark angel awaited him. He must go to her work with her, fill her life. To take from her one ounce of his entire devotion was sacrilege, blasphemy.

Once she tested him - only once did she trust herself - he had come to the parlor to call and was just going. She held him back a moment -

"We want happiness Robert" she said searching him with her eyes.

"Yes" he said "happiness" looking at her shining hair.

"And freedom, the right to go and come unlet "

"Yes freedom - wide good freedom."

"And money to buy a tiny home, and books and papers, and soft rolling chairs and hangings and pictures, and - and - "

"O such a home with you" he cried in ecstacy.

She panted between tears and laughter and put her hands on his shoulders.

"And Joy" he cried "the joy of life, the utter pleasure and joy of living."

The wildness of her mad beauty set all his nerves atremble.

He sank to his knees and seized her hands.

"Joy" he cried " O Hilda, joy" but she drew back slowly with a little choking cry. He looked at her in wonder

The great bell knelled; and he turned lingered and went down the steps slowly.

"Joy" she cried to his going, standing like some mirth-mad

41-7-14

maenad ,with heaving breast.

"Joy!"he echoed as he ~~staggered~~ shed love-swept down the way.

"Joy!"she wailed and ~~dropped~~ swayed like a wounded bird.

From that day her mind was made up. She received an offer to learn dressmaking through an old friend of Miss Silena in the North. She determined to go immediately and take it. In vain he urged her to stay until commencement. No! No! she was tired, ^ of chaunty, tired of the south ,she said. She would go and prepare the way and then he could come and they would live there alway. But first he must graduate and go and see Mary. She said to herself,if he can look on that sacrifice and desert herfor me,then I will marry him but always despise him. If he gives me up for the greater duty and the purer soul,then I will always watch over him and when he needs me , I will come.

Thus they parted,standing where the great dark hall did slow and vast obeisance to the moon,while all about lay the soft sheen of velvet darkness. Lowly,slowly they spoke,nakedly,soul unclothed to soul. He took her face between his hands and whispered "O I have loved you so long - so unutterably long -~~since that first hour~~- for the endless ages of hours and days and the minutes of endless years." And she answered creeping ~~up~~ close to him :

"Before you came I did not live, and when you go I shall die — Not suddenly and frantically but slowly - Oh slowly in long weary-leaden years. O Robert,Robert,in after years remember always,I love you."

So he graduated alone. The dear old school sat back among magnolia trees,a little green oasis among the low close crowded cabins of the Negro quarter. The building itself was bare red brick but today trimmed with humanity - a great dark cloud of mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers and he spoke to them clearly and confidently of "William Lloyd Garrison". Then he took his diploma, boarded the train and started homeward after four years. How soon should he go north to Hilda? This summer: Why not? he argued. Mary was satisfied alone- he had not see n her in years - nor she him and yet she was cheerful and busy - so "busy" he said impaitently. It was hard to work here,and hopeless. There was no peace - no beauty, no upper air. Everywhere was the mob or the making of the mob, harsh words,epithets,ugliness,ignorance. The world was tight, narrow - hemmed in. Above,below - he gasped for air as Hilda gasped. Hilda? She rose before his vision glorified - beautiful as some dark eastern dream,touched with deep yearning sadness,he saw the changing gleaming bronze gold of her curly hair,he felt the soft fair heaving of her breasts and saw the ^ subtle, half hidden curve of her ~~little~~ lithe limbs- he closed his eyes. Hilda,Hilda,he murmured and out from hershadowy

817-7-11

eyes stepped her soul - her silent striving soul, her panting wounded soul and her voice blew upon his waiting ears as the voice of sighing singing waters -

"Beaufort - Beaufort - all change!" He grabbed his valise and stepped into the street. Mary was not there. A fierce anger shot through him. Miss Sands simpered up - "Why Mr. Calhoun? So glad to see you. I er - I've been wanting to see you a long time and meant to see you in Columbia but .- well you know we ladies must be so careful" and she gigled aimlessly "How's Mary?" she said. "Very well" he answered coldly. "So glad, I hated it so after her awful accident." Robert stared in amazement but Miss Sands did not notice "about her losing the school." Robert dropped his umbrella and fumbled for it tremblingly and a great light crept through his darkened mind. - "I suppose" continued Miss Sands rapidly and confidently "that she thinks it was my doings but it wasn't, honest, I hate it - it was all Pa's work and I could a cried when I found I had to teach all those nasty little dirty children - "

She stopped breathlessly and picked her handkerchief "I wish I could come to see Mary - I know she can't walk" but Robert muttered something and hurried away.

"Accident - lost the school - cannot walk" was he dreaming? He hurried almost ran down the street to the ferry and out into the island country side. The shadows hung over the black disk of the sea, and the groaning of the waters struck wildly on the gathering twilight. Uncle Caesar's cabin gazed darkly out upon the road and swelling waters. Robert stopped and steadied himself, and then with hammering heart opened the gate and walked up the path. A little light shone within up the dim form of Mary where she sat awaiting. He rushed forward with glad cry, but just as he reached the threshold, she rose twisted misshapen and limped and hobbled forward, with greyish face and great dark burning eyes. He strode in and snatched her lightly tenderly in his arms and groaned:

"Sister, O my sister."

41-7-419

Chapter XXIV

The McCan Bett School.

The Rector was surprised. He was a slim precise man, clean shaven, in clerical dress and with that aggressive, all-judging face that seems its natural accompaniment. There stood the quaint beautiful old cabins, low long and wide built of fragrant yellow pine logs. All about were rounded Palmettos and the odor of the azalea and jessamine and all the front of the three dark cabins was riotous with color and perfume, while behind lay black green cotton and tossing corn, and to the side low

billowy rice. A fence of crooked crinkled vines ran round the wold, two cows stood ~~munching~~ mincing ~~grazing~~ gravely and above where a tiny gate stood gaping arched in crimson glory, dead sweet and languorous in the hot still morning was a legend in white shell and it read "The Gates called Peace." A gleaming white path of spotless sea stone lay up to the cabin and the rector entered. He wandered on, and then where a little bower, blue garlanded with flowers, guarded a simple bench he sat down, half hidden, removing his hat, musing, wondering, knitting his brow in surprise as the voice of children came to him. He looked and saw that a colored woman twisted and limping was coming out the door and with a troop of little girls - dark vari-colored girls romping and laughing about her. They turned toward the little cabin to the right and ran and raced.

024-C-47

Then came from the other side the voices of shouting boys and a tall young brown man walked after them. The rector hesitated. He wanted to ask about the school - to know more of this strangely attractice place; but somehow it was difficult to ask. He could have apologized politely and enquired had the persons been white as he had supposed they were of course when he entered the gate. If the place had been a dirty hovel of black folk he would have entered as some being from above and received homage and given advise and censure. But these folks - these surroundings? he rose half vexed at his hesitation, and then something occurred to him - of course he argued relieved, there must be white northerners at the head and these were under teachers or monitors; he did not like to even approach those officious Yankees but perhaps it was his duty - he stepped along the path raised his shoulders, looked about with his gold eyeglass and coughed slightly. Robert turned and seeing him came to him.

"Good morning, Sir, can I be of any service?"

"Ah, thank you, young man, I was lookinug for the - er - principal or head of this - er - establishment."

"I am he" said Robert.

"But who has charge, oversight?"

"No one beside myself."

"Who owns the property?"

"I do - that is I and my sister."

The rector stared "But I never heard of the - "

"The Momm Bett School?"

"Oh, why - yes but I thought that was -" he stopped. He was about to say that he thought it was a Negro enterprise and to his mind

"Negro" meant oh,it meant so many things - first of all Negro was synonymous with dirt and this place was clean;"Negro" meant badly mananged or not managed at all while this looked orderly ("tho of course one could not tell") ; Negro meant silly,inconsequential childish imitative - everything low,laughable and wrong,while this - he spoke slowly

"I thought it was a more unpretentious affair-"

"This is very simple - let me show you."

They walked together over the little place. Peeped into the neat cottages,saw the school,saw the children at dinner. The rector kept alternately thawing and freezing. He liked the place but he could not rid himself of the uncomfortable feeling. He felt like ~~xxxxxx~~ tipping his hat to Mary and then reddened at the memory of the impulse.

Yet as he walked slowly,toward the rectory his mind and heart were busy. He began to see a faint light in one dark corner of his soul where there had long lain an unwelcome heaviness. He did not read the passage often but when he didhe felt ashamed:"Insomuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren,ye did it unto Me." and had he imagined it?~~w~~was there not at such times an uncomfortable flutter in the well-bred pews of St. ~~Andrews~~ Luke's?

41-7-421

Chapter XXIII.
Mission Work.

It was Wednesday evening,the service had ended and there had been a very fair attendance. Mr. and Mrs.Harrison Coles were out - he a bent and feeble old man of seventy and she a fussy prim little lady of fifty-five,well-preserved and complacent. Her daughter was there too,Mrs.Lloyd-Coles-Jones,a tallfair goddess visiting from New York where her artist husband was ~~struggling~~ working on a great magazine: then there was ~~the~~ John and Martha Reynolds and their young widowed ~~Mrs.Reynolds~~ daughter-in-law, the Misses Cox,the dowager Blakesley,Budge Boggs and one or two gentlemen. Yes and back,half hidden by a great shadowy pillar ~~sat~~ , and on either side of it,sat two other persons- one was a tall and stately woman,her face rouged dead white,her thin white hair piled high and her dark eyes dreaming beyond the walls, beyond the sea:" Mrs.Irma Lloyd Jones - one of the Abbeville Lloyds married the late Colonel Jones - you know the story"whispered Miss Adelle Cox,and her guest Miss Cobb of Savannah bent eagerly forward but shrank to find the haughty eyes ~~blazing~~ toward her:

"And does Miss Cobb approve of such attempts at educating Negroes?" Mrs Jones was asking coldly. Miss Cobb recovered herself hastily and groped for the thread of the doings. The chest tones of the immaculate rector came to her rescue.

He had called a little after assembly

"For the purpose :- ah- of considering two missionary enterprises. One was the matter of sending aid to a promising mission in Angola, West Africa. The mission had been very successful during the year. There had been twelve converts, a little church had been built and it sorely needed a bell. With some desultory comment $200 of mission money had been devoted to bell and maintenance. Then it was that the rector had cleared his throat and said: "The other matter lies nearer" he ha thought to say "to our hearts" but thought better and said "to us. It concerns our own colored population" and then heaving a faint warning rattle, he hurried on talking rapidly "after all we owe these people aid and guidance. They are ours; their mistaken emancipation was not their fault but misfortune. If we do not take their training in hand how can we complain if they are mistrained and filled with absurd ambitions and thoughts. My friends the welfare of these dark brothers of ours - for they are our brothers - has long weighed heavily on my soul. Yesterday by accident or by divine guidance I visited the colored school kept by Robert and Mary Calhoun. I was favorably impressed by it and want to help it. I happened to be speaking to my young friend Miss ~~Wolf~~ Cobb of Savannah and she was telling me of a similar enterprise in her city-"

"And does Miss Cobb approve of such attempts at educating Negroes?" asked the cold voice of Mrs. Jones.

The Rector scented danger and hastened to explain "Training - training, I should say, rather than education, my dear Mrs. Jones and perhaps I should explain my reference to Miss ~~Wolf~~ Cobb. We all know how poorly trained our servants are since the paternal system has been broken. In Savannah as I understaed there is a school supported by the church which is supplying this need of training." Miss ~~Wolf~~ Cobb nodded gently.

"And who will see that the money is properly expended and the teachig properly done?" asked Judge Boggs, *with rather labored preciseness of speech.*

"Well, eventually we should of course have a board of trustees and I had hoped that some of our ladies might help in the teaching at times. The bulk of the routine work would be done by colored teachers."

"Bht wouldn't that involve the training of colored teachers?"

The speaker was a stranger - an old white-bearded man, bald, with cavernous eyes, and he sat on the side of the pillar opposite Irma Jones. The rector ignored him and after some demur induced the mission society to give $100 to the school on condition that as soon as practical the school be turned over to a board of trustees who would conduct it.

Robert looked at the rector with a puzzled smile as he explained next day. "I was disappointed when you did not take the Smith School" he said — "this ~~"But our~~ property here is worth at least $500" ~~he said~~.

"Yes - I should say so."

We had talked of taking over the Smith School but the project failed. Our duty still awaits us

224-7-14

"And it has cost us $500 a year to run it."

"$500!" said the rector "why - why where did you get it?"

"The boarding children pay a dollar a month - all except a few - and the day children pay 25¢ - that amounts to about $300 - the other $200 come from the crops."

"That is better than I expected" said the rector.

"And of course" continued Robert "I should hardly think it fair to transfer to others the title and control of my own property for the sake of small - pardon me - and not altogether certain support."

The rector was silent and half embarrassed but Robert continued:

"Could we not arrange it this way? Suppose you and two members constitute a committee for the expenditure of such sums as the church contributes and that I expend them as your agent reporting carefully to you, and being at all times under your inspection so far as the spending of the money is concerned?"

41-7-423

The rector readily assented, and thus it was that the Rev. St. George Tucker and Robert Calhoun began their friendship. And when two men find each other, and walk together in the golden day and talk amid the shadows of evening, they come to know each other, soul and soul, despite all the piling barriers men place between. The church stipend gradually increased until it was $500 a year; Robert read the Episcopal service in the school and gradually by studying a few months in the year was raised to the diaconate, and built a tiny log church at the edge of the oaks and near the song of the sea.

But there were those that watched all this jealousy and did not understand, so that when the Bishop dined with Mrs. Irma Lloyd Jones the subject came up:

"You do not mean to say that a Tucker can so far forget himelf as to ~~give~~ receive a Negro as an equal!" gasped the Bishop.

"He certainly is giving some ground for the suspicion" said the young Mrs. Reynolds.

The Bishop frowned. "I will speak to him" said he "how about the school?"

"I wish you would go see the school" said Mrs. Jones. "my opinion is that much of their time is being given to book study and very little to the training of domestics."

"Suppose we go now" said the Bishop and in a half hour the horses were at the door.

There were seven in Mary's little Latin class. Two were bright quick students - "John they ought to - they must go up to Columbia to college" she had said that morning. Two others were fair students, earnest pleaders. The other three were poor and one of them - O he was stupid and Mary was in despair over him; he ought not to study more, but it was hard to

discourage him. So Mary sat that morning giving him more of the class time than he deserved and trying O so hard to make him understand, when the door behind opened authoritatively, and Mary knew by the widening eyes of the children that dignitaries were come. She rose with a limp [Oh, the dull grinding pain] and started to ask them to be seated when the Bishop waved his hand "What class is this?" he demanded.

"They are the Seniors- they are having six months of beginners' Latin."

"Latin!"

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Lloyd Jones smiled "Let us hear this fellow recite" she said. If John's recitation had been bad before, in his perturbation now it was simply awful. His Latin flew and his English took after it. Mary quickly called one of the brightest students, a bright eyed little black girl of 14 - but the great eyes of the bishop were too much for her and she stammered, looked at Mary in tearful appeal and sat down. Mrs. Jones smiled again. "Is this what we're spending our money for, Robert" she said sharply "to spoil plow boys and serving girls with Latin?"

41-7-424

"I do not think you can judge the school fairly yet" he said quietly "let me call -"

"I want to see the industrial work" said the Bishop peremptorily. They found some girls sewing in the girls' cottage. "How much do you sew a day?" asked Irma.

"An hour Ma'am."

"And the rest of the day?"

"One hour helping in the dining room and kitchen and six hours on our lessons."

"The old lady glanced at the bishop - "Two against six," she said.

"It shall be six and two next year" he said decidedly and Robert heard

He found the rector gloomy and taciturn that night when he called and the usual cup of tea was not served.

"I'm afraid that Latin class of yours has played the mischief, Calhoun." It had grown to be "Mr." Calhoun for a year or more back, but now it changed again.

"I am sorry."

"You had better give it up."

"Why?"

"The bishop is determined upon it."

"But you advised it and you have seen the need of the training."

"O I am not criticising the work - only others do not know it as we do."

"Then let them study it and not judge it from a five minutes' look." The rector shrugged his shoulders and said Goodbye coldly when Robert left.

Chapter XXIII.

The ~~Trial~~ Temptation. Challenge

It was the morning of Exhibition day, when the Momm Bett School was to close for the year. Robert was nervous, for this year there was to be a very distinguished audience. The bishop was to be there, and the white dignitaries of the town were to sit in reserved seats in front. Behind would be banked the darker patrons of the school. The graduating class of five sat on the platform of the vestry, but the rest of the school sat banked aloft in the back gallery, whence their clear young voices came rolling down in sweet song upon the audience.

"They will want to hear the slave songs, Mary, pick out the best and wierdest."

"They?" answered Mary.

"I mean the white folks."

"Yes but our people want also a glimpse of something else, they yearn for music and they can hardly appreciate their own till they hear some of the world's harmony - I'll tell you what I want to do, Rob - at the end when all is through I want to sing Gounod's Sanctus Spiritus with a small chorus of girls - surely no one lan complain of that and the children want to so."

41-7-425

"Well, all right" said Robert doubtfully "but don't forget plenty of our own slave songs."

So it happened that all came - the white aristocracy of St.Luke's in half curious patronage led by the Bishop and Mrs.Jones, and followed by John Reynolds and Martha. The black village in proud wonder, decked gorgeously, and happy; and the children dark fluttering with giggle and whisper and solemn stare. The graduates sat in one half frightened row below the reading stand and beside them to the left sat Robert in his new deacon's robes. Tears of great happiness were in Mary's eyes as she watched him from the thronged gallery opposite where she had marshaled her little host On the platform sat the Bishop the rector and Judge Boggs and they whispered together glancing at the black faces.

First there was a slave song "Bright Sparkles." Then the rector prayed for "the least of these our brethren" and there came another slave song. Then a tall boy, brown and slim arose and recited "The Slave that saved St.Mich aels": the black audience applauded lowly, the white scatteringly. A girl then read an essay on "Napoleon" which smacked of the encyclopedia and made the whites smile and the blacks look mystified. After a simple part song, in which all applauded, another girl read an essay on "The Faithful Slaves" which the whites applauded generously and the Negroes half-heartedly. A boy talked on the "Value of Work" while the Bishop yawned and then came the valedictory. She was the little black girl of the Latin class, small bright eyed and intelligent and her shrill clear tones roused

and

held the house. The blacks bent forward breathless, clutching the seats. The children back aloft sat silent and wide-eyed, and the whites roused themselves, grew tense rustled in their seats and whispered. The rector looked uncomfortable, the judge watched the Bishop covertly and seemed amused, but the bishop was angry. It was an essay on "Ambition" - a school girl's effort with many of the usual platitudes and echoes of greater thought, but singularly clear and straight forward. In a white girl's mouth it would have been applauded and expected, but what did this audience think to be told that black boys and girls must "aspire to the highest" that "all things come to those who wait" that "labor conquers all things" that "they should never be content to be mere servants and menials but should aspire to the great things of earth in this land of freedom and opportunity."

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait"

The still clear little voice of the dark white-frocked girl ceased amid a thunder of applause from the black world and absolute silence from the white. Robert arose with the little bundle of diplomas, but the Bishop strode forward. "I have wanted to say a word to you black people" he said in sharp forceful tones "and this seems just the place to say it. You have heard this girl's talk and you have foolishly applauded it. Net me tell you plainly that such talk is silly, wrong and wicked. Yes I repeat it, Wicked. God made you people to occupy a fixed humble place in his universe. To strive to escape from your appointed destiny is impudent blasphemy against his holy unalterable laws. I do not wholly blame you for these foolish thoughts - your false northern friends put them into your heads when they thought by law to make you white. But it was impossible - you will always be what you are and you must reconcile yourselves to it. Your ambition ought to be to become faithful servants such as one of these girls spoke of, and humble laborers. To this end we are going next year to change this school into a more thorough industrial school. We are going to teach your children to work and not fill their heads with false notions and I want you older people who know that what I say is true, to support our efforts for your weal loyally." He paused. Robert has been sitting on the platform before him, half turned toward him, listening with bowed head and trembling hands. What would he do - what could he do? The horrible temptation of cowardice was upon him - he felt a thousand eyes upon him - the wondering eyes of his patrons, the tearful eyes of his little children, the accusing eyes of the white world. If he could sink into the floor -

924-7-16

if he could fly into the outer air - if he could -but he could not. He must and would speak - he knew it,he felt it. He could scarce realize how he dared and yet he knew he did dare - he knew that before these rulers of the village,before these parents and children he was going tto speak the faith that was in him if it killed him;that he was going to answer the Bishop. He wondered at his own voice when he h eard it - it was so round and full and clear,no steady,when his whole soul was trembling and the audience was qiuvering with him:

"Reverend father in God"he said "for the thoughts this child of mine has spoken ,for the ambition knitting in these dark heart do not blame these people - blame me. I have taught,I have sought to inspire them, I have tried to stir them from the sluggish depths of their lives up to the fullness of their opportunities. I have done so,and forgive me,Sir, but I shall continue to do so. so long as there is breath in this body I shall speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. I shall tell my people;you are God's children - whatever men may aspire to, you may aspire to for you are men. Be ambitious,try to rise,try to be just as useful,wise and great as your God -given powers will let you. This I have taught my people and my children, reverend father,and this by God's grace,I will continue to teach them as long as he gives me life and strength."

He turned and stripping off his robe laid it silently at the prelates feet and then clasping his hands priest-wise before him he walekd with bowed head silently toward the door. A hush fell on the people like the trembling of a mighty hand;the rector half arose -the bishop stepped back from the mute dead robe and from a stricken thing and the blood roared in his head,while the little valedictorian bowe d her head and wept.

And suddenly above the throng rose one clear voice and voices:"Sanctus Spiritus" it cried,and again higher ,clearer "Sanctus spiritus". The slowly moving figure of the unfrocked deacon raised his head and his eyes met the wild tear swept eyes of the singer as the third wail higher sweeter rolled aloft

"Sanctus spiritus."

And then in a great wave of music swelled and the thrilling majesty of Gounod's great prayer-song,swinging in the air as the black man walked out into the free sunshine and into Peace.

The people listened motionless-sighed,and then the rector glancing toward the Bishop's vacant chair heistated forward and said with low voice and raised hands:

"The peace of God,which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." And the moving host murmured slowly "Amen."

The Judge Boggs thought & hoped to be furious: "The damned impudent nigger"he

hissed "he ought to be horse whipped and I've a notion to do it." Mrs. Baxter too was inexpressibly ~~sex~~ shocked "To insult the bishop too -he's a dangerous pestilential fellow and must be gotten rid of - indeed,my dear Mrs.Jones,it's just such men that ruin the docility of our Negroes" but Mrs.Jones did not answer,and in her face sat a perplexed half-angry wonder - a creeping gnawing doubt.

The bishop had gone to the ante-room and greeted no one. He looked dreamily out the gilde colored glass until slowly the people had gone and only the quivering dust motes danced in the vestry room. Then the bishop returned thoughtfully pacing up and down. The rector watched him silently with twitching face,and far back in the church the black janitor watched them both. Slowly the bishop turned and saw the rector He smiled; he said:

"I have had a vision."

The rector started to answer vaguely,but the bishop went to where the deacon's robe lay folded and picked it up and handed it to the rector. And then he placed his hands on the rectors' shoulders and said:

"St.George,I have seen a man!"

And the rector bowed his head and was silent.

Chapter XXVV.

~~Interview~~ Bribery

Mrs.Grimes was obdurate and on the whole the board sympathized with her point of view,despite the pleading of a few staunch friends of the late Silena Smith. It was in Canaan amid the same old and ever young hills, where Mrs.Gries,formerly Mrs.Glennworth had made her luxurious summer home since her daughter married. Her gables and faultless lawns spread over Martha Reynold's father's acres and the well-preserved lady who acknowledged to a half century of life and might easily have claimed more, was an assiduous and liberal member of the Mission Society in the Episcopal church. They had formerly given to Silena's school as a matter of course but when she died they had ceased. Now a new call for this school which was revived under a new principal,Robert Calhoun had come and Mrs.Grimes objected.

"What's the name of it?"she asked sharply,being,quite unknown ts herself, a little hard of hearing -"the Momm Bett School?" What an outlandish name - O yes,I've haerd of this school from my daughter- well I object. I do not expect personally to help any further schools or schemes to make the Negroes discontented. They need to learn to work and be clean and save. My ideas of Negroes have changed in the last years. I seriously doubt if they will ever reach a very high plane

of civilization. They can hope possibly to make a good contented laboring class,if properly trained and guided. As it is we are educating murderers and rapists - " and then Mrs.Grimes with trembling voice told of the wanton murder of her son-in-law and added "Only the quick arrival of the police saved my daughter from a worse fate,and - it may be wicked but I am glad they burnt the brute." A murmur of sympathy was heard.

"But this school seems to be doing some goo d," timidly suggested another woman. Mrs.Grimes shook her head emphatically.

"I know all about the school" she said "this Robert Calhoun is a dangerous type of Negro and one bound to give the country trouble. He is continually talking of his rights and trying to teach the pickaninnies to read the ten commandments in Hebrew before they can practice them in English."

41-7-429

"Moreover"said a bright little woman(she was Miss Mackay and her father had owned formerly half of the Glennworti-mackay Plantations)"the best class of white people in the place do not approve of this school and that to me is decisive. My brother has just gone there to manage the mills and so I have reliable testimony. It is foolish for us to think all southerners are wrong if white,nd right if black. Here are good Christian people - as good as we are or better - who believe that this young man is doing positive harm with the school in its present condition. I think that settles the matter."

"I don't" said a bold white-bearded old man with burning eyes who had wandered into the meeting,apparently unaware that it was primarily a woman's meeting. "I don't" said he in a deep musical voice. "I know that the Grimes-Reynolds factories passed their last dividends" (Mrs.Grimes pursed her lips and raised her lorgnette)"and that Negro labor in the south is far from what it ought to be and yet - yet I am unwilling to vote away the aspirations of any man on the bare word of another without pretty thorough investigation. I believe Negroes are Men. I want them to have a man's chance. This they have never had. Why not send a disinterested person to investigate the situation pretty thoroughly before deciding?"

But Mrs.Grimes was obdurate,and the Misson Society turned to the consideration of the new Italian Colony near Canaan. Here again Mrs. Grimes as usual occupied the floor.

"I do not approve" she announced "of the workers in this new-fangled settlement. Some of their teaching is distinctly dangerous and socialistic Last night a Miss - Somebody - black Italian looking woman whom they call - what is it?"

"Sister Helida"supplied Miss Mackay.

"Yes - well she made a talk about the rights of laborers and the

like that was positively anarchistic."

"She was sent from some New York settlement because she could speak Italian and she's doing wonderful work in nursing and sewing - I hope - ".

But Mrs.Grimes interrupted "The best thing to do with these Italians is to get rid of them. Now I will tell you confidientially that Judge Boggs who has charge of my property in the south and Mr.Mackay the brother of our secretary have a plan of importing Italian labor into South Carolina to replace the shiftless Negroes. Our plan is to transfer this troublesome Canaan colony to Wilton Point."

The Mission society was enthusiastic at this bit of news.

"I broached this matter to the settlement folks and this Sister What - you - may-call-her was most insulting in her remarks. But as the settlement depends very largely on my subscription I rather expect they'll come to my way of thinking" and Mrs.Grimes smiled complacently.

41-7-430

Chapter XXV.
The Strike.

Robert Calhoun was facing the grimmest struggle of his life. To his surprise the Bishop had not dismissed him from his deaconate, nor had the trustees of the church funds immediately dropped his school. Yet he had been informed that the $500 appropriation would be cut to $100 the next year, and he knew that after that his little school would be left to shift for itself. In the white community about the bitterness and prejudice toward him redoubled in intensity. White visitors no longer came to the school, store-keepers refused him credit and cheated him. The anger toward him was especially wreaked on his helpless constituents; some lost their employment because they sent their children to him, some were scolded and threatened; some had their wages lowered; new "jim-crow" laws were broached and wholesale Negro disfranchisement was changed from practice to law just as soon as the fear of government intervention was removed. Worst of all Robert saw that secretly but irresistibly every chance, every avenue by which black men were likely to get any sure economso foothold or earn decent incomes were being shut off. Not only was this true at Wilton Point - he heard of it everywhere throughout the south. Was it the work of some dark secret agency? Some great organized propaganda working for the same ends that the White Camelia and the Golden Circle had worked in other days? He had

heard dark hints of those names and deeds from his father. He believed the Ku Klux Klan was the same movement in other guise and he felt that today new underground deviltry of the same kind had its unholy grip upon the fair throat of the south.

Wilton Point had long been prosperous. It was a railway shipping centre. It had cotton mills and other manufactures. Yet none of this property came to the Negro. Poor whites from the hills came trooping down and filled the mills and Robert hated them for it. Only the lowest drudgery and menial work was left to the Negro and that was wretchedly underpaid. Even the profits on raising cotton and food supplies that belonged of right to the Negro went into the pockets of the merchants and middlemen who stood banded together for the one purpose of cheating Negroes as Robert bitterly complained.

41-7-431

Yet there were some faint gleams of promise. The high tide of prosperity had passed, and wages were falling. The women and children of the mills working 12 and 14 hours a day were grumbling audibly and emissaries from the northern trade unions were flitting among them. Rumors of strikes and disorders filled the air and only this very morning a slouching committee of poor whites had been to Judge Bogg's office and had a long talk.

After they were gone the Judge talked with John Reynolds and then called in the new young manager, Mr. Mackay.

"Mackay, if we aint damned careful we'll have a strike on our hands"

"It looks that way - and my northern stockholders are continually yelling for more dividends - Boggs, we can't afford to have a strike, I tell you."

"Well, that's my - who's this?"

Robert Calhoun entered the office. Mackay started to offer him a seat but Boggs scowled.

"Well?" he asked gruffly.

Robert plunged straight into his message.

"Gentlemen, your hands are threatening to strike right here in your busy season. Why not put Negroes in their places?"

Boggs stirred impatiently but Mackay bent forward. Robert continued:

"Now I'm not asking this on the ground of charity or philanthropy but for our mutual advantage. We want work. You want reliable labor Now if you will take the boys and girls trained in my school - not the ignorant rabble, but those intelligent young people, in a few months they can carry on the mills and in a few years they'll form the best skilled labor in the country."

The two white men looked at each other.

"Drop in again tomorrow,Calhoun,"said Boggs and closed the door after him.

"Well?f asked Mackay.

"Won't do "said Boggs;first place we'd have a race riot,and in the second place who'd raise the cotton and do the common labor? It would send wages of day labor from 50¢ to $1 a day in six months and ruin the Niggers. They'll get uppish,want to get out of their places and be white folks. No it won't do yet,we may have to come to it sometime,but not yet - moreover I've got a better plan" and he drew Mrs.Grimes' letter from his pocket:

41-7-432

"My plan is this;yield to these fellows now;bring in the Italians gradually;they are docile kind of Nigger anyway,when we get enough,smack down the wages and tell those who want to quit,to go to hell."

"Good"said Mackay and within a week the first load of Italians landed in Charleston enroute for Wilton Point.

Months rolled by and the Italian colony grew until fully half the factory hands were foreigners. Then suddenly came a 14% cut in wages. A wave of anger and amazement burst over the Italians. They showed their contracts,they recalled the promises made them,they jabbered and gesticulated but Mr.Mackay was dumb and Mr.Boggs shifted his cigar and said:

"O go to hell!"

John Reynolds went to Florida for his health.

Meetings were held and the Italians and poor whites met and talked togetherp For a week they talked and talked and then a last one morning Mary listened as she came out of the school house - "The mills"she said "Robert I do not hear the whirr [Ah!the whirr of the Pain,the grinding pain] of - of the mills?"

Robert listened too. The great mills lay quiet. Two thousand workers had struck.

Chapter XXVII.

~~The Black Man's Chance~~ Sister Helida

"Who is she"cried Robert angrily " why sister, it's the black man's chance. They have tried to get more Italians but the Italians won"t come The whites won't work. They've asked us. I can get 500 young people in a week. Think of it! the industries of Wilton Point will be ours. The school will be saved - supported willingly out of their earnings."

"I know it,Robert, it seems [the Pain,the low swift Pain] -ah- so clear nntil now,and yet she says 'Are you who have just been slaves going to make slaves of your brother workmen? Are you going to be the clubs wherewith the organized exploiters of the south will beat their

laborers into submission and starvation wages? Is this the spirit of Christ? Do you really think the southern black man will ever rise by tramping the poor white underfoot any more than the poor white can climb to glory on black men's bones?'"

"But who is she?"interrupted Robert "and what business has she to interfere."

"Sister - Sister Helida -she signs herself - she had been a nurse and settlement worker among these Italians."

"Some foreign intermeddler who is afraid that these Italians won't get a chance to exploit the poor black man, just as other nations have - no sister, I am going to do it."

Slowly secretly he gathered his men.

"It's the chance of your lives"said Mackay "here are guns - now if you folks are not cowards you'll go to work and hold your places."and Robert shut his teeth grimly.

41-7-433

But the letters kept coming, now from Canaan - then from New York at last from the Italian settlement at Beaufort. At first Robert answered brusquely, and irritably, then the earnestness of the pleading, the culture and gentleness of the ~~method~~ mind caught his attention. He grew to lingering over the letters, studying the hand writing and thinking of the woman. She was evidently an educated woman, well born and well read, trained in heart and soul - her touch was sure and quick and ever courteous suggesting things she did not say. So for two weeks they talked together by mail.

"We have a right to use our cheapness as a weapon to get bread and butter"wrote Robert hotly.

"Is it not a two-edged sword?"suggested Sister Helida.

"If it is, they forged it and will suffer with us" he replied.

"They?oh,no! Not these men not even their fathers -it was the masters not the poor whites.-"

"But we need the aid of the capitalist"he insisted turning the argument.

"So do all poor workingmen, black and white."

"And now that organized capital is giving us our chance we can not refuse."

"You can refuse to join oppressors in oppression at any price."

"But these workers oppress and hate us as well."

"Is that excuse for hating in turn? Does hating pay?"

"Their unions bar us from work"insisted Robert doggedly.

"Then force your way up, - up not down."

"Good!that is what we are doing."

"But must you not be careful of the sort of force you use?"

"Work is war."

"Even in war, thought and justice count."

"If we do not force out these foreigners they will take the bread from our children.

"On the contrary welcome the foreigner, he will transform the south with law and order and justice."

"Is it right to throw away the advantage we now have?"

"Yes for the sake of a larger advantage to come."

So they argued, writing, until one day a letter came to Mary, saying:

"I have comn to Beaufort - there is much sickness here among the poor Italians and I am helping. Will you not come over tomorrow and see how things really are?"

It was afternoon when Robert and Mary sat out. Robert was thoughtful and Mary limped painfully. The great red mills still sat in grim silence but within Boggs was rubbing his hands.

"We expect 500 Niggers tonight at midnight; tomorrow the machinery starts - then see the dagoes and crackers run for their jobs."

41-7-434

Along the road that led up to town from the plantations lurked grim yellow faced men, hugging their rifles and watching for the black scabs. Just at the edge of town they halted Robert, but Mary showed Sister Helida's letter and they passed in. The town was bare and still. Coarse pale faces glanced here and there from the windows, and then a child ran toward them. It was white and Robert turned from it as he turned from all things ~~pale~~ white, but the child came nearer - pale, blue and scrawny, half clad, its great eyes were staring, and it cried: "Bread!"

Robert stopped and something choked in his throat

"Mary" he said slowly "go on I - I ' m going back. You must stay here all night if possible."

"But I wanted the lady to see you so, Robert."

"Yes - yes, tell her I'm coming back - tonight."

Mary started - "with the workmen?"

"Yes" he said - "but without guns."

Up the crooked dirty street the black girl limped [ah, the Pain- the tired, tired pain] until at last she came to the house. she stood a moment panting by the door, then turned - started in amazement - gave a little joyous sob and cried:

"Hilda - O my Hilda."

Long hours they sat together.

"I knew the name would puzzle you - the Italians pronounced it so and it sa ved time when I worked with them to spell it that way" - but Mary hardly listened.

"Forgive me, Hilda, O forgive me - I did not know you loved him I did not dream it until long after when he had lost you."

Hilda put her arms gently about her. "There is nothing to forgive, Sister, we needed the lesson both of us."

"But he needs you, Hilda, Robert needs you. He scarcely realizes it, but he is waiting. His whole life is waiting for the chord once touched by you and you alone. I am sick but he does not know it. Yet I know it. I know that the time hastens when I shall take a great journey to some fair painless land, and but for one thing I should be glad, so glad for I am tired, Hilda. He loves you; he always has- he always will - O Hilda couldn't - couldn't you love him just a little." And then she looked up into Hilda's eyes and murmured:

"Thank God - O thank God!"

It struck 12. "I wonder Robert doesn't come?"

But Hilda rose - "He - he must not see me tonight .- not tonight sister - wait until the strike is over — and then - then" So they talked on until there rose a great cry without - a long low wailing cheer. They stepped to the windows and saw rolling along the stree great wagons laden with bread and fruit and black men and women were handing out the food to the guaunt and stricken throng of the strikers. Long into the night the footsteps came and went.

41-7-435

Over the great white sea struggled the day and the tired watchers in the mill saw surrender written in the dawn.

Boggs was lived with anger and he cursed with every oath he knew.

"Damn their black souls" he hissed "I'll never hire another Nigger as long as I live."

"Yes you will too" growled Mackay as he returned from a parley with the strikers.

"What?"

"Yes you will - the crackers have tacked another item on their demands: they want Niggers hired in the spinning room."

Boggs rushed out to the strike committee.

"Look here! he yelled "Do you know what you're doing? Haven't you got daughters working in the mills?"

"Yes, my Sal she works there" drawled the spokesman.

"Well do you want your daughter to carry a Nigger?"

"Well no, I ain't a-hankering after that."

"Well then what'll you do when these Niggers get to earning as much as you do and feeling themselves just as good as you?"

"Well" said the man reflectively "if one of them asks her I'll just tell Sal to say 'no'".

Chapter XXVIII
The Beginning

When Robert left Mary he went directly to his men and told them the

situation. No kinder-hearted people than Negroes exist on earth and it took but little persuasion to turn their thoughts of force and revenge into a desire to relieve the struggling starving strikers. Robert went with them to the edge of town and then turned back, and walked home at midnight alone, forgetting Mary, forgetting Sister Helida, forgetting all but his burden. Again he had done his duty, and again the grey hard bitter world stretched before him. What would his poor people live on next winter, now that they were giving their all away? In his pocket lay a summons to the last meeting of his trustee board. He knew what would happen - yes - yes - and then? What would happen? Would the school close?

41-7-436

No! He clenched his fists. He would not give up. He would not yield - he would never cease fighting the red injustice of this awful world so long as there was a breath of life left in his body. And he lifted his face to the stars and swore to God in the great white midnight never to falter, never to yield.

All night he walked. He knew they would tempt him at that board meeting. He must not give in - he must think and plan; and all night he walked and planned until his head whirled and pulsed. He did not go home lest something should break his determination, but walked straight to the vestry room.

He found gathered there in the rectory, the bishop and the rector, the principal of the white school and an old bald and grey bearded man, with great soft eyes whom he seemed dimly to remember. Robert entered bowed silently and stood a while until the rector bethought himself and offered a chair. The old man glanced about thoughtfully and spoke:

"As I have said, Bishop, I am willing to devote $10,000 a year to this work during my life and to endow it liberally when I die. My only condition is that the sum be equally divided between a white and Negro school"

The Bishop bowed; ~~cautiously~~ "We are certainly indebted to your great generosity and will endeavor to use the trust for the advancement of God's work - Mr. Patterson can you tell us of your plans?" The white principal explained at length. There was a pause. The Bishop turned "Mr. Calhoun" he said "Will you now kindly tell us of any plans you have?"

Robert started but rose and said: "I thank you but I came here merely to say that I have decided to withdraw my school from your control and to try and support it by my own efforts."

The bishop frowned "And why?" he asked.

"Because" said Robert "my ideas of what a Negro school should be differ so much from your that I could not conscientiously carry out your ideas."

"Could you carry out your own?"

"I could try Sir, and I'm going to try."

The bishop rose and Robert with a sigh bent for his hat.

"Then sir" said the bishop "Try - I say frankly that I do not believe the Negro race is ready for your ideas or capable of rising to them. We may differ as to Negroes, my son, but we do not differ as to men, and God forbid that I should ever place my ignorance of divine plans in the way of the aspirations of any human soul. Mr.Brown, your other $5000 will by our advice go to Mr.Calhoun's school." And then instead of warm words of thanks, instead of a courteous speech, instead even of a silent bow, Robert stood awkward and speechless and great tears gathered and rolled down his cheek.s

(37-7-11)

He rushed home to tell Mary and then with swelling heart heard, first of the opening for black workmen in the mills. Reverently he kissed his sister and turning toward his little study entered and closed the door.

It was Sunday and the service was done. Robert had read the wonderful 53rd chapter of Isaiah and preached from the text "The Chariots of the Lord and the horsemen thereof;" he had greeted the people, all save Irma Lloyd-Jones and her little golden haired grand-daughter. They had shrunk away before the sermon was done. One other stranger he had noted too, but she had gone. He turned to the little vestry of his chapel and stood a moment looking out: the long low luring horizon that lined the west lay all lurid with the sun. He closed the door quickly and sat down alone. Yes he was happy - happy at last he said, staring vacantly across the narrow room - was he happy ? and then with a groan he bowed his head in his hands and groaned:

"Hilda!"

And as he called her suddenly the door flew softly open and a flood of warm sunshine bathed his head. He raised his eyes slowly, wearily. The sun was drifting in in fading glory and, dyed in it crimsons rays lithe and glorious, stood a shadow. His heart stopped still. Yes it was Hilda- the vision of Hilda, and he sat motionless lest it fly. Then he caught his breath - no - no it was not Hilda - the witching roundness of her form was gone. - There were grey strands in these bronzen curls, there were lines in the golden face and shadows beneath the eyes. It was - it was not a vision of the past - It was Hilda - the real Hilda, flesh and blood, and he rose dizzily from his chair, stretched his arms and tried to speak - came swiftly to her and wound his arms about her - kissed the coiling curling of her hair, hungered into the misty depths of her dark eyes and whispered "The chariot -the chariot of the Lord and the Horsemen thereof!"

A great song arose. High above in the dim crimsoned chapel sat Mary her fingers straying idly - lovingly over the keys of the organ, her ears listening, her eyes wandering over the shadowy landscape toward the west and toward the east. Westward the sun was dying, eastward the nearer sea lay foaming white, but the sea beyond glowed with the echo of the sun. Suddenly

a great Peace came hovering over all her Pain - a foreshadowing of the great painles s Peace to come. The organ rose in fuller music and she sang gently,clearly,then in deeper,greater tones,till the song rose and swept like some full plumaged bird:

"I know my mother will be there:
"In that beautiful world on high."

Far down in the rice fields a weary laborer caughtthe melody and sent the mighty singing onward with his great voiced lungs - far up in the cotton fields a weary mother clutched her dying child and singing,lifted her eyes up to the stars - and so voice on voice took the refrain until all a long the lowlands and above the wide dark waters,a great song arose.

Below the lovers listening clasped their hands,and together they walked down the world and toward the blazing sea. Above them hung the sound of the song of the sister's singing;within them thrilled the chords of endless Love and Work;Beyond them surged the mighty chorus of the sea - and all was peace and joy and hope - - save where an old way-weary man reeled onward to his death - save there where sat a woman's startled soul, staring white faced at the white faced sea.

41-7-438

Fragments and notes

Various drafts

41-7-356

11

Story of Mary Calhoun

The Seat of the Scornful.

Book I

The Story of Mary Calhoun.

I am a Child of God. I have been washed in the Blood of Christ. I know that many people don't like that kind of talk. They think ~~to be fanatical~~ folks that talk this way are badly off and don't mean it. But I am in earnest. And while I never had much education & can't talk like some I want to tell what the love of God & Christ would what he has done for me. I just let me go back & tell about my mammy. My mammy was a Heathen woman and she owned & yet somehow I think she knew God. Always I think of her as Uncle Cæsar used to tell of her

A1-6-508

"Who was the tall black Lady that I saw
all Day — and was it Mammy all the Time I was
I was taken to Bed at night and Mammy washed
I must have thought I was old
All that day Mammy — my tall beautiful black
Mammy was a smiling & lovely and strong
Old Lady with black crinkly hair was dear dear. I heard
her say how Gal was angry and wanted the
Sunshine of Heart & then turning on me, sudden-like,
"go play with Dawn —" she said "and bring her down here"
I loved to play with Miss Dawn. She was Old Masters only
Child and 2 years younger than me — tall-straight & white
white & gold with beautiful clothes. He dared Think her
Mother asked her to come & our cabin but often I would
ask & Miss Day Dawn & as soon as she saw me, off
we went, about the yard & across the Fields & sometimes
down to my cabin under the Bank where we played
house. To day Mammy watched us carry & washed
us play & as the sun began to sink she called
us in & gave us buttermilk & bread. Then she
said to me —
"go over to Aunt Dinah's and stay to night — I'm
gone in to the Big House & I'll take Dawn home —"
I danced & grace for Mammy never went to the
Big House. And besides me Dinah's quite frightened
our Jane — I started to stand but suddenly
I felt Mammy's eyes burning on me and I stood still
away. Mammy often sent me to Aunt Dinah's
when she wanted to be alone. I don't know
41-1-153

road ahead. So I went slowly to Aunt Dinah's cabin back of the house to see Mammy & I was standing there in the dark way & behind there burned the fire I liked to go to Aunt Dinah's cabin when Uncle Eben was there. We did not like one another. But Aunt Dinah was cross & kind to me & gave me cookies & cooked good things. Uncle Eben lived away on a mountain plantation & did not come down often. And as I thought slowly on & the room fell cooler & the bugs sang, I peeped in at the door. Uncle Eben was there — a black black man with red eyes. I shivered & then crept in timid like. Uncle Eben frowned at me sharp.

"Git outs' o here" he growled "I want gorden have no yellow brat hangin' round me. Git out & go & yare damned white mother" Poor Aunt Dinah looked at me but I knew. Once the calico head nod & my the branch & down & the corners crooked & my by the great oak; — I half shrieked & turned either to run for it. or to the door. Quickly I crept to the cabin. ~~He was~~ The room was empty and in the little kitchen behind I heard Mammy Bell a-cooning. I crept in & climbed into the big chair in the shadows. Then I saw before the fire crouched a big black dog headed with curious things outside beside it crouched Mammy Bell's deadly snake. I was scared — O and I was scared & wished I had stood out under the oak tree in the dooryard myself. I closed my

41-1-154

creek down where we found the kitchen came Mom Dell. She was most naked, her fine robes shredded & everything savaged on her breasts. On her outstretched arms lay the white & naked body of Little Anna & Mom Dell sang low as she walked & the blood ran. I tried & screamed but I couldn't. I saw the fire flare & the snake slithered coiled & struck. Mammy raised Anna high in the air & cried aloud and Ran —

Frantically knocked on the door. Sambo & Louise came the screaming & Mammy Bet screamed and woke When the door crashed in we came old Master He seized Anna & turned & I heard his cleaks running in the night. Mom Dell never stirred. She stood, her hands on hips, her breath gusting in her teeth. She stood so it seemed hours, hours. Then silently Old Master entered again & closed the door behind him. I can't never forget what came: the fire, the smoke, the ashes; Mom Dell & Colonel B Bentley. Old Master watched her & she cursed him — how that awful curses then came in gusts rolling thunders. The blood bubbled clouds & the fire ate. The snake turned & squirmed & over the stench of the grand blaze with breeze and shuddered in the air. O many I never hear such Curses again as I heard in Ancient Times songs & as blood, as she savaged as she fell as she lay in blood & flame

41-1-155

I went to Aunt Dinah's then & here came was helping working in the fields and singing as usual when Uncle Eben came But at last he came no more. Perhaps he died. Perhaps he was sick with. I don't know. Only I knew that my mystic eden dark tell about Aunt Dinah sat in the corner quiet like with her apron over her head. Long years I never saw Dinah out often I used to go and sit in the twilight where she sat & the cabin used to be & think of Aunt Bell and wonder.

~~One day I was sent on an errand & the day. Next. I was~~

So the years flew. I was 18 and a field hand 'Sis' now and then I went in the Boy House & helped out. O how I wanted to stay there & have clean clothes & all the nice things & eat. One day I saw Miss Dunn — tall elegant & white; and beautiful but clean & raised her head high. She was in the October and they became her waist was neat & She saw me. I had a new gingham & my shirt covered with a button — a white & stood proud — in it. She looked at me. I stood trembling & ashamed, face flushed with Paddick I was away in my hands.

"Which one?" asked Miss Dunn

Cook smiled & says "Aunt Bell's —" but she changed & did not finish why till after — "She's Mary — Aunt

41-1-157

Dennis give" and said.
~~Stands~~ "get her some clothes" and send her 2 me"
remember when I was, and I never died of fear.
I was & some clean dresses and shoes & stockings
& shelly would cuss & scream. I was so sad when
Dad & mama sold Annie & nothing & do but smile
when I miss shelly always. O I was shaddy shaking
I dressed my mistress. I remember her ~~queen~~ temples
~~& changeable but I was going & to~~ & how changeable
she was and I would try on hands, all hand. All
went well for a long long time. I found I was
liked me. I learned & looked her. I was sad & sorry
for her because for all her things hands & money she
wasn't a bit happy. Always something was drawing
her on & on & she was like a young horse that
kicked & pulled.

One night — I remember it so well. Miss
I was had gone out & I was not especially her
hair had had. And came and knocked & me.
Now shall I tell it? I had met Tom.

41-9-510

"O, he was high and great and pretty. Smooth and black and stronger than everybody. When first I saw him standing in the young cotton field with his great arms and sweet eyes, my flesh went all a tremble for I knew my man had come, my own man. Yet Celia wanted him and Celia was yellow and witching. I saw her tempting him once as he took her across the great lagoon under the tortuous shadows of the trees; she leaned toward him and put the spell of her eyes across him and he looked at her puzzled-like. O I was mad with jealousy I was crouching in the slimy underbrush and they glided almost within [illegible] and then disappeared.

41-9-509

I wanted to die. I wanted nothing on earth like I wanted him. Without him I meant to creep into the slimy swamps + drink death. And then he came one night. He came + stood outside ~~the~~ Amos Dennis's cabin + played on his banjo. And when I came to the creek of the door, he told me how he loved me and wanted me & he dries tears And my hands crept along his cheek. And I cried.

And on third night when Miss Fanna was gone + I was alone in her beautiful room, Sudden like I wanted to be beautiful. I wanted to be the most beautiful thing in the world for a moment — just for Tonio's sake. All he could see me. I did never dared to look on this I.'s Thing before but merely, as mechanism but just once. I was wonderful. It was a miracle. The feel of hair + softness, the shine + color. I did not know clothes could do so much. I did not know myself. I stared + stared into the glass. Why I was — I was — almost — a Lady! almost — witche! And then — then I saw Miss Fanna.

She knew me. She knew me after ten long years.

41-1-158

She hated me. I found she meant to kill me but she fainted — from unhealthy dear. I put her kindly on bed & left. But God was not done with me. He was trying my stubborn heart & humbling the pride of Babylon. That day Tom came & me. He was covered mud dust & sweat & a great red scar was cut across his face. I shamed down & my aching heart. He was running away. He had chased a wicked woman. He was running away from. He he wouldn't let me go much down. But did come & get me some day. Some day — he come before God. He left me a crushed heart on the cabin floor.

That night I wandered deserted & alone but God guided me. He turning by the creek & along the dry road. He led me with fright as the sound surrounded voices there day. He guided me on & on until I stood at the cross roads — ledge the great road & took across the Charleston road. That way with edge of the summit Tom was running running to days & days & men were chasing him. I groaned & sank down until an old woman hurried me up & guided me with the church

41-9-511

It was crowded & I heard a crowd then. It was deserted. I knocked at windows. God forgives me. I did and demons.

When I left Hands an one was watching me. I went out a ways. I listened. All darkened. A minister was with old wooden pulpit & their deer nearby the hills. He took aside his edibles. It was terrible hot & he took off his coat & collar. We leaned over & ate & eat softly.

"Emelmus, I wants to tell you a story. It is the Negges' story ever told. Nito' I and God."

I remember every word of him along. I can tell it as he did with his tone and accents. But I can tell what he meant to say.

41-9-512

Conversion of Mary Magdalene

And the people got mad. And they said they didn't
care nothing about no God's crime they was [illegible] buying
selling something to eat & clothes on their backs; and besides
they gave charity & read their prayers regular. And if they
have sinned after their fashions & disobeying of the laws
they'd have done broke out. And when Jesus & the twelve
folks began & says as how they wanted to be something in
mind this fellow & and & this he was a right young
fellow & quiet & decent & they began & follow him & learn about
God. And the rich folk & elders & deacons got mad.
They said how we got to stand this fellow run our hall
down no. So they gave a dollar 30 cents & got amongst the
fellows & left on him, & [illegible] they arrested him & had him
in jail

41-7-357

I danced with me for Joy. I knew my Lord
was Born again & I was a Child of God
And me sang & sang & I lifted my voice above
them all

I praise the Lord

" " " "

" " " Bless Lord the Lord

to me

And so I ~~sang~~ became a child of God &
I have reformed from all my sins. O yes I have
sinned & backslid but forgives & comforts me
he leads me by His hand, & his mercies are
everlasting.

O don't I remember, dear God, don't I. Remember when your sent Tom back to me.

41-7-189

50
50
50
50
50

250
12
3000

41-7-345

Story of Eyebright

(Story of Little Lloyd Calhoun)

3½
2

The memory of the tall thin black boy whom she called brother.

He came home ~~bleeding to the~~ Mammy & cried about it & I cried. I'm going & run away

Mammy tells them to go — the gods of the Devils are angry — Strangers — & they must alone for 3000 moons She draws from the two rings & blesses & cures them & he goes with me

Her tall black mammy. — The smelly black smoke the barred door

Mammy is told to stay with Emma

She is sent away & Aunt Dinahs for the night

Uncle Clem drives her home — he and grim & stern no yellow but sorrow round with his children

She creeks in Mom Ellis tent

The altar & the strangers — the crowing in the kitchen. Woman bitt & her prayers — Market & the white still body of Emma

I tried & scream & Candrin

The fire — the little wandering flame — the ~~mossy~~ smoke

The incantation — the knock on the door — the rescue of Emma — the door ajar

Old master returns

The low curse & vows

The silent washing — the dreary smoke the last blow

I faint

I am at Aunt Dinahs ~~the rains is already~~ ~~needs and a bucket of cold water~~

I sit on the green grass where mammy Cabin was & cry.

a beautiful baby comes by & I clap. Miss Emma wants me "to stay with"

I go & dig trenches. Old master touches me with [illegible] & says "For shame" & I run & clasps his hands

One day I am alone near old Master, he looks at me sorrowfully & suddenly I know — he is my Father — he kisses my brow & gives me a packet — when you get married

([illegible] is marriage ring & $500 in it)

I try & be good — I nurse Tom Calhoun — I am converted

~~I am [illegible] Jesus Christ~~

~~I am converted~~ in the great revival & I serve the Lord. I am married & go to Atlanta. I open my basket & find marriage ring & $500.

I try on ring & kiss I mean clothes & am ~~[illegible]~~ diamond & am diamond — she takes the ring

my baby is born & dies

my second baby is born & ~~freedom~~ War comes

my third is born & freedom comes. My third baby dies. My husband becomes a leader & we are almost rich; in 1874 my boy is born. ~~I and the ring about this week~~

My husband is knighted & I run away with my two children. I try & take Hilda but lose her.

I go to Atlanta & become a washerwoman

my girl in College & my boy Theodore has married

He is sent to Chain gang. I work hard and in 6 months — he is pardoned & sent back. He runs away & I pray for him

I find Hilda crushed Hilda. She cries. Boy dangerously. She tells of persecution.

I pray for my boy. He comes back & marries Hilda. God is good. Hilda sickens We go to Colorado. He disobeys [I want the murderer. It is Hal. He is converted. He tells me & gives me my ring & I forgive God forgives — in Heaven]

Interlude – On the High Seas

3. The Seat of the Scornful

Book I The Story of Mary Calhoun * (see 3/2)

Mary Lloyd, was born in 1839 and was one of two children of the Wild woman, Irma Bell & her master Colonel Lloyd, by whom Irma was the mistress & the unnatural father of Irma. Her mother was a Cherokee Indian princess & a devout religious woman. She was driven from home by Irma & married Tom Calhoun in 1868. He was a political leader associated with John Reynolds & they had three children – two girls who died in 1871 & one boy Hal Calhoun, born in 1874. Reynolds deserts Tom & Tom is lynched in 1876. Mary Calhoun, bankrupt in both money & health moves to Atlanta where Hal, in 1886 becomes a wage-earning & pillar of the Wheat Street Church. Hal leaves his little playmate Hilda Rumbo. He meets new companions in Atlanta & his mother has a hard time. He gets into the chain gang & she crashes down. He runs away & she prays for him. God will give him back to her before she dies

Book 2 The Story of Hal Calhoun

Hal is born in Charleston in 1871 & Hilda in 1872 for 11 years they are inseparable companions. Then Hal is taken to Atlanta. He is a lazy slouch & in 1886 strikes an ensign & is sent to the chain gang. He swears to kill a guard often with a little finger bitten thru and a peculiar ring of twisted gold. He is cursed by a year in the chain gang & determines to pray. He leaves home for Atl. He becomes a gambler, loses all & breaks into a house the office

She hears Mary Bell curse & runs to Irma's room & tells the news. Irma orders her taken to the other end of the laundry building & locked

41-7-3442

1886
1871
15
1890

of the Iron Workers. He is given five years in the mines. He comes out in 1893 broken in health & spirits. He becomes a Pullman porter in 1894 stealing a comrades trousers. He tries & steal from Annunciata Reynolds. She gives him her pocket books & kisses him. He remembers Hilda. ~~Love Hilda~~ He returns & Atlanta & finds Hilda much his mother — a beautiful cuddle. He marries her in 1895 & toils furiously for her. She develops consumption He goes on the road as porter & struggles her & Col. Strongs. They refuse her entrance. He is mad mad & drives. Then Annunciata comes and Hilda dies. He gives up the child. I would find one thing he cries — a Ring. He steals ~~treed. bound~~ smith on a fullman

A Rear Admiral, as Atlanta commander, curses him for a "damned drunken nigger". He sees the ring. He kills the admiral. drunk navy Navy asks the judge "Because he called me & my wife & my child" The judge says he ought to be hanged. He is sentenced to death under another name. Hes mother comes & visit him in prison. They meet. He dies converted. She dances for joy

Book 3. The Story of ~~Robert~~ Reynolds Blakesley Lloyd-Jones

He is born in 1897, the ~~husband~~ son of Rear Admiral Lloyd & Annunciata Reynolds. Very early he knows that he was colored & refused to do. ~~When~~ He early became an artist, loved the outdoors, painted & was passionately fond of women especially ~~the~~ Indian. He went to a select N. E. preparatory school & visited ~~to~~ Brent friend from a colored servant of A. Vinal. He told his mother he wanted to go to a

41-7-346

1896-97

Randolph College — as Athlete. She developed, mentally, physically & emotionally. He went to A.V. and entered College as Reynolds Lloyd, dropping the Lloyd. From the first he was attracted by a slender girl Doris Jones — Tall straight & beautifully formed, her skin satin, her features small & beautiful, her hair a great mass of natural fibres parted in two shell masses & her eyes. He used to sit and looked at her until her embarrassment blushed in anger. When the students teased & he noted their social classes of Colored or suspicion. He resented the "morality" of the teasers & the narrowness of the Community. He helped in a great Concert with Negro songs & then discovered Doris' voice, her great sombre contralto. He knew when he heard it & broke in upon it until she was woken. Then he sang at her. They stood a moment face & face & then turning she ran away strangely with sobs. He tried to speak to her next day. She avoided him. Then came the Memorial students call & war, he enlisted. Sang at Doris again. She had gone. He discovered Mary Blankenship & loved her. He met unashamed & disdainful white students & took their manners & language at them as one in training — a Charlestonian — Harrison Coles. Then he [illegible] met Coles in N.Y. & Coles was hopelessly astounded. He told Armstrong when he was entering the black world for good. She told him he was Mary B's grandson & promised a home for him in Philly. He enlisted 92nd division, entered maneuvers. Became a lieutenant [illegible] in 368th. Engaged under Col. Coles. Went to Argonne battle. Was wounded

41-7-347

Esther & Archibald married by Red Cross nurses & part
at his request much fortunes. Gets his wedding. On
Dunkirk he hears the voice of Doris. He sleeps two
weeks & she comes. She sings - shades of Mme Butt - the wedding bells of this version of the Friends of Hell let loose
They plan to go to Africa & raise the black world
They meet Indians & Egyptians, Chinese.
They are married in Tunis & see Cape Mount
& the 5 p.a. congress
The Poetlinde - On Mount Everest

Head of Uncle Conjuro
Comic Mount

41-7-348

Part 3 The Seat of the Scornful

Mom Bell & Caesar, Hal & Hilda, Robert & Mary

Robert the University becomes a Priest & marries Hilda.

Hal becomes a criminal — thief, murderer, confidence man, labor leader. Robert takes the war-children

Rich Hilda & colorado & flanches a Rabbi-woman via and she dies. The Parson & Robert

Love. Her baby is born & lives. Edith Coles goes west & loses her child. Her baby is born & dies. She meets Robert & adopts his child. When Reynolds is after years wonders at his color & tries Edith reminds him of Mom Bell. Robert Lloyd Coles-Reynolds tames the Indian maiden.

Looks & see. Removal. Settlement work; slumming; travel.

His fathers power. The Great Imperial Conspiracy in London - 1911. *

He meets the Inner Circle — something clubs — His fellow-men

World War. He summons back & Amens & gets into the 92nd division. His ancestors troubles & tells them his descent. He smiles. I know — I've always known it. Father Robert did not tell me — I told him.

With the 92nd — the assignment — the shell — the

Negroes human Emotions mixed Americans Fools

Boggs a Cabinet

* ended with disease Japanese Indians — the Italian baby

11-7-34

1877
1864
75

Annandale

Mary Calhoun's eldest daughter grad N College
& studies medicine. She works as a trained nurse
(25 yrs old in 1877) She is the medical woman
Annandale likes. She founds or helps found the
Charleston Hospital for Women & Children

Part III

county."

"Is that Colonel Henry Jones?"

"Yes - he was in the front coach - his wife is not there; just had a child last week and they say she's very low."

"A handsome woman, I've heard."

"Well no, not handsome but a woman of fine appearance, haughty and aristocratic and bright-minded I hear - I never have known her well."

"Married long?"

"Why no -four or five years - look there do you see that wench?"

The funeral train of carriages and horsemen had passed, and a line of black folk afoot were following; they were mostly old people decently clad and reverent in bearing. At their head, stalking alone was a singular figure, a tall black woman of massive frame, erect carriage and swinging gait. Her skin seemed stretched across her great bones like hard thin leather and between it shone in almost painful emaciation. A single garment of coarse cloth was found curiously about her, out of which her head rose in strange forbidding aspect - short tufted hair of greyish black, high cheek bones, straight full nose and swelling lips, all set with eyes of piercing keenness. The whole aspect of the face was mingled hatred, mysticism and cunning. And yet, repulnive as was the general aspect of the hag her face held something fascinating perhaps even a memory of former attractions. She walked quietly in swinging strides, erect with high poised head and the people as she passed seemed to shring from her, the whites almost imperceptibly with vaguely shown uneasiness - the blacks with half-reverent fear.

41-7-349

"See that wench? that's Mom Bett," said the postmaster; "well now, in my opinion" lowering his voice to a whisper, "she poisoned old Lloyd."

The stranger started uncomfortably.

"She's one of those Voodoo women - came here in 1807. I remember it well. I was a young fellow and was down to Charleston and by George, she was the finest looking wench I ever saw. She fought like a beast when they landed her and Lloyd bought her on the spot for $1000, an enormous price then. She said she was some sort of queen and by George she's lorded it over his plantations ever since, till everybody's afraid of her. Lloyd tried to sell her mulatto daughter last year and she raised hell. I believe she poisoned him in revenge ~~for bringing her down here from the old plantation~~ - some slow poison, for he's drooped and dwindled

There sat the cradle but it was empty while on the floor ~~lay two little naked babies and beside them~~ crouched an old wild looking black woman. Irma leaned against the door way thinking and moistening her lips. Why was Mom Bett here she thought dimly. ~~Why were there two babies~~? Where was the baby Then suddenly a face appeared in the doorway-frightened, fearful. ~~It was Juno, Juno!~~ Why Juno was sold south ~~two years since~~. Irma spoke slowly, with great effort:

"What are - you doing here?"

The old woman lifted her awful face and ceased her crooning.

~~"They're both his" she said holding up the child.~~

Irma tried to ~~answer~~ speak - to say -~~"He - no only, Juno"~~ but a great weariness stretched through her limbs. She reached her hands for a chair and then settled quietly to the floor and lay there prone and white.

41-7-358

Below Colonel Jones was in his office with lighted cigar explaining something to his guest who listened intently. Colonel Jones paused and ~~listened~~ hearkened

"Excuse ve a moment" he said " I fear my wife may be sick and I thought I heard a noise in her room. Excuse me just a moment" and he stepped into the hall.

As he stepped out he heard the cry of a child. He looked up the great stair case and staggered backward with an oath - poised half way down the stairs was the half girded red black form of the hag Mom Bett, tall and hideous. She stood like an arrow, one arm akimbo while in the other held straight aloft lay a tiny white and naked babe; her head was thrown back, her eyes were fastened on the infant and her lips muttered convulsively as she stepped majestically noiselessly downward.

In an instant Jones comperhended. She was stealing his new born son. He leaped forward. She saw him suddenly-crouched backward snarling like a beast, hurled the babe at him and fled. Fortunately he was so near that the child fell but a few feet and he caught it gently; he hesitated a moment as the woman darted by, then he rushed up stairs.

"Celia, Celia" he cried violently ringing the bell. The servants came trooping up stairs with scared faces but the nurse Celia was missing.

Colonel Jones carried his wife quickly to her bed, absent again a moment over the sleeping child then hurried down stairs. ~~For a moment he hesitated in the hall breathing~~ hard. He stepped hastily to the door of the study.

Mr. Reynolds

"Well, well," he said with ill-assumed ease. "I did not mean to leave you so long. I beg a thousand pardons. One of the maids has disappeared and Mrs. Jones is feeeling badly too. I must excuse myself for the night but you will remain all night of course and we'll finish our business in the morning - no- no - it's no trouble and I'll have no excuses. -Jim-Jim! show the gentleman to the guest chamber and see that he is comfortable."

He watched them slowly ascend the stairs in a fever of impatience. Then he went quietly to a rack in his study and took down his pistols and a long lithe snaky-looking whip, and had started for the front door when a woman ran violently against him, then leaped back wild-eyed, terror-stricken. It was Juno.

"How dare you enter this house" he hissed "you black wench."

"I - I lost - something" she panted. He wheeled on her and raised the whip.

41-7-351

"Where's your mother?"

"She gone to the cabin."

"Did you help her tonight?" His hand twitched.

"No - I came - to stop her, but I - I lost."

"Get home, damn you."

"But -

He whirled the whip above his head and with a frightened moan she fled into the night. He rushed after her. Across field and fen they ran, down the old road, over the highway, toward the sea. He grasped the snaky whip and bent low keeping his eyes on her flying form, and cursing softly. Once he stumbled and lost sight of her, rose and staggered and ran again till he saw her form flitting by the red light against the sea. On he came bounding to the door of the cave-like hut.

Within was a flickering dying flame and over it crouched Momm Bett, crooning. In one corner Juno had thrown herself in a huddled mass sobbing wildeyed In the other corner was a dark shadow but Juno terrified thought she saw there an old, old man with wrinkled face and shadowy eyes. The witch woman never turned as Henry Jones entered and he said no word. He glanced at the shadow once, at Juno twice and then he threw off his coat, rolled back the shirt sleeve from his great white arm, and stripped the coarse cloak from Mom Bett's naked back in one movement. He whirled the black writhing lash and it hissed and sang in the air.

It was very still there at the edge of the great rice marsh-no birds,

no insects, only the dull tossing of the [illegible] and the keen rythmic swishing of the black lash. A little stream of blood trickled lazily to the floor.

The Colonel Jones spoke: "What - did you mean to - do with - my child?"

She looked at him with great eyes and said slowly "To kill. To kill." He raised the whip and struck her again and again. She crooned a low wild song as the blood streamed and spattered, then suddenly, leapt straight into the air with a quivering, fading shriek and fell prone on her back, with the blood oozing from her nostrils, and a great distorted smile on her rigid face.

His arms dropped. He leaned giddily against the crazy door, then turning reeled strode into the night. And His face was as scoured marble.

41-1-156

ent of our Peace was upon him and with his stripes we

on her heart like a knell- All we like sheep she groped
ave gone astray, "(she tottered forward)" we have turned
his own way." (She must go; she must think -the air here) -
the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all."

She rose swiftly and dragging the child walked unsteadily toward the door hearing as she went:

"He was oppressed and he was afflitced, yet he opened not his mouth, he is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

Some one stretched dark hands to help her but she shrank away. She did not hear the prattle of the child:

"Grandma, are black people really people?"

"Grandma, did God make black people?"

"Why did he make them black, grandma?"

"Grandma, I like black people, don't you?- only they look so funny."

She did not hear the sough and sigh of the great winds nor the music of the leaves, only the music of that voice haunted her - where had she heard it before? -and the words, the strange old new words.

"He was despised and rejected of men-

"with his stripes we are healed.

She did not see the streets, the city, nor the great dull sky, but tottered thru the gate with dim and wide stretched eyes. The child looked at her face in silent awe and crept noiselessly away. So all the world had left her - would leave, -and she groped for the great arm chair on the veranda and sank into it. Ah, she was weary, so tired, tired. The sun was burning the red sea and a black hulled ship hovered on the horizon. So the slave ships used to sail in blood.

"He was despised and rejected of men,
And With his stripes we are healed."

She bent forward and stretched her shrunken arms, and wisps of white hair played on her toothless jaws while out of the night rose a singing, wierd, wild singing beneath the dead sky and across the murmuring waters - long into the night she sat there staring whitefaced at the white-faced sea.

41-7-329

41-1-208

The Sign.

There was battle in the summer seas. A great hard muscled man was stalking through the loveliest of the languorous isles of the gulf, drinking the air, smelling the sea and scenting the perfume of the sky, but keeping his eyes ever afar to sight a great black ship, dim-sailed that beckoned and hovered in the offing. A hound ran before him - a huge blond and blue-eyed hound, with great curved back, slim legs and shifty eyes. He ran nervously to and fro nosing the ground searching, searching; and ever he crossed the way of the man's footsteps and the man with his eyes aloft kicked him as he stumbled on him and the hound snarled.

Suddenly they came to a place of flowers - wonderful flowers: great thick and golden blooms, curiously in wrought and cunningly carven, delicately strong and sick-sweet with a strange alluring scent. No sooner did he see them than the hound howled foamed at the jaws and pawed with glazed set eyes among them. The man would pass on but the hound leapt in his path frothing and whining: the man struck at him with the great limb of a tree but the lithe beast leaping, set his fangs into the tall man's arm and the blood spurted. Then there was battle in the summer seas. The man fought carelessly and threateningly, but the hound beat him back; he fought angrily, viciously but the hound fastened on his waxen throat; he fought madly, despairingly but the hound hung voiceless drinking the pouring blood. So fiercely did the man and hound fight, so quickly did they move that it seemed as though men and hounds by hundreds were battling over the whole face of

the island. The breath of battle stirred the very air - the sea dashed itself against the land, the great white water mists rose and rolled themselves into the black lowering land clouds - the sea roared and the heavens thundered, while forked lightnings crashed in the heavy treetops, waving above the frightened eyes of the white faced woman who watched the battle from afar, wrapped in the forest.

602-1-17

Suddenly the ~~black~~ dark ship vomited its burden - the black and bloody bodies of shackled slaves, quick and dead, dark maids and women great with child, whimpering babes - all muttering wailing, shrieking.-clamored down into the sea under the lashing whips, and as they poured down they bled till the ship ran blood and men. The waters hurled them inward toward the shore, floating, swimming, wading. But the white faced woman watcher, mad with fury called to the waters and up from the depths ~~came~~ rose dead women, white faced and white-lipped. The sea whirling, hurled the pale dead into the black faces of the fear-struck living, beating out the brains of the men and bursting the breasts of the women till their babes sucked blood.

Suddenly night fell and with it fell madness and confusion. The hound snapped at its own lean flank - the man tore at his own bloody throat, the cramped hands of the white-lipped women clutched in each other's trailing hair and the wretched slaves fell on each other in ignorant fury. With wail and shriek the wind puffed in the dim sails of the black ship, the wonderful golden flowers turned black with night and red with blood, and with a great cracking groan the man fell across them and died in lonely silence, while in the forests rang a woman's cry.

41-1-210

Afar on the ship fading into the night sat a brown-faced Indian with his face set westward. On he flew a-top of seething hissing waters, passed naked isles, passed mournful headlands, passed the black backs of other shackled slaves crouching in the shudder of the storm. And behind in the ~~single~~ empty isle, with his red feet on the dead white face, the lone hound howled to the howling winds.

"He was digging potatoes here evidently"said Reynolds. "And here are his tools - ah - to the barn."

They ransacked the barn. There was no one to be found.

"Well,he may have gone down town-supose you come back about dusk" said Reynolds. And then he returned sat among his guests and thought. As he sat there he glanced up and saw Martha looking at him from the kitchen door. An appeal lay on her face but he did not see it - he only saw a look that brought back through the mists of twenty years and more the memory of a round girlish face,with terror in her eyes who crouched on the lintels of that very door and told him a tale of runaway slaves,and then he and she had slipped out into the yard yonder - he started to his feet. Fool! how could he have forgotten that old trap door . A moment he hesitated but the memory of that dark night on the wharf arose and he went white with anger. Sauntering out on the porch, later he watched the road and met the marshall. He whispered to him and the marshall and his assistants hurried to the barn just as Martha appeared on the back porch with a plate off food. She threw her apron over it and stood petrified. The tardy minutes dragged away and then the barred door opened and Tom Calhoun chained hand and foot came out slowly between two heavily armed men. The food crashed to the floor;she staggered back to the kitchen.

"Silena,Silena" she cried " they're taking our Tom back to slavery" and then she settled into the old chair and stretched her arms on the kitchen table and fainted away.

Silena lost not a minute of time. She dashed a whole pail of water over the prostrate woman and then picking up her skirts jumped through the window leapt the fence and flew up the dusty road. Far behind she heard the hoof beats of the marshall's horse,but she threw back her head and ran like a fawn,across the bridge,under the great elm,into the post office.

"Father - father" she screamed "They're kidnapping Tom Calhoun."

And with a shiver and a roar the town of Canaan poured into the streets.

Meantime the guests, save Higby, had no inkling of the incident. Grimes was showing certain specifications on a large blue print to Haynes and Coles and Bates. Higby had ridden down town,and John

41-1-203

Reynolds was listening to Grimes.

"What's that" asked Grimes as a low rumble reached his ears.

John Reynolds stepped to the door. A distant roar of voices was wafted in.

41-1-204

"Excuse me - I'll step down and see" he said seizing his hat, and to Grimes' disgust Haynes followe d. The wagon of the marshall was in the midst of the long street of Canaan surrounded by an angry crowd of men.

"Thief"

"Slave-catcher."

"Murderer", they yelled "Let him go- let him go."

John Reynolds pushed his way through the throng and clambered into the carriage. The marshall recognised him. "Gentlemen" said Reynolds "we are all law abiding citizens. You know me - I promise you that this man shall not be taken from town without a fair trial. Let us see that he is safely put in the look-up tonight and his case properly tried tomorrow." The crowd looked upon Re ynolds as defending the Negro and quickly assented.

The next morning Harrison Coles sauntered down town. Something had been said casually at breakfast about the trial of a fugitive slave, but no particulars were given, and yet he was curious. The court room was crowded to the doors with men, women and children. The women were in tears, the children wide eyed and the men stern and solemn. A gnant minister opened the proceedings with along earnest prayer and then Tom Calhoun was arraigned and Colonel Higby offered documents to prove that he was his property

Surprise, disgust and indignation swept over Coles' face.

"You acknowledge that you ran away from slavery?" insisted the prosecuting attorney.

"Yes" said Toc.

"And that you came from ~~South Carolina~~ Virginia?."

~~"Yes."~~ "No!"

"~~And~~ But this description could not be more precise" he argued as he read from a newspaper.

"That description might fit a thousand Negroes" protested the lawyer of the defense. "There is absolutely no identifying mark outside the general description of height, weight, etc.

"I think I can identify the man" the voice came from the back of the room. Higby looked around in ourprise and Reynolds in apprehension.

Harrison Coles came forward. "This Negro" he said "belongs to me. He was the property formerly of Senator John C. Calhoun and came to me through my aunt by inheritance. He was always well treated, was married in my house and had two children. Suddenly and to us unaccountably he beat his young wife terribly and ran away. We suspected that he escaped North on some of the sailing vessels out of Charleston, and altho I advertised locally, I made no great effort to trace him. His action to me was unaccountable. His treatment was the best I could give and if he wanted to leave I was willing he should go. I have here a description of him with certain scars and marks, published in the South Carolina ------ March 3--18--" Moreover I think Tom will corroborate my words."

"They are true" said Tom Calhoun. "I am Master Coles' slave."

A groan went through the strained audience.

"I have - ah- evidently been mistaken in this identification and I witdraw all claim" said Colonel Higby and with an awkward bow to Coles he hurried out.

"I award this slave to Harrison Coles" said the commissioner.

Tom bowed his head and an ominous murmur shook the room.

Reynolds came quickly over to Coles. "We have arranged to slip him out of the back way" he said "a swift carriage is there and the south train will stop at the crossing - pay no attention to these ". But Harrison Coles brushed by him.

"Mr. Commissioner " he said I have made no claim to this slave and make none now. If you will make out a certificate of his freedom I will sign it."

There was no cry - no cheer that greeted these words only a great sob quivered among the crowd and slowly, fully the voices of the men swelled in the old long-meter doxology-"Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

"This court stands adjourned" said the commissioner.

The incident spoiled Mr. Grimes' conference. Congressman Higby and Haynes were called suddenly to New York, and Mrs. Coles wrote her husband to join her in Saratoga. "It is unusually gay" she said. As Harrison

41-1-205

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41-1-206

The incident spoiled Mr.Grimes' conference. Congressman Higby and Hay Haynes were called suddenly to New York,and Mrs.Coles wrote her husband ~~longing~~ to join her in Saratoga. "It is unusually gay"she said. As Harrison Coles wound ~~northward along~~ Westward across the dark rivers ~~Housatonic~~ and looked at the hills and the faces,a bewilderment lay on his spirit. He had met in that ~~little~~ back village of a North he had never known before. The Northerners he knew were prigs and doughfaces,money bags like Grimes schemers like Reynolds and a few fanatics. Here however he faced a great sincerity. Simple deep belief and honest conviction. Why did the North thus thrust forward its worst side to the world? Then he sat up with a start:was not the South doing the same- was not the South being judged by its Higbys and Jones,it Kitts and Barksdales? Is it not ever thus that the cruder,noisier,more vulgar elements of men drown out the voices of gentler truer humanity? Striving thus with his thoughts he rode into Saratoga and saw that Babylon in full and shameless swing - the ladies in low-necked gowns and bare arms lolling in their carriages, the men silk-hatted and gorgeous with silk and perfume.,gaping and gambling and everywhere black liveried servants,loud strident laughter,a flood of gold and gayety and feverish ease.

When Mr.John Reynolds walked in from the lobby to the floor of Congress in December 1860,the first man he met was Harrison Coles and he

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ments of men drown out the voices of gentler truer humanity? Striving

41-1-207

"We cannot, Calhoun tried logic, Clay tried compromise, Taney tried
and we have tried force in Kansas."

"We lost for want of slaves."

"We lost because of our enemies' strength."

"let us leave the North".

"Can we not carry the nation into war for expansion southward?"

"No, this has failed after ten trials -one in California, two in Mexico, three in Central America and four in Cuba."

"Can we not bring on a foreign war".

"We have tried that twice with Spain and England and failed, ~~moreover its outcome might help or hinder us - we cannot tell.~~"

"Let us leave the North."

"Would they let us leave in peace?"

"Yes, after some bluster."

"Would the whole south leave with us ?"

"No - we are sure of South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi . We have a ~~fighting~~ chance in Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. We cannot carry the rest, unless -

41-9-493

"Can we not try further compromise?"

"We have gone too far. Expansion of slavery is our least demand, and expansion of slavery is their greatest grievance."

"Then we must? " -

"Secede!"

"We cannot secede without - "

"War!"

"War?"

"Anything but war!"

"Nothing but war!"

"Why?"

"Armed agression from the North will unify the south."

"But the north will not fight?"

"We must make them fight."

"How?"

"Anyhow."

"Why?"

"We are between the devil and the deep sea. Stay in the union and slavery will fall; leave the union and only the lower south will follow; hence war to unify the south, and take fifteen states out of the Union into the confederacy

"But if the North fights, it may win."

"The chances are against it. We are p repared, half the North is ffriendly and foreign nations will intervene to save King Cotton."

"But if the North should win?"

"We would be no worse off than now".

"Suppose they should abolish slavery?"

"We would re-establish it under another name."

"And if we win?"

"With our trained army, we would sweep down to the Isthmus and across the Carribean."

"Then to South America".

"And then?"

"Back to the United States and Canada."

"Then Africa and the slave ~~trade~~,"

"Then- the World."

"The question is ~~then~~ Surrender or Fight?"

"Compromise or SEcession".

"Secession and War?"

"War and Secession"

"Let us vote - Silver for Compromise. Gold for War."

So at last they voted - the gleaming balls of gold and silver rolled along the table to the feet of the king. The giant black man, blind and noiseless, raised them as they fell and dropped them in the silken folds of his lap. The trumpet blazed against the dully echoing walls and the whole company arose.

"Secession and war by your votes" said the king.

"Secession and war" echoed each man in turn.

The silence of death reigned in the hall. The eyes of the King were closed and his face was glittering white. Slowly, slowly he stretched forth his thin and wasted hand and laid it on the great black book which thie kneeling giant held. The councillor arose and trooping silently forward each laid his right hand upon the king's and in low hushed tones, they swore the Great Oath.

Then they made obeisance before the king and slowly disappeared amid the gloom of the massive pillars. But Colonel Jones looked back. The king still sat motionless and lo! his white hand lay upon the book crushed as with a weight of stone, the fingers gripping the pale flesh drew oozing blood and the burning depths of his great eyes lurked a sorrow, infinite like the very passion of Christ.

All the next morning, Colonel Jones wandered with his companions in a great tropical park, listening to the winds and the sea and talk of the great decision.

"I scarcely see" said he to one "how we can force the North to fight, a more pliable and cowardly set of human beings I never heard of."

"Do not deceive yourself - it will be far easier to start them fighting than to stop them."

"How can we do it".

"Maintain the irreconcilable attitude. Yield nothing - demand everything then at last, if nothing else will do, commence war, seize federal property, fire on the flag."

"But that will make us the aggressors."

"Yes but retaliation will come so fast that we shall get southern sympathy."

"I doubt if that will work."

"Wait and see".

Just at twilight came the final summons to solemn court. A great grove stretched before the councillors, dark with palms and ancient oaks, sloping like an amphitheatre. On one side rose a dais surrounded by torches, on which the pale king sat enthroned in flame. Twenty or thirty new comers grouped themselves around - men whom Jones did not know. Some were dark Latin looking men of foreign tongues; others Englishmen and still other turbaned strangers from the far East. The voice of the King rang full and sweet:

41-9-495

have become the strong arm of mankind
Human Freedom
men pursuit of the true interest of humanity?
There
homer is grown all then
are apparent: then our today is not
simply the limitation of our power it
is its infinity. So let it be. We meet
the issue. Our imperial mandate
for this Solemn Covenant of 1858 is
this: Shall we continue to cling to
the Union all free
to expand with or
over all the Americas, or shall we
separate from the World, and
ourselves suddenly
over Mexico
Central & South America all the islands
of the sea, free the African slave
trade, and turning again Northward
rob the United States and Canada
of the greatest empire the world
ever saw — America.

Wherefore we are met, Citizens,
in 5th Solemn Covenant, at this Centennial

41-1-201

"Turn then & the trial before you & the God of Nations guide your deliberations!"

Long minutes and hours and ~~days~~ days they sat about that dark & polished board beneath the vaulted roof. Then voices rose & fell, then bodies leaned & gestured, their flushed and drawn. Yet then every word and turn of thought the three leaders caught, turned & guided ahead ~~others~~ three and threw, then each argument in brief burning snatches or snatches of condensed argument. So that John Reynolds bleak bearded and cunningly designed found himself watching & studying the speakers as they argued but listening to their arguments only as they fell transformed & crystalized from the leaders mouth:

"Let us cling to the Union."

"We cannot, ~~anti slavery~~ Abolitionism expells us."

"The abolitionists are not in majority."

"But they that would limit slavery and ~~thus choke it to death, kill~~"

"Slavery must expand or die."

~~"Choked slavery means enslaved master as well as man."~~

"Then overcome this party for ~~slavery~~ limitation."

"Slavery must expand or die."

~~"Choke slavery means enslaved master as well as man."~~

"Then overcome this party ~~for slavery limitation~~"

"We cannot. Calhoun tried Negro, Clay tried Compromise, Taney tried Dred, and we have tried force in Kansas"

"We let the hand of slaves."

41-9-513

are opposed and they began some rioting this morning — Mark!"

"

An unmistakable sound of turmoil far away, struck on their ears, and they walked nervously to the door.

"Is Tom Calhoun still with you" asked Martha.

"Yes, he's been porter here now since you sent him to us four years ago" — he said" I suppose you know that he came to us before you ever saw him - let's see, away back in '52, and we sent him Canaan way - " he glanced at his watch. "the fact is that I'm worrying about him now - I sent him for your carriage and he's an hour overdue, and I'm half afraid - "

"Afraid of what?" asked Silena.

"Why the mob down town is ugly and they've been especially bloodthirsty in attacking colored men. I — " He did not finish. A black form staggered around the corner of the street and a gang of women, boys and men rushed after him. They were ragged, jeering, wild eyed creatures drunken, red faced and bloated, cruel and frenzied; bricks and stones and missles flew through the air and they poured their vilest epithets on the staggering victim. "Kill the black Nigger, smash his damned head - string him up".

"Come" said the secretary in alarm "this way to the back door. - "

"But open the door for Tom - he'll be killed" cried Silena.

"There's no time - they'll kill you if you let them in" but

41-1-200

"There's no time - they'll kill you if you let them in" but Silena ~~Silena~~ leapt to the great door and with a wrench threw it open. A great jagged rock hissed through her hair and a mud covered brick struck Tom full in the head just as he reached the steps;a woman leapt at him with a club,but he rose with a powerful effort and staggered in the door just ~~gored in the door~~ just as a dozen men hurled themselves against its hastily thrown bolt.

Silena quivered and swayed as she saw the blood dripping from his head but he picked her up in his arms and rushed on through the back office, and down a flight of stairs. Martha,the boy and the man were cowering there and fumbling at the door but Tom quickly unlocked it and pointed to a covered wagon,and horses standing there. Then he staggered, closed his eyes and fell like a log to the pavement. It was clear that he had brought the carriage here to avoid the mob on the stree,but had been unable to effect entrance. Apparently he had then slipped around the front way but the mob had overtaken him.

202-1-17

For a moment they all hesitated,then bending they lifted the inert body into the carriage and covered it from sight. Silena wiped and fanned the bloody head while Martha chafed his great rough hands,and the secretary drove cautiously out to the main street. Above them the mob was yelling cursing and pillaging,columns of smoke and flame rose in great volumes from the Negro orphanage to the west and below a cordon of blue coated policemen came rushing to the scene. The carriage whirled furiously down Third Avenue.

"Can we make the boat"asked Martha.

"I'm afraid not- but we'll try"and the carriage jolted and twisted on. A crowd of gamins stoned them,women jeered and once a mass of yelling men rounded the corner in front of they but they wheeled into Second Avenue and went on. The horses were reeking with sweat and panting pitifully. There was an ominous sound of fierce fighting ahead,but above it rose a low rumble of thunder;thh lighting flashed and quickly a great dashing shower of rain poured and beat upon the mob,swept steets of the city and cleaned them of their vermin,great and small.

"We'll miss the boat,but save our lives"whispered the weary driver. Yethe pushed on to the wharf.

"The boat is still waiting" he cried in surprise.

"Quick aboard-"

"And Tom?" asked Silena "He's recovering -he's -"

41-1-198

Book III.

The Seat of the Scornful.

The Seat of the Scornful.

Chapter I.

~~Mom Bett.~~ The Coming Freedom

All the dark lowlands were sleeping. The solemn oaks dipped to the gloomy waters and a wild bird frightened from her nest rose and shrieked in the darkness circled in the air then settled to her sleep again. but the ~~li ttle~~ lone boy whom her shrill cry wakened, strated from his dreams sat upright ain his bed and turned fear struck eyes toward the sea. Within the cabin all was dark and still save a dying gleam in the fire place and a sound of breathing. The little boy hearkened -how the sea roared like a great Voice! what was it saying? What were those little answering whispers and whence that glowing in the outer blackness? A slow dim terror crept and trembled in his limbs; his dry lips would not speak but he strained with his eyes out the great dark door. See a flaming sat upon the midnight waters, and round it - yes, round it- rode the dark shadow of a shadowy ship, sailing swinging hurrying; and above it swirled a face, a great dark awful - "Mammy", wailed the child "Mammy - mammy - mammy" he shrieked in an ecstacy of terror till two great soft arms came out of the night and held him, and a voice crooned:

"There, honey, there; it's all a dream, nothing shall hurt mammy's child."

When the child awoke again the sun was streaming across the waters. He wakened his older sister and whispered to her and together in their scanty night gowns which scarce covered their smooth dark flesh, they stepped to the kitcher where the mother was hurrying to and fro and singing softly.

"Mammy" ~~please tell us another story about Momm Bett" they asked in unison.~~ cocked the boy "I dreamed Mom Bett done got me, last night"

Ever and again such dreams came through long long years. But one morning the

41-1-199

looked on Negro schools as non-sensical experiments bound to fail on account of the sheer stupidity of the children. Then when they prospered they begrudged them the public monies. At last there came a new and more sinister palint - the scarcity of labor. It was a ~~thnew~~ thing - unknown in its present form in slavery times and the ~~p~~ainters attributed it to the deviltry and laziness of the freedmen.

30-27-37

"There are a dozen good cotton hands down at that Nigger school" said Mr. Johnson to the loafers in his store "and a couple of dozen half-hands -it's bad enought to keep these niggers idle without teaching them all to shun work or making them impudent. By God they'll think they're good as white folks in a year or so." Thus the white community grumbled. Nor was the black world altogether satisfied.

"Miss Mary's a good teacher but she's had her share of the school money now and she ought to let somebody else have a little now" suggested Sands, cautiously.

"She don't pay any attention to my children, it's only the smart ones she cares for" growled another.

And so the leaven of criticism and discontent grew about the unconscious hard working girl, until the ~~day that Henry Reynolds found himself~~ day of the new election came and Harrison Cole was replaced on the board by Robert Reynolds ~~with a grievance against her rather~~ [illegible] at ~~the~~

He saw the name of Mary Calhoun on the pay roll and remembered something

"Is this Bob Calhoun's sister" he asked.
"Yes, sir" said the colored porter.
"Where's Bob -"
"He's up to Columbia at School."
"And she's supporting him, I suppose.
"Yes, sir, I guess so."

Johnson drummed on. Well give that school girl Sands' daughter. She's a good nigger."

~~end of the school term.~~ 172

Chawter ~~XIV.~~ 12

The Servant.

She went into her little room in the cabin and lay down on the bed and thought it all out. Next year was Robert's last year in college - it would be awful to have him stop now, he must not stop. He had worked in Columbia last year and in the long summer months had saved $75. His scholarship had added $50 to this and she had sent $150 from her salary.

30-27-386

30-27-384

2

Reynolds dictated. 'Sometime next week' he said at last slowly and hastened out again. He was soon [illegible] with [illegible]

41-1-191

"She was up in the nursery crooning over two naked children on the floor and Miss Irma sank fainting beside her. I seized one of the children which one I did not know and rushed down the stairs to the kitchen and met the nurse Celia face to face.

"Give me that child! she screamed. "How dare you undress it" and seizing it and pushing me aside she rushed to the nursery. I slipped around searching for the other child but I could not find it and Colonel Jones drove me home and x came down and whipped my mammy to death."

Her voice died away in whispers as she sank lower beside the bed.

"My God, can't I never do nothing for my sin. I didn't know, they did not tell me, why did God leave me ignorant and punish me hot and awful when I fell. God knows my soul is clean as the stars; I have never wanted man but you. And can my body never get clean again? Since then I have been clean as the mother of God. Are these stains that Time nor Goodness can't

30-1-124

"Don't touch me, Master, I's free." cried the brown man.

The whip curled and spat about his shoulders. He shrank back and the lash hissed across his face. He sprang forward and again the whip sang but only to the air, for with one fierce lounge he had seized the rider swung him far into the air and dashed him like a child into the cotton rows. A yell arose, the dark mass wavered a moment then started with a cry toward the horsemen. The horses reared and turned, one shot was fired and a woman clutched her breast, convulsively and sank to the ground, then the horsemen rode headlong across the field and after them hurried a cursing howling black mob, with sticks and stones.

41-9-362

John Reynolds viewing the fracas at a safe distance, shook his head: this meant trouble and he started for the camps where the white tents of the soldiers glistened among the foliage.

"The war is over" said the Colonel to whom he applied. "I have not jurisdiction over these men, especially as Johnson has pardoned them all."

"But this will practically mean Negro slavery again."

"Let them protect themselves."

"How can they, ignorant, unarmed, poor, unorganized-"

"That may all be but President Johnson has put th e rebels in the saddle again and I - " Here an orderly entered with a message. The Colonel smiled and handed it to Reynolds.

"Colonel ------ is directed to arrest all persons interfering with Negroes on the leased plantations and hold them for military trial."

A company of blue coated soldiers were soon on the road raising white dust as they flew along the level road by Hilton Head. They had scarce wheeled into the higway to Beaufort than they faced a body of men- some 25 white men armed and riding in a hollow squad around a band of a score of Negroes shackled hand and foot and grey with dust.

"What's this?" asked the Colonel.

A man rode forward and showed his badge. He was the sheriff of the county.

"This is my possee" he said " and we are arresting these fellows for riot and murder."

"Where did you arrest them?"

"I do not regognize your authority to question me, but I do not mind

watched and waited.

"What can have happened?"

"He'll come"she said nervously.

Reynolds sank back in silence. Here was a pretty mess:the idea of a reputable merchant,cloaked and disguised like a murderer,hanging about in mid ocean on a wild goose-

"Hark"she bent forward with strained face,and peered from the darkened cabin northward.

"He's coming."

Reynolds disappeared in the darkness.

The woman slipped to her cabin. She draped a silken shawl on her gleaming armsand firm heaving bosom;her gown flowed in one great shimmering undulating wave from bust to ankle,curving and filling in sinuous beauty. She shook out the dark coils of her hair,touched the powder to her cheeks and waited.

Silence -long silence. Then the soft tingle of waters-dip-dip-a grating of a low hail wood, and a hasty muffled footfall. A dark cloaked form appeared on the deck,hesitated a moment-glided across and descended to the cabin. A moment it paused:suddenly the cabin door flew back and the soft light of the chandelier gleamed on the silken draperies of a half hidden couch, sparkled on the gold and silver and linen of a richly dressed table, where the wine in the cut glass decanter glowed blood-red, and the food and iced fruits lay in delicious soft colored mounds. In the midst swayed the curving form of the waiting woman,alluring,splendid;half mystical in the artful beauty of her framing.

"Zirra"he whispered passionately.

She whirled half round and hid her face in her hands then as the silken shawl fell from the pink and heaving flesh with seeming sudden abandon,she stretched her bare white arms and cried:

"Come!"

An hour later another cloaked form glided across the deck and descended.

"Careful-not a sound"he said warningly. He stepped into the boat and the rowers drew away with muffled dip. Then when they were half a mile out the little engine began to pulse but it pulsed but little louder than the heart of John Reynolds who muffled and disguised was flying to the Grand Conclave in Congressman Henderoon's stead.

Within a half hour Reynolds espied a dim light far ahead-on they whirled over the billows-then came a flashing of lights,which slowly disappeared in the tall tree tops as their keel grated on a silent shore. A single dark figure stood there silent and shadowy and Reynolds'

heart leapt to his mouth. He did not hesitate however but seizing his pistol firmly advanced ~~to the silent figure.~~ A blinding light flashed in his face and then without a word the figure turned and walked quickly into the dense damp forest beneath the great white stars and Reynolds followed.

Chapter XII
The Inner Circle.

It was broad day. ~~A black bearded~~ man splendidly uniformed in crimson and gold stood ~~before~~ a great carven oak door knocking and his hand trembled as he knocked. The door flew abruptly open and a blast of trumpets rolled in vaulted corridors. The room into which he stepped directly from his simple quarters was of stately magnificence. It was tinted in crimson and gold. Two rows of massive pillars lined each side holding great rounded arches of gleaming mosaic. The light streamed in from painted windows above the pillars and high over them hung the carved and vaulted roof. Down the length of the hall between the inmost pillars, stretched a broad

table of rich dark wood, polished and inlaid, resting its curved claw feet on red velvet carpets which guarded ~~the~~ a white marble floor. Twenty one golden chairs, with crimson trappings surrounded the table. The chair at the foot was empty. From the others rose ~~twenty~~ numerous men as ~~the~~ the ~~black bearded man~~ entered. ~~He stepped forward quickly with eager face - he knew that one this one, all? yes, all of them, as he glanced rapidly and the great names of the South crowded to his lips but froze there, for the remembered what must happen if they knew - if they suspected.~~ They were clad in ~~the same~~ gorgeous military uniforms ~~as he but each different, cream, and grey and blue, and they bowed gravely and courteously as he seated himself in the empty chair.~~ (over)

Directly opposite to ~~him~~ us and close to the unoccupied end of the table, was ~~the~~ a throne silghtly raised above the level of the floor. It was of pure white marble canopied and carven magnificently and garlanded with cloth of gold. Upon it ~~rose~~ stood a great black chair, strait and ancient and on the ~~great~~ vast sparkling arch that folded itself above the chair hung a circle of jewels and gold.

Two gigantic black heralds- men mighty in limb and stature stood by the amrposts and as the last great crash of trumpets struck and wailed through the hall - ~~as~~ the richly girded company rose and faced the chair, ~~the black bearded man~~ ~~bent~~ ~~forward~~ ~~in~~ ~~amazement.~~

A singular figure ~~was already seated there.~~ The slight body was shaped in a flowing silken robe that swept the soft ~~black~~ red carpet. Above rose a face transparently white, pinched and shrunken; the top was bald so that the forehead rose like a pale dome: the upper lip was shaven but from the chin flowed a long white forked beard and the fringe of ~~silvery~~ hair from his head slipped down and mingled with it. The eyes were dim and shadowy and the face lay perfectly still in calm dignity as though in deep reverie. He seemed unearthy, a thing haloed in mystery, unsubstantial, yet real with a stinging forceful reality that gripped the heart of every man there. That vast mysterious power that lay in these men's hands, that power before which ~~was~~ continents were ~~bowing~~ bowed, and the ~~Five~~ seven Seas ~~resounding~~ resonant, seemed here suddenly incarnate flesh and blood and yet that flesh spiritualized and the blood, bloodless and thin. Over all his face and form hovered and appearance of extreme age, endless years, long, long acquaintance with the infinite

Wars in every dress with medals & orders
across their breasts. ~~There is the treaty room in~~
~~& I send my minister in a magnificent livery, gown~~
~~with a strange order in diamonds about his neck~~
After we ended they all sat, the admiral at the
table — I had my stool ~~next~~ at the admiral's, one
of twenty other smaller stools & curules for
the little tables with books papers & documents &c
used by the delegates when required

Past, and thought involuntarily, perhaps, with - the Infinite Future. The man aroused himself nervously looked about him and ever the unasked question slipped to his lips-"Who is he?"

As if in answer the old man spoke and his voice sounded full and musical as it rang in the great hall:"My Lords, it is years since I placed myself on this throne. Whence I came and why matters little to you. I have seen the cracking of empires and the staggering of nations until weary with the old world's I sought in the new world the true divinity of Might, the true doctrine of human inequality and human subordination. First I set myself to establish the supremacy of the central all dominating Will - the principle of monarchy to which the South was ever true. Through that will we strive to establish a great slave empire stretching from Hudson Bay to the south Pacific and from Sea to Sea."

He paused and scanned their strained faces.

"The march of our empire has been irresistible magnificent. The day of the crisis of its fortunes is at hand. The vaster the triumphs the deeper the dangers. Our foes and militant and faintly suspect our power and designs. Their power is growing and their purposes are apparent :their aim today is not simply the limitation of our power it is its upoooting. So let it be. We meet the issue. Our imperial mandate for this Solemn Conclave of 1859 is this:Shall we continue to cling to the Union and force the Nation to expand with us and slavery southward over all the Americas, or shall we separate from the North, hurl ourselves suddenly southward over Mexico, Central and South America and the islands of the sea, free the African slave trade, and turning again northward roll the United States and Canada into the greatest empire the world ever saw - America.

"Wherefore we are met, Cousins, in solemn conclave, at my command. Turn then to the task before you and the God of Might guide your deliberations."

Long minutes and hours, and days they s at about that dark and polished board beneath the vaulted roof. Their voices rose and fell, their bodies lounged and quivered, their eyes flashed and dimmed. Yet their every word and turn of thought, the thin strong leader caught, turned to quick sharp phrase and threw back to them their own argument in brief

burning snapping snatches of condensed argument. So that John Reynolds black bearded and cunningly disguised found himself watching and studying the speakers as they argued but listening to their arguments only as they fell transformed and simplified from the leaders mouth:

"Let us cling to the Union."

"We cannot, abolitionism expells us."

"The abolitionists are not in majority."

"But they that would limit slavery are, and slavery must expand or die."

"Then overcome this party for slavery limitation."

"We cannot, Calhoun tried logic, Clay tried compromise, Taney tried law and we have tried force in Kansas."

"We lost for want of slaves."

"We lost because of our enemies' strength."

"Let us leave the North."

"Wait! can we not carry the nation into war for expansion southward?"

"No, this has failed after ten trials- one in California, two in Mexico, three in Central America and four in Cuba."

"Can we not bring on a foreign war."

"We have tried that twice with Spain and England and failed."

"Let us leave the North."

"Wait! Would they let us leave in peace?"

"Yes, after some bluster."

"Would the whole south leave with us?"

"No, we are sure of South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi. We have a chance in Georgia, Louisiaina and Texas. We cannot carry the rest, unless- "

"Can we not try further compromise?"

"We have gone too far. Expansion of slavery is our least demand, and expansion of slavery is their greatest grievance."

"Then we must"—— "

"Secede!"

"We cannot secede without "-

"War!!

"War?"

"Anything but war!"

"Nothing but war!"

"Why?"

"Armed aggression from the North will unify the South."

"But the north will not fight."

"We must make them fight."

"How?

"Anyhow."

"Why?"

"We are between the devil and the deep sea. Stay in the union and slavery will fall; leave the union and only the lower south will follow; hence war to unify the south, and take fifteen states out of the union into the Confederacy."

"But if the North fights, it may win."

"The chances are against it. We are prepared, half the North is friendly and foreign nations will intervene to save King Cotton."

"But if the North should win?"

"We would be no worse off than now."

"Suppose they should abolish slavery?"

"We would re-establish it under another name."

"And if we win?"

"With our trained army, we would sweep down to the Isthmus and across the Carribean."

"Then to South America."

"And then?"

"Back to the United States and Canada."

"Then Africa and the slave trade."

"Then - the World."

"The question is Surrender or Fight?"

"Compromise or Secession?"

"Secession and War?"

"War and Secession."

"Let us vote- Silver for Compromise. Gold for War."

So at last they voted - the gleaming balls of gold and silver rolled along the table to the feet of ~~the king~~ my father, He ~~The giant black man, blind and noiseless,~~ raised them as they fell and dropped them in the silken folds of his lap. ~~The trumpet blazed against the dully echoing walls and the whole company arose~~.

101 A

I remember sitting innocent with starchy clarinets

+ ~~170~~ 100

~~"Secession~~

"Secession and war by your votes" said ~~the king.~~ he

"Secession and war"echoed each man in turn.

The silence of death reigned in the hall. The eyes of the King were closed and his face was glittering white. Slowly, slowly he stretched forth his thin and wasted hand and laid it on the great black book which the kneeling giant held. The councillorsarose and trooping silently forward each laid his right hand upon the king's and in low hushed tones, they swore the Great Oath.

Then they made obeisance before the king and slowly withdrew stepping backward face forward to the throne until they all disappeared amid the gloom of the massive pillars. ~~But Colonel Jones and John Reynolds~~ Two alone lingered and looked. The king still sat motionless and lo! his white hand lay upon the book crushed as with a weight of stone, the fingers gripping the pale flesh drew oozing blood, and inthe burning depths of his great eyes lurked a sorrow, infinite like the very passion of Christ. And ~~Reynolds~~ the king stole noiselessly out into the night.

Across the waters flew the little boat in mad haste leaving a blaze of phosphorescent light upon the inky waters. John Reynolds head was in a whirl - had he been dreaming, was it true? or was it some ~~EHYHIXH~~ curious nightmare? And he staggered to his feet with a jerk as the boat slipped noiselessly up to the dark ship. The watch hailed her gruflly. ~~before~~ Reynolds ~~could signal. He~~ clamored quickly to the deck and whispered a word. The watchman stepped to the companion-way, and disappered; there was a long silence. Then, below came a sudden crash of glass and slamming of doors, a cryand an oath, quick footsteps, and a man, tall pale and dishevelled, with boated blood-shot face leaning ad for over the rail a moment, swaying and blinking in the pale moon light.

"Clark"he cried.

"Ay-ay!Sir!" came from the boat below.

He clamored dizzily over the side - bare-headed and uncloaked.

"Quick - to the island"he screamed and the little boat sighed

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

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THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

BOOK I.

Poor Whites

A cherokee Indian stood on the crest of ~~the~~ Kenesaw ~~in 1842~~ and watched a railroad creeping North. Days and months he had come and watched and watched again twelve miles away, scarcely visible and yet clear to his mind's eye rolled the dull, gold flood of the Chattahoochee, sullenly the blood-red dust of Georgia down to the Western Eternity. He saw the little railway stagger on, now crookedly in pieces, now straight in sure, fast shining lines. It had crossed the river, coming North and West, over a year ago with many a trial and quiver and fall, but at last it lay straight toward Marietta.

38-12-272

On this cold, clear day before Christmas 1842, came lumbering along the rails a noisy machine, belching fire and smoke and dragging six full wagons into Marietta. Silently, the Indian walked down the mountain, skirting the steeper sides and striding toward the town. He wore neither blanket nor feathers, but his old warn clothes molded themselves closely to his strong straight form. His face was keen-cut, but dark enough to show Negro as well as Indian blood. Behind him solemnly trudged a boy of eight or nine years, black and slender, with big bright eyes. Together they approached the town at sunset, but the Indian ignoring the clamorous engine, turned deliberately west as he came to the huts of the village and walked straight into the setting sun. Kennesaw loomed on his right hand, but he passed it by without a glance. Unblinking, he strode ahead and the crimsonof the dying day enveloped him like a warm and glamorous blanket and soon hid him in the night. The boy, when he saw the dawn and the engine, hesitated and stopped. He looked West toward his father and South toward the engine. He was tired and hungry and above all, he was curious, and quite unknowingly, he made there a great decision.

He turned from his father's footsteps and went down to the depot and mingled with the throng that surrounded the engine. He pulled a piece of cornbread from his pocket and (gnawed) it meditatively, staring at the engine, and then he fell quietly asleep.

Three days later, the boy had wandered slowly along the railroad track to the river ten miles below, following the smoky trail and glowing cinders of the wonder train and eating fruit and fish. And so he came to Terminus.

And found beside the old and tattered wayside log cabin, a dirty little white girl of perhaps five years playing in the sane and a boy about his own age, lounging in the door. There were sevenor eight log huts staggering drunkedly among the trees and about the little village, surrounding a huge wilderness of mighty trees and thick undergrowth. In the midst of all, was a newer house, where the railway ended, that was the center of the town, its depot, its railroad office, its church.

38-12-273

The little girl stopped playing with her mud pies: "Hello nigger," she said cheerfully, as the black boy approached. The boy made no answer but looked passed her to her equally dirty brother in the doorway. The white boy paused from knawing an apple:

"What's your name," he demanded.

"John," answered the black boy.

"John who?"

"John nothing, just John."

"I'm Harvey Eves. My father built the first house here." John considered this a while without comment and then he sat down.

"I'm hungry," he announced.

A tattered white woman appeared out of the dark depths of the cabin, bare-footed and unkempt.

"Why don't you give the little nigger some vittals," she wined. "Ain't you got no manners."

The little girl arose and dived into the door and soon re-appeared with a sodden corncake and a yam which she gave to the black boy. The white boy lounged out lazily. The children sat on the ground; the white ones stirred, the black one eating. The mother crouched in the door and sniffed snuff.

"Where you from?" she asked. "Up there?"

"Indian country. Yessum."

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

"You ain't no Indian--might be nigger and Indian."

Then around the corner lounged a discontented looking man. He carried a shotgun and powder pouch. He looked keenly at the black boy.

"Any gold up there?"

"Heaps."

The man was evidently interested. He stopped, polished his gun with his sleeve, sat down onthe step.

"You better stay over night," he said.

"The children stared at each other.

"Ever see an engine?" said the white boy.

"Once," said John.

"I seen and engine heaps of times, two, three, six times."

"It came in last Tuesday dragged by sixteen mules."

"Where from?"

"I don't know. Want to see it again?"

They started running toward the depot. The black boy shooting far ahead and the white boy soon giving up.

"I don't feel like running," he exclaimed, and then he drove his little sister back home. He began to explain things to John.

"See this here stake. It's going to be a city with more than a hundred houses sometime. John was doubtful.

"Can't get that many houses together," he said.

"You just ask Mr. Long. There he sets now, talking with Mr. Thrasher. Mr. Thrasher is going to build it."

They crept nearer and listened more or less comprehendively to the conversation.

Long was a strong-faced man, dressed for outdoors with a keen-clipped Northern assent. Thrasher appeared more important with slouched hat and long black coat. He had something of the air of a planter and smoked a cigar.

38-12-274

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

"I don't see it, Long," he said, "I just don8t see it.x First place, this land isn't worth anything. Jane Doss, lazy old huzzy, got it for nothing in the lottery of 1825 and sold it for $50, which was too much."

"Why I paid $300 for only four hundred or five hundred acres and I reckon I'm stuck."

"It'll be worth a million in less than 100 years," said Long.

"Poppycock. I don't aim to be living 100 years and if I lived 1,000, this piece of woods would never been worth $10,000. You see you're all wrong,Long. Here's a piece of land from Marietta to--what do you call it--Terminus--from nowhere to nothing. How in the hell can it ever pay? Who's here to make it pay?"

38-12-275

"Nobody's here but they'll come, and I'll show you why. You know how the state passed those three railroad charters in '33?"

"A fool trick, too, nothing will come of it."

"One was at(Central), Savannah's bid for western trade and it reached Macon year before last."

"Well there was some sense to that."

"No, no, Charleston is the coming port, not Savannah, and even Savannah is going to depend on Terminus and not on Macon. Now see here. Just glance at this map. The Georgia road has reached Madison from Augusta and Augusta is already hooked up with Charleston."

"Yes, and I notice the Georgia road stopped at Madison and turned down to Macon and up to Athens, showing some sense. I tell you Long, Macon is the coming city for western trade."

"Listen, the Central will reach Terminus from Madison in two or three years, and by that time, Macon will build up to us from Forsyth."

"Nonsense, where's the money coming from? Here the state has squandered a million dollars and one-half on this road North and evenif the road should come in from Augusta and Macon, what then? They come from big cities to a stake driven in the ground and one-half dozen log huts."

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

"Then everything will happen. They will complete this load to Chattanooga. Why not to the moon?"

"No, Thrasher, you ought to have been with us in Knoxville in 1936. Delegates from seven states were there and we studied maps and then they sent me down to study the land and I climbed down from Chattanooga to Decatur. I climbed mountains and forded streams; I crwaled through undergrowth and sat in the top of massive oaks, and then I came down here and drove that stake. I tell you, Thrasher, I've got it. It's just as John C. Calhoun said."

"The chains of the Allegheny Mountains and the courses of the river, make the formation of the country between the Mississippi Valley and the South Atlantic Coast such that all the railroads must unite at a point in DeKalb County, Georgia, not far from Decatur, so as to form one system of roads between the West and the South. You live in Decatur, Mr. Thrasher. It's just six miles away and I find that this point here that I call Terminus is the logical uniting point of the natural road beds that will yet make the South and the West one."

"Well, Long, I've got to say that you've got a damned sight more faith than I have. I'm going back to Decatur, but I'll watch this nest of huts and if it really grows, I'll return."

Long before this conversation was over, the two boys had examined the engine and the track. They had viewed the half-dozen huts in town and walked out into the woods. They slept together that night in the corncrib and early the next day, they followed Harvey Eves toward the mountains. There ensued long and beautiful days that lengthened into months and years. They hunted and fished in the mountains; they brought home beasts and birds and fish to the little hut. They played and sang at night and always they hunted for gold and found none.

"You sure your pappy knew where it was got?" old Harvey asked repeatedly.

"Heaps," answered John, but they never found it, save in the leaves and the waters of the Chattahoochee and the gorgeous sunsets." But the interest of the boys was always in the town and it was astonishing how the town grew. Wagons with mules and oxen lurched in. Poorly dressed newcomers came and put up new long log huts.

33-12-26

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

They worked on the railroads; they raised food and cotton. By Christmas, 1843, there were seven or eight families in Terminus and a (separation) at which the boys existed, when the village was incorporated and named politely after the Governor's daughter, Marthasville. Harrey Eves was dissatisfied. He did not want railroads and people and lands. He wanted gold. He wandered further and further away, lured by the blue peaks to the North, and one day fell into a great pit where he was sure he saw gold, but he never came back to tell about it.

Young Harvey had his mother and sister to support. It didn't take much, but he began to want more. The crowds of newcomers spurred him on.

In 1843, came the new naming of the little village, Marthasville, after the daughter of Governor Lumpkin, who had striven so vigilantly to get the land from the Indians. Both Harvey and John watched with keen interest the growth of the town. There was the sawmill which Norcross, the Northerner, bought in 1844, amid a good deal of skeptism of the onlookers from out of town. He rigged the machine up with an old blind horse and then began sawing logs and planks for cross-ties with astonishing rapidity.

The song of the saw went all through Johnson and soon he was working there for 25¢ a day, working and watching, chiefly watching, the growth of the town. This little excited gangling effected John strangely. He saw its sheer physical growth from seven families, when he came in 1842, to 20 families in 1845. He saw the 100 people become 300 in the two years that followed the event of the Georgia railroad, completing the line from Augusta to Atlanta, and when the new city received a new name in 1847, John from his work in the sawmill, was eager to (join.) He wanted a cabin, a mile from the depot, up to the still and solemn woods. He wanted growing things with flowers and vines and voliage. Harvey wanted this too, but for different reasons. He had his father's hunger for gold. He wanted money; he wanted wealth and gradually he began to see that the land around his father's old cabin and down in the center of the town, was a better source of gold than the unfound mines of the mountains. He talked with Mr. Thrasher about it. Thrasher looked at the scrawney, ugly boy of 16 and sensed a certain hard grit in him.

28-12-27-83

"Yes," he said, " your little town here is worth something, will be worth more, perhaps, --much more, but if you get that dirty old cabin off it and put some buildings up, you might make a good deal. I just leave give you a few hundred dollars for the place."

But Harvey was too shrewd. He would sell a little of the land, but not all. And finally, he got a plot, 30 feet by 200, for $60 cash to Mr. Thrasher. It was more money than he had ever seen before, but he took it and planned with John for the new cabin up toward the woods. This, they finished by 1845 when the Georgia railroad reached town, and when Marthasville boasted of 100 inhabitants. Harvey took a bit of his hoarded money and made a trip to Madison just to see what the world was like. John, over the protest of the old lady who was getting weak and foolish, moved her and her daughter up to the new cabin and installed them, and then going from his jobinsthe sawmill or working only intermittently, he went to watch the town grow. He walked out over the roads that came into Atlanta, east toward Decatur, southwest toward Nannan and southeast toward McDonough.. He went north to Marietta again on foot, sparing none of his hard-earned cash for railroad rides. He went out Peachtree Creek. Everywhere, were the wagons, long trains with 2-4-6 mules, and yokes of oxen coming in daily. Some days the busy merchants could not weigh all the cotton received. The stores increased in number; the drivers complained of the increased competition of the railroads, they had done a brick trade from Madison to Atlanta until the railroads were finished. They still drove their teams south and west and north beyond Marietta.

In 1846, came another railroad and people literally began to pour in. Harvey became more and more excited. He determined to build a store and some houses on his land as soon as he got the money. He got experience and advice everywhere, questing night and day and spending little or no time at home. Usually, he slept in the old cabin which he had not yet torn down and which he had made into a sort of office for his dreams and plans. He could not forget that day when the first

38-12-278

train came over the Macon and Western. Many passengers came, strangers and of a little different type, well-dressed merchants and planters from Macon; and then with a gasp he saw the greatest thing he had ever seen. The man stepped down from the passenger coach; he was slim and elegant, with every nicety of dress from his top-hat to his gold-headed cane. His silk cravat was beautifully tied and he was both fashioned and bewhiskered. But that was the lesser side. Beside him was a woman, a young girl. Never in all of Harvey's experience had he seen anything like here. She was all silk and jewels, gold and ribbons, her feet were little and she stepped as though the earth belonged to her. She scarcely glanced at the dirty cloghoppers pressing about. She surely did not hear their comments or see their astonishment. Harvey stared with all eyes. He pulled Mr. Thrasher's coat to find out who they were, but Mr. Thrasher pushed him impatiently aside and went up to greet the strangers with a low bow. But Harvey found out it was Mr. Rhett and his daughter from Savannah. She was Atlanta Rhett. They were rich, very very rich people. They had come to glance haughtily over this new land and consider business investments. Only Mr. Thrasher's house was good enough to hold them and that needed much apology. John was coaxed into service to help get something and most of the information that Harvey got came through John. They went home talking eagerly about it. Harvey's eyes were big.

"That's the sort of woman I'm going to marry," he said.

John jeered. "She wouldn't look at anybody like you," he said.

"Why not," growled Harvey, "I'm as good as she is. I'm goin to be better. I don't care if she is one of those rich planters that own a lot of niggers. This is going to be a white man's town and we're going to run it and get rich. You can't get rich farming. You've got to buy and sell. I'm going to be rich."

By that time they had come to the house.

The mother lay dead on the doorsill and Savannah was staring at her with tearless eyes.

They lived on there. Harvey was too busy with his plans. He was eighteen now, two years older than John, and Savannah was twelve. John and Savannah kept house

38-12-249

and attended to the garden and flowers. Now and then he took a job in town, but carefully guarded Savannah. It was astonishing how the people kept pouring in until in 1847 came two events: they incorporated the town and named it after Atalanta Rhett. It was very pretty to see her bowing and curtesing at the honor and carrying her little sixteen years like a queen. Harvey was mad with infatuations. Hehad sold another piece of land and was building a store. He had torn down the old cabin. In a single year, the population doubled. People seemed to be walking over each other to get into this new Atlanta. Roads and railroads were full and there was a magnificent torch-like procession to celebrate the election of Taylor and Filmore in 1848 and when the crowd yelled for a speech, John saw a pale, thin man stagger forward and wave. He could not speak. The blood was flowing from his scarred face. It was Alexander Stevens and he had just had a fight with knives with Judge Cone. In fact, Atlanta was a pretty rough town. No wonder the aristrocratic Rhetts moved on to Chattanooga. Thrasher didn't seem as disappointed as Harvey thought he ought to be. Harvey was now clerk in Thrasher's store and expected soon to become a partner, if he could save enough money from land and work.

"Ain't they coming back?" he asked Mr. Thrasher.

"I don't know and I don't much care," said Thrasher.

Harvey stared at him. The idea of no one not caring about the Rhetts; and then his heart leaped when Thrasher added:

"They ain't got no money; they're just broken down planters, and my opinion is that Rhett knows how to drink and gamble better than anything else. They have been sponging off me long enough. I hope they stay in Chattanooga."

But they didn't. They went to Chattanooga to celebrate the finishing of the railroad. Atlanta stood at last complete in 1850. She had thrown out railroads like wings; one north to the great and boundless West; one south to Macon, and the sea; one east to Augusta, Charleston and the cotton kingdom, and a fourth wing was promised to the West.

Like a small but mighty cherubim, her wings were sweeping in; man and woman, cotton and corn, merchandise. One could not count the people as they came. The

28-12-280

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

The seven hundred inhabitants of 1848 had become 2,500 by 1850 when President Filmore visited the city and the Rhetts returned.

Of course even then, it was not much of a city to look at. It had a telegraph line to Macon and four churches; a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian and an Episcopal church. Homes were building and manufacturers of railroad material soon began. Land on Decatur Street rose from $10 to $25 a front foot, and with its rise, Harvey became a partner of Thrasher. A weekly paper began publication in 1849, but the Post Office was at Five Points in a grocery store and hoodlums amused themselves by rolling hogsheads full of squealing pigs down Alabama Hill. The water came from two wells and the streets were dangerous with holes and ditches, but the spirit of Atlanta was high. It was a new thing in the South. It was a city of poor men, of merchants, traders and artisans. It despised the cotton kingdom and planter elegance and show. It was fiercely determined to gain and keep power, to make money. Macon sneered at them. They had no ancestors, these hoodlums of Atlanta. They had no history. They had nothing to do but to go to work and to work they went. Then around the workers, like parasites, gathered the thieves and the criminals. There were two sets of them; one in the reeking purlieus of Slabtown near the railroad tracks. On Whitehall from Marietta to Alabama Street there were plank walks. All the buildings were wooden and only the north sideof Decatur down to Ivy built up. There was whiskey and fights and sloons and Harvey was astonished to see that the aristocratic Mr. Rhett gravitated easily to the slums and gambled elegantly with the riff-raff. Harvey kept a sort of unofficial watch over Atalanta. He thought she seemed older and worried. Then there came the night when he rode with the Vigilantes to drive out some of the worse elements and found Rhett dead drunk in a dive and brought him home. Atalanta rushed to him wildly and appealingly and then dismissed him haughtily, but Harvey had made up his mind,--he was going to marry that girl.

He did not know just how he was going about it and went up to talk to John. Somehow John seemed to have little sense about things in particular, but a good deal of wisdomabout things in general. He knew Atlanta. He knew its people. He threaded its stredts like a dark ghost and then at all times at day and night went home to guard Savannah.

38-12-281

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

John hurried up to talk to John. John wouldn't know anything, of course, he was just a nigger, but it was good to have somebody to talk to. He stepped into the door and stood rooted. There sat Savannah with a golden baby in her arms and John was bending over her. Harvey was too astonished to speak. He did not know what to think or do. Of course he knew such things had happened; Indians and poor whites, Indians and niggers, niggers and poor whites had now and then taken up together. But that was back in the woods and in earlier days. It didn't happen now and it couldn't happen to a man who was going to marry into the Rhett family. But what could be done? There was a baby. There was his sister staring at him with great eyes. And there was John, lounging in his non-committal way, whose strength Harvey knew well from many an encounter. Harvey said nothing. He walked in and gathered quickly his few things and walked back toward Thrasher's store. He went by the small house where he had just brought the drunken Rhett. The Rhetts were not living so elegantly now. Mr. Thrasher found that he didn't have room in his house for them, but he let them use this smaller house, temporarily; he said, "temporarily," and looked annoyed. Harvey stood still and looked in. Atalanta was sitting with listless hanging hands and there were tears, yes, tears in her eyes. Her father was breathing stertorously with disarranged and dirty clothes, but she was not looking at him; she was looking out the door. She was looking at Harvey, who lounged forward awkwardly. He didn't know what to say or how to say it. He knew he was ugly and ill-dressed. He spit out a quid of tobacco in his mouth and then nervously took another chew. He swayed unsteadily in the door, drunk with the lure of her beauty and scared stiff with his own temerity. Before he knew it, he had grabbed her and was slobbering over her. She screamed and tried to tear away. Her father awoke and swore, jumping up with his unsheathed pistol, but Harvey grabbed him. A shot rang out and the father dropped to the floor and lay very still. The girl turned toward him in fury. She beat upon him with every she knew to show her disgust and loathing. She called him poor white trash and dirty loafter and murderer and thief. Then he went berserk; he grabbed her with all his might, crushed her in his arms and slobbered over her. He threw her on the bed like a log and she groaned and shrieked.

It was an hour later that a woman, white, thin and drawn, staggered out of the

28-12-282

little house. She walked slowly along the way, holding on to trees and fences. A few people offered aid, most of the passersby stared at her or grinned, but she so nobody. She went on until she came to Mr. Thrasher's house and crawling in, fainted away.

Two days later, she was able to sit up in bed and Thrasher came in looking miserable and awkward.

38-12-283

"Did you kill him," she said.

"Kill who?" he asked.

"That murdering beast."

"Your father is dead and buried."

"I don't mean my father. How dare you! I mean his murderer. A lout whom you call Harvey."

"Oh, him," said Thrasher. "No, I didn't kill him."

"Very well," she said, coldly, "is he in jail. Has he been arrested?"

"No," said Thrasher, "xxxxxxxx

"But he must be. Have it attended to at once. I'll awear out the complaint." And she started to get up.

"There there, now, hold your horses. Let's talk this thing over. You see, it's this way."

"He murdered my father, didn't he?"

"Well, that isn't no quarrel. Your father was shot with his own pistol."

"Nonsense. Do you think he killed himself?"

"Well, that would have been about the best thing he could have done."

"How dare you! I tell you that scoundrel killed him and that isn't all. Do you--do you realize how he treated me?"

Thrasher hung his head.

"Are you a white man," stormed the girl. "Are you going to let a lady in this awful town be treated like a common prostitute?"

"Now, now, see here, don't let's get excited. Let me talk a little plain sense. You haven't got any money and you haven't got any friends. The only way your father has

38-12-284

been living laterly is by gambling and drinking. He left Savannah in a hurry and if you don't know why, you ought to. I suspect you do. He couldn't go back there and you shouldn't. Now here there's only one thing for a woman to do and that's to get married and go to work keeping house. There's no place for ladies in Atlanta. We don't know what to do with them. Now here's a young fellow that's crazy about you."

"My God," she moaned. "Are you actually proposing."

"I'm proposing that you marry this boy. I don't see what else you can do. If you try to have him arrested and accused of murder, you couldn't get a jury in town to convict him. The whole town believes either that Rhett killed himself or deserved to have Harvey kill him. That wouldn't easily approve of what Harvey did to you, but on the other hand, some of them would think that you got what you deserved. On the other hand, if you just forget all this and marry this boy, I'll tell you frankly you can make a man of him and a mighty rich one. He's got land and he's got sense. He worshipseyou like God Almighty and you can twist him around your thump. That's all I got to say," and he went out.

It was three days later that Atalanta Rhett staggered down to the cabin where her father had been killed and where Harvey was living. She went up the steps and opened the door and went in.

So race and sex came to Harvey Eves and John in bewilderingly different ways. To Harvey, it was like shuddering tulmult. There was no joy in it, but rather fear, yet fierce desire. He wanted to live up to his wife; he was ashamed of his sister and afraid of John. He was determined to be rich.

To John, sex had come like the slow dawning of a beautiful day. It did not seem new or unusual, but natural and beautiful. It made him sing and work slowly with joy; it made flower and fruit bloom about him.

And then as he looked about, and as Harvey in a surprising way spurned him and drew away, he realized that of the three thousand people in the city, there were five hundred whose skins were colored more or less like his. He had before hardly noticed it. He had felt for them no greater kinship than for the whites, perhaps not as much. But

38-12-285

But now, he had common cause with them. Quietly and without effort, he sought them and looked at them and sat beside them. They seemed very much like other people he had known, poorer, meeker, more timid, but only in degree and not any abnormal way. He began to consider in a rather puzzled way what the future of his two children was going to be, for there were two now, and the pale and often lonesome mate was drooping. The blood rushed from her mouth one night. After he had made her easy, he went rapidly down to Eves' door and rapped. Harvey opened it and glared angrily at him.

"Didn't I tell you never to come here."

"No you didn't," said John suddenly, "but only one thing brought me. I'm afraid Savannah is dying."

"I don't care, let her die," growled Harvey, and slammed the door in his face. He was shaken. He would have liked to have gone, but he was afraid of that sharp-faced woman in the other room.

Atalanta was curiously changed and changing. Her beauty, which had been chiefly of coloring and ornament, dropped away. She gave little attention to her fine little hands and wore coarse shoes and cotton stockings. She had no modist and her hair looked straight and straggling. Chiefly her features sharpened and her eyes grew hard. But she did not pine or sulk. She was healthy and fully alive. She treated Harvey with something that was not distain and certainly had in it no shadow of love, but was calculatingly purposeful. He wanted to get rich; so did she and even more. They worked together more and more, with machine-like steadiness. She bought land; she started another store; she had trucks and drivers, with mules and oxen. She sent her agents out scouring the country-side; she sold cotton in Savannah and Charleston and bought hardware and groceries in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. She saw what Atlanta might mean. The geographical capital of the state was Macon. Milledgeville was the planters' substitute; a country town a bit to the side. Atlanta was a center made by its railroads. It could be reached with greater ease than any city in the state from all directions; had more work, more things to do, and its growing was phenomenal. There were things to be done for the city which meant money. Gas lighting came in 1855 with Eves money in it. Railroads

were still(planning)to the West and the Northeast, and unground manipulation of stock in the railroads already had begun. And then always there was the land.

Professional men began to come in; lawyers, wholesale dealers and commission merchants, physicians. Here Atalanta's social pre-eminence helped. She made her house attractive and planned a larger one; she bought clothes and good clothes for special occasions and used them.

38-12-286

Manufacturing began in the city--iron and lumber. Machine jobs, printing mills, tanneries, two shoe factores, a soap factory and cl thing manufacture started between 1856-1860.

The first plan of what came to be the Southern Railroad, then called the Airline, began in 1857. And in 1859, real estate of Atlanta was assessed at nearly $3,000,000 and $3,000,000 a year was spent in trade.

Atalanta kept her grip upon the land, selling lots in the city now at high prices and buying out-lying portions.

"Who owns that land around the dabin back in the woods on the Marietta Road?" she asked suddenly one day, when she and her husband were driving out and looking at their possessions. He tried to distract her, but characteristically could not.

"It belongs to John," he said solemnly. "What! All that land and that house to that Negro? Is he free? How did he get it?"

John explained lamely, but she got out and walked toward the house.

"He's got no business with all this land. We've got to get it away from him."

John was sitting on the steps of the cabin and on his knees two children; a boy of nine and a girl of eight; beautiful in form and feature, the boy dark, the girl golden. Atalanta stared at them.

"Where's the mother?" she said, glaring at John keenly.

"Dead." answered John, and the little girl said:

"Is that my Uncle Harvey?"

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

38-12-297

Then Atalanta knew what it was she had seen, the undoubted resemblance. She wheeled upon Harvey; then held herself back:

"Your family was even lower than I thought," she said, and then considered the children. But she turned away.

"We must take that land," she said, when they were out of earshot,"and I think we'd better take the children. They have a claim to it. We can get them indentured. They'll grow up and make good servants. And that black Negro must get out."

So it came in time that the children went down to live at Harvey's house and worked on Charlotte the daughter slept in the back and did their chores, and They were entered as slaves at the courthouse.

John did not demur. On the whole, it seemed better thus. He did not know how to take care of them. He wanted to watch the city more intimately and continuously than he had lately been able. He walked away from the house and went down to the alleys behind Decatur Street and found a delapidated hut where he slept and dreamed.

The rumors of war did not effect Atalanta and even less her husband. Atalanta had heard brief talk about secession and fighting. She did not believe that it would ever come to anything. Certainly, she did not want it to. It would interfere with her accumulations, and she was beginning to handle money. Harvey was director in the new Fulton Bank.

When he was invited to the Kansas protest meeting which a few persons had gotten up in Atlanta, she told him not to go.

"We've lost nothing in Kansas," she said, "and it's silly to think we can drive slavery there. We have got our hands full here buying and selling the cotton and exchanging goods and sending them over the world."

At the same time, she could not help but dislike a certain brash independence and discourtesy among Atlantans. They actually arrested Senator Jefferson Davis one day in the trainshed as he got out for air and exercise. He was so well-dressed that he was looked upon with suspicion and as a probable confidence man. To her home, Atalanta invited Steven A Douglass, when he came to speak. She supported him because he was trying

to stop this crazy talk about war, and she resented his treatment at the hands of an audience which did not know its own mind. They shouted and yelled at him because he wouldn't acknowledge the legality of secession, when none of them for a moment wanted secession. They simply wanted to appear Southern and independent.

38-12-288

When war came, Atlanta boomed. The population of ten thousand more than doubled in five years. People rushed in to this railway center from city and town. Real-estate values rosed rapidly. Everything of importance had to pass through Atlanta. There came the day, February 16, 1861, when Jefferson Davis came through on his way from Washington to Montgomery, where he would head the new nation. He stopped off, tall, precise and immaculately dressed. A little later, passing the other way, came a man who had seen Atlanta before. His face still bore the scars of the duel. He was a cripple on crutches, but Alexander Stevens passed through from Montgomery to Savannah and there made his celebrated cornerstone speech. The cornerstone of all the new Confederate government was to be Negro slavery. Then the world war swept the city and Harvey and Atalanta with surprise noticed two things: that the only effect of the war on Atlanta was to make her prosperous, much more prosperous and increase her population; and then shrewdly concluded that no matter which way the war went, Atlanta would . Neither of them wanted the North to succeed, but if it did, Atlanta would still be the gateway to the neighboring North and if it did not, it would be the great railway and commercial center of the southeast. Then in addition to threat, came the threat of war, the concentration of munition-making in Atlanta. Harvey Eves and his wife furnished the land and houses and invested money. Then came the hospitals and prisoners and more land was needed and paid for. Out of the city flowed an endless stream of war materials and Atlanta made shells and revolvers, knives and swords, drums and shoes, hats, bread, candles and (matches), wire and coffins. And yet Atlanta remained far from the seat of war. There was little of it for several years. To be sure, her crack Gate City regiment marched off to Florida and volunteer regiments were called for now and then. But once only in the earlier years did the war scare come near. Harvey saw those seven white-faced Federal prisoners shot. Twenty-two of them had tried to steal and engine and destroy the thirteen bridges in the

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

38-12-256

North, but they were caught before they could do any damage and before they reached Chattanooga. Then there was a lull, until suddenly the real scare came. Grant was coming to Atlanta., and Joe Johnston did not have troops enough to keep him back. No, Grant was passing on to Richmond, but Sherman was coming down from Tennessee.

"Why didn't Jeff Davis send reenforcements? What was the matter with the Confederates that they could not see that Atlanta was the most important place in the South. What did they mean by letting the prosperity and profits of Atlanta be interfered with by this raiding Northern army, but the army came on." *

Atalanta was suddenly troubled. She had accumulated a large store of cotton ~~xxdxx~~after the prices began to rise and put it in the old hut where John and his children had lived. She had large investments in buildings and manufacturies, in public service, banks and railroads. Suddenly, she saw these threatened. Harvey was panic-stricken. He saw the end of all his striving, but his wife knew better than this.

"Let them come," she said, "and burn down our houses. We've got the land. Let them destroy the railroads, the road beds is there. Atlanta is still a commercial center and a place for money-making if all its visible wealth should be swept from the earth."

Harvey couldn't believe this, but he was heartened, ~~and~~ Then suddenly came war. Suddenly came armies sweeping across the dull flood of the Chattahoochee from the North and East and cutting off Atlanta from the cotton kingdom and tearing up the railroads. And then came Hood, the newly appointed Confederate general, dashing at the Federals, shouting, snarling and worrying them as they came steadily on. To John, the drama was tragic. He knew its every point and movement. He saw the Federals cross the water at Pace's Ferry. He heard the bullets and saw the smoke at the shadow of Peachtree Creek. He walked in and out of the Federal camp and walked out and in all Atlanta.

A tremor of fear shook the Harveys. They heard the roar of that fiery rain that began to descend upon the city. Life suddenly stopped; children, men and women lay dead upon the streets; fires started here and there; some set by the Confederates; they salvaged their munitions; some set by the Federal sheels; and then at last it was over. Harvey went up and talked with Mayor Calhoun. There was one of the unarmed

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38-12-290

citizens that rode out to talk with Sherman. They went down Marietta Street through a mass of ruins, dilapidated houses and deserted earthworks. After riding four miles, they came to the presence of Sherman and explained that they had come to surrender the city. Sherman accepted the surrender bruskly, but courteously. John saw the Union troops entering, when suddenly, on Decatur Street, within a few yards of where he slept, a dozen Confederate calverymen fired upon the Union troops. There all was confusion, but soon after, Atlanta asserted itself. stores were filled from Federal depot supplies. Trades began. Billiard rooms and jails were opened. A minstrel performance was advertised. The streets were filled with soldiers and citizens and at the corner of Mitchell and Washington Street Sherman had his headquarters. The war was ended and Atlanta was trading again. Then, September 4, came an astonishing order. Atalanta was beside herself with rage. Harvey was in despair. Sherman's Order was terse:

"The City of Atlanta be exclusively organized for war-like purposes, will be at once evacuated by all except the armies of the United States and such city limits as may be retained." In vain did the citizens ask respite. Two thousand people left Atlanta and the city was burned. Four thousand five hundred buildings went down in smoke. Harvey and his wife did not go but hid in the hut with their cotton. John did not go. He was wandering around the Federal camp when suddenly a recruiting officer put him in uniform. He took his gun and wandered over toward his old home.

To most people, it seemed as though the end had come, yet Atalanta knew better and told Harvey so. She insisted the war was going to end. Secession did not take place. Slaves would go free, but they would send up the price of cotton, and they had few slaves in Atlanta. Land values still stood. The railroads were destroyed, but it would not cost so much to restore them and there was labor, white labor and Negro labor available. Here, then, was nothing like the destruction and despair that threatened the cotton belt. The industrial system was not overturned. In fact, with the high price of cotton and the rising demand for food, Atlanta's commerce was more needed than ever. Then did Harvey's heart stand still. The Federal troops were searching for cotton and their guide was John. He showed them where the Thrasher family had their hoard; he pointed

38-12-291

out one or two hiding places and then quite easily and unconcerned, he walked straight to his old home and showed the Federal officers where Harvey had stored ten thousand dollars worth of cotton. Seething with rage and yet unable to do anything, Harvey saw the transaction from afar and went home to tell his wife. They stared at each other with consternation. They knew the whole thing was quite characteristic of John. He flew into no rages of templer; he was deeply interested apparently in nothing, and yet slowly and with a certain careless method, he walked on to his revenge and the betrayal of their cotton was revenge for the betrayal of his children and his land.

When spring opened, the world of Atlanta came trooping back. It was, on the one hand, a sad sight of destruction and disorganization, and on the other hand, careful calculation as to just how to take advantage of this crisis. The Harvey's had meant to stand their losses of buildings and temporary unproductiveness of their land by the ready capital furnished through the sale of their cotton. Of course the sale would have been difficult; they would have to have smuggled in North or South and perhaps bribe officials, but Federal officials could be bribed and smuggling was not impossible. Now, however, they were suddenly without funds, without a home, and with no quick means of capitalizing returning trade. The worry and fear of this situation brought to Atalanta the sudden end of her life. She died giving birth to her only son, Harvey Rhett Eves in 1865.

The city did not hesitate. It began to buzz with new activity. Temporary huts were put up, stores were opened as soon as possible, and credit and capital eagerly sought. Before Hood had disappeared toward Tennessee or Sherman begun his march to the sea, Atlanta was beginning to trade again.

Then the people poured into the city and especially Negroes came. The poor white and black occupied the half-ruined houses of the rich. There was a accumulation of destitute people, especially from the country roundabout. Three hundred white families were in danger of starvation and perhaps more Negroes. In the midst of it all,

In the midst of it all , Harvey Eves sat angry and hesitating. He had re-opened his store and partially stocked it on credit. His daughter was sixteen

and his son an infant. Savannah Thrasher, as she was called, John's daughter and Harvey's own colored neice, was but a year older than his daughter and acted as a nurse to the baby. The boy had run away, probably with John's connivance and followed Sherman to the sea.

38-12-292

These were the days when Atlanta sat quite still and held its breath. On the whole, she was very much satisfied with the result of the war. Her situation was such that unless the separation of the two parts of the country had taken place in peace and friendliness, her whole geographical reason for being would have disappeared. As it was, she was about to become, and she knew it, the great gateway between North and South with every possibility of becoming great and rich. She was not worried that when the planters met at Milledgeville under the old regime and tried in vain to restore it. She welcomed the provisional governor and Johnson sat down and listened to the legislature of 1866. It still was dominated by the planters, by the shadow of Cobb and Tombs and ~~the rest~~ Stevens. It had a lot to say about slavery and Negroes concerning whom Atlanta did not care a rap and it and it did not change the capital to Atlanta.

Of course it had seemed presumptuous before the war to talk of Atlanta as the capital of the state, away from Savannah society and the cotton kingdom, but Atlanta knew what she knew and her phenomenal growth and the war-like activity pointed to manifest destiny. It came at last when the Federal general arrived to take command of the Third Military District with headquarters at Macon. He came in March.

In April, he transferred his headquarters to Atlanta. He did it probably because of the greater ease of communication by Atlanta's railroads, but Harvey Eves rejoiced for he knew that Atlanta was a center which the planters could not dominate and that the changing of the military headquarters from Macon in April, 1866, to Atlanta in April, 1866, was a significant act, the end and beginning of an era. From that time on, Atlanta dominated Georgia and in a real sense, dominated the new South.

Book 2 pp. 1-12

WINGS OF ATALANTA

Book II

White and Black

John Thrasher had grown up and had added the name Thrasher to his first name when his first employer died. His growing up had been slow. In the years from 10-15, his life had been wonder and observation, exploring and looking with his great black eyes. Then had come the miracle of sex and love and with it a certain unity of spirit with Atlanta, the town of which his and he belonged. He had no binding sense of dependence between himself and the white people who were there. Every foot of railroad, every store, every truck, flowing to and fro, was a part of that inseparable unity, that made him and Atlanta one.

It was broken, first, rather harshly with the death of his young wife and the fury of Harvey's wife. The consciousness of race difference, first, began to creep in and a certain sense of inferiority and submission came. This sense was destined to disappear and then in after years return, re-doubled, and finally to be transformed into a philosophy of life which resembled his first years of oppression and wonder. He had given up his children easily to the Eves family. It seemed on the whole natural. They belonged to them as much as to him. More so, perhaps. They could take care of them, while he had difficulty. It freed him to walk and see and explore. On the top of that came the awakening of war-time and a new and contradictory sense of power. As a soldier, he had sensed and opposition of race which did not leave him inferior, but at least equal. Indeed, perhaps, superior, although this sense was evanescent and came and went, lingering but at short intervals. Perhaps it surged to its highest when he had been made a registrar to help register black voters and then with astonishment saw the convention of December, 1867.

There were 107 delegates and 140 of these were the kind of human beings that John was used to seeing in command of things, carrying on business, sitting in

WINGS OF ATALANTA

high places like courts and public meetings, but the other 33 were Negroes, 4 of them so white that for a time John did not know they were of Negro descent, but the other 29 manifestly Negroes, black and brown and a few yellow.

This gathering of Negro leaders was viewed with a certain astonishment in Atlanta by both black and white. John Thrasher, ~~as he now called himself,~~ was especially stirred. Until now he had taken no great personal interest in the world about him, but had viewed it as a moving and interesting pageant. He was thirty-seven years old, but looked much younger, straight and strong, intolent and yet wiry. He picked out all the Negro leaders and talked to most of them. There was Henry Turner, with his smooth face, great voice and flashing eyes. There was no doubt about his ability and his aggressiveness. He walked into the convention, self-confident and self-assertative, a former army chaplain, a preacher and agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, and now, the leading Negro politician of the state. He was born free; he had travelled widely and was soon the target of the whites who feared his influence. "An unscrupulous fellow," said the Atlanta Intelligencer, but John liked him and believed in him. Then there was Aaron Bradley who was a pronounced radical, openly opposed to the planters, interested in the convicts and demanding land for Negroes. He was a yellow man, sparingly built and handsome and was one of the first that the whites sought to get rid of. Someone soon declared that he had been convicted of a felony and had served a term in Sing Sing, New York. He denied the felony and the term in Sing Sing, but admitted that he had been convicted of seduction, and then he whirled upon his accusers:

"I've got a letter which says that the white delegate from Gordon County and President of the Convention have both been convicted of the same offense. I do not wonder that I am nettled."

Bullock, the carpetbagger and afterward Governor, leaped to his feet and moved that Bradley be expelled from attacking the social position and standing of these gentlemen and their families. Bradley left the convention, but he was sent back to the legislature afterward as Senator from the First District. Then there was Tunis Campbell, a brown man, born in Massachusetts, who had lived in Canada. He had held an island off the coast of

WINGS OF ATALANTA

Georgia against government forces for the Negro tenants and was only disposed by armed force. Then he became a magistrate in Darien and white planters had to appeal to him to get labor. He came to the convention eager for the election of frank and honest men to office. He all candidates for their views on universal suffrage. He was a member of the committee on education and a man of great personal charm. There were other leaders noticeable and assertative, but faithful, like Costin, who was never absent, and in all the convention, there was not a single charge of graft or selling votes. The convention ended March 11, 1868 and brought out a constitution which established for the first time universal suffrage and free education in the state of Georgia. Crowds of Negroes and many whites roared their approval as the black and white members walked out of the convention hall.

32-11-52

But they were not laborers, they were not slaves, they were not even furtive and apologetic in their manner. For the most part, they walked like men; they were well-dressed; they could rise and make speeches and they did, and John listened with a certain fascination. He saw them hob-nobbing and consulting with leading white men, sitting beside them at the desks. He sensed their leadership in certain matters, the right to vote, relief, and public schools. There were a few ill-dressed and noisy; there were one or two who got drunk, but as a group they suddenly made John Thrasher realize that distinctions among human beings were largely superficial. Unconsciously, he set his shoulders back and began to dream of action, of work, of finding and guiding his children, of something very like a career.

It was at this stage of his development that he ran into Harvy Eves. They had seen each other many times since the war, but had rather ostentatiously avoided each other. John knew that he had deliberately kept Harvey Eves from being a rich man, although of course the chances are that Federal officers would have discovered his horde of cotton. Yet, he might have bribed his way out. Eves nourished bitter resentment and hatred against John. The connection with his sister had grown in his mind now to a monstrous attack upon his race. It was The matter of cotton was (theft and cheating;) but things had changed. Harvey with his quick sense of economic development, began to conceive that Negroes, perhaps hereafter, had to be

32-11-57

counted with, were coming into power, were going to help rule. In that case, he must now make peace with them and his easiest path lay with John. "You know we got a lot of interest in common," he said, as he met John this day and looked at him knowingly. "Why don't you get into the legislature?" John stared at him in astonishment. He could neither read nor write. He knew nothing about politics and law-making. It never had occurred to him that he could be one of these law-makers, but to Harvey, apparently, it was all very simple, and of course before John realized it, he was a member of the first Reconstruction legislature of Georgia.

The outlook of Harvey Eves on life was much more direct and concrete. He was not a part of Atlanta; he was going to use Atlanta for his purposes. What he wanted in Atlanta was to get rich and do things which would accomplish his purpose quickest. He had few scruples as to method, although, of course, it would have defeated his object if he had to crassly run afoul of the law. Atlanta itself was properous. Its income in 1866 was nearly $300,000. Cotton was still high and all the country thereabout Atlanta and the country which it fed toward the South needed food and Northern goods. They were selling rapidly. A rolling mill had been started and Harvey held a part of the capital of $200,000. A machine shop destroyed during the war had started up again and banks were needed. Yet Harvey was cautious, and he had his eye on the railroads and the future of the railroads depended on the legislature. He had met Kimball and was greatly impressed. Here was a man of ideas and power and he knew how to handle people. Harvey was going to string along with him and get in on these railroad deals, and one of his first specific efforts was to get John into the legislature where he could handle him. His son Rhett Eves, born in 1856, was now thirteen years old and a bright youngster. He had had some schooling, but Eves put him into Block's factory to grow up with their business. On the other hand, John took sudden interest in his lost family. Young John had marched with Sherman to Savannah and was working there. John got in touch with him and he came back with a young wife whom he had just married. Savannah, born in 1850, a year after her brother, was now living with her father and John and his young wife joined them. For Savannah, John planned an education. It was a new idea to him, but he found it pervading

the legislature. The whites were not enthusiastic, but evidently regarded it as a sop to the poor whites and the Negroes in return for which they could extract more vital concessions. Some of them learned the way in which they had sidetracked a scheme for popular education in 1858 by capturing the convention and overwhelming those who had sent an emmisary to Rhode Island to look into public schools. But in this legislature, the movement was too strong. (Already Atlanta University was set upon a hill and begun in 1865 and opened in 1866.) John sent Jane to school, and there on the spot of such a school and with a new public school system, the new legislature turned much of its attention.

The planters did not surrender without a frantic effort. John went down to their (arbor) on Alabama Street on a hot July day. It was the Democratic state convention with over one thousand delegates, representing every part of the state and representing especially the land and wealth of the state. It was the last appearance of the great pre-war triumvirate, Stevens, Toomb and Cobb and their (conjugators), Ben Hill and former Governor Johnson. They were armed cap-a-pie in all their panoply of eloquence and arrogance. They wore long black coats and black cravated (stocks.) They spoke with mighty voices and the air of those used to authority. Five long hours they talked on a blazing afternoon. It was the last bitter blast of the planter aristocracy, but it very evidently missed its mark, in that the masses of those who attended did not listen,--they did listen and enjoyed the whole thing. It was to them a sort of vaudeville. They applauded rounded periods raptuously; but it was unreal. In the first place, it was the wrong setting. In Savannah, in Augusta, even in Macon, such an assemblage would have been overwhelming, but powerless, because too far from this new center of brute power, Atlanta; and in Atlanta All this sounded unreal. These people had led; they were born to lead; but their leading ended in disaster. They were through, although they did not know it. They declared the war amendments unconstitutional; but they were being enforced. They denounced the Reconstruction legislature, but it was the Reconstruction legislature with its black members sitting in the state capital. They told what they were going to do, what must be done, what the duty of the South was, and yet all of their political plans

WINGS OF ATALANTA

33-11-57

were impotent and they and their audience knew it. The one power that was irresistible, they did not mention, but pushed ahead; with the last card held up their slave by which they proposed to purge the legislature of its black membership, deprive the carpet-baggers of these supporting votes, and drive the scalawags back to cringing obedience. And even as they talked, the great and irresistible new movement rolled on and gathered power. The new wholesale business began for supplying the small stores in the towns which Atlanta reached and where the stocks were depleted by war. People needed food and clothes; they could get them in Atlanta straight from the North and West; they could pay for them with cotton and food and raw materials. They began a new tilling of the soil; that red, unfertile soil around Atlanta and the black rich soil further South. The whites worked as never before; the blacks continued to work. From way down in the cotton belt, bales began to roll North toward Atlanta, instead of always South toward Savannah and New Orleans. Twenty thousand bales a year were rolled into Atlanta and in five years more, this was destined to be increased five times. All this called for railroads and more railroads, and increasing miles of railroads in all directions. There was not enough private capital to build these things, and yet, they were run for private profit. The government of the state must furnish capital, but the profit was to go into private pockets. Here was power, here was vision, and thiw was what Harvey Eves and Kimball and Bullock and the carpetbaggers were thinking of, but the planters, Bourbon and obdurate, did not see this. They had a trump card and they played it.

It had been suave but true, with all the finesse of that political chicanery which had duped Congress into permitting the conspiracy of secession to grow with helpless hanging hands. When in the constitutional convention someone had asked for a specific statement that Negroes had the right to hold office: "Why is that necessary?" blandly asked ex-Governor Johnson. "The citizen, of course, carries that right." And the same ex-Governor Johnson, as he canvassed in the Southern part of the state during the campaign, pointed out the fact that the constitution and the custom of the state gave Negroes no right to hold office. On the other hand, around Atlanta and in the Northeastern part of the state, came dangerous communistic appeals to the poor whites.

WINGS OF ATALANTA

32-11-60

"Be a man! Let the slave-holding aristocracy no longer rule you. Vote for a constitution which educates your children free of charge; relieves the poor debtor from his rich creditor; allows a liberal homestead for your families; and more and more than all, places you on a level with those who used to boast that for every slave they were entitled to three-fifths of a vote in congressional representation. Ponder this well before you vote." (Thompson, Reconstruction in Georgia, p. 204.) Black Reconstruction, Du Bois, p. 500.

The ensuing legislature now meeting at the capital had by reason of this appeal all too many poor whites and scalawags, but above all, it had forty Negroes, and these alone feared the eye of the Bourbons. They might have been the planters allies; they were nearer the planters by convention and inherited sympathies. Indeed, before and during the convention, the planters had counted on them and often worked with them, but now it was time to get rid of these monkies because they were evidently a source of danger. The planters had not expected that the Negro members of the convention of the legislature would be much more than a worthless mob ready to take orders. They were surprised and chagrined by the appearance of leadership and self-assertion by the possibility of an entirely new alignment of Negroes, scalawags and carpetbaggers.

The matter came up as soon as the legislature met early in June, but met unexpected reluctance and opposition. It began in the Senate and Milton Candler a planter from middle Georgia, precipitated the debate. He declared that Negroes were not entitled to their seats because they were Negroes and that they could not hold office under the constitution of Georgia. A long and heated debate ensued and the colored Senator Bradley, who had been a bone of contention in the convention, fought back bitterly. He moved that Candler's resolutions be espunged from the minutes and he secured unexpected support, not so much because his fellows wanted the three Negroes in the Senate, but because they knew that Reconstruction was not all and that such high-handed action might goad the grim North to acts of retaliation. Senator Nunnally, therefore, sought to sidetrack the present discussion from the main point. He brought up the old charge of an alleged conviction in New York against Bradley and got this matter referred to a

32-11-61

committee, of which he and Candler were members, and then kept it there until the Senate was formally organized and the new Governor Bullock's message received. They feared that this would make Georgia's position in the Union stronger and that later they could do as they pleased. The special committee on Bradley had had . The majority declared him ineligible because of the conviction in New York, but the minority declared that the evidence was not convincing. Nevertheless, Bradley was not permitted to defend himself and although no quorum was present, the President of the Senate refused to call the roll. The matter dawdled on until August as Congress had adjourned and immediate danger of interference was past. Then when Bradley saw that he was going to be expelled; he forestalled action by resigning. But he was defended by Campbell, another black Senator and Campbell and Wallace still held their seats. Campbell had some eloquence and education; Wallace was illiterate, but he was no fool. In September, the stage was finally set. Candler headed another special committee. The Negroes were given one hour for defense and then un-seated. Campbell and Wallace left with bitter protest.

"in behalf of ourselves, ~~our~~ the constitution and also in behalf of nearly 500,000 loyal citizens of this state, we do enter our solemn protest against the illegal, unconstitutional, unjust and oppressive action of this ~~protest against the illegal, unconstitutional, unjust and oppressive action of~~ body, ~~based upon the resolution of the Senators from the 35th Senatorial Dis-~~ ~~this~~ ~~trict,~~ declaring us ineligible on account of color."

Thereupon, the Senate took the curious but practical step of seating in the places of the three deposed Senators the persons who in the last poll received the next highest number of votes, or in other words, the bitterest opponents of the man unjustly expelled.

[redacted] Six white Senators joined in a protest, but this was ignored and the Senate resolved that the persons in the districts of Wallace and Campbell who received the next number of highest votes should be allowed to take their seats. Bullock, Governor, sent the election returns asked for , but expressed his displeasure and indignation and the explusion of the colored Senators. Candler declared that the Senators had the right to expell any of its members and that the letter of the Governor should be ignored.

WINGS OF ATALANTA

The governor protested. Bullock was no Negro lover. He had served in the Confederate army. He had grown to be a Georgian by instinct and action during the fifteen years of resistance, but he knew his North and he knew the future of Atlanta. He wanted to get down to railroads and building and commerce and invite interference with his government by this foolish and unnecessary action. He protested, but the Senate paid no attention, and the Bourbons now turned their attention to the twenty-five Negro representatives in the House. In the meantime,

Building operations were rushed on. At first, huts and haphazarded buildings with high rents and scarce material between 1866 and 1869. The city limits were extended three miles in each direction and between 1869 and 1872 there were large building operations. The James Mansion, after the Governor's residence, cost $70,000 in 1869. In 1870, the Opera House and the marvelous Kimball House cost $500,000. The Fourth Baptist Church and the new Catholic Church went up. Four Hundred buildings were erected in 1871, including a Union passenger station and in 1872, the Fifth Baptist Church. During all this time, from 1865 to 1871, there was a real estate boom and wide speculation. The Atlanta National Bank was established in 1866 and Adair's real estate office opened in 1865.

When the matter came up in the House, it touched John Thrashor and thrilled him. [illegible] was a fight; he had never been used to fights; he had let life flow on around him and had drifted with it, but his colleague in the legislature was a young man named Clairbourne, a dark, thin-faced, passionate man from the black belt. Clairbourne was ten years younger than John, only twenty-eight, but he had been attracted, first, to John himself with his easy humor and tolerant philosophy so in contrast with his own; and then he had met Savannah, John's daughter, with her brown face and waving black hair. They were married in 1868.

The Negro members of the House had only begun to take part in business.

32-11-63

offered a bill to establish proper forms and house of refuge in the county. James Porter offered bills against racial discrimination and to incorporate a German fire company in Savannah. James Sims offered several bills on the city government. J. T. Costin was appointed to the committee on rules and was immediately attacked as not being a resident of Talbert County. Turner was on three committees, on institutions for the blind, on corporations and on the state of the . Also, he was on the special committee to notify General Meade that the House had acted on the constitutional amendments and to invite him to attend the inauguration of the Governor. He introduced bills to incorporate the Georgia Mutual Life Insurance Company, to punish dueling and to prevent race segregation on railroads. Phillip Joiner was on the committee for institutions of the deaf and dumb. He tried to reduce the vote of the sheriff of Dougherty County and the salaries of the judges of the Superior Courts and wanted to compel police officers to secure badges. U. L. Houston wanted to tax arable land which was not cultivated, five cents an acre, and T. M. Allen presented bills to regulate elections in Jasper County and protect farmers from foxhunters.

The colored legislators in the House thus began their ~~setter~~ work and continued during June and July, while the fight for explusion was going on in the Senate.

On August 11, however, a resolution was introduced in the House denying colored members the right to their seats. The majority of the committee on privileges and elections declared all Negroes ineligible and ~~there was~~ included the four men who had one-eighth or less of Negro blood. The debate was continued through September and Turner was protagonist, although others took part. Romulus Moore, for instance, made a clear statement of his claim to his seat. ~~Moore was~~ a Negro preacher, Representative Slower said: "Stop white folks. Take this resolution off the table and let's go to work." But Turner made the chief speech.

WINGS OF ATALANTA

32-11-64

But the House machine acted mechanically and leaving out the four octoroons, expelled in September the remaining twenty-five Negro members. The state was divided. The newspapers wavered. Already in June a test case had come before the courts covering the case of a Negro elected to local office. Chief Justice Joseph Brown and one colleague out of the three justices decided that the Negro had a right to serve. Brown, the last pre-war Governor, thus aligned himself with Bullock, the carpetbagger, by whom he had been appointed to the court. It foreshadowed a new deal between planters and carpetbaggers who were turned toward commerce and industry, but the decision had no effect on the legislature and the House refused to rescind its vote in order to placate Congress. Meantime, support for the planters' program came from the South. The Ku Klux, dressed in white shirts and pillowcases, began to ride; but as they were funny and bizarre in appearance, their actions were not definite and business-like. They drove Negroes into the fields to make cotton; they intimidated or killed Negro leaders; they whipped men black and white who stood up for anything new. Two hundred and sixty outrages were reported in the single year, 1869.

John Thrasher was astonished and helpless. A development of white people and black people side by side with the blacks learning from the whites, and the whites reaching out for alliance and support, this he could understand, this was clear; but a fight between blacks and whites, that was impossible. That did not seem reasonable even in the nature of the case or in the possibility of doing anything. He was disposed to be content with pleading, to wait until persons more powerful, until that far-off Congress and Northern abolitionists, came down and cleared the way. He was astonished when Turner and Bradley and Campbell prepared to fight. He didn't know whether he ought to go down to that meeting in Macon, but his son-in-law persuaded him. Then he found that he had no money. Clairbourne went by train and urged John to come, but John made excuses. He would come by the next train. He had no money; he never had any money. He never had much use for money, and so with scores of others, he walked to Macon, ninety long miles, which still did not seem long. It gathered more and more the aspect of a pilgrimage, of an assembling army, of the determination and might of black people. It gave John a new conception of power and of possibility, and it culminated there in that closed and almost secret meeting where 136

32-11-65

MEN raised their great voices and he listened and joined in the roll of their chorus: "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand; all of the ground is sinking sand." Eighty-two counties were there and Turner was the acknowledged leader. There were bitter and firety speeches, most of the men could not read and write, and yet, deftly guided by Turner and others, they did the practical and necessary thing. They went to work and set forth their case with facts and figures, with actual record of occurrences and legal and social argument. The Ku Klux outrages around them rosed to a crescendo. Former colored members of the legislature were attacked. Colby of Green County was taken from his bed atdnight and beatened. Richardson was killed and Davis escaped death because he was mistaken for a white man. The riot took place at Camilla with nine black men dead and twenty or more wounded. But the convention at Macon stuck to its guns, out of poverty it raised money; it sent Turner and Sims to Washington to beseige Congress, and at the same time, Bullock, the governor, hurried North to warn the leading Republicans that without the Negro vote not only would reactionary Democrats represent Georgia in the United States Senate, but the state would go Democratic in the election of 1868, now only a month away. It was a crisis and action must be taken. Terry, the military commander, reported that in some parts of Georgia there was no government at all and no real courts. Congress did not like the situation, but there was little to do. The Georgia presidential vote was practically held up. The Senators elected were denied their seats. Georgia was again out of the Union and under military rule. It seemed to John a miracle, while to the planters, it was a final defeat and to the carpetbaggers, a new bid for greater power.

Book 3 pp. 1-21

BOOK III.

Chapter I.

It was a pretty stiff fight. The black boy was about nine--small, lean, almost scrawney; the white boy was larger and older, perhaps ten or eleven; fat, almost to flabbiness. It began with a thrown chunk of clay which hit the black boy behind the ear. He whirled angrily and yelled at the grinning white youth.

"Here, you," he cried; and starting forward, paused. It was a clear, bright morning at eight in the early spring of 1909. Flowers were peeping out. Birds were twittering and there was warmth in the air. White children, boys and girls of varying ages and a variety of dress, were straggling west to the Walker Street school in twos and threes; crossing their path came colored children going north to the Mitchell Street school--walking, running, playing. The whites paused and began to congregate, amused; the colored children walked more slowly and watched. At first, the white boy had thrown his clay and started away laughing; but when he saw that the black boy was not following him, he turned and stood his ground.

Little John scowled; hesitated; took another step forward and then turned completely around. He knew that he mustn't fight white boys. The white boy was encouraged. He hopped, yelled and ran forward. Some of the white children laughed and egged him on:

"Go git him, Patty!"

"Make the little nigger run."

Patty stooped and picked up a stone; in a flash John was on him. The white crowd yelled; the black children grew strangely silent; a few hurried away, but the rest pressed forward with tensed muscles, grim and watchful. At the first onset, John went down in the dirt with the big boy on him; but in a moment, he had squirmed loose and struck the boy full in the face with his bundle of books and the boy sprawled in astonishment. Then they rushed together again, hot and angry. They struck, scratched, kicked and bit. Blood appeared on their hands and faces, clothes were torn and dirty, books and papers were scattered. The laughter of the white children changed to a menacing growl. The silence of the black children broke in to a shrill scream. They

BOOK III. Chapter I.

dropped their books and pressed nearer.

"Kill him, John; kill the damn Cracker."

John was slowly getting the better of the tussle; he was strong and wiry despite his size and he was determined. Murder surged in his heart. The white boy grew scared and furious. He yelled for help. People, white and colored, stopped, looked, and began to draw near. There was a menace of bitter race riot in the air when two figures came flying along the street from its opposite ends. The colored woman had a bundle of clothes in her arm and moved cumbrously, but swiftly: the white woman, thin, half-dressed in a flimsy kimono, with flying hair, ran rapidly. She reached the fighting couple first and tearing at John ripped his shirt from neck to waist, and slapped him sprawling. The white boy, encouraged by unexpected help, started to scratch, gouge and kick him; but by that time John's mother was there. She was calm, almost smiling, as she pushed the white boy back and tried to take John in her protecting arm.

"There, there," she said. "Now, stop it, both of you. These here children will get into mischief, won't they, ma'm?"

"Don't talk to me, you black wench," screamed the hysterical white woman. "I'll kill that little devil."

"Now, now," said Savannah, "I'll see to him. He'll get a good whipping. And you all better go on to school," speaking to the colored group which began to move slowly and then more swiftly as they saw two policemen in the distance.

The policemen blustered up. "Here, here, now," one of them said magisterially, "what's going on here?" A number of grown people had now gathered, mostly white with a few blacks at a distance.

The white woman clutched her clothes and tried to put up her hair. She explained volubly and rapidly, panting and trembling through her thin garments.

"This little nigger has been fighting my boy and tearing his clothes."

"But--," stammered John, "he hit me first."

"Shut up," said the policeman. "Now get on to school, you children;" and the white children slowly began to move away.

BOOK III. Chapter I.

"That's all right, sir," said Jane, "I'll see that he gets punished, and he won't do it again. He's a good boy--"

"He'll pay for my boy's clothes, the black scamp. He ought to be on the chain gang," said the woman.

"Sure should," said the policeman," and I'm going to take him down to the Tower." The other policeman moved to a telephone.

"Please don't," pleaded the black mother. "Surely we can fix this up. It's just a child's fuss. I work for Mr. Eves and Mr. Blake. They'll tell you who I am,--Savannah Jones. Surely we can fix this up. I'll see that your boy's clothes is paid for, ma'm." But she talked in vain for already with a clatter and shriek, the Black Maria wheeled up and John and his mother were bundled in. The white woman stood soothing the sullen white boy.

"You'll come down and make charges, ma'm, this afternoon," said one policeman politely; but the other stared at her,leering familiarity in his eye.

"I sure will,"said the woman, staring back angrily.

The black group was gone, but the white group lingered, already augmented by other white men and women, while far off in the outskirts the colored women and men, dispersed, and the whites scowled after them.

Little John was thoroughly bewildered, especially at his repeated inability to state his side of the case. Even in the wagon, as they rode down Mitchell Street and over the viaduct by the beautiful new Terminal Station; then down by Pryor to Decatur, all the time he was trying to get his mother to listen to him, but apparently she did not hear. She just patted his hand nervously.

"You see, mammy, I didn't begin no fight. I didn't want to fight, but he hit me with clay and dirtied my clothes, and even then I was going on about my business when he grabbed a stone and jumped at me. What would you expect me to do? Let him pound me? I couldn't do that, you know I couldn't. I had to fight back, and I was licking him, too, good. I don't see how it was my fault."

They went in to a dirty, noisy place with laughing policemen and loafers. They

BOOK III. Chapter I.

32-11-82

were duly booked and Jane pleaded for them not to keep the boy there and let him appear next afternoon. The sergeant was disposed to ridicule her and joke about it, and said "the ornery, little nigger better be locked up lest he get in more mischief." But at last a telephone call to Mr. Lucius Eves secured his temporary release. Yes, Mr. Eves knew Savannah. Her people had worked in his family many years. He'd come down and speak to the Judge.

When John got home, he succeeded in making his mother talk. She explained that in a way he was right; of course he was part right.

"But you say I mustn't ever fight white children? That wouldn't be fair, if they jump on me."

"Well, it's a curious world, full of wicked people, white and black; but you can't make them do right by beating them. You got to be a good boy and serve God and--"

"But why don't the Lord get busy? He had a chance to straighten that fight out and he didn't do a thing."

"Hush, boy; Don't talk about God that a-way. He takes his time."

"You mean he will fix it up tomorrow?"

"Yes, well, no, perhaps not tomorrow, I tell you, the Lord takes his own time. He's just got aplenty of time."

"But I don't see no sense in his getting things so muddled up in the first place. Why don't he play fair? If he just got to fight, he ought to give us a chance to fight the thing out and not stick in policemen and old, wild, white women."

But Savannah only sighed. "I tells you it's all coming out right."

"Well, it looks like a mess to me," said John. His mother raised her hand sharply as if she would slap him; but her raised hand changed to a caress and her resentment to a sob.

Judge Broyle's court next morning was a further astonishment to John; the judge on his high bench seemed angry and sneering. The reporters were in repeated gales of laughter and one who was beginning his work on the Constitution and writing a funny column concerning Judge Broyle's court, was especially edified.

"Isn't that a type?" pointing to Savannah; and he sketched her swiftly and deftly.

"The little nigger ought to be in rags to be typical; but he's quite like the

small, black gentleman." And that fact itself seemed to irritate the judge.

"Look here, nigger," he said, "don't you know that you mustn't strike white folks?"

John was silent.

"Don't you?" reiterated the judge.

"Got lessen they hits me, first," said John boldly, and the reporters tittered. The judge got red.

"I'll teach you," he said. "Look here, Savannah, I'm going to put this impudent little nigger on the chain gang and teach him manners;" but Savannah pleaded.

"I've always treated white folks with respect," she said, "and I'm sure my little boy tried to, too."

"What have you got him all dressed up them fer? What's he doing in school? Why don't you put him to work and make him support you? If you can buy books and clothes like that, I reckon you can help support this city. It will be $25 and costs."

Savannah was dumb. That represented more than a month's work. She had only brought ten dollars in dimes and quarters. Then Lucius Byes entered the court. He shook hands cordially with Judge Breyle and whispered to him. After a time, Savannah and John went out. He could not understand the world about him. He had knocked a big, white boy down and pushed his head in the clay because he had started at him and hurt him; but now he saw how his mother had to plead and work to keep him out of the chain gang.

His mother looked at him thoughtfully.

"You know," she said, "that your uncle, the brother that I loved;" and then she paused, and finally went on with some difficulty, "was in the chain gang many many years until it killed him, soul and body. I don't want you to go there. Some way, I don't know how, I want you to make up for what he wasn't and might have been. Perhaps you can't do it wholly. He was--glorious, but you, you can be a good boy and an honest man."

"Perhaps," she said thoughtfully, "you may be a preacher,--perhaps. I don't know."

And all this John could not understand. He had done right. And yet right was wrong. He must let white boys sneer at him and chase him and strike him. No, not that.

BOOK XII. Chapter I.

He drew the line there. They mustn't hit him. Everything else he supposed he had to bear. But even then he couldn't see why. What was all this difference because of color, anyway. And who was this God whom he had to serve because his mother had promised, and who let things like this happen? It was a funny muddle. He didn't understand it. And he hated things which he couldn't understand.

The white woman was angry, too. She was given $10, about twice as much as her boy's clothes had cost; but still she was angry.

"That's it," she muttered to her fellows," these rich scoundrels are always paying for their niggers and putting them up to impudence while they steal the bread and butter out of our mouths. I know that boy of mine ain't no angel; he's going to hell as fast as he can; but who's fault is it? I'm away slaving in Eves cotton factory for 75¢ a day, while he's running the street. I'm trying to dress him decent and keep him in school, while Eves is starving his workers, and giving their places to niggers. I'd like to kill every nigger in Atlanta. If it wasn't for them, we could hang together and get better wages. By God, something's got to be done about this," and she went home bedraggled, trembling, and in tears.

92-11-85

BOOK III.
Chapter II.

There were two old men sitting in a summer house back of a mansion on Peachtree Road. On the porch of the house with its large and gracious facade gleaming white in the sun could be heard the voices of children--Millicent Eves, who was ten, and her companions; and the wail of Fred, the new baby. But in the summer house far in the rear there were only murmurs. The white man was 72--old, fat, doddering and irascible; the black man was tall, remote, full of regrets and memories and plans, but thin and ageless, despite his 70 years. He would say: "Next year, I'm going West where my father went." But he never went. At most, he walked to Marietta or Macon. Whimsically, he would add: "When I was in London, I saw the King." Then Harvey Eves, his white companion, would burst out bitterly: "You ain't never been to London, you old fool. You know damned well you ain't."

"I see spring flowers over yonder," said Old John.

Harvey Eves sniffed. "Them ain't flowers; they's the new skyscrapers. Air you goin' blind?"

"No, I'm getting second sight. I can see a heap these days--a heap."

"You're always tryin' to talk like a book. You know you ain't got no education. Now my wife--there was a talker and a reader."

"She didn'r read after you got her; she jest took snuff."

"And damn; but you ought to hear my granddaughter, Millicent."

"Bet she don't know how many cities I can see yonder."

"You don't see but on, you fool, and that's--Atlanta."

"I see 3 cities; a black one; a white one; and a white-and-black one--all different."

"You blacks don't count."

But the black man maundered on:

"Atlanta done throwed out railroads like wings, North and East and South and West."

BOOK III. Chapter II.

"Who ever heard of a bird with all them wings?"

"I have, and more. They's cherubims. There's lots of birds with four and six and eight and fifteen wings. I done seen them in the big woods in old times."

"You're a damned liar."

"Take back that 'liar', whitetrash, 'fore I bust you one."

"Git out--git out, leave me, you black son of a bitch. Always spongin' 'round here."

"Ah, don't go, John--don't leave me. I don't mean nothing. I ain't got nobody now. Rhett is too damned busy and Lucius and his wife think I'm dirt. Have another drink?"

Old John settled back in his chair and drank slowly.

"There's a heap of things I never did figure out about Atlanta. Somehow, I couldn't just exactly see what I'm looking at. There's always something half hid in Atlanta. For an instance, there ain't no market square."

"Atlanta never did have no market. She built herself around a depot."

"And made a railroad depot her God and worshipped it. And on the depot was the cherubim with the wings; the Wings of Atlanta."

"I don't know what you're talking about, nigger. But we Southerners always was x religious and God-fearing."

"No, just scared, plum scared stiff; devil worshippers who whoop and holler to scare off spirits. Just like us niggers. And they's lots more I don't understand."

"If thare anything you don't understand, I might explain it to you."

"All right. Now all this land, who made it?"

"Who made it? You damn fool, nobody made it; 'ceptin God."

"Then how did you and Rhett git it?"

"We bought and paid for it."

"Sure and you paid a man who didn't make and couldn't own it and you gave him half what it was worth, and what made it worth anything is the 150,000 all around who don't

BOOK III. Chapter II.

own nothing."

"Oh, hell, you make me sick--listen."

Below came the sound of bells. No, it was the ring of iron clinking on iron. It was the stirring of convicts at eventide. They had been clearing the land and building roads and making way for new palaces of the rich.

"Your boy, Rhett, done made a heap buying and selling niggers."

"It's a lie. He's a contractor. The convicts ain't fit for nothing, but to be sold and worked."

"He made a heap, just the same."

"Sure did."

"And he's lost a heap, too, in Hoke Smith's panic."

"How did you know he lost money?"

"Riots don't make money."

"You are the God dammest, old, belly-aching fool I ever heard tell of. And if you think my Rhett won't make his pile again, you're crazy. They've made the price of convicts higher with their new fool rules and they beat hell out of his railroad stock. But you wait; he's got schemes."

"He made money out of the blood of one of mine down there. Powerful pretty boy. He ought to be killed for that."

"If you don't stop that talk around here, you'll get lynched."

A group of children ran back into the yard and stopped and stared.

"There's pappy," said a pretty little girl.

"And there's his old nigger," added another.

"I ain't your pappy, nigger, and never was," said Old John, placidly. "I never belonged to nobody and never will."

The mother hurried into the yard.

"Why don't pappy keep that nigger away from here. It isn't decent," she complained. She was one of the poor white Murray's and deathly afraid of her smart neighbor's judgment.

BOOK III. Chapter II.

Old Eves hated her. He had wanted Rhett to marry a lady born like his wife and he went and took up with one of the poorest of the poor whites.

"Shut your damned mouth," yelled Old Eves trembling with wrath; but Rhett came out. He was a smooth-faced, cold-looking man.

"Go on," he said briefly to the children, herding the children to the front yard.

Rhett Eves in 1919 was fifty-four and looked old. He had married in 1876 and had a son, Lucius, and a daughter. He had one object and that was power through wealth. He had disciplined himself severely. He neither drank nor used tobacco. His sex appetite was small. He was a member of the Baptist Church, careful in his orthodoxy; and he had been rich. He had made money out of the convict lease system and land ownership, but was hard hit by the depression of 1907. He proposed, however, to begin again to make money out of manufacturing and the control of labor. He despised his father, but tolerated him; and let this queer, old man be his companion. It was as cheap companionship as he could imagine. He glanced at them coldly.

"Don't make so much noise, and I'll have no swearing about here. Come to supper, Pappy, and you, John, go to the kitchen and eat all you want to," he said, crisply, and walked on.

The old, black man arose.

"Sit down," pleaded the white man. "Have another drink." But the black man moved away in the night.

"I'm going," he said. "I'm going to see what it's all about."

"What what's all about?"

"What all is all about."

"You'll get your fool head knocked off wandering around at night," yelled Harvey, as Old John disappeared. He went along the back roads like a ghost, shuffling softly in the dusk and came down through the valleys into the West side, crossing Peachtree Creek and the meadows, and at last came to a place where men were meeting and there was singing in the air.

It was in Darktown and in old Wheat Street Church a turbulent meeting was being

BOOK III. Chapter XI.

held. The pastor had started the singing. He was P. James Bryant and had come to Wheat Street Church ten years before, following the almost deified Father Tillman at the age of twenty-five. And now the church had threatened to split on him. A bitter feud had torn it in two and Bryant was using all his power and finesse to hold it together. Bryant was a thin, wiry, black man, with sharply etched face, and he was fighting the great fight of his career; and fighting with him were a mass of women, and their weapon was song. Soon the wave of music filled the hollow where the Negroes lived and welled up toward the strongholds of Atlanta buisness and the residences of the rich.

Hither John walked and stood and listened and afterward watched the bitter, quarreling and recrimination. Far away to the North in New York there had just been a meeting in Carnegie Hall where Henry Watterson, Governor Hughes and Seth Lowe had presented Booker T. Washington, and a few months later in Boston, Trotter and his friends had rioted against Washington. Hitchcock was even now up yonder in an Atlanta hotel planning to buy votes in the Republican conventionto nominate Taft. Tomorrow Taft will be nominated and in the fall elected just as Joe Brown will be elected governor and bring victory for the railroads. All this was seething around the fight in Wheat Street Church, and during the year thirteen Negroes were lynched in Georgia.

BOOK III
Chapter III.

32-11-90

It was after Golden Boy had gone to the dark disaster of penal chains that Dick Jones asked Savannah to marry him. He explained diffidently and apologetically, that she and her mother needed support and protection; that he was quite alone, just an old bachelor, with no decent home to stay in; that he was earning good money, $100 a month as a fireman, and would soon earn more, as he got promotion.

But only one of his arguments really moved Savannah; she had had no contact with men and no thought of marriage. Her whole life had been bound up with Golden Boy; but when Dick Jones pointed out that after the twenty awful years, and perhaps even before, if Golden Boy got pardoned, he would need guidance and support, Savannah grasped at the straw and grasping found herself unexpectedly in Dick's arms, weeping out for the first time the full bitterness of her revolt and disappointment and finding comfort and protection she had never before known. Still she hesitated until she noted with Dick how suddenly old and weak her mother Jane was getting; how difficult it was for her to accomplish the week's washing, and how she sat long hours and stared at nothing. She, who before had never stopped, but gone methodically, even if slowly, about her day's work.

So at last and quietly, they were married in 1898, and in 1900, Young John was born. It was to Savannah, a revelation. She had been hitherto rather a silent, unemotional woman, dark and quiet. Only now and then did her emotion burst through as from a dead volcano and her great contralto voice foam in floods about the world. Usually, she sang alone; and it was this voice that from its birth had tremendously impressed and awed her son John. Her love for her little boy was different than that for her brother, Golden Boy. Him, she had worshipped and adored and set on high. But Little John, she held apart. He was a symbol and a promise.

"Young John", they called him, after his great grandfather. The boy was dark brown and sturdy; he grew up free and happy until 1906, when he was six years old. Almost it seemed to him that he began to live in 1906. First, his grandmother came home, deep in the night, with a bundle of rags in her arms, and she seemed to think it was Golden Boy; and then they brought a stark and maimed body and buried it secretly in the back yard.

BOOK III. Chapter III.

And that was Golden Boy; and then a few days later, he heard an uproar in the night. He heard explosions. His mother almost dragged him into the church past a man torn and hidden with his own blood. Her voice with the others rose in a song of defiant triumphant, and she dreamed that little John ~~think~~ was to be a great man; that he was to lead his people.

She had not greatly regarded him until 1906 when her brother was done to death. And then suddenly, in her loneliness and distraction, he became more. He became slowly the embodiment of her hopes for Golden Boy, without the beauty, without the glory, but with something solid and firm. She felt that she must insure this by not making the mistakes which had ruined Golden Boy. Young John must obey; he must behave; he must go diligently to school; he must keep out of trouble and trouble to her meant friction with the whites. She must in some way not yet just clear make this boy a great man--not by love; but by discipline, not by devotion; but by sacrifice. In some mysterious way, he would work the great atonement and final salvation.

Before that night after the riot, she had attended church only perfunctorily, although John had been sent regularly to Sunday School. Her husband was more regular in attendance, being a deacon at Friendship where the pastor, E. R. Carter, had served a quarter of a century. After that night in church, urged by her husband and the pastor, she attended more regularly; she had never joined a church; she had never "experienced" religion. Now she began to see that possibly in some mysterious way her great work of atonement, salvation and vengeance was coming through the church. The thought of this kept recurring until there came the day of the great revival. An evangelist had come to prepare and gather the annual harvest of converts. He was a shrewd and intelligent man and did this sort of thing for a living. His knowledge of the psychology of crowds, and particularly of Negro crowds, was profound, and preachers were willing to pay him a goodly sum to relieve them in this annual recruiting of their congregations. Carter did not think much of him as a man, but he knew his power and technique, and he had to acknowledge that in conversions he was a finished artist.

This year, his opportunity was unusual because the nerves of the people had been set on edge by the riot. They had seen death in its ugliest form and they were prepared

92-11-92

to talk about God and what he had done and what he proposed to do. But the evangelist did not quite strike the right note. These people were not disposed to think about submission and Heaven; they had been through Hell and they wanted to talk about the vengeance of the Lord right here on earth. The stranger who had not lived through the riot did not understand their attitude. His usual vocabulary and stock of antics left his audience curiously cold and he realised it. Into his fervor, which was usually so productive of loud amens and even screams of approval, crept a doubt. He confessed to himself that this was the hardest and dumbest crowd that he had met for a long time. While he was shouting and gesticulating, he began seriously calculating whether he were going to be able to raise a large enough sum to pay his expenses and to justify himself before the Reverend Carter; and to be able to get further engagements on Carter's valuable recommendation. He had already been here a week and if things did not pick up, he did not propose to fool away another week.

He raised his voice to a great shout: "Come to Jesus!" pausing dramatically.

And then the break came. He was used to it; if he could work his audience up to a certain point, the floodgates would give way and a wave of emotion would seize them and toss them up and on. Usually there were premonitions of such an event, increasing centers of excitement here and there, murmurs and sobs; but tonight in an audience cold and still, suddenly a scream rent the air. It startled even the evangelist. For a moment, he did not connect it with his preaching; he thought perhaps somebody had been hurt, or vaguely pictured a white mob. Then he gripped himself and realized. A woman had arisen and was standing in the audience. Tears were streaming down her face and she had beside her a little boy fiercely clasped by the hand. A dark man was trying uncertainly to restrain her. The evangelist paused and then bent forward. He was himself again; he knew the symptoms. Here was the call, the demoniac possession, the frenzy of religious madness. It was typified by a woman who did not easily let herself go; who was struggling even now to keep back the silent emotion that surged within her. The evangelist stretched his arms; he was a big man and standing high in the pulpit loomed large over the audience. His vast voice rolled: "Come to Jesus," he said, looking straight at the woman, and she

BOOK III. Chapter III.

came with a swift rush dragging the little boy, frightened but unresisting, beside her, and leaving her husband. She came up the aisle and the intensity of her emotion, the trembling of her hands and the swelling of her hard-held sobs gripped the audience because they knew her. She represented all that they had been through: these awful days; the chain gang, murder, rape, mobs and fire, the horror of everything that was called "the race problem", and she represented, too, the hard hand which had held out against God all these years and now had been miraculously touched. A moaning swelled over the audience. It rose to a murmur and broke into a prayer with low obligator of strophe and antiphonm.

"Oh Lord (Hear her Jesus--bless His name) Receive this soul
(Bow down our knees--and bow our heart beneath our knees) that comes a-weeping to your breast
(Make a way, God--in the Sin Wilderness) Open your great arms, God (O crucified one--Open your arms) and take her in. Give her peace, God; Give her peace (Wash her sin away--Save her soul) and wash her sins away in your own blood--your own blood, O lamb of God and Savior of all men."

Suddenly the bowed and praying woman looked up, dry-eyed and grim. The evangelist, watching her with narrowed eyes and only partial comprehension, stopped the waving of his hands and sudden silence fell. And the woman said, low-voiced: "I done seen him."

"Now what's coming," said the evangelist to himself. He was afraid she was a crank or crazy and that he might not be able to keep the spell which he had woven upon his audience. But he said, aloud:

"Speak, sister, testify."

And she said in a clear voice: "I saw Jesus," and then paused. She could not add that he looked like Golden Boy; that he was Golden Boy. She simply said, speaking clear and distinctly:

"I saw Jesus. I did not know before that people ever saw him. I thought they lied when they testified. But I saw him last night. I saw him plain, with his poor, crucified body all dust and blood."

A groan of pain shook the mass of kneeling folk.

"And He said' 'For give me', he said, 'when I knowed as I never knowed before that I was the sinner, I was the murderer. I, I alone had killed God.'" and she beat her breast and her voice rose louder about the rising tumult.

BOOK III. Chapter XXI.

"And Jesus said: 'Bring me a sacrifice that I may save me and mine. Bring me your first born and stretch him on my altar and let his blood and mine wash all the sins of the world away. And I've brought him and give this boy to you. Take him, preacher, and make him a man of God. A preacher of the word, that this Jesus may live again and all my people, my poor, black people, be saved." And falling to her knees, she worshipped for a second in ecstacy the vision of Golden Boy.

Rising quickly, she lifted the boy bodily and thrust him toward the evangelist. The scared child trembling stared on the sea of faces. The evangelist took him in his arms and soothed him. Then the preacher raised his great, harsh voice in staccato bursts of recitation:

"Shall I--be car-ried-to-o-the Skies on flow-ry --be-eds--of ease;
No I--must fight--to win--the prize and soul--thru blood--y seas;"

Then above the jerking explosion of the preacher rose the voice of the woman. She filled the interstices and spaces of recitation with pure music. This audience knew singing, instinctively it knew music, but somehow it seemed that never before had Friendship heard a voice like this. It was an immense voice and yet full of glorious harmony. And as the thump of the preacher's rhythm struck like a bared fist, the song of her voice swept on and up and its magnificent cadence shook the building. The audience went wild. The music of a thousand voices throbbed and swelled, and the evangelist in silence led them only with wild waving of his hands. There had been no such singing for many years in old Friendship.

Back in the rear of the church Old John loomed. He had glided silently in, hearing the singing and watching for his great grandchild. He stood there now softly cursing; long and low he cursed, for Little John was curiously close to the old man. They talked together, soberly and often. There had been no such bond between him and Golden Boy and Savannah resented it. She made herself believe that some evil influence of bad manners and godlessness might be the result of too close association between the two Johns.

Old John had apparently never noticed Golden Boy. It was not altogether the

BOOK III. Chapter III.

stain of his illegitimate birth. Old John was no crude stickler for morals. To him babies were babies and parents parents and he gave little weight to religious ceremonies. But he never liked Golden Boy. Perhaps as a man, he resented his beauty, or deeper than that, feared it. He wanted not so much to curb the boy, as to get his feet on the earth and hold him down from walking the clouds. He did not want to guide him, but he wanted the boy to guide himself by some solid landmarks and along real paths and over hard mountains. And when nothing of this seemed possible, he withdrew to the side and watched this brilliant phenomenon dance and laugh by, and crushed and concealed his own forbodings of the coming disaster.

32-11-35

But in Little John, he saw a jewel; a solid, good, little bit of humanity; he wanted only to breathe flame into him and tell him great wonder tales. Anchored to the earth by the very sturdiness of his physique, the boy should expand and grow and make his race a strong, fighting fist to smash the color bar and the miserable fortresses of caste. Now this had come, and Old John cursed softly and bitterly. He hated the church. He hated the meek and spineless Jesus. He despised preachers. He saw through the evangelist as through an open book. He laughed at his tricks and mannerisms. Yet there, high on the altar, with the voice of his mother singing below, with the arms of the church around him, he saw his little boy gripped and imprisoned and dragged down to his fate. He looked toward poor Dick Jones standing half-bewildered, half- there Savannah had left him. There was no help there. Dick dealt with iron, water and coal, not with feelings, dreams and souls. Old John strode out into the night, crying in his hurt. He whispered: " The whole damned world is wrong; whites are wrong; blacks are wrong; God or the Devil is going to burn this world down."

BOOK XII
Chapter IV.

Judge Murray could never forget that visit of Savannah's pleading for her brother and his son. He always saw his own dark son in the chain gang sent by his own father for a political bargain. He was sure that the boy was bad. The testimony seemed too clear to doubt that; and yet he knew equally well that the testimony might be prejudiced and that certainly no white boy of the sort would have gone for ten years to the penitentiary; and he knew too that his own political ambition, the greed of Eves, had helped send him there. After some years, harassed by his own conscience, he tried tentatively to see what he could do to get Golden Boy pardoned; but the warden talked plainly to him.

"Do you know, that devil?" he said. "He is Lucifer; he is King of the Damned. He is the hardest, craftiest, meanest nigger in jail. It would be a calamity to loose him on the public. He ought to stay his full term, and if possible, I'll try to get him extra years."

There seemed nothing to do but await the boy's release and then give him money to go North and study and go to work under wider, freer surroundings. Meantime, the political pot boiled. From the city court, the judge had gone to the Superior Court bench. In the turmoil of 1906, he was running for the Supreme Court. If he won, he might be governor some day and even United States Senator.

But his campaign was not successful. He was offended by Hoke Smith's virulent attack on Negroes. He tried to hark back to that union of poor whites and blacks which Tom Watson had visioned in 1876. But Watson and the whites turned on him bitterly and embraced disfranchisement. His subsequent campaigning was poor. He seemed no longer able to make an effective appeal; his hands seemed palsied; and the zest had gone out of life. He was afraid, with deadly fear, and prayed loudly and much too long in his neighbors' opinion at the weekly Methodist prayer meeting. There was no doubt but that the judge was failing.

Then came the release of Golden Boy, his awful crime, the riot and the election. Judge Murray was defeated and he died. The physicians called it heart failure. His

32-11-96

BOOK III. Chapter IV.

wife followed him, leaving only his daughter, who had married a fireman in 1895. They had two children; one, the boy, Patty, who fought the battle with Young John on the streets in 1910; and a younger sister, whom they called "Sis".

It was an unhappy family. Grace Murray could never forget that her father had once been a great man and almost rich; that he had sat as judge upon the bench; and that if he had lived, he might have been governor; and that she had lowered herself by marrying a grimy fireman who came home black as a darky, and indeed, had to work at a job where Negroes also worked and got as good or better wages.

Her husband was bitter, too. It was intolerable that he should be working at a Negro's job, and the only way was to get rid of Negroes. They must not be permitted to become engineers, and that was accomplished by the Union many years before. But even now, they held their seniority rights as firemen; they got the same wages as the whites; and they kept themselves in place by being servile, and waiting on white engineers. That's the reason that the same white engineers, damn them! preferred black firemen. That's the reason he couldn't get promotion and better wages. There were, of course, other reasons; but Tom Hammond did not acknowledge them: he was not a good fireman; he didn't attend to his work; he drank too much liquor; and he loved to loaf. Thus all the more, Hammond's economic position and his wife's social regrets, converged into the Negro problem. He was one of the main leaders of the riot of 1906.

He and his wife were among those white laborers on the edge of subsistence. Continually they were thrown into competition with Negroes and were goaded to desperation in the fear of losing caste by being out-stripped by the more energetic and resourceful blacks. They discussed the Roosevelt-Booker Washington dinner in 1901 and considered it a crime against nature. They were beside themselves with wrath when Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries: first, because a black man had been allowed to pummell a white man before the eyes of the world; but more especially when this ape had married a white girl and flaut her through the country.

The riot of 1906 took for them the aspect of a crusade.

BOOK III. Chapter IV.

"We killed a dozen of the damned niggers," said Hammond, as he came in drunk from the orgy with his arms laden with goods that he had stolen from Negro houses.

His wife was disgusted with him, with his thefts, but she kept the goods and nursed the hate, and finally, was compelled by his shiftlessness to enter the cotton mills and take a job as a spinner. Only in this way could she support the two children and hire a slatternly maid which any white family must have to keep up the last shreds of appearances.

Tom Hammond became prominent in the new union movement against Negro firemen. Negroes were not allowed to join the firemen's union movement against Negro firemen. Negroes were not allowed to join the firemen's union, but under the leadership of Dick Jones, they formed their own union and began to negotiate with the railroads. This raised the fury of the white firemen. They organized themselves; they went on a strike which rose to the dimensions of a race war. From many railroads, the Negro firemen were driven pitilessly; but on the old Georgia road, Dick Jones kept his position and his seniority rights and fought back. But one thing broke his heart. He had always hoped to see his little son John succeed him as a fireman. Once had thought of that for Golden Boy, but Golden Boy was too glorious and walkedom upper air; but Young John was sturdy and good and he wanted him to be a fireman. He clung to that even after Savannah had decided that he was to be a preacher. Now, however, he would probably have to be a preacher; no more Negro firemen could be taken on, and Dick's heart was near broken at the thought. But Tom Hammond and his fellows were not satisfied with broken hearts. They lay in ambush and shot Dick Jones and many other black firemen. Little John saw his father brought home dead, and saw his mother wearily bring home again the piles of weekly wash to support and keep their little home.

Then came a ray of light. The Fulton mills were going to take on some Negro spinners. They must be good, faithful workers and if they work good and learned easily, the jobs were permanent. They would be given $8 a week at first. This spelled a living for Savannah and her boy.

BOOK III.
Chapter V.

32-11-99

Old John and Harvey Sves were sitting in the summer house. Harvey looked very old and shrunken and mumbled rather than talked. Old John was at the same age and with the same aimless questing for truth.

"I see they done lynched a Jew," he said.

"I hates Jews," said Harvey Sves.

"They say as how white folks has lynched 2,500 niggers since Reconstruction. Young John reads to me that black folks is meeting in New York to talk about it."

"Gotta behave themselves and let white women alone," mumbled Harvey.

"You know white folks is not only wicked; but they's dumb. First, they kills their enemies; then they kills their friends; then they kills themselves. God don't mind a bit of wickedness now and then, that is natural; but he sure hates dumbness. God's gwine to sweep this world with a wind of death. I sees blood upon the moon; I sees fire," but Harvey was not listening. He was mumbling:

"My grandson, Lucius; there's a man. He married money. They say she was an Aster. I don't know. But she brought him a nice pile. Now there's Rhett, the fool; he didn't marry nothing. But Lucius; he's going to make us rich again."

Old John watched Lucius drive up the long path. He was a fine figure of a man. There was none of the pale, hard look that his father, Rhett, had. He was well-groomed and well-fed, generously proportioned, with an air of assurance. He had had education and contacts. Descended from generations of poor whites, he looked the born aristocrat. He viewed Old John with something like speculation and amusement in his eyes; and then he looked on past him and his eyes rested on the city below and away to the right. He saw the city clearly for what it was; a wilful, quarreling, jealous bird of prey, with mighty shadows of wings. There was something immeasureable and titantic about a vast, festering, industrial gangling like Atlanta. And yet with all its minute, penetrating, devastating intelligence, it was in essence a vast Unknowable; an immense ignorance which not even God comprehends. Its slimy pus exudes God and syphilis, palaces and brothels, murderers and prostitutes, births and suicides.

Book 3 pp. 1-23, 35, 40-42, 47-58

32-11-48

BOOK III.

Chapter I.

It was a pretty stiff fight. The black boy was about nine--small, lean, almost scrawney; the white boy was larger and older, perhaps ten or eleven; fat, almost to flabbiness. It began with a thrown chunk of clay which hit the black boy behind the ear. He whirled angrily and yelled at the grinning white youth.

"Here, you," he cried; and starting forward, paused. It was a clear, bright morning at eight in the early spring of 1909. Flowers were peeping out. Birds were twittering and there was warmth in the air. White children, boys and girls of varying ages and a variety of dress, were straggling west to the Walker Street school in twos and threes; crossing their path came colored children going north to the Mitchell Street school--walking, running, playing. The whites paused and began to congregate, amused; the colored children walked more slowly and watched. At first, the white boy had thrown his clay and started away laughing; but when he saw that the black boy was not following him, he turned and stood his ground.

Little John scowled; hesitated; took another step forward and then turned completely around. He knew that he mustn't fight white boys. The white boy was encouraged. He hopped, yelled and ran forward. Some of the white children laughed and egged him on:

"Go git him, Fatty!"

"Make the little nigger run."

Fatty stooped and picked up a stone; in a flash John was on him. The white crowd yelled; the black children grew strangely silent; a few hurried away, but the rest pressed forward with tensed muscles, grim and watchful. At the first onset, John went down in the dirt with the big boy on him; but in a moment, he had squirmed loose and struck the boy full in the face with his bundle of books and the boy sprawled in astonishment. Then they rushed together again, hot and angry. They struck, scratched, kicked and bit. Blood appeared on their hands and faces, clothes were torn and dirty, books and papers were scattered. The laughter of the white children changed to a menacing growl. The silence of the black children broke in to a shrill scream. They

dropped their books and pressed nearer.

"Kill him, John; kill the damn Cracker."

John was slowly getting the better of the tussle; he was strong and wiry despite his size and he was determined. Murder surged in his heart. The white boy grew scared and furious. He yelled for help. People, white and colored, stopped, looked, and began to draw near. There was a menace of bitter race riot in the air when two figures came flying along the street from its opposite ends. The colored woman had a bundle of clothes in her arm and moved cumbrously, but swiftly: the white woman, thin, half-dressed in a flimsy kimono, with flying hair, ran rapidly. She reached the fighting couple first and tearing at John ripped his shirt from neck to waist, and slapped him sprawling. The white boy, encouraged by unexpected help, started to scratch, gouge and kick him; but by that time John's mother was there. She was calm, almost smiling, as she pushed the white boy back and tried to take John in her protecting arm.

"There, there," she said. "Now, stop it, both of you. These here children will get into mischief, won't they, ma'm?"

"Don't talk to me, you black wench," screamed the hysterical white woman. "I'll kill that little devil."

"Now, now," said Savannah, "I'll see to him. He'll get a good whipping. And you all better go on to school," speaking to the colored group which began to move slowly and then more swiftly as they saw two policemen in the distance.

The policemen blustered up. "Here, here, now," one of them said magisterially, "what's going on here?" A number of grown people had now gathered, mostly white with a few blacks at a distance.

The white woman clutched her clothes and tried to put up her hair. She explained volubly and rapidly, panting and trembling through her thin garments.

"This little nigger has been fighting my boy and tearing his clothes."

"But--," stammered John, "he hit me first."

"Shut up," said the policeman. "Now get on to school, you children;" and the white children slowly began to move away.

33-11-49

BOOK III. Chapter I.

"That's all right, sir," said Jane, "I'll see that he gets punished, and he won't do it again. He's a good boy--"

"He'll pay for my boy's clothes, the black scamp. He ought to be on the chain gang," said the woman.

"Sure should," said the policeman," and I'm going to take him down to the Tower." The other policeman moved to a telephone.

"Please don't," pleaded the black mother. "Surely we can fix this up. It's just a child's fuss. I work for Mr. Eves and Mr. Blake. They'll tell you who I am,--Savannah Jones. Surely we can fix this up. I'll see that your boy's clothes is paid for, ma'm." But she talked in vain for already with a clatter and shriek, the Black Maria wheeled up and John and his mother were bundled in. The white woman stood soothing the sullen white boy.

"You'll come down and make charges, ma'm, this afternoon," said one policeman politely; but the other stared at her, leering familiarity in his eye.

"I sure will," said the woman, staring back angrily.

The black group was gone, but the white group lingered, already augmented by other white men and women, while far off in the outskirts the colored women and men, dispersed, and the whites scowled after them.

Little John was thoroughly bewildered, especially at his repeated inability to state his side of the case. Even in the wagon, as they rode down Mitchell Street and over the viaduct by the beautiful new Terminal Station; then down by Pryor to Decatur, all the time he was trying to get his mother to listen to him, but apparently she did not hear. She just patted his hand nervously.

"You see, mammy, I didn't begin no fight. I didn't want to fight, but he hit me with clay and dirtied my clothes, and even then I was going on about my business when he grabbed a stone and jumped at me. What would you expect me to do? Let him pound me? I couldn't do that, you know I couldn't. I had to fight back, and I was licking him, too, good. I don't see how it was my fault."

They went in to a dirty, noisy plade with laughing policemen and loafers. They

BOOK III. Chapter I.

were duly booked and Jane pleaded for them not to keep the boy there and let him appear next afternoon. The sergeant was disposed to ridicule her and joke about it, and said "the onery, little nigger better be locked up lest he get in more mischief." But at last a telephone call to Mr. Lucius Eves secured his temporary release. Yes, Mr. Eves knew Savannah. Her people had worked in his family many years. He'd come down and speak to the Judge.

When John got home, he succeeded in making his mother talk. She explained that in a way he was right; of course he was part right.

"But you say I mustn't ever fight white children? That wouldn't be fair, if they jump on me."

"Well, it's a curious world, full of wicked people, white and black; but you can't make them do right by beating them. You got to be a good boy and serve God and--"

"But why don't the Lord get busy? He had a chance to straighten that fight out and he didn't do a thing."

"Hush, boy! Don't talk about God that a-way. He takes his time."

"You mean he will fix it up tomorrow?"

"Yes, well, no, perhaps not tomorrow, I tell you, the Lord takes his own time. He's just got aplenty of time."

"But I don't see no sense in his getting things so muddled up in the first place. Why don't he play fair? If he just got to fight, he ought to give us a chance to fight the thing out and not stick in policemen and old, wild, white women."

But Savannah only sighed. "I tells you it's all coming out right."

"Well, it looks like a mess to me," said John. His mother raised her hand sharply as if she would slap him; but her raised hand changed to a caress and her resentment to a sob.

Judge Broyle's court next morning was a further astonishment to John; the judge on his high bench seemed angry and sneering. The reporters were in repeated gales of laughter and one who was beginning his work on the Constitution and writing a funny column concerning Judge Broyle's court, was especially edified.

"Isn't that a type?" pointing to Savannah; and he sketched her swiftly and deftly.

"The little nigger ought to be in rags to be typical; but he's quite like the

BOOK III. Chapter I.

small, black gentleman." And that fact itself seemed to irritate the judge.

"Look here, nigger," he said, "don't you know that you mustn't strike white folks?"

John was silent.

"Don't you?" reiterated the judge.

"Not lessen they hits me, first," said John boldly, and the reporters tittered. The judge got red.

"I'll teach you," he said. "Look here, Savannah, I'm going to put this impudent little nigger on the chain gang and teach him manners;" but Savannah pleaded.

"I've always treated white folks with respect," she said, "and I'm sure my little boy tried to, too."

"What have you got him all dressed up then for? What's he doing in school? Why don't you put him to work and make him support you? If you can buy books and clothes like that, I reckon you can help support this city. It will be $25 and costs."

Savannah was dumb. That represented more than a month's work. She had only brought ten dollars in dimes and quarters. Then Lucius Eves entered the court. He shook hands cordially with Judge Broyle and whispered to him. After a time, Savannah and John went out. He could not understand the world about him. He had knocked a big, white boy down and pushed his head in the clay because he had started at him and hurt him; but now he saw how his mother had to plead and work to keep him out of the chain gang.

His mother looked at him thoughtfully.

"You know," she said, "that your uncle, the brother that I loved;" and then she paused, and finally went on with some difficulty, "was in the chain gang many many years until it killed him, soul and body. I don't want you to go there. Some way, I don't know how, I want you to make up for what he wasn't and might have been. Perhaps you can't do it wholly. He was--glorious, but you, you can be a good boy and an honest man."

"Perhaps," she said thoughtfully, "you may be a preacher,--perhaps. I don't know."

And all this John could not understand. He had done right. And yet right was wrong. He must let white boys sneer at him and chase him and strike him. No, not that.

BOOK III. Chapter I.

He drew the line there. They mustn't hit him. Everything else he supposed he had to bear. But even then he couldn't see why. What was all this difference because of color, anyway. And who was this God whom he had to serve because his mother had promised, and who let things like this happen? It was a funny muddle. He didn't understand it. And he hated things which he couldn't understand.

The white woman was angry, too. She was given $10, about twice as much as her boy's clothes had cost; but still she was angry.

"That's it," she muttered to her fellows," these rich scoundrels are always paying for their niggers and putting them up to impudence while they steal the bread and butter out of our mouths. I know that boy of mine ain't no angel; he's going to hell as fast as he can; but who's fault is it? I'm away slaving in Eves cotton factory for 75¢ a day, while he's running the street. I'm trying to dress him decent and keep him in school, while Eves is starving his workers, and giving their places to niggers. I'd like to kill every nigger in Atlanta. If it wasn't for them, we could hang together and get better wages. By God, something's got to be done about this." and she went home bedraggled, trembling, and in tears.

7

BOOK III
Chapter ~~III~~ 2

32-11-42

It was after Golden Boy had gone to the dark disaster of penal chains that Dick Jones asked Savannah to marry him. He explained diffidently and apologetically, that she and her mother needed support and protection; that he was quite alone, just an old bachelor, with no decent home to stay in; that he was earning good money, $100 a month as a fireman, and would soon earn more, as he got promotion.

But only one of his arguments really moved Savannah; she had had no contact with men and no thought of marriage. Her whole life had been bound up with Golden Boy; but when Dick Jones pointed out that after the twenty awful years, and perhaps even before, if Golden Boy got pardoned, he would need guidance and support, Savannah grasped at the straw and grasping found herself unexpectedly in Dick's arms, weeping out for the first time the full bitterness of her revolt and disappointment and finding comfort and protection she had never before known. Still she hesitated until she noted with Dick how suddenly old and weak her mother Jane was getting; how difficult it was for her to accomplish the week's washing, and how she sat long hours and stared at nothing. She, who before had never stopped, but gone methodically, even if slowly, about her day's work.

So at last and quietly, they were married in 1898, and in 1900, Young John was born. It was to Savannah, a revelation. She had been hitherto rather a silent, unemotional woman, dark and quiet. Only now and then did her emotion burst through as from a dead volcano and her great contralto voice foam in floods about the world. Usually, she sang alone; and it was this voice that from its birth had tremendously impressed and awed her son John. Her love for her little boy was different than that for her brother, Golden Boy. Him, she had worshipped and adored and set on high. But Little John, she held apart. He was a symbol and a promise.

"Young John", they called him, after his great grandfather. The boy was dark brown and sturdy; he grew up free and happy until 1906, when he was six years old. Almost it seemed to him that he began to live in 1906. First, his grandmother came home, deep in the night, with a bundle of rags in her arms, and she seemed to think it was Golden Boy; and then they brought a stark and maimed body and buried it secretly in the back yard.

BOOK III. Chapter III.

32-11-43

And that was Golden Boy; and then a few days later, he heard an uproar in the night. He heard explosions. His mother almost dragged him into the church past a man torn and hidden with his own blood. Her voice with the others rose in a song of defiant triumphant, and she dreamed that little John ~~kuck~~ was to be a great man; that he was to lead his people.

She had not greatly regarded him until 1906 when her brother was done to death. And then suddenly, in her loneliness and distraction, he became more. He became slowly the embodiment of her hopes for Golden Boy, without the beauty, without the glory, but with something solid and firm. She felt that she must insure this by not making the mistakes which had ruined Golden Boy. Young John must obey; he must behave; he must go diligently to school; he must keep out of trouble and trouble to her meant friction with the whites. She must in some way not yet just clear make this boy a great man--not by love; but by discipline, not by devotion; but by sacrifice. In some mysterious way, he would work the great atonement and final salvation.

Before that night after the riot, she had attended church only perfunctorily, although John had been sent regularly to Sunday School. Her husband was more regular in attendance, being a deacon at Friendship where the pastor, E. R. Carter, had served a quarter of a century. After that night in church, urged by her husband and the pastor, she attended more regularly; she had never joined a church; she had never "experienced" religion. Now she began to see that possibly in some mysterious way her great work of atonement, salvation and vengeance was coming through the church. The thought of this kept recurring until there came the day of the great revival. An evangelist had come to prepare and gather the annual harvest of converts. He was a shrewd and intelligent man and did this sort of thing for a living. His knowledge of the psychology of crowds, and particularly of Negro crowds, was profound, and preachers were willing to pay him a goodly sum to relieve them in this annual recruiting of their congregations. Carter did not think mudh of him as a man, but he knew his power and technique, and he had to acknowledge that in conversions he was a finished artist.

This year, his opportunity was unusual because the nerves of the people had been set on edge by the riot. They had seen death in its ugliest form and they were prepared

32-11-44

to talk about God and what he had done and what he proposed to do. But the evangelist did not quite strike the right note. These people were not disposed to think about submission and Heaven; they had been through Hell and they wanted to talk about the vengeance of the Lord right here on earth. The stranger who had not lived through the riot did not understand their attitude. His usual vocabulary and stock of antics left his audience curiously cold and he realized it. Into his fervor, which was usually so productive of loud amens and even screams of approval, crept a doubt. He confessed to himself that this was the hardest and dumbest crowd that he had met for a long time. While he was shouting and gesticulating, he began seriously calculating whether he were going to be able to raise a large enough sum to pay his expenses and to justify himself before the Reverend Carter; and to be able to get further engagements on Carter's valuable recommendation. He had already been here a week and if things did not pick up, he did not propose to fool away another week.

He raised his voice to a great shout: "Come to Jesus!" pausing dramatically.

And then the break came. He was used to it; if he could work his audience up to a certain point, the floodgates would give way and a wave of emotion would seize them and toss them up and on. Usually there were premonitions of such an event, increasing centers of excitement here and there, murmurs and sobs; but tonight in an audience cold and still, suddenly a scream rent the air. It startled even the evangelist. For a moment, he did not connect it with his preaching; he thought perhaps somebody had been hurt, or vaguely pictured a white mob. Then he gripped himself and realized. A woman had arisen and was standing in the audience. Tears were streaming down her face and she had beside her a little boy fiercely clasped by the hand. A dark man was trying uncertainly to restrain her. The evangelist paused and then bent forward. He was himself again; he knew the symptoms. Here was the call, the demoniac possession, the frenzy of religious madness. It was typified by a woman who did not easily let herself go; who was struggling even now to keep back the silent emotion that surged within her. The evangelist stretched his arms; he was a big man and standing high in the pulpit loomed large over the audience. His vast voice rolled: "Come to Jesus," he said, looking straight at the woman, and she

BOOK III. Chapter III.

33-11-45

came with a swift rush dragging the little boy, frightened but unresisting, beside her, and leaving her husband. She came up the aisle and the intensity of her emotion, the trembling of her hands and the swelling of her hard-held sobs gripped the audience because they knew her. She represented all that they had been through: these awful days; the chain gang, murder, rape, mobs and fire, the horror of everything that was called "the race problem", and she represented, too, the hard hand which had held out against God all these years and now had been miraculously touched. A moaning swelled over the audience. It rose to a murmur and broke into a prayer with low obligato of strophe and antiphon.

"Oh Lord (Hear her Jesus--bless His name) Receive this soul
(Bow down our knees--and bow our heart beneath our knees) that comes a-weeping to your breast
(Make a way, God--in the Sin Wilderness) Open your great arms, God (O crucified one--Open your arms) and take her in. Give her peace, God!
Give her peace (Wash her sin away--Save her soul) and wash her sins away in your own blood--your own blood, O lamb of God and Savior of all men."

Suddenly the bowed and praying woman looked up, dry-eyed and grim. The evangelist, watching her with narrowed eyes and only partial comprehension, stopped the waving of his hands and sudden silence fell. And the woman said, low-voiced: "I done seen him."

"Now what's coming," said the evangelist to himself. He was afraid she was a crank or crazy and that he might not be able to keep the spell which he had woven upon his audience. But he said, aloud:

"Speak, sister, testify."

And she said in a clear voice: "I saw Jesus," and then paused. She could not add that he looked like Golden Boy; that he was Golden Boy. She simply said; speaking clear and distinctly:

"I saw Jesus. I did not know before that people ever saw him. I thought they lied when they testified. But I saw him last night. I saw him plain, with his poor, crucified body all dust and blood."

A groan of pain shook the mass of kneeling folk.

"And He said: 'For give me', he said, 'when I knowed as I never knowed before that I was the sinner, I was the murderer. I, I alone had killed God.'" and she beat her breast and her voice rose louder about the rising tumult.

BOOK III. Chapter III.

"And Jesus said: 'Bring me a sacrifice that I may save me and mine. Bring me your first born and stretch him on my altar and let his blood and mine wash all the sins of the world away. And I've brought him and give this boy to you. Take him, preacher, and make him a man of God. A preacher of the word, that this Jesus may live again and all my people, my poor, black people, be saved." And falling to her knees, she worshipped for a second in ecstacy the vision of Golden Boy.

Rising quickly, she lifted the boy bodily and thrust him toward the evangelist. The scared child trembling stared on the sea of faces. The evangelist took him in his arms and soothed him. Then the preacher raised his great, harsh voice in staccato bursts of recitation:

"Shall I--be car-ried-to-o-the Skies on flow-ry --be-eds--of ease!
No I--must fight--to win--the prize and soul--thru blood--y seas!"

Then above the jerking explosion of the preacher rose the voice of the woman. She filled the interstices and spaces of recitation with pure music. This audience knew singing, instinctively it knew music, but somehow it seemed that never before had Friendship heard a voice like this. It was an immense voice and yet full of glorious harmony. And as the thump of the preacher's rhythm struck like a bared fist, the song of her voice swept on and up and its magnificent cadence shook the building. The audience went wild. The music of a thousand voices throbbed and swelled, and the evangelist in silence led them only with wild waving of his hands. There had been no such singing for many years in old Friendship.

Back in the rear of the church Old John loomed. He had glided silently in, hearing the singing and watching for his great grandchild. He stood there now softly cursing; long and low he cursed, for Little John was curiously close to the old man. They talked together, soberly and often. There had been no such bond between him and Golden Boy and Savannah resented it. She made herself believe that some evil influence of bad manners and godlessness might be the result of too close association between the two Johns.

Old John had apparently never noticed Golden Boy. It was not altogether the

BOOK III. Chapter III.

stain of his illegitimate birth. Old John was no crude stickler for morals. To him babies were babies and parents parents and he gave little weight to religious ceremonies. But he never liked Golden Boy. Perhaps as a man, he resented his beauty, or deeper than that, feared it. He wanted not so much to curb the boy, as to get his feet on the earth and hold him down from walking the clouds. He did not want to guide him, but he wanted the boy to guide himself by some solid landmarks and along real paths and over hard mountains. And when nothing of this seemed possible, he withdrew to the side and watched this brilliant phenomenon dance and laugh by, and crushed and concealed his own forbodings of the coming disaster.

32-11-47

But in Little John, he saw a jewel; a solid, good, little bit of humanity; he wanted only to breathe flame into him and tell him great wonder tales. Anchored to the earth by the very sturdiness of his physique, the boy should expand and grow and make his race a strong, fighting fist to smash the color bar and the miserable fortresses of caste. Now this had come, and Old John cursed softly and bitterly. He hated the church. He hated the meek and spineless Jesus. He despised preachers. He saw through the evangelist as through an open book. He laughed at his tricks and mannerisms. Yet there, high on the altar, with the voice of his mother singing below, with the arms of the church around him, he saw his little boy gripped and imprisoned and dragged down to his fate. He looked toward poor Dick Jones standing half-bewildered, half- where Savannah had left him. There was no help there. Dick dealt with iron, water and coal, not with feelings, dreams and souls. Old John strode out into the night, crying in his hurt. He whispered: " The whole damned world is wrong; whites are wrong; blacks are wrong; God or the Devil is going to burn this world down."

BOOK III.
Chapter ~~IX~~ 3

52-1137

There were two old men sitting in a summer house back of a mansion on Peachtree Road. On the porch of the house with its large and gracious facade gleaming white in the sun could be heard the voices of children--Millicent Eves, who was ten, and her companions; and the wail of Fred, the new baby. But in the summer house far in the rear there were only murmurs. The white man was 72--old, fat, doddering and irascible; the black man was tall, remote, full of regrets and memories and plans, but thin and ageless, despite his 70 years. He would say: "Next year, I'm going West where my father went." But he never went. At most, he walked to Marietta or Macon. Whimiscally, he would add: "When I was in London, I saw the King." Then Harvey Eves, his white companion, would burst out bitterly: "You ain't never been to London, you old fool. You know damned well you ain't."

"I see spring flowers over yonder." said Old John.

Harvey Eves sniffed. "Them ain't flowers; they'se the new skyscrapers. Air you goin' blind?"

"No, I'm getting second sight. I can see a heap these days--a heap."

"You're always tryin' to talk like a book. You know you ain't got no education. Now my wife--there was a talker and a reader."

"She didn'r read after you got her; she jest took snuff."

"And damn! but you ought to hear my granddaughter, Millicent."

"Bet she don't know how many cities I can see yonder."

"You don't see but on, you fool, and that's--Atlanta."

"I see 3 cities; a black one; a white one; and a white-and-black one--all different."

"You blacks don't count."

But the black man maundered on:

"Atlanta done throwed out railroads like wings, North and East and South and West."

BOOK III. Chapter II.

"Who ever heard of a bird with all them wings?"

"I have, and more. They's cherubims. There's lots of birds with four and six and eight and fifteen wings. I done seen them in the big woods in old times."

"You're a damned liar."

"Take back that 'liar', whitetrash, 'fore I bust you one."

"Git out--git out, leave me, you black son of a bitch. Always spongin' 'round here."

"Ah, don't go, John--don't leave me. I don't mean nothing. I ain't got nobody now. Rhett is too damned busy and Lucius and his wife think I'm dirt. Have another drink?"

Old John settled back in his chair and drank slowly.

"There's a heap of things I never did figure out about Atlanta. Somehow, I couldn't just exactly see what I'm looking at. There's always something half hid in Atlanta. For an instance, there ain't no market square."

"Atlanta never did have no market. She built herself around a depot."

"And made a railroad depot her God and worshipped it. And on the depot was the cherubim with the wings; the Wings of Atlanta."

"I don't know what you're talking about, nigger. But we Southerners always was ~~x~~ religious and God-fearing."

"No, just scared, plum scared stiff; devil worshippers who whoop and holler to scare off spirits. Just like us niggers. And they's lots more I don't understand."

"Ef thars anything you don't understand, I might explain it to you."

"All right. Now all this land, who made it?"

"Who made it? You damn foll, nobody made it; 'ceptin God."

"Then how did you and Rhett git it?"

"We bought and paid for it."

"Sure and you paid a man who didn't make and couldn't own it and you gave him half what it was worth, and what made it worth anything is the 150,000 all around who don't

32-11-3P

BOOK III. Chapter II.

own nothing."

"Oh, hell, you make me sick--listen."

Below came the sound of bells. No, it was the ring of iron clinking on iron. It was the stirring of convicts at eventide. They had been clearing the land and building roads and making way for new palaces of the rich.

"Your boy, Rhett, done made a heap buying and selling niggers."

"It's a lie. He's a contractor. The convicts ain't fit for nothing, but to be sold and worked."

"He made a heap, just the same."

"Sure did."

"And he's lost a heap, too, in Hoke Smith's panic."

"How did you know he lost money?"

"Riots don't make money."

"You are the God damnest, old, belly-aching fool I ever heard tell of. And if you think my Rhett won't make his pile again, you're crazy. They've made the price of convicts higher with their new fool rules and they beat hell out of his railroad stock. But you wait; he's got schemes."

"He made money out of the blood of one of mine down there. Powerful pretty boy. He ought to be killed for that."

"If you don't stop that talk around here, you'll get lynched."

A group of children ran back into the yard and stopped and stared.

"There's pappy," said a pretty little girl.

"And there's his old nigger," added another.

"I ain't your pappy, nigger, and never was," said Old John, placidly. "I never belonged to nobody and never will."

The mother hurried into the yard.

"Why don't pappy keep that nigger away from here. It isn't decent," she complained. She was one of the poor white Murray's and deathly afraid of her smart neighbor's judgment.

BOOK III. Chapter II.

Old Eves hated her. He had wanted Rhett to marry a lady born like his wife and he went and took up with one of the poorest of the poor whites.

"Shut your damned mouth," yelled Old Eves trembling with wrath; but Rhett came out. He was a smooth-faced, cold-looking man.

"Go on," he said briefly to the children, herding the children to the front yard.

Rhett Eves in 1910 was fifty-four and looked old. He had married in 1876 and had a son, Lucius, and a daughter. He had one object and that was power through wealth. He had disciplined himself severely. He neither drank nor used tobacco. His sex appetite was small. He was a member of the Baptist Church, careful in his orthodoxy; and he had been rich. He had made money out of the convict lease system and land ownership, but was hard hit by the depression of 1907. He proposed, however, to begin again to make money out of manufacturing and the control of labor. He despised his father, but tolerated him; and let this queer, old man be his companion. It was as cheap companionship as he could imagine. He glanced at them coldly.

"Don't make so much noise, and I'll have no swearing about here. Come to supper, Pappy, and you, John, go to the kitchen and eat all you want to," he said, crisply, and walked on.

The old, black man arose.

"Sit down," pleaded the white man. "Have another drink." But the black man moved away in the night.

"I'm going," he said. "I'm going to see what it's all about."

"What what's all about?"

"What all is all about."

"You'll get your fool head knocked off wandering around at night," yelled Harvey, as Old John disappeared. He went along the back roads like a ghost, shuffling softly in the dusk and came down through the valleys into the West side, crossing Peachtree Creek and the meadows, and at last came to a place where men were meeting and there was singing in the air.

It was in Darktown and in old Wheat Street Church a turbulent meeting was being

BOOK III. Chapter II.

32-11-41

held. The pastor had started the singing. He was P. James Bryant and had come to Wheat Street Church ten years before, following the almost deified Father Tillman at the age of twenty-five. And now the church had threatened to split on him. A bitter feud had torn it in two and Bryant was using all his power and finesse to hold it together. Bryant was a thin, wiry, black man, with sharply etched face, and he was fighting the great fight of his career; and fighting with him were a mass of women, and their weapon was song. Soon the wave of music filled the hollow where the Negroes lived and welled up toward the strongholds of Atlanta buisness and the residences of the rich.

Hither John walked and stood and listened and afterward watched the bitter, quarreling and recrimmination. Far away to the North in New York there had just been a meeting in Carnegie Hall where Henry Watterson, Governor Hughes and Seth Lowe had presented Booker T. Washington, and a few months later in Boston, Trotter and his friends had rioted against Washington. Hitchcock was even now up yonder in an Atlanta hotel planning to buy votes in the Republican convention to nominate Taft. Tomorrow Taft will be nominated and in the fall elected just as Joe Brown will be elected governor and bring victory for the railroads. All this was seething around the fight in Wheat Street Church, and during the year thirteen Negroes were lynched in Georgia.

BOOK III
Chapter IV.

32-11-31

Judge Murray could never forget that visit of Savannah's pleading for her brother and his son. He always saw his own dark son in the chain gang sent by his own father for a political bargain. He was sure that the boy was bad. The testimony seemed too clear to doubt that; and yet he knew equally well that the testimony might be prejudiced and that certainly no white boy of the sort would have gone for ten years to the penitentiary; and he knew too that his own political ambition, the greed of Eves, had helped send him there. After some years, harassed by his own conscience, he tried tentatively to see what he could do to get Golden Boy pardoned; but the warden talked plainly to him.

"Do you know, that devil?" he said. "He is Lucifer; he is King of the Damned. He is the hardest, craftiest, meanest nigger in jail. It would be a calamity to loose him on the public. He ought to stay his full term, and if possible, I'll try to get him extra years."

There seemed nothing to do but await the boy's release and then give him money to go North and study and go to work under wider, freer surroundings. Meantime, the political pot boiled. From the city court, the judge had gone to the Superior Court bench. In the turmoil of 1906, he was running for the Supreme Court. If he won, he might be governor some day and even United States Senator.

But his campaign was not successful. He was offended by Hoke Smith's virulent attack on Negroes. He tried to hark back to that union of poor whites and blacks which Tom Watson had visoned in 1876. But Watson and the whites turned on him bitterly and (embraced) disfranchisement. His subsequent campaigning was poor. He seemed no longer able to make an effective appeal; his hands seemed palsied; and the zest had gone out of life. He was afraid, with deadly fear, and prayed loudly and much too long in his neighbors' opinion at the weekly Methodist prayer meeting. There was no doubt but that the judge was failing.

Then came the release of Golden Boy, his awful crime, the riot and the election. Judge Murray was defeated and he died. The physicians called it heart failure. His

BOOK III. Chapter IV.

32-11-32

wife followed him, leaving only his daughter, who had married a fireman in 1895. They had two children; one, the boy, Fatty, who fought the battle with Young John on the streets in 1910; and a younger sister, whom they called "Sis".

It was an unhappy family. Grace Murray could never forget that her father had once been a great man and almost rich; that he had sat as judge upon the bench; and that if he had lived, he might have been governor; and that she had lowered herself by marrying a grimy fireman who came home black as a darky, and indeed, had to work at a job where Negroes also worked and got as good or better wages.

Her husband was bitter, too. It was intolerable that he should be working at a Negro's job, and the only way was to get rid of Negroes. They must not be permitted to become engineers, and that was accomplished by the Union many years before. But even now, they held their seniority rights as firemen; they got the same wages as the whites; and they kept themselves in place by being servile, and waiting on white engineers. That's the reason that the same white engineers, damn them! preferred black firemen. That's the reason he couldn't get promotion and better wages. There were, of course, other reasons; but Tom Hammond did not acknowledge them: he was not a good fireman; he didn't attend to his work; he drank too much liquor; and he loved to loaf. Thus all the more, Hammond's economic position and his wife's social regrets, converged into the Negro problem. He was one of the main leaders of the riot of 1906.

He and his wife were among those white laborers on the edge of subsistence. Continually they were thrown into competition with Negroes and were goaded to desperation in the fear of losing caste by being out-stripped by the more energetic and resourceful blacks. They discussed the Roosevelt-Booker Washington dinner in 1901 and considered it a crime against nature. They were beside themselves with wrath when Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries: first, because a black man had been allowed to pummell a white man before the eyes of the world; but more especially when this ape had married a white girl and flout her through the country.

The riot of 1906 took for them the aspect of a crusade.

BOOK III. Chapter IV.

3-11-33

"We killed a dozen of the damned niggers," said Hammond, as he came in drunk from the orgy with his arms laden with goods that he had stolen from Negro houses.

His wife was disgusted with him, with his thefts, but she kept the goods and nursed the hate, and finally, was compelled by his shiftlessness to enter the cotton mills and take a job as a spinner. Only in this way could she support the two children and hire a slatternly black maid which any white family must have to keep up the last shreads of appearances.

It was in such a world that little John was born. Old John had walked North to Marietta and far into the northeast along the mountains where he had led Harvey Eves' father to find gold; he saw the magnificent Falls of Tullulah again, saw them harnessed and choked and bound to make electricity for Atlanta and Georgia. He walked angrily away, and passing by the lynching of the Jew, Leo Frank, and came down again to Atlanta. White labor was striking against Negroes. Negro labor with its back to the wall had no corresponding leadership. Its leaders were trying to amass capital and become themselves hirers of labor. John was now a stocky, black, rather unstable boy, given to fits of enthusiasm and seasons of morose introspection. His fight with the white boy was symptomatic of the development going on.

The evolution of the boy was slow and fateful. At nine, he was interested in other children; he explored the streets; he liked the school, although a little timid at its harsh contacts, the pushing and crowding, the occasional fights which he avoided as much as possible; and the strange and largely unintelligible teachers. There were questions that he wanted to ask, but there were too many people and too little time.

His mother was worried about the schools. There were double sessions because there was not room enough in the schoolhouses for all the children who ought to go, which meant that most of the children received only a half day's schooling, when they ought to have had a whole day. And with classes of sixty, seventy and eighty, individual attention was impossible. There were not many books to ready, but he devoured his text-books, and as far as he could understand them, liked them.

33-11-34

At ten and eleven, the puzzle of caste began to intrigue him. Evidently there were beneath the sky two quite separate worlds; a white world and a black world. They touched each other here and there, but they never united. The things that you could do and say, the jokes you could pass, the laughter that you could have among black boys and girls, sank to gray silence when white boys and girls appeared. The whites sometimes yelled and jeered and threw stones at the black children. In such case, you must not yell back or throw stones in retaliation. This was law according to the teachers of the Negro schools. But why was it law?

Then there was strange demeanor on the part of white grownups. They were sometimes joking and affable and generous; and at other times, suddenly and for no apparent reason, cruel, angry and bitter. You never knew just why or when? If you went to white people's houses, you must carefully find the back door or the side door and take off your cap. This was not necessary when you went to the homes of colored people. But for some reason John always did it, just perhaps to keep the balance of his soul.

In 1911, came his first bitter sorrow in the death of his father and bereavement.

Tom Hammond became prominent in the new union movement against Negro firemen. ~~Negroes were not allowed to join the firemen's union movement against Negro firemen.~~ Negroes were not allowed to join the firemen's union, but under the leadership of Dick Jones, they formed their own union and began to negotiate with the railroads. This raised the fury of the white firemen.

Dick Jones, as president of his union, had fought a pretty successful fight. He had come to work for the Georgia railroad in 1905 when they first began to hire Negro firemen. Firemen then got half the wages of an engineer, but they increased the wages of the engineers, but refused to increase those of the Negro firemen, until pretty soon Dick was receiving $1.75 for runs for which white men received $2.77. Nevertheless, this was much more than he had been able to make before.

He was willing to join the union and so were the other black men, but the white firemen refused.

"I hope and pray that I may never live to see the grand old brotherhood of locomotive firemen so disgraced as to take into its protecting folds this class of God's creation."

38-11-35

The white firemen, despite the fact that they got more than Negro firemen, blamed Negroes for their low wages, and in 1909, the Georgia railroad removed white assistants who were getting $1.75 a day and filled their places with Negroes at $1.25 a day, and at the same time, gave Negroes equal seniority rights. Dick's wages immediately went up because he had already been working five years. The result was a strike, and the leader in Atlanta could hark back to the riot.

"We should have white supremacy," he yelled, and the city of Atlanta and the towns through which the firemen ran came to his aid. The Georgia railroad service was crippled. Witnesses were called in an effort at arbitration, who declared Negroes too ignorant to make good firemen, but the railroad defended their efficiency and admitted that Negroes were employed because they were cheaper.

"If we can get what we want cheap, is it a crime to take it?"

Finally, the arbitration board decided that Negroes must be paid the same rate of wages as white men, and the ~~conclusion~~ thought was that Negroes would thus lose their jobs.

The white locomotive firemen's league rejoiced. Negro firemen must go. Dick Jones rejoiced also ~~too~~ because he had held his men in place and increased their wages, although he knew the danger of the public sentiment that had been aroused. It was a ~~of~~ the fact that in view of this sentiment, Negro firemen were not good cheap investments for railroads.

Two years later, the white firemen on the Southern railroad struck, following a strike on the Queen and Crescent. It was agreed to hire no firemen north of a certain point on the line and to make a difference of 30% in the pay. An agreement was finally signed with all the Southern railroads that the percentage of Negro yardman would not be in the future larger than it was January 1, 1910. Thus the future entrance of colored firemen into employment was blocked.

From many railroads, the Negro firemen were ~~driven~~ entirely; but on the old Georgia road, Dick Jones kept his position and his seniority rights and fought back. But one thing broke his heart. He had always hoped to see his little son John succeed him as a fireman. Once had thought of that for Golden Boy, but Golden Boy was too glorious and walked on upper air; but Young John was sturdy and good and he wanted him to be a fireman. He clung to that even after Savannah had

decided that he was to be a preacher. Now, however, he would probably have to be a preacher; no more Negro firemen could be taken on, and Dick's heart was near broken at the thought. 32-11-36a

32-11-36

It embittered Dick's soul when the railroads promised the white union to hire no more Negro firemen, as the present ones died. It meant that his boy could not replace him; it meant that a whole, lucrative job and place in industry was going to be lost to colored people. He fought bitterly against it; he tried to engage the interest and help of the colored people; but the more influential Negroes were thinking not so much of the interests of colored workers, as of the new interest of colored investors. They gave him but half-hearted support; perhaps more enthuasiastic support would not have availed against the growing bitterness of the whites. Even as it was; whites furiously resented the retention of Negro firemen, and began to attack from ambush the Negro firemen whenever and wherever they could be found; and so it was that some one shot and killed Dick Jones from ambush in 1911 as he passed through Cartersville on his engine.

Sorrow and disappointment, poverty and hard work, descended upon little John's family. Even the burial of his father was difficult. He had had an endowment insurance in the Mason; but they were in financial difficulties and did not pay. A little church funeral at night was all that they could afford. The grandmother, Jane, became more and more insane after the tragic death of Golden Boy, and the burden of family support after Dick's death fell upon Savannah. She bent beneath the burden of weekly wash, gathered at first from the richer white people, and paid for with reasonably good wages.

But when Savannah had to move from the little home they were buying from Perry to more unsightly slums, the richer whites did not want their clothes taken there, and Savannah had to work for poorer whites, less reliable, always complaining, often refusing or negglecting to pay. Then came John's fight with Fatty. It was a major disaster; it put Savannah in debt; it made her determined to take John off the streets and the public schools and put him in the grades at Atlanta University; and that was difficult.

32-11-17

BOOK III. Chapter VII.

In the midst of this, human beings gradually as inserted themselves in this life. He could not yet see quite clearly after that flash of blinding light in the Argonne, but he knew Old John was the tall, thin, black, wraith of a man who came and stood beside him and looked down upon him.

BOOK III.

Chapter VIII.

32-11-14

The white woman stood on her front porch looking eagerly and moodily across the street. She could almost see the Negro homes stretching out toward her, and they weren't what she had always called and looked upon as Negro homes. They were more pretentious than hers and neater, and better furnished. She was angry with herself and with the world, and particularly with the Negroes as cause of it all. It seemed to her somehow that it all had started when that black boy had beaten her little son and held him up to ridicule and torn his only decent suit of clothes. They had no right to put her in this position. Her family was just as good as the Eves. Her Aunt had married Rhett Eves. They would not recognize her now. She could not put her foot in their homes; she was no longer a judge's daughter, but the wife of a dirty fireman, and the fireman couldn't earn any more money, if as much, as some of the black men who were taking his work from him. The work in the mill was harder and called for longer hours. Fatty had left school, knowing scarcely more than how to read and write, and "Sis" was getting wild; and it seemed to her all on account of the Negroes. In fact, it was the anomaly of this situation, that whatever misfortune or ill-omened happened to Negroes, was charged up as the fault of the whites, and particularly of the poor whites; and whatever happened to the whites, was charged up as due to the Negroes, and particularly those Negroes who were getting rich and arrogant. The mill workers had been stirred almost to frenzy when in 1890 six colored spinners were put in their places. They flew to membership in the new organization and they quickly made Eves come to terms. Then they tried to demand shorter hours and higher wages, but in this they were soon and easily beaten.

Gradually the factories had been moved out of the cities to the smaller towns, a displacing of gardening and shrubbery, and a few pretty houses for officials on the front streets had been made; and then the whole town was put under the strict rule of the company. They owned the church and its minister; they owned the school and its teacher; they chose the police the textbooks; they selected the officers of the town; they made its ordinances; they

(1) (main) 41 32-11-15

Joseph Brown, candidate for the Senate, July 26, 1914, takes white labor to task because it is trying to organize labor. He claims that they are trying to raise the wages and shorten the hours of all Negro servants and Negro farm labor.

"Will you go with your present leaders into Negro affiliation and the labor degradation and probably war upon white employers which are its logical results?"

He quotes a letter from middle Georgia, that the Negro secret societies are trying to regulate the price of cooking, nursing, and picking cotton, and making a black-list of white people who are having a hard time to get washerwomen, cooks, nurses, etc.

Alexander W. Stephens, nephew of Alexander H. Stephens, denounces as scurrilous and willful, malicious, unmitigated lies, the charges that he is: "habitually endorsing Negro politicians," and that his personal tastes and inclinations are not along such lines.

The number of white people striving for jobs which had hitherto been those of black men, expanded; and Grace Hammond, standing on her porch, was in tears.

"I'd like to kill every nigger in Atlanta. If it wasn't for them, we could hang together and get better wages. By God, something has got to be done about this." And Tom Hammond, staggering home half-drunk, agreed with her.

But the respectable city fought the unrest of the poor whites. The white Baptist Convention joined the Employers' Association in 1914 and fought the printers' strike. The ~~x~~ strikes in the Fulton cotton mills in 1913 and 1914 were broadly stopped by the police and the courts. The union failed, and the newspapers misrepresented the facts.

But in one line, ~~the~~ a white union succeeded. The white barbers had long resented Jackson's dominance of the best barber trade and the stream of money that was going into his pockets. They organized a white union, and in 1914, got a license law enacted by the legislature, and the appointment of a board to pass on the qualifications of barbers. This board was of course white. In time, it would be composed of barbers, and gradually it would be easy to freeze out the colored barbers. Moreover, the colored barbers had one singular

disadvantage; into their white shops no colored man could come. They must discriminate against their own. Colored grocers, colored doctors, colored ministers could all court and live on colored trade; colored barbers who catered to colored people had also a monopoly; but the richer colored barbers, with their white shops, could have no colored trade. It was a dangerous situation to defend before the growing consciousness of their own people.

In 1916, came street railway strikes with troops to stop picketing, until finally, by arbitration, the street railways recognized the Union. Atlanta was conscious of the world war only as it made better business.

BOOK III

Ch 10?

Chapter VIII.

It was dusk. Another one of those unbelievably georgeous sunsets which lights up Atlanta from the West. ~~Yet~~ young John had set out as was his want, ~~traveling at night time~~ on one of his long walks. The city ~~was used to him now; he was a sort of tradition, pointed out for his lean length and old-fashioned clothes, parched, but never dirty~~ figured from his Church, quite touched with it. He came along ~~the new~~ Ponce De Leon Avenue and Freddie saw him. Freddie was seventeen now and in the high school. He felt his manhood and he was slipping over to the Hammonds where he knew Sis ~~would be~~ was sitting on the porch. She was in the high school, too, and in his class, although a year or so older. She was plump and pretty, but cold and calculating behind her innocent, blue eyes, and brought up to laziness. Fred greeted ~~Old~~ John gaily:

"Hello, ~~pappy~~ John," he said, and ~~Old~~ John nodded, and watched him thoughtfully, until ~~he saw him~~ he turn down Piedmont Avenue, ~~but~~ Then he walked on toward Stone Mountain. Freddie kept on Piedmont to where it began suddenly to change its character, and where a city ordinance had tried to push back the on-coming Negroes with their threat to purchase homes next to a better class white district. But it was ceasing to be better classed. The Hammond's home which Grace had inherited from her father, had once been fairly pretentious, but now its site alone had any value; the house was old and sadly in need of repair. "Sis" was on the front porch in a dress which her mother had washed that afternoon, and had just finished ironing. The mother, tired, was sitting in the darkened parlor, drinking a bottle of coca cola, and the father stood sullenly by her. He was arguing:

"I wasn't going on that time; I ~~was~~ am tired slaving for these railroads for nothing; I ~~was~~ am going to find some way to make money, if I ~~had~~ have to steal it;" and then they both listened to Freddie's voice. Freddie stood close to "SiS" and had slipped his hand far up under her clothes. She made no movement, merely looking at him steadily.

"I've got a hundred dollars," he explained, "and we're going to have a swell cabaret celebration."

"Where did you get it?"

BOOK III. Chapter VIII.

"Pa Jeff slipped it to me. He's made a killing in coca cola."

Tom Hammond pricked up his ears and moved closer to the window.

"You see," continued Freddie, "they're going to declare a big dividend when they meet next week, and that means the stock will go kiting. Jeff has got some money that he's going to salt down into it."

Hammond pulled Grace to the back porch and began talking excitedly.

"Here's our chance," he said, "if we could just raise some money now; if we could borrow another thousand dollars on this house, I could double it."

"How?" asked Grace, doubtfully.

"Didn't you hear what that kid said? That's inside dope. Coca cola stock is going up. If I buy $1,000 worth tomorrow, by next week it may be worth $2,000 or even $5,000, I tell you."

"I don't believe it. I don't understand it, and besides, we can't get $1,000 for this house; its mortgaged already."

"I know where I could," said Hammond, "and I'm going to do it, unless, of course, you want to keep playing the damned fool and refuse to sign."

So the talking went on; the quarreling on the back porch; the whispering and bold love-making on the front porch. But John walked steadily down to where a great new avenue curved and to where new palaces were rising, belonging to the new Atlanta millionaires. Ku Klux

He stood at mid-night on Stone Mountain and watched the burning cross. He saw the hosts of celebrants in sheets and pillowcases, and he knew that Simmons had resurrected the Ku Klux order and was going to make money at it, and was going to keep people busy, who might otherwise be busied with something else.

As the crowd began to scatter, he easily recognized Jeff Eves, and quietly walked down beside him. Jeff turned on him with a start, and then laughed:

"Hellow, grandpa," he said.

"What's this mischief?" asked Old John.

"Oh just to scare off bad niggers and Jews."

32-11-22

BOOK III. Chapter VIII.

And John added: "And to make poor whites think they's doing something."

"Sure," said Jeff laughing, and then he became more serious.

"I say, pappy, do you know where I can get $10,000? You don't happen to have it, do you?"

"I've got more than that," said Old John. "I've got poverty and peace and the wide road," and he turned off to the North.

Jeff next found himself walking beside the city clerk, who looked upon the old nigger striding away with some suspicion.

"Oh, he's all right," said Jeff. "Just an old servant of ours."

And then suddenly the city clerk got confidential.

"If I had your father's endorsement for some contractors who are making a bid on the new city hall, I could clean up a lot of money for myself," and then he paused, grinning at Jeff; "and for my friends."

Jeff was all attention. Here perhaps was just where he could get the money he needed for investment in coca cola stock. He brought up the subject next morning with his father; diplomatically asking him first for a loan, which his father peremptorily refused.

"I don't mind saying, Jeff, that I'm making money just now; a great deal of money, but it's invested, and I can't realize on investments just now. There's a new era coming in this country, an astonishing one, and we who get in on the ground floor are going to have money, plenty of money; but I can't spare cash."

"Well I tell you what you could do, dad, if you don't mind. You know there's a new city hall; well there's a man I know who has just landed a good, fat contract, he needs backing. Now if you'll just endorse him; I mean, say you know he's all right; he can put the thing over and I'll share in the profits."

"Who is he?" asked Lucius.

"You don't know him, but I do, and I can vouch for him."

"All right," said Lucius, impatiently, and he gave the endorsement and hurried to the office.

BOOK III. Chapter VIII.

The city clerk glanced at the paper and gave Jeff a check. It was for $5,000. He hooped; and that night gave Fred his hundred dollars for the high school celebration.

Fred took "Sis" to the cabaret, to Mrs. Hammond's great pride and to her husband's gratification. Warily, he pumped Fred during the long wait for "Sis" to dress. It had taken the last dollar he could scrape to pay for that party dress.

"I was thinking," he said carelessly, "of taking a little flier in coca cola."

"That's the stuff," said Fred, speaking importantly. "Jeff's been talking about it. You see the Board meets Monday, and they're sure to declare a dividend; a much bigger dividend than usual, because they have been making a pile of money lately. You know their incorporating now in Delaware. Why Jeff tells me they're spending a million dollars a year advertising."

"I know it," said Hammond, "and er--that dividend is pretty well settled, is it?"

"Sure thing. The directors are bound to meet. Most of them have already gotten their hotel rooms. I was down with Jeff to the Biltmore calling on one today."

Hammond was jubilant. That very day he had negotiated for $1,000. It had been hard work; but the real estate man to whom he was talking wanted to buy that corner, and he wanted it right off. Instead, therefore, of a second mortgage, he took a demand note from Hammond, signed by him and his wife, and then bought the first mortgage which was nearly due, and which formerly had always been easily renewed. Hammond got the thousand dollars and hurried to a stock broker. He loafed around a bit trying to look as intelligent as possible, and then said:

"I think I may buy some coca cola stock." The broker was eager.

"I'll tell you confidentially," he said, "that stock is going up like a kite as soon as the directors meet, and they are meeting tomorrow."

"I think I'll take ten shares," said Hammond, and laid down his thousand check.

"Say," he said, "why ten shares? Why not buy one hundred shares on margin;" and then he explained the details of margin buying and its mysteries.

BOOK III. Chapter VIII.

"You see, when the shares go up, you can buy (one thousand) that you have engaged to buy, or you can buy more on margin. Coca cola is the biggest buy in the United States today. Why you might make yourself rich on this thousand." And Mr. Hammond bought one hundred shares on margin. On Tuesday morning, he opened the Constitution, expectantly. The meeting of the directors of the coca cola corporations had been postponed; some of them couldn't be present. No dividend, therefore, had been declared and it wasn't certain when they would be. The stock had come down several points, and might fall further. Someone knocked on the door. It was the little boy from the neighbor's house where they had a telephone and someone wanted Hammond on the telephone.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Hammond," said the stockbroker affably, "you'll have to put up a little more margin."

"How much?"

"Oh, 250, perhaps."

"But I haven't got it," said Hammond.

"You'll have to get it," said the broker, crisply.

Within a week the house was gone, sold out to the real estate agent, who rapidly transferred the land to a corporation for a ~~failing stock~~ filling station and made 50% on his investment. The Hammonds moved further down behind the homes of the well-to-do Negroes, and next to a Negro slum. The father lost his job as fireman, having neglected his work too long, and the mother fell sick and could not go to the mill. "Sis" had to give up school and become a mill worker and Fatty, leaving his odd jobs and long hours, became affiliated with the Ku Klux Klan to ~~secure~~ sell regalia on commission.

Meantime, young Jefferson Eves, about to invest $5,000 in coca cola stock, hears in the office from his fellow workers of a secret, inner deal. It seems that the dividend was to be declared, but it was just as easy to appear to postpone it, which would send the stock down. This would mean that persons who bought it could get it for a good deal less than what they would have to pay if they bought now or after the dividend. The meeting of the Board was postponed two weeks, and in the meantime, Jeff's $5,000

BOOK III. Chapter VIII.

38-11-26

bought seventy-five shares, where it would have bought only fifty, and then when the dividend was declared, the price of shares shot up and Jefferson Long found himself worth at least $10,000. He was jubilant. He bought a new car and drove into the country. There was a favorite place down by the Chattahoochee where he like to loaf. In other days, he had courted his wife there, but she was too busy now for love-making, and it made no difference. After all, he wanted to plan. He went down Pace's Ferry road and then turned off to Power's Ferry, and crossing the narrow bridge came to a flat spot where he could watch the brown flood of the Chattahoochee. To his annoyance, two black men sat there. He got out of his car and approached them rather imperiously. They would probably go when they saw him coming. Then he recognized them. It was Old John and probably this fellow was that grandson of his, Young John. He greeted the old man and looked at the younger one curiously. He never before had had a chance to talk with a young, colored man of education; it rather intrigued him.

38-11-18

"Hello, you went to war," didn't you?"

"Yes," said John shortly.

"Well I got out of it, and I'm damned glad of it."

"You should be," said John.

Jeff glanced at him keenly.

"That draft board got you, didn't it? And by the same token it left me out."

"Hard lines for you? How did you like it?"

But John was silent. He never talked about the war, and Jeff recognized the symptoms. He had seen some young, white men get tight-lipped when they were asked about France. Indeed, a loud rumble on the bridge would have drowned out any answer that John had made. A coca cola truck was rushing by.

"There goes my fortune," said Jeff, (quietly) and Old John looked up.

"It looks like the river," said Old John.

"It is like the river," said Jeff.

"Listen, by Jove, that's not a bad simile. You know the flood of coca cola that's flowing with the (day) it makes a pretty respectable river."

BOOK III. Chapter VIII.

"Sure, sure," said Old John, "and you wouldn't have thought it in the days when I saw it beginning."

"What!" said Jeff eagerly, "you know something about the beginnings of coca cola?"

"Sure do," said Old John. "It was back about '86. I was a boy of only fifty, and there was a fellow in a basement on Marietta Street who had a big idea. He thought he could make a drink which you could serve at counters and stop a headache, so he got me to help him. We put sugar and water together and added a little color and dope and called it coca cola, and peddled it around to drug stores. I had a pushcart and for a while I did pretty well, and sometimes he paid me. Then I began to find that the druggists were charging him pretty stiffly for his coloring matter and dope. Of course sugar and water was still cheap. So at last when he had run up a big bill with Candler, the druggist, Candler offered to buy him out, and he had to sell; and that's where I lost my job. Candler didn't take much to niggers."

"Well, well, that's a story," said Jeff. "I'm going to write that down and get you to give me some more details. I know the firm will be crazy about it."

"What happened then?" asked John.

"Oh, Candler pretty soon closed his drugstore about '92, and just went into the coca cola business. He sold considerably, but there was a lot of competition, and pretty soon the government began to snoop. They came down on him in 1916 for selling dope, and he had a hard time escaping government inspection."

"How did he do it?" asked John.

"Just changed his formula. Put in less dope."

"But it still contains cocaine, doesn't it?"

"Oh no, it has caffaine, which is about the same thing; but it probably doesn't have as much caffaine to the bottle as you find in a strong cup of coffee."

"No, we're both wrong there," said Jeff.

"So now all you have to do is to pay low wages and make money," said John, with a grim smile."

32-11-19

BOOK III. Chapter VIII.

32-11-20

"Not on your life," answered Jeff. "We can do better than that. We pay high wages, but we don't hire many people. We do it all by machinery."

"I have seen the miracle," said Old John. "That new factory out on North Avenue. It does everything but say words, and there mighty few people working about it."

"And then as far as I can figure," said Young John, "you come pretty nearly getting something for nothing."

"Well, there's something in that," said Jeff, " but who gives it to us? People don't have to buy coca cola, and if sugar and water is cheap and they want to pay 5¢ for it, whose got a right to stop them?"

"What I don't see," said Young John, is why competitors don't rush in and either buy you out of business, or drive the price down to a cent a bottle.

"Ha ha," laughed Jeff,"you don't understand. We've got the courts back of us. We've got a decree in the district federal court perpectually prohibiting any one from using the word"coca cola", or the word "cola" or scriptor lettering identical with that used by the company, or from supplying anything except coca cola to a purchaser, or performing any act or using any name, artifice or contrivance likely to cause any produce to be sold as coca cola. We can require soda fountains to handle coca cola only in the bottles we send to them, and to deal in no similar products."

"You got it sewed up, haven't you?"

"Sewed up? I should say so. The cotton mills have to give clothes for money; the steel mills have to give steel, but coca cola makes its millions out of soda and sugar, and still you can't touch it."

"My God, what are we coming to?"

"I know what I'm coming to," said Jeff, as he climbed back in his automobile, a little ashamed of his boasting.

"And so do I," said Old John.

BOOK III.

Chapter IX.

Mrs. Lucius Eves was more than disturbed. She was angry, and she said so.

"There, right opposite their home, was building a standard oil filling station. Indeed, vulgar trade had been increasingly encroaching on Peachtree Road. They built a depot; they built a lot of grocery stores; they put in hotdog stands and filling stations. It was impossible for self-respecting people to stay there.

38-11-27

Lucius tried to pacify her. He did not tell her that much of this business development in the midst of (residence) real estate was financed by the First National Bank, and that the whole trend of business toward Peachtree Street had been caused by the fire of 1916. Otherwise, business might have gone down toward Auburn Avenue and the Negro section, but that would have given the Negroes too much money for their land holdings. It was better to have the higher prices distributed among the already rich. And of course, Lucius meant to have a new home and a fine one; but there were difficulties. The city was expanding rapidly; there were nearly 100,000 whites, and over 60,000 Negroes in 1920, and what was more to the point, the number of telephones had doubled in ten years, and the postal reserves increased. Eight railroad systems clustered about Atlanta, and the new freight rates just granted by the Inter-state Commerce Commission put Atlanta on a par with New York and Philadelphia in shipping facilities. Atlanta could really become a great wholesale center. Indeed, there were one thousand national concerns in Atlanta's portals now, and the funds of fourteen states flowed through her banks. Three Hundred and Twenty millions in deposits lay in those banks and the clearings were approaching the fabulous sum of Three Thousand Million.[P] Atlanta was being advertised. A million dollars had been spent in the last few years, and as a result, three thousand conventions had brought eight hundred thousand visitors. There was no doubt about the golden future. The Apples of Hespesides lay all about. On the other hand, the labor situation was changing and getting worse in many respects. The Negroes were being forced down and out in many cases, even of the lower jobs. Unionism among white workers, which was to be held in check by the Negroes, was asserting itself; and while disfranchisement kept the vote of the city down to 16,000, union members already amounted to eight thousand, and that gave

BOOK III. Chapter IX.

them undue and dangerous political influence. There was a bitter strike at the Piedmont mills in 1918, which was only put down by flashing the German spy charge against the labor leader. He was never tried, but the ruse worked. The school teachers went into the Federation of Labor; that is, the white school teachers. The railway clerks and telegraphers struck during the war, and President Wilson had to plead with them. And then in 1925, after a quarter of a century's fight, the millowners had had to submit to a child labor law. It wasn't such a strong one and it didn't make so much difference. Instead of low-paid child labor, they could use the stretch-out system and make the adult laborers work more machines each, and longer hours. A vast credit structure had been built upon a basis of real prosperity and golden hope, and if nothing untoward happened, Lucius Eves would be many times a millionaire, and nothing must happen. Now this morning; here came the ominous note; it seemed that his son Jefferson had got himself and his father mixed up in this city hall graft; a silly piece of plain stealing which was bound to send several political leaders to jail. It was the effort of the small fry and the stupid to get hold of money by graft, instead of ligitimate business. Lucius quietly paid Ten Thousand Dollars to hush up the matter of his endorsement of the contractors. The city clerk kept his mouth shut and went to jail; and then Lucius gave Jeff a talking to. But Jeff showed him his holdings in coca cola stock and promised greater care in the future. Meantime, wider and wider opportunities for expansion and vast profit came to Lucius and the First National. There was the bank Power trust. They were consolidating and covering the southeast. There were the rayon mills, almost a Southern industry. There were chemicals and furniture. It was a new world that Lucius was looking on. But they must anchor themselves to cash, and everything that brought in hard money as a basis for this credit investment must be nursed along. He put new machinery in his factories and cut down the wage roll. It made trouble; but in the already contracting demand for labor, the men did not dare strike. It was only "Sis" Hammond and the girls that she ran with that took a decisive step. They calmly quit work and went on the streets. There were any numbers of rich and near rich men who were willing to pay for their favors. Moreover, there was no use trying to earn enough to run the family in the mills. Her father now was drunk most of the time. The flare-up of the Ku Klux Klan had subsided and

BOOK III. Chapter IX.

the racket of furnishing them regalia was disclosed. Fatty lost his job and was loafing; and then when the frail mother realized the ancient profession which "Sis" had taken to, she simply laid down and died of the horror of it. Freddie Eves attended the Institute of Technology in the day-time, but at night, he ran with "Sis" and her pals, so long as he could borrow or filch money enough to pay the bills. There were other sources of cash profit which were brought to Lucius Eves' attention. He did not touch them directly; but indirectly, he financed a number of them. The Negro Savings Bank, for instance, was over-extended, but it had good assets, and Lucius helped force its failure and secure its cash and securities. The Negro Oddfellows formed a gold mine for litigation and receiverships. Lucius shared in this loot, and finally, when the Standard Life and the whole financial and industrial structure built upon it began to suffer, there was Lucius that furnished the money and got the grip upon the valuable assets there. And then still further afield, and much more indirectly recognized, came the bootlegging; the result of the prohibition law, coupled with petty gambling from the poor. This had to be carefully concealed. Lucius could honestly say that he knew nothing about it. He did know that he made loans at fabulous bonuses and high rates of interest that were paid regularly in cash. Nothing but bootlegging and gambling could have made such returns. But after all, that was not his funeral, or if it was, it did not seem to be in 1925. So the paper profit that lay before him on his balance sheets became astonishing. He was ten times a millionaire. After all, there was no reason for denying Mrs. Eves her natural ambitions. So when he went home that night, he took plans for a palace in Druid Hills. She was beside herself in joy; it crowned her ambitions. It would put the snobs of Charleston, Augusta and Savannah on the defensive. After all, Atlanta did not need traditions. She had the solid rock of wealth on which to build. And Mrs. Eves immediately began to work with those plans. They had started with the thought of spending $100,000; but as the plans developed, and the architect suggested, and Mrs. Eves social ambitions rose, the costs went to $200,000, $300,000. They might reach half a million. It was a beautiful creation, topping a sloping hill; its walls were marble, and its wood oak and maple and cedar. There was

BOOK III. Chapter IX.

3-11-30

intricate iron grill work, stained glass windows, and a yard that recalled the little Trianon; there were cypresses and a swimming pool, a sunken garden and a forest. Flowers and lawns and shubbery and a box wood hedge that cost a fortune. Then within there were Chinese carpets and vases, Turkish rugs and Japanese bric-a-brac. There was silver and even gold plate and furniture that offered every temptation to rest and sleep and enjoy. Never had Mrs. Eves been sso happy in planning this house. Its opening was going to be a social event of the decade, and then in the midst of it, Freddie fell sick. At first, it seemed a little indisposition; he couldn't study; he wanted to stay at home. Then he was seized with serious illness. There was a defiant breaking out on his face, and at last the physician, who had shaken his head for some weeks, came out to the parents and told them the truth: Freddie had a severe attack of primary syphilis; it was an unusual virulent infection and he must go to a hospital for regular treatment. Mrs. Eves was beside herself. She had for the first time of Freddie's consorting with "Sis" Hammond and her pals and she wept:

"How can such shameless creatures live?" and then came what seemed to her a curious anti-climax: dinner was not ready; the cook was gone; the cook was dead; her husband had killed her to get money for gambling in the numbers.

pp. 1-7, 19-20, 22-24

WINGS OF ATALANTA

The Georgia legislature which met in December, 1870, was the same which had expelled its Negro members. The Negroes were back in back in voice and power and the Republicans had a majority in both houses.

First, there was the matter of the pay of the expelled Negroes. They finally received it all, $28,938. John had $1,000. It was more money than he had ever seen at once in his life. He took it down and put it in the bank and felt rich.

38-12-293

He had had little use for money. He had seldom handled it. When he worked, he got a few dollars in cash and the rest in food and clothes, or else he got the clothes and food and afterwards worked for it. He could understand and was vastly interested in the movement of goods and materials, the boxes and barrels and bales of cotton and sides of meat and fruit and coal and iron; but this money; he couldn't understand. It was mysterious. How it was made, how people got it in the first place, what they did with it and what a bank was for, that was a mystery in which he had not been interested. But now he was interested. He had $1,000. He felt at the same time both rich and afraid and he walked down to that office on Decatur Street where he had seen the sign, "Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company", chartered by Congress. He walked in and secured a bank book and then went out and in the evening got John to read it to him. On the cover was printed in large type: "National Savings Bank"; a Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company chartered by Congress; principal office, Washington, D. C.; branches in New York, Baltimore and all the principal cities of the South and Southwest. Then on the third page came this information:

"Colored Citizen's Savings Bank
Chartered by Congress, March 3, 1865

Abraham Lincoln's Gift

to the
Colored People
His signature to the Bill one of the last acts of his life.

He gave Emancipation, and then this
Savings Bank

Your freedom and prosperity were in his heart united.

Economy the Road to Wealth.
Save Your Money!

Save the pennies, and the dollars will take
care of themselves

"I consider the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company to be greatly needed by the Colored People, and have welcomed it as an auxiliary to the Freedmen's Bureau."

Maj. Gen'l. O. O. Howard.

(Freedmen's Savings Bank, Fleming, p. 146.)

38-12-294

And finally his son read these momentus words:

"You have here presented to you the names of some of the best men in your country, who have gratuitously assumed the care and responsibility of a company for the safe-keeping and investment of your spare earnings.

"You are now on the same footing, as to your legal rights, with all other people of this country. You get your wages for your labor, and no one can prevent you.

"If you work hard you will earn money the same as other folks. Not one of you need remain poor if you are careful and do not spend money for candy, or whiskey, or costly clothes. As for food, cheap, hearty victuals--beef, fish, bread, coffee--will do for men and women better than pies, cakes, and such things which cost more money and give you less strength.

"Tobacco and Whiskey are the two things which all men who are going to save money must neither touch nor taste.

"Let us count the cost of a cigar and a glass of whiskey every working day. A mean cigar costs five cents, and the poorest glass of whiskey five cents, which makes ten cents.

"Now, if instead of worse than wasting this, you would save it every day--one Dime per day--at the end of one year, of three hundred and twelve working days, amounts to thirty-one dollars and twenty cents. ($31.20)...

"Now let us see how much a man, who saves ten cents every working day for ten years, will have if he puts it at interest:

"The first year he will have.....	$31.20
"The second year he will have.....	33.07
"The third year he will have.....	35.05
"The fourth year he will have.....	37.15
"The fifth year he will have.....	39.38
"The sixth year he will have.....	41.74
"The seventh year he will have.....	44.24
"The eighth year he will have.....	46.90
"The ninth year he will have.....	49.71
"The tenth year he will have.....	52.69

And at the end of ten years he will be worth in cash.....$411.13

"And all this from saving the price of a mean cigar and a vile glass of liquor every day! There is no excuse for any healthy man being poor in this country. The richest men in it began by small savings. The merchant, Billy Gray, of Boston, saved his first dollar by carrying bricks. Then he added another and another to that, and saved the interest, and put that on interest, and at last had many millions of dollars."

(The Freedmen's Savings Bank, Fleming, pp. 147, 148.)

At last John understood. Here was the revelation. He took his $1,000 down and put it in the Freedmen's Savings Bank. In ten years, when he was 50, he would have enough to make him comfortable for life; and perhaps, like Billy Grey of Boston, in some mysterious way, he might be rich.

38-12-295

The Negroes were busy. First, they tried to be magnanimous , and following Senator Campbell, voted pay not only to the expelled Negro members, but pay to the white members who had illegally taken their places. It made the bill for salaries enormous and in after years this was credited to the extravagance of the Negroes, rather than to their generosity toward the whites. But especially were the Negroes interested in two things: in schools and convicts, in presenting state legislation toward education for all and in stopping or ameliorating the new slavery imposed by the courts.

(1) In this session of the legislature, many Negro Senators and Representatives introduced bills on education. Senator Campbell had a bill for a "thorough public system" and a lengthy resolution describing how money for education was to be secured. Senator Bradley was interested and his proposals for amending the bill went through were accepted. When there was insufficient money for paying other government expenses, Representative Porter made the motion to postpone the payment of funds for education which was adopted. Representative Clower attempted to increase the appropriations for education and Representative Golden of Liberty County tried to require all barbers to pay a tax of $50 a year for educational purposes.

On motion of Phillip Joiner, a Negro representative, it was proposed that an appropriation of $100,000 should be used to make Atlanta University a state institution, or to establish some other institution nearer the black belt. The former Governor's mansion at Milledgeville was proposed, but no action was taken. After considerable delay, the legislature put in operation a public school system providing equal facilities for both races and two higher institutions, Atlanta University and the University of Georgia were to receive $8,000 each from the state annually. The capitol and mansion at Milledgeville

Schools became a reality. The Reconstruction legislature with its black members pushed the public school system and a Board of Education was elected in 1869 and the charter amended in 1870 to allow for school taxation. In 1872, three schoolhouses were completed and the public schools opened. Clark University was opened in 1869 and purchased a campus in 1871. The Atlanta Baptist Seminary, which had been started in 1870, was finally moved to Atlanta and consolidated with a similar school, and in 1877 this institution became Atlanta Baptist College which finally changed its name to Morehouse College. Colored men became prominent in various ways.

38-12-296

It was Clairbourne, John's son-in-law, who noticed and fought two insidious tendencies: first, the courts were not only beyond the power of the Negroes, they were beyond the power of the poor whites and in the hands of the planters, and the planters proceeded to use them to put Negroes back in slavery.

All the Negroes in the General Assembly were keen to correct the management of convicts in jails in the state. Turner offered several resolutions for reform and served on a committee of three to confer with the keeper of the penitentiary. Senator Wallace and Representative Sims served on a joint committee to ascertain how convicts were treated. Peter O'Neal wanted to abolish the penitentiary system. As a result of these efforts, some changes were made in methods of punishment and the pressure caused Bullock to issue many pardons for which he was greatly blamed.

Sims was the most energetic fighter for better conditions for the convicts and offered bills on that subject and for the preservation of order on election days, to incourage immigration, to regulate fees and costs and other matters. Some of his bills were passed.

They began leasing convicts and afterward the carpetbaggers helped them. Clairbourne and Sims and others investigated the jails, and insisted on pardons for the innocent and over-punished. Clairbourne also noted another thing: the crop lien system which had slipped in during the early efforts at Reconstruction before the Negroes could vote. This astonishing evoking of property rights out of nothing began with the law of 1866 which permitted railroads to mortgage the crops of their tenants, even though the crops were not yet planted. Thus indebtedness for stock, tools and food was secured by a crop yet

yet to be raised. In turn, the planters were allowed to give liens to merchants for the purchase of food and fertilizers. This gave the landholders a strangle hold upon labor and material, and Clairbourne knew and resented its possibilities; but he did not realize how far this was destined to go. Before that, he died. It was a shock to John and his first facing of the problem of brute force. Malcolm Clairbourne had just offered bills to make fathers maintain their bastard children and to prohibit the sale of lottery tickets and to stop the use of the chain gang on public works. Warren and Turner supported him and the three bills were accepted. The day after Clairbourne presented his bills, he was killed by the white messenger of the House. Clairbourne had accused him of discharging a colored page and replacing him by a white boy. The messenger was incensed and shot Clairbourne on Marietta Street near the Henry Grady school. The House expelled the messenger and turned him over to the civil authorities. A committee of three, including Turner, was appointed to make arrangements for the funeral. Robert Lumpkin in Macon County died during the sesson. He introduced no bills, but was faithful and his loss was keenly felt.

The House passed a strong resolution of condolence to"a faithful representative." Clairbourne had to be buried quickly because of the decomposition of the body. The Reverend Mr. Peck of the A.M.E. Church performed the services and the body was taken at once to the cemetery.

Still the Negroes toiled on with their efforts.

Turner offered a bill to establish a state police, to appoint chaplains for convicts, to donate lands for the orphans home, to enable women to vote, to use the state buildings at Milledgeville for educational purposes, to regulate fees in various counties, etc.

The House adopted his resolution extending sympathy to the people of Richmond after the fire.

Senator Campbell introduced numbers of bills touching the jury system, the government of Savannah, and all other towns, establishing district courts, incorporating railroads, etc. Most of these bills were favorably reported. Campbell served on the committee to confer with the City Council of Atlanta in regard to the new capitol building.

38-12-298

But as John soon sensed, a new power was rising and new alignments of the older sources of power. First, the carpetbaggers, led by Bullock and Kimball and supported by Negroes and the poor whites, began to forge toward industry and money-making. An initial effort was to entrench themselves in the legislature for another two years. They had a plausible argument. The legislature, although elected for two years, had been for most of that time irregular because of the expulsion of its colored members. All of its acts were illegal and had to be reenacted, as, for instance, the acceptance of the 14th Amendment. Under such circumstances, it was plausible to say that the legislature should last two more years. It was a temptation to the members because evidently a new alignment of political forces might eliminate the Negroes and many of the poor whites in the next legislature and put them back in the hands of a new political alliance, if the present legislature had a chance to accomplish its work and entrench its position; and at the end of that time, they might be able to make a popular appeal.

The colored Senator Campbell thereupon sought to prolong the legislature by declaring that no election should be held until the representatives elected to Congress should be seated, which meant that the election would be postponed until Congress met in December, 1871. This bill passed the Senate, but was defeated in the Lower House. Moreover, the Senators elected in 1868 were finally seated in Congress.

Bradley and Wallace, the colored state Senators, believed that no election was necessary and that the two Senators elected before should hold their seats, but the legislature decided on new elections. Meantime, the colored Senator Campbell asked that all court proceedings in the state be suspended until the judiciary was reorganized and civil government restored. This was not acted upon, but the legislature had to adjourn from February until April so that Congress could complete the re-admission of Georgia. Bullock, then, aided by Butler in Congress, tried to prolong the state legislature two years beyond the time it was originally elected and because of the delay in recognizing Georgia as a state. This would have prolonged the hold of the Republicans, but Bingham in Congress prevented this, and finally, July 15, 1870, Congress explicitly declared in the admission act that the people of Georgia were not to be deprived of a right to elect a new legislature according to the constitution.

John wavered; he did not know how he ought to vote. It was unfair to be elected for two years and allowed to serve only six months. And yet, the constitution required an election every two years. He was offered money; it did not seem at the time wrong to take it. Kimball met him and slapped him on the back and they drank together in a Decatur Street saloon.

38-12-299

"Well, how about your vote on extending the legislature?" asked Kimball.

"It only seems fair," said John slowly.

"Fair, it's right; it's just; it's the only thing to do. I tell you frankly, boy, either we hold this legislature in power or you Negroes go out of power forever."

He sat down his glass and turned away.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "how are you all for money? I'd be glad to make you a little loan. Take this. Don't mention it."

And he handed John $50. John thanked him profusely and then looked at the bill doubtfully. It seemed a friendly act, but afterward, it seemed perhaps a bit too friendly. Suppose now he had been given this money for while he was hesitating over a bill he knew was bad. Law-making couldn't be carried on that way; but he added the $50 to his horde in the bank.

While the question of prolonging the legislature was being debated, many attempts were made by Democrats to bribe Negroes to vote against the prolongation, but they would not accept bribes. Alexander Stone of Jefferson County particularly refused in a special committee investigating his case. It was shown that Stone had received a gold watch costing $100 from a state official, but this, it was proved, was given Stone by his friends, for his firmness and fidelity in opposing prolongation, and the funds were subscribed after prolongation had been defeated August 12 and the watch was not presented until August 16. The House openly declared Stone free of all charges of bribery by a vote of 100-10. But among the ten were three Negro representatives.

When the effort to prolong the legislature was killed by congressional action, Bullock and his friends got busy. They hadn't long to last and they knew it.

First and foremost, there was the matter and the pressing matter of railroads. Whatever Atlanta meant and stood for was because of its railroads. With the railroads in good condition, its fortunes were made. Now the key line, the Western and Atlantic, had been wrecked by Sherman during the latter part of the war, but Jenkins, the provisional governor, appointed by President Johnson, had spent over $3,000,000 in appealing and restoring it. It paid into the treasury a sum of $25,000 a month, supposed to represent its profits, but this was really only a small part of the profit, but large enough to appease the curious or the critical. The rest went to those who were manipulating the loan. Bullock and his friends proceeded to get in on this graft.

38-12-300

(6) First Governor Bullock appointed a political henchman, Foster Blodgett, Superintendent of the Road. He used the road to pay political debts and accumulated a debt of nearly $1,000,000 through waste, stealing and unfit officials. This brought protest, but not so much protest against graft as question as to who was going to get the graft. ~~It was determined to lease the road to private parties.~~ The road was sure to make money if handled rightly. It was a heavy freight carrier and the freight that came down from Chattanooga was distributed over three different railroads closely connected with it. All these paid good dividends.

The only way to handle the situation seemed to be to lease the road to private parties. This did not mean that the state would get the profits which it ought to get from its own road, but it did mean that its profits would not be distributed exclusively to that part of the political hierarchy that was at that time ruling the state. The planters were moving for some share in this new set-up.

The legislature lasted 328 days, but cost the state $979,000. Bullock's printing and contingent funds were extravagant and indicated graft, but the pay of the members of the legislature, $9 a day, was established by the Johnson administration and not by Bullock.

38-12-301

The colored representatives in the legislature in 1871 and thereafter worked for the uplift of the Negro in many directions. There was James Porter, interested in religious matters, but crippled by an accident and unable to go as a missionary as he had wished. Before the war, he was connected with the underground railroad and secretly taught school. Then he became music teacher and trained a chorus for a white Episcopal Church in Savannah and finally became a school principal. He published an English grammar for beginners. In the legislature, he tried to organize ~~x~~ volunteer military companies to advance education, to better the jury system, and to enforce the Federal Civil Rights bill.

T. G. Campbell, son of Senator Campbell, was also a representative and worked for education and the reorganization of the codes, but he was rather unreliable and often found drunk. Many other bills were proposed by various colored representatives, two that were passed were to help the Columbus railroad and to receive seats for ladies in the gallery. Another representative proposed to strike out the word "white" wherever it occurred in the code of Georgia, but was unsuccessful.

O'Neil of Baldwin County tried to get bills for better selling and enforcing the payment of wages to agricultural laborers and abolishing the convict system. These were defeated. Costin served on more committees than any other Negro, but introduced no bills. Certainly, the Negro representatives played a constructive part.

~~and~~ Robert Toombs was mad. He wrote to Stephens:

("I went to Atlanta to see if I could be of any service in the present coup d'etat of Bullock and his conspirators. It is a hard job. He is perfectly (~~ruckless~~ reckless,) ~~justly~~ supported by the military, stakes all upon success and offers all the offices, places, money and the plunder of the people for help to aid him to obtain the dictatorship of the state.")

looking and healthy; he did not get drunk, at least not regularly, and he worked hard. He did not waste her money and he did not interfere with reasonable liberty on her part, so far as she could calculate. They were married in the fall of 1881 and in 1882, their daughter, Savannah, the second Savannah Eves, was born. Millicent chose the name. It intrigued her. Rhett had no particular feeling one way or the other, since the baby was a girl. He had heard that once he had an aunt of that name; but Harvey, the grandfather, was rather vehement in his initial objection and then suddenly said nothing.

38-12-302

The great machine of the new South had scarcely started on its new career and the whirrof its well-oiled engines had not long been audible when also one could hear opposition. It was manifest, first, in the constitutional convention of 1887. The rulers of the state had put off suggestions of change in the basic law as long as seemed feasible, but the railroad situation among other things forced them to do something.

25) "The favorite practice of reconstruction was for 'carpetbaggers', financed by Wall Street brokers, to buy up simultaneously the stocks of the railroad companies and the members of the state legislatures. The legislatures would then vote milliones of dollars in bonds or endorsements to the railroad companies, and the political officials would divert most of the proceeds into their own and their confederates' pockets. This practice continued until the panic of 1873 made such securities unmarketable." (Hawkes, Economic History of the South, p. 490.)

Graft, therefore, in Georgia, especially looked toward the railroads. It was a well-known form of stealing throughout the United States. The function of government was to make roads. If roads, paved roads, and now iron roads were promoted by private persons, the government helped, and instead of effecting its ownership and even its part ownership, it turned over the whole profits of the undertaking to private parties. It was, therefore, the business of private parties to get the government to appropriate as much money as possible. This was complicated in Georgia by the fact that the government owned a railroad.

There were some $4,000,000 worth of bonds sold under Bullock concerning whose validity and the disposition of the proceedings there was great argument and much recrimination. It figured in the charges against the Bullock regime, but it was not confined to that regime.

There was in 1872 a question as to whether the railway bonds sold in New York should be repudiated or not. These bonds consisted of currency bonds and gold bonds with which to redeem them. Some $3,000,000 worth of gold bonds were issued and the state proposed to repudiate them cheaply because they were in the hands of Northerners and of Bullock and Kimball. Ex-Governor Brown wanted to compromise, but Toombs, Ben Hill and Wadley wanted to repudiate them. In August, 1872, the legislature declared null and void the endorsed railway bonds and others designated by the Investigating Committee and in 1877, payment of the bonds were declared illegal by the constitutional convention.

38-12-30

The constitutional convention of 1877 provided for a railway commission which was established in 1879. Freight rates were lowered somewhat, but discrimination continued in favor of the cities at the expense of the way stations. A city dealer could ship his cotton from a great distance at less expense than the farmer or merchant along the way, and the same thing applied to goods purchased. The new railroads were fleeced by inside construction companies with lucrative contracts and bonds were issued far in excess of the assets and the proceedings squandered upon accessive salary and absurd improvements. The Central of Georgia built elaborate parks with flower gardens and running fountains at small and unimportant stations. Thus original investors were frozen out and the road forced into bankruptcy. Reorganization would follow and the stock was heavily watered and sold to the public. Much of the railroad mileage in Georgia was built by the wages of thousands of small investors and then stolen by financiers without sanction of the courts. In the midst of this, the commission was powerless and had to permit rates high enough to yield reasonable dividends on stocks, water and all.

(28) Other large corporations, especially insurance companies, did the same thing, and throughout the country trusts began to make their appearance.

The farmers bore the burden of taxation. Personal property escaped its share. Atlanta in 1898 valued all its watches, jewelry and plate at only $108,000 and although the largest distributing center between Baltimore and New Orleans, it had in 1890 only $3,000,000 worth of taxable merchandise. Many counties, supported by the (supply) business, reported no merchandise at all. Atlanta had only $400,000 of merchandise in 1890. Railroads, although generally required to pay taxes after 1877, paid nothing to the counties

John sensed the change that was coming and the power outside of politics that was ruling. He watched it and although he knew little of its theory and of the great influence throughout the country and over the world that was behind it, yet he saw it in detail more accurately and understandingly than most men. And the view of it and the unerring intuition of its meaning began in him that paralysis of effort and indecision and tendency to withdraw as a spectator which characterized his later life. What after all could one do? He toyed with the matter of armed resistance to the growing use of fraud and force, to keep Negroes from voting and from holding office. Their numbers in the legislature dwindled sharply. There were few Negroes in any administrative office of any importance. They were over-looked, perhaps too elaborately for the real truth of the matter, and yet effectively. They had no power; they could exercise no power, and any point or place where in anger or deliberation they showed resistance, immediately overwhelming force was brought to bear; police, Ku Klux, mobs. And yet in secret and for many years, John talked with men who wanted to fight with the turbulent and yet wary Turner who had turned from politics into the church, and yet retained his leadership. They sat often in the back room of one of the Negro saloons in Decatur Street. They went over the question as to what could be done. John, despite his illiteracy and because of his life-long acquaintance with Atlanta and his peculiar and personal knowledge of so many of the chief figures in the dilemma, gained considerable hearing and a certain accendancy.

Then John received a blow in many respects more shattering than anything he had experienced. In all this fight, he had depended upon the powerful North. It was an indefinite and vague thing, but it stood for righteousness and justice and fair play. It was intwined with the momentus name of Abraham Lincoln. It had made men free; it had put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree. His confidence in life, his dream of an old age of leisure and independence, had gradually and increasingly been built upon that $1,000 in the Freedmen's Bank, but there seemed to be some trouble in the Atlanta branch. The Reverend Phillip D. Cory, cashier, was not as pleasant or affable as former cashiers when John went to have his interest entered. Cory had broad and ambitious plans. After all, money was money. Why talk or think of a Negro bank? It should be just a bank and of course predominantly a white man's bank. He dis-

38-12-304

tinctly encouraged white depositors. This alarmed and drove away the Negro depositors and the branch did not thrive. John was among those who secured his removal in 1874 and put a Negro in his place and the Negro came to John and others in alarm. Ten Thousand Dollars of the deposits had disappeared; embezzled by Cory. They prosecuted him in the courts and he was sentenced to prison, but pardoned and given an appointment as an Indian agent out West when he promised to repay what he had stolen, but it was unnecessary, because later the same year the Freedmen's branch in Washington, branches and all, failed, owing believing black folk $3,000,000 of their hard-earned money, and in this was John's $1,050 and its accumulative interest.

38-12-305

They paid him back $300 in 1875, but he gave it to the mother of Golden Boy to educate him at Atlanta University. Three years later, in 1878, he received $150 and gave it to little Jane to start her in school. In 1880 there came $150 more and in 1882-1883, other driblets, but John had lost interest. He squandered the money and gave it away.

It was, of course, cast on the side of moderation and care. They were proposing to fight superior numbers, superior organizations, superior guns and ammunition, and above all, superior wealth.

"That's the thing," John reiterated, "this here money. We've got to have it. We've got to get in on this new power. We've got to be merchants and traders."

"But we can't own railroads," objected Turner. "We can hardly discover more mines and we can't work cheap convicts. We don't know about cotton weaving and spinning and how can we learn?"

"No," admitted John, "we can't get in on some of these big things, but we can be storekeepers and buy and sell. We can be lawyers , doctors and preachers; we can form the rank and file of this industrial army and have voice in elected officers, and determine what to do."

Turner doubted it. "Officers ain't elected," he said.

John went home and went home to one of those startling changes that came now and then in his life. He lived with his son and their little girl Jane, born in 1872; a rather sad-faced, quiet, dark little thing, with close crinkled hair. One

could be sure that she was born to endure and yet to hold steadfastly to such part of the world as came within her hands. She had a singularly musical voice. John's daughter, Savannah, called after her mother, had been a widow since Clairbourne was killed in 1869; an unwilling and bitter widow, a beautiful rebel against hate, and it was in 1878, nine years after the death of her husband, that she came back home. She had been working at service in Atlanta in one of the newer mansions which expressed the pretentions of the new rich. She came home and brought a baby, born in 1878, a gorgeously beautiful boy, golden, big and healthy. She looked her father squarely in the face and showed him the baby.

38-12-306

"I didn't know you'd married again," he stammered.

"I'm not," she said calmly; and more than that, she added: "It isn't necessary to find the white man who seduced me. He didn't seduce me. I wanted a child and I have it and I can't see that it's anybody's business."

There were many things that John might have said and thought of saying, but they did not seem of any particular importance. He took the boy in his arms and cuddled him. He and the boy remained close friends, but little Jane kept apart and John, Jr.; and his black, morose wife said nothing. It was not exactly a happy family living there in the old fourth ward, and yet they got on together.

Meantime, in accordance with John's thought, the Negroes, forced more and more out of politics and political influence, tried to make alliance with the new commerce and had varied success.

The Negroes felt the new commercial and industrial impulse, but an entry into industry was difficult. Employers must not too greatly offend the poor whites by giving them Negro competition in the better paid jobs, but on the other hand, they could keep the wages of the poor whites down by threatening such competition. The Negroes were to be kept on the farms as far as possible and in the city used mainly as common labor and as servants. In the smaller semi-skilled industries, they were widely used, but at low wages. There seemed, however, a chance for them to enter the industrial field as small contractors and capitalists, although the lack of credit facilities and of political influence made such attempts hazardous.

pp. 1-12

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32-11-66

John Block was a young Union soldier from the West who walked in with the earliest of Sherman's patrol. He looked at Atlanta with a careful eye. It was a place where he would like to settle. He liked its high hills and vista, but especially he liked its railroads and its evident flair from business. He dropped into Harvey Eve's store and sat there loafing, fingering his musket and talking with Harvey. Harvey was only too willing to be communicative. He did not know just which way to jump, but he was strongly inclined to get on the right side of the Union soldiers. Under promise of deep secrecy, he imparted the knowledge to Block that he had enlisted in the Confederate army and marched out a ways, but had calmly deserted and returned to his business.

"It wasn't any war of mine," he said.

Then Savannah came in. She was fifteen, fresh and pretty, and it had been a long time since Block had met womankind. They had a good deal of good honest chaffing and Block promised to return. He did return the following year with $25,000 in his pocket which he had brought from his home, St. Louis, the whole of his capital. He meant to stay in Atlanta and make a fortune. He met Joseph Brown and talked with him and heard from his lips what had been going on. The planters only the year before had hurriedly got together under the direction of Brown and at Milledgeville with the idea of taking up the affairs of the state as though secession had not occurred, but Federal soldiers interfered. Then came Johnson's provisional government. Brown leaned back and talked about them: three hundred old men and politicians, all planters and their satiates. They quibbled about the results of the war and set forth their claims for emancipated slaves.

"I didn't accept office from them and neither did Stevens. They met again as a legislature and passed a black code which stirred up Congress, although I kept out it's worse features."

"How about the Negroes?" asked Block.

"Well, they're worrying us a bit and being stirred up by somebody, but we're keeping careful tab on them. Of course, we had to recognize them as citizens and immediately they began to settle. They have already held a big convention in

38-11-87

Augusta with one hundred delegates and formed an Equal Rights Association. But they didn't ask universal suffrage."

"They looked wise," said Block, and then he began to talk about investments. Brown encouraged him. He told him about the railroads, about the manufactures that were bound to be restored, and particularly the trade, North and South. Block went away thoughtfully and in a little while had found and re-visited Savannah Eves.

Together in February, 1866, they went to the mass meeting at City Hall. It was a turbulent meeting of white folk and difficult to keep in order. The Radicals, started by Colonel T. C. Howard, aroused the Extremist element and resolutions were passed to appeal to the Supreme Court against the Reconstruction acts. Next month, the city was extended from a mile to a mile and a half in every direction from the passenger depot and then a year later, the legislation laws of March, 1867, burst like a thunder clap upon the city. Toombs returned from Europe. The Negroes hasten to Macon for a great meeting at Rose Hill cemetery; a third gathered and opened services by singing on "Jordan's Stormy Banks, I Stand", and the new leader appeared, Henry M. Turner. They marched with flying banners, one of which said: "As we have got to live and vote together in one state, let us be friends." There was good order, but the meeting was evidently radical and endorsed the Reconstruction legislation. It was followed a week later by a counter-demonstration in Savannah with many white Southerners, including ex-Governor Johnson on the platform, and ten days later, a third meeting in Augusta with the same set-up and with more Conservative reaction.

General Pope arrived and in April set up headquarters in Atlanta. He immediately appointed a Board of Registration in each of the forty-four military districts to be composed of two white men and one colored man, but purposely he put almost complete power in the hands of the whites by leaving to them the choice of their colored members. Registration was ordered immediately and the election for the last three days of October. The whites, taken by surprise, divided sharply in open. Ben Hill and the planters advised the whites not to register and to vote against the convention and if in spite of this there should be a convention, to vote against any constitution which it might draw up. Joseph Brown, the last pre-war Governor, was more canny. He met Block on the

street and talked it over.

"There's no use of opposing Reconstruction," he said, "or trying to restore the power of the planters. I have trained out planters but I'm a poor white and Atlanta is the new kingdom of the poor whites. Now what I say is that it is foolish to let the Negroes and carpetbaggers win a victory unopposed. There is as many blacks as whites registered in the state, not counting, of course, the ten thousand planters and ex-Confederates who are disfranchised. Sixty thousand of the whites registered, but did not vote; twenty-four thousand Negroes did not dare vote. Nevertheless there were 100,000 votes for the convention and only four against it. Moreover , the significant thing," said Brown, "is this: the convention is going to meet in Atlanta and not in Macon and not in Milledgeville and of course not in Savannah. It's a new day."

It was a new day, not simply for Atlanta, but for the Negro. Atlanta had now a population of twenty-two thousand and of these less than twelve thousand were whites. Nearly as many Negroes as whites had registered as voters in the city. Atlanta was fast becoming a Negro city.

The whites got together again in January, 1868, and held a meeting at City Hall, inveighing against the convention and against the evil councillors around General Pope. This meeting was especially to impress the new Commander, General Meade, in order to stop payment of the $40,000 needed by the convention in order to meet. Meade was very cordial and courteous to the committee, but he ordered the $40,000 paid.

So the convention came to Atlanta December 5, 1867; A kind of meeting unheard of before in the history of Georgia. There were 170 members of whom 29 were Negroes and 33 of Negro descent; that is, four of the Negroes were so white that there was no way of proving their Negro blood. The scalawags, carpetbaggers and Negroes together had a majority of the convention, or, to put it another way, the convention was dominated by ex-slaves, native whites who joined the Republican Party and Northern whites, who had been Republicans. Notwithstanding this, exc-Governor Brown, although not a member of the constitutional convention, dominated it. He helped prevent discriminatory measures against the whites and as he said, secured a good constitution, disfranchising no whites beyond the requirements of the national legislature.

The convention was chiefly interested in suffrage, the work of relief and education. The Negroes took a large part and acted intelligently and with foresight. They appeared with few exceptions well-dressed and well-behaved.

In the campaign, the Republicans made open appeal to the poor whites to vote against the former slaveholders. This was the effort of carpetbaggers and Negroes to join hands with the poor whites against the planters. It forecast a new economic labor and commerce against the old aristocracy. It foreshadowed the new Atlanta.

The city in 1868 apparently elected no officials, but Atlanta ran true to form and the city council unanimously passed a resolution asking for the removal of the capital of the state from Milledgeville to Atlanta. This was accomplished by the help of Negro votes. Fulton County cast a total vote of 4,248 with a majority of 210 for the constitution and Atlanta was made the capital. The constitution was adopted April 20, 1868, and Rufus B. Bullock, a Northern man long resident in the South and a Confederate soldier, was elected Governor. He called the legislature to meet in Atlanta June 25.

The new legislature was to meet in Atlanta in June, 1868, and while the Ku Klux were riding through the South and committing murder and arson, Atlanta was settling down to its new stride. The city income was nearly $300,000 in 1866. High-priced cotton and needed food and Northern goods were selling rapidly. A rolling mill company was organized with a capital stock of $200,000 and a machine shop destroyed during the war had started up again. There were enough new banks. Block bought land and put up a building and started to manufacture candy and crackers. Fifty years later, his company was making 450,000 pounds a week of these goods.

32-11-70

A new wholesale business began for supplying the small stores in the towns which Atlanta reached and where the stocks had been sorely depleted by the war. Indthe very disturbance of war Atlanta saw her chance and took it. People needed food and clothes. They could get them in Atlanta, straight from the North and South. They could pay for them with cotton and food and raw materials. They began to till the soil; that red, unfertile soil around Atlanta, where by intensive work crops could be had to pay for food and clothes. The whites worked as never before. The blacks worked. From way down in the cotton belt bales began to roll North toward Atlanta instead of always South toward Savannah and New Orleans. A Jewish synagogue was built in Atlanta in 1867 showing the presence of new, shrewd Jews.

There were other unusual indications of a new spirit. The movement toward public schools in 1858 and 1859 had been adroitly sidetracked by the taxpayers as we have seen and finally, they had been established by the constitutional convention of 1868, but before that, right in the smoke of battle, had come schools. Negroes Atlanta University was established as a grammar and high school in 1865 and a primary school, Storers School, was opened by the American Missionary Association in 1866. A private school for Negroes was established in Bethel A.M.E. Church which was worshipping in a carbarn on Jenkins Street about 1868.

The first Reconstruction state legislature met in Atlanta in June, 1868. There were three Negroes in the Senate and twenty-nine Negroes in the legislature. Although again four men of Negro descent were so white that they could not legally be classed as Negroes.

In the Senate, were A. A. Bradley, T. G. Campbell and George Wallace, and they were not cordially received, but entered into the deliberations with courage and strong convictions.

The planters made a last frantic effort. In an arbor on Alabama Street, July 23, 1868, a great convention was held, which ~~fairly~~ greatly over-shadowed in numbers and wealth and influence the constitutional convention. It was the Democratic state convention of Georgia with 1,009 delegates from 108 counties. All the great leaders were there. The convention declared the war amendments unconstitutional and Ben Hill, Bob Toombs and Howard Cobb spoke for five hours on a blazing afternoon. Ben Hill denounced the Reconstruction legislation. Toombs, Cobb and former Governor Johnson

38-11-71a

denounced the constitutional convention. It was the last bitter blast of the planter-aristocracy.

No sooner had the legislature met than a final plan of the planters came to a head. They

had at first not expected [illegible] the Negro members of the convention would be anything more than a worthless mob ready to take orders from their former masters. Surprised by the appearance of leadership and self-assertion, they now determined to enforce a legal quibble as soon as the state was sufficiently re-admitted to the Union and declare that Negroes had no right under the Constitution of Georgia to hold office. This matter had been discussed in the conventional convention, but no specific pronouncement made on it on the plea that this was not necessary; that a voter was necessarily an office holder; that throughout the campaign it had been insiduously suggested throughout the Southern part of the state that Negroes could not be elected to office. The matter came up as soon as the legislature met in June and continued under discussion until September. It met unexpected and brilliant opposition from the Negroes themselves. Milton Candler, a planter from middle Georgia, precipitated the debate.

33-11-726

. He declared that they were not entitled to their seats because they were persons of color and could not hold office under the Constitution. A protracted and heated discussion ensued.

The Negro Senators continued in their seats and Senator Bradley especially fought back bitterly. After an eloquent speech, he moved that Candler's resolution be expunged from the Minutes. Thereupon Senator Nunnally offered a resolution bringing up the old charge and declaring that Bradley was ineligible because of his alleged conviction in New York for seduction. A special committee of five white men with Candler and Nunnally members of it, was appointed to investigate Bradley's eligibility. The matter dragged along and nothing more was said until after the Governor's annual message had been received as part of the routine.

32-11-73

The special committee on Bradley finally reported and a majority declared that Bradley was ineligible because of ~~his~~ the former charge conviction in New York, but the committee reported that the evidence was incomplete. Bradley was not ~~elected~~ permitted to defend him and Campbell raised the point of order that no quorum was present. The President of the committee refused, however, to call the roll. ~~Nevertheless,~~ The debate was continued and on August 10, Bradley made the surprise move of resigning his seat; ~~and then, of course,~~ he could not then be expelled. Nunnally wanted to continue the case and the discussion continued several days with Campbell speaking fluently in behalf of Bradley. Finally, Bradley ~~'s reflection was not acceptable and he~~ was declared ineligible, ~~he~~

The discussion ~~than~~ returned to the question as to whether any colored man, criminal or not, could be a member of the Georgia legislature, and on September 17, 1868, over three months after the Senate had met, a resolution was offered declaring Campbell and Wallace ineligible. All three of the colored senators had meantime been active in legislative work.

Campbell offered bills concerning the city government of Darien and the process of securing and paying intelligent jurors and Bradley tried to establish a state militia and amend the code on civil rights. Both Campbell and Bradley had a fair education, but Wallace, the third Senator, was illiterate. Nevertheless, he was a man of considerable ability.

32-11-74

Another special committee with Candler at the head was appointed to investigate this matter. The Negroes were given one hour for defense and then were declared ineligible. They sent a protest written by Campbell which declared that they were elected by a large majority of the votes cast in several districts and they believed the right guaranteed them by the Constitution of the United States and the State of Georgia, as well as the Reconstruction laws of Congress, and claim to be the legally elected representatives. They cited the fat that according to the constitution, no laws could be made to abridge the privilege or immunities of citizens of the United States or of Georgia. "Therefore

"And we respectfully request that this, our protest, be spread upon the Journals of the Senate.

T. G. Campbell
George Wallace,
By his friend, T. G. Campbell. (Journal of Senate, 1868, pp. 278-279.) (Christler, p.35.)

32-11-75

"This protest was written by Senator T. G. Campbell, who was not one of the passive cowardly Negroes who would allow themselves to be abused and oppressed without protesting. Clarke Howell would have us to believe that all of the Negroes elected were 'unlettered,' ignorant politicians, who seemed more like a 'stack of puppets and harlequins of a menagerie.' (Clarke Howell, History of Georgia, vol. I, p. 589.) (Christler, p. 35.)

"This protest and resolution were ignored by Candler, who offered a resolution asking that the two persons in the Senatorial Districts of Wallace and Campbell, receiving the next highest number of votes should be allowed to take their seats if eligible, and that the Governor was respectfully requested to send election returns for Senators in the second and twentieth Senatorial Districts to the Senate." (Journal of Senate, 1868, p. 280.) (Christler, p.36.)

32-11-76

"Rufus P. Bullock, Governor of Georgia, sent the returns with a letter of admonition in which he expressed his displeasure and indignation at the action of the Senate in expelling its colored members." (Journal of Senate, 1868, pp. 324-326) (Christler, p. 36.)

Meantime, twenty-five of the Negro representatives in the House were meeting the same trouble. They had begun to take part in business.

11

In spite of the plea of the governor and the speeches of the Negroes, the Georgia legislature expelled 25 ~~x~~ 29 Negro members. Bullock went to Washington not only to secure reinstatement of the Negroes, but to prove the whites had not elected his candidates for the Senate and for choosing Democratic electors in the presidential election.

32-11-77

The newspapers of the state wavered. Some said the matter should be carried to the courts and others declared that the legislature was the sole judge. In June, 1868, before the explusion had taken place, a test case came up in the case of a Negro elected to a local office. Two justices out of three decided that Negroes were eligible to office, but the legislature refused to follow this decision in regard to expelling its members. It was suggested that the House rescind their vote in order to stop action by Congress, but this the House refused to do. Meantime, in support of the action of the legislature, the Ku Klux Klan raged in the country districts thereabouts. During the year 1869, 260 cases of outrages were reported. And these, of course, were not nearly all.

"It was the Negroes themselves, however, who started the movement that ultimately reseated them and finally reconstructed Georgia. A closed colored convention (that is, white men excluded) was held in Macon; many of the one hundred and thirty-six delegates (Avery, p. 405) walked ten to forty miles to attend the meeting. I. W. Avery, editor of the Atlanta Constitution at this time, says,

> "In nothing was it more remarkable than its bitter characterization of the white radicals who had voted for their expulsion from the General Assembly. There were some venomous and incendiary speeches, but these unlettered men went to work to do their business of retribution and recovery of their privileges in an extraordinarily practical way." (Avery, p. 405.)

This convention represented eighty-two counties and was presided over by Turner, who welded his followers into a solid unit. They collected reports of outrages and murders and sent a delegation headed by Turner to Congress.

Meantime, the outrages went on. Even the colored representatives were attacked. Colby of Greene County was taken from his bed at night and beaten because he had requested military protection for the colored school in Greensboro, Greene County. Representative Coulter reported that Representative Alf Richardson was killed by the Klan and that Madison Davis only escaped death because he was so white that he was not recognized. A riot took place at Camilla where eight or nine Negroes were killed and and twenty or more wounded.

The Macon convention sent Turner and Sims to Washington and they appeared before a Committee of Congress. General Terry reported that in some parts of Georgia there was no government at all and no justice for the Negroes.

The Atlanta Intelligencer advised the legislature to go on and transact business. The legislature refused to readmit the Negroes or to ratify the 15th Amendment. One Senator made pledges in Washington that the colored members would be reseated and the 15th Amendment ratified if Congress would not interfere. The Democrats refused him reelection.

As a result of the fight, Senator Josiah Hill was refused admission to the United States Senate and Georgia was put back under martial law. She was not readmitted until January, 1870. The legislature was then reconvened by General Terry who ousted the 24 Democrats who were unable to take the test oath.

pp. 1-23, 25-26, 36

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

The Story of Work and Wage

Georgia fought bitterly for the land of the Indians. The Indians fought back with the Supreme Court behind them, but Andrew Jackson cared nothing for the Supreme Court. First, the Creeks gave up and went West and its land became state property in 1821. In 1825, a land lottery was held and Lot 28 came to Jane Doss as a free gift. She sold it for $50.00 and on this land now stands the Candler Building, the Ansley and Haley Buildings and the United States Post Office. In 1838 it was sold again for $300. Indeed, this piece of land became historic. The day of canals was closing and that of railroads opening. The Erie Canal had made New York a great port and Western railroads were feeding Philadelphia and Baltimore. Charleston and Savannah had ambitions. Charleston, by 1850, was a city of nearly 43,000 inhabitants, half white, half slaves and 3,500 free Negroes. This, of course, was nothing beside New York's half million and Philadelphia's 121,000, but there were possibilities, especially if Charleston could tap the commerce of the West. And then there was Savannah. It had only 15,000 ~~Negroes~~ inhabitants in 1850, over 8,000 whites and nearly 7,000 blacks, but it had a good harbor. Why could not Savannah and Charleston reach the West? Railroads across Georgia rather than canals was the solution. The obstacles were the distance and the mountains, the ~~waterheads~~ streams and the rivers, but this could be overcome. Georgia became railroad-minded. In one year, 1833, it was at the beginning of the rule of the cotton kingdom. The political power of the planters was manifest. Calhoun was leading nullification in South Carolina and his state convention in 1832 declared the tariff null and void. Jackson warned him and the United States navy threatened Charleston harbor. The tariff of 1833 was finally passed after a compromise and the tariff was gradually to be scaled down. It was this year, 1833, that the Georgia legislature, ~~spurred on by Calhoun and his friends,~~ chartered three railroads: one was the Central Railroad. It was the bid of Savannah merchants who paid for the survey, to connect Savannah with Macon and the West. Macon was a little city of 5,720 in 1850, over 3,000 whites and nearly 3,000 blacks, but it was favorably located,

31-9-56

almost in the geographical center of the vast state, within equally easy reach of Chattanooga and Florida, Mississippi and the sea. The road was chartered, surveyed and rushed to completion by 1843. Then there was the Georgia road that was the path of Charleston for outlet to the West and also to connect Augusta with the West. Augusta in 1850 had nearly 12,000 persons, over half of them black; and it was the natural gateway through Charleston to the sea. The point was, however, where were these railroads to open up the West? For that purpose, the Central must reach beyond Macon, and Augusta already connected with Charleston was only the start of the Georgia railroad. It must go West. It reached the inland town of Madison in 1837. Then it hesitated and threw out feelers North and South; one up to Athens, a small town through which a railroad theoretically might reach Tennessee if the terrain was favorable. The other way toward Macon, for Macon loomed as a possible commercial center.

31-9-57

The third railroad chartered in 1833 attack the problem of the penetration of the West from Macon. It was known as the Monroe Road and was built from Macon to Forsyth. Then from Forsyth, it went north to Griffin, but by that time was bankrupt and re-organized as the Macon and Western. It hesitated at Griffin, between going still further north or going westward to West Point and there tapping the cotton country of the Southern South, But that country was already tributary to New Orleans and a railroad to West Point did not solve the problem of opening the North and West to the South. This left all the railroads looking northwest and in 1836, with the return of prosperity, the legislature took a decisive step. Instead of waiting for the railroad builders to find a northwest passage, the state took the bull by the horns and itself went into the railroad business.

(1) "On the 21st of December, 1835, the act was approved by Governor Schley authorizing the 'construction of a railroad from the Tennessee line, near the Tennessee river, to the southwestern bank of the Chattahoochee river, at a point most eligible for the running of branch roads thence to Athens, Madison, Milledgeville, Forsyth and Columbus.' In 1837, Stephen H. Long was appointed

engineer in chief, and the eastern terminus was established, not at the Chattahoochee, but seven miles east of it. There was much opposition to this plan. After all, what more was needed than connecting central Georgia with the Atlantic? Indeed, the state was hardly yet conscious of its new heritage of Indian land. Rich wooded acres oft which gradually with finesse and firearms the Indians had been herded until now they slowly marched through Alabama and eventually beyond the Mississippi.

Terminus was placed here because of the geographical trend of the mountain ridges which made the building of railroads from Tennessee to Terminus, from Terminus to connect with the Augusta road and from Terminus to connect with the Macon road and there was also on similar ridges the possibility of running roads northeast to Charlotte and Charleston and the center of North Carolina and Virginia and Southwest to the cotton country.

31-9-58

The site, then, of the first general passenger depot in Atlanta was the point of contact selected by Long.

The quotation shows that the Act itself required this location, and the site of Atlanta was therefore the result, neither of accidental circumstance, nor of arbitrary choice, but of natural conformation, as the most 'eligible' point for the purposes recited in the Act. Here intersected, as stated, the great mountain ridges, upon which were afterwards constructed the Georgia, Macon & Western, and Atlanta & West Point Railroads;..." (Illustrated History of Atlanta, by E. Y. Clarke, pp. 19, 20.)

The state voted in 1836-1837 $350,000 to start the railroad. The convention, meeting at Macon, emphasized the need of this Western railroad and it happened that this same year Hardy Ivy came to Decatur, a little village, and not quite satisfied, moved six miles above Decatur into the rolling hills and built himself a log cabin which was the first house in Atlanta.

To Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1836, seven states sent delegates on the 4th of July, who studied maps and bids and it was this convention that selected the construction engineer and he showed them that Hardy Ivy's cabin was the proper Terminus for their railroad.

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

In 1839, Atlanta was entirely covered with forests and had but a few log huts. As the railroad was projected, a few stragglers came in, poor and bare-footed, living on dirt floors. It took five years to finish the railroad from Atlanta to Marietta, but it was done in 1842 and on the day before Christmas, an engine was loaded on boxcars and dragged by sixteen mules from Macon to Atlanta. It was then hitched to the train and the first trip was made from Atlanta to Marietta. Immediately, the little village began to hum with activity; real estate began to boom. There were about seven or eight families in Atlanta and in December, 1843, the village was incorporated and politely named after the daughter of Governor Lumpkin, who had fought so hard to get Indian land on honorable terms for the state of Georgia and had succeeded finally in removing the Cherokees. The Cherokee's, with their mixed Indian and Negro blood, went West to Indian territory.

31-9-59

In 1837-1838, Georgia appropriated one-half million dollars for the Western and Atlantic and in 1838-1839, $1,500,000, making $2,350,000 up until 1840. Later, it added $900,000 to this, between 1847 and 1852.

In 1844, Marthasville consisted of a few small houses on Decatur Street and scattered shanties. That year, Norcross set up a sawmill with an old blind horse as motive power. It was quite a curiosity and people came in from the country to look at it. Land began to increase in value. A plot, 30 feet wide, running back 200 feet between what is now Mitchell and Hunter , sold for $60 in 1844. Thrasher had refused to pay $5 an acre for it. Lloyd's Corner was sold for $3,000 in 1845 and about 1860, sold for $25,000. Trade increased, lumber was brought in for railroad building and stores were set up. The farmers round about brought in their produce and products began to come from the North. The Georgia railroad, from Augusta, reached Marthasville in 1845 and found a population of 100 people. This road had built ~~bridges~~ arches to Macon, Athens and Georgia and now, finally, completed it s line of 171 miles from Au usta to Atlanta.

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

The first train arrived September 15, 1845 at dusk. One man on fell into a well and was drowned and the ~~imminent~~ Judge King very nearly fell into the same well. There were about 20 families in Atlanta at the time. They tried to incorporate Marthasville as a city in 1846 to celebrate the coming of the railroads, but the venture failed. The town government had little authority and there is no record of votes. Finally, however, December 29, 1847, a city charter was granted under the new name, Atlanta. Jurisdiction was granted over a distance of one mile from the depot in every direction and free white males of twenty-one years and over were to vote for a mayor and six members of a city council. There were 300 inhabitants at the time and in 1848, 174 votes were cast.

31-9-60

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

The road from Macon, extending the Central from Savannah, was finished in 1846 and the train coming through. Here were railroads from Augusta and Savannah reaching to Marthasville and from Marthasville north to Marietta. John C. Calhoun, ~~who~~ speaking at the Southwestern Convention in Memphis, in 1845 said: "The formation of the country between the Mississippi Valley and the Southern Atlantic Coast, from the (course) of the Tennessee, Cumberland and Alabama Rivers, and the termination of the various change of the Alleghany Mountains, make it necessary that all the railroads built by local interests must unite at a point in DeKalb County in Georgia not far from Decatur so as to make one system of roads between South and West."

The state of Georgia was urged by state railroad meetings and ~~the~~ this great Southern Railroad convention held at Memphis in 1845, to ~~build~~ continue the Western and Atlantic north from ~~Atlanta~~ Marietta to Chattanooga. This was done by ~~1849~~ 1850 when the road was 138 miles before finished; and from here it was hoped to ~~make~~ river and rail connections with the entire Mississippi Valley. In this case, Atlanta would become the terminus for all goods shipped from the West to the Southern seaboard because once they arrived in Atlanta they could be shipped to the ~~sea~~ south by the way of Macon or Augusta. Just as the Erie canal made a great port on the Northern seaboard, so the Western and Atlantic could create a similar great port on the Southern. It was a question, however, whether Charleston or Savannah would be the port. Plans were also made for running lines across the state, East and West, from Atlanta to West Point, or Augusta to Columbia. As a result of this, Georgia possessed by 1850 five hundred miles of railroads and was the fifth state in the Union in railroad development. Later development showed that these railroads tended to increase the cotton crop and that in Georgia the roads built up Atlanta at the expense of the ports.

31-2-61a

31-2-61

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

Thus dawned the year 1850. Atlanta had a population of 2,572 persons, of whom 2,060 were whites and 512 colored. It was thus a small place, but only exceeded in population by Savannah, Augusta and Macon. Even Milledgeville, the little town where the capital of the state had been set, was very nearly as large. But all these other cities were down in the cotton belt and dominated by the big planters. Atlanta was not supposed to be a city. It was a gate-way for trade.

Later,

"The Atlanta & West Point, and the Montgomery & West Point Companies, allied with each other, began building from Atlanta to Montgomery. The Charlotte & South Carolina and the Greenville & Columbia, both projected in 1845-1846, but not formulated until became the two main lines of the Piedmont region." (Hawkes, Economic History of the South, p. 332.)

The Atlanta and West Point and Montgomery and West Point Railroad Companies allied with each other, and began building from Atlanta to Montgomery. The Airline, now known as the Southern, was first planned in 1857 from Atlanta to Charlotte, but was not built until after the war.

31-9-62

Although Atlanta thus was a railroad city born of railroads, the railroads met much opposition. There was opposition in the legislature against granting state money to build the Western and Atlantic. This venture of the state into industry had the enmity of many of the Conservative planters. As a challenge, Atlanta with its roads and forest beds, attracted an increasing wagon trade. When the Georgia railroad to Augusta reached Madison and Athens, there was busy wagon trade to Atlanta and the extension of the railroad further hardly seemed possible. When it came, the wagoners complained bitterly.

Even in 1848, Atlanta was only a small country village in the heart of an almost impentrable wilderness surrounded by hugh forest trees and thick undergrowth. Yet two or three years later, a population of 2,000 had grown in the city and the five public roads which entered the town from Decatur, Marietta, McDonough, Newman and Peachtree Creek, brought a large wagon trade. There were long trains with 2-4 or 6 mules and

and many yoke of oxen coming in daily. Some days it was impossible to weigh all the cotton the day it was received. The merchants did a large and increasing business and every wagon returned home ladened with merchandise. The cotton was shipped to Charleston and Savannah and as early as 1848, the first manufacture of iron began in Atlanta. The city itself was straggling. Whitehall Street was a place for drinking and fighting. There were only two houses on Peachtree Road. All the streets were unpaved, except except from Alabama to Marietta on Whitehall, where there were plank walks. The older portion of Atlanta was on the North side of Decatur Street down to Ivy. Here were small wooden stores and dwellings. The Post Office was a wooden building located on the corner of Peachtree, Edgewood and Decatur.

31-9-63

There were four churches in Atlanta; Wesley Chapel, First Baptist, First Presbyterian and the Episcopal.

In 1848, they held their first election with 215 voters mostly employed on the railroad. New settlers poured into this busy town; whiskey and fights and slums. Vigilantes, afraid to disclose themselves by day, rode at night and killed and drove out some of the criminals. A Moral Party overcame the Rowdy Party in 1851. By 1850 there were 3,000 people and 50 stores.

1848, a great political meeting was held at Walton Spring with great demonstrations when Alexander H. Stephens appeared. He was unable to speak because he had just had a fight with Judge Francis Cone and was stabbed.

1848 On the election of Taylor and Filmore there was a great demonstration in Atlanta with a torchlight parade. The marchers carried pine faggots.

Always the value of the land was increasing. The stretch between Peachtree and Pryor on Auburn Avenue sold for $1,000 in 1849. Seventy-five years later, it sold for $232,000.

61 In 1849, Richard Peters bought 405 acres extending from North Avenue to Eighth Street and from Bedford Place to Plum Street, paying $2,100. Today, it contains the Georgian Terrace Hotel, the Tech School, All Saints Episcopal Church and is worth a vast sum.

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA 1849 / 70 / 19

In 1849, a half acre of land with 105 feet on Whitehall Street sold for $200. Seventy years later, one-fifth of this sold for $160,000. T

The first telegraph line came to the city in 1849 and in 1850, President Filmore visited the town. It was still a frontier settlement where hoodlums amused themselves by rolling hogheads full of little pigs down the Alabama Street hill. The matter of water early became a problem. Wells were authorized at the corner of Whitehall and Mitchell and Whitehall and Hunter in 1851. The city streets were dangerous from holes and ditches into which people often fell, While lamps were placed at various points on the streets in 1853 and gas lighting was considered the next year. Finally, gasworks were completed in 1855. Sherman put them out of commission; but they were resumed in 1866.

31-9-64

With the railroads came religion; the building which was headquarters for the state road was used for Sunday meetings; and then the Baptist began a church and afterward the Methodists. Capitalists and spectators and workers came in. Many homes went up and bigger ideas were talked. In 1852 there came a machine shop for maintaining railroad cars and other railroad work. There was actually a telegraph line privately owned; ~~but it went~~ from Macon to Atlanta ~~and there was~~ a public boarding house. Land rose on Decatur Street from $10 to $25 a front foot; ~~and~~ a paper began to be published in 1849. The Post Office was at Five Points in a grocery store and there the whole population gathered and received its mail in person. Now and then there was excitement, like the first fire that destroyed the Georgia depot, while thieves stole the money.

In 1854 there were 57 stores, not counting the saloons and a million dollars worth of goods were sold every year which rose to a sale of three million dollars worth in 1858. Drygoods were bought and sold for a distance of 100 miles, while the country produce and cotton came in to pay for it. The directory of 1859 showed 14 churches, 5 banks and 5 hotels. There were 29 lawyers, 14 commission merchants, 15 wholesale and retail drygood dealers, 31 physicians and 66 wholesale and retail grocers. In 1850, Atlanta had from 2,572 inhabitants. Of these, 512 were colored and of the colored people, 19 were free and the others slaves.

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

So the village grew with manufacturers and trade; trade in goods and material, manufacture of lumber in a mill run by horse power, until in 1856 a foundry and machine shop. By 1860 there were four machine shops and two planing mills and three tanneries and two shoe factories; a soap factory and a clothing manufacture.

A Macon planter afterward tried to explain the psychology of Atlanta. He said: they had no ancestry or history to think about, these new folk of a new city, and then, consequently, they began to think about themselves and had nothing to do but to go to work. And they did go to work and other people noticed them.

When the connection was finished, it linked Charleston and Memphis by way of Atlanta at Chattanooga. The mayor of Charleston and a party dug a hogshead of water from the Bay and went to Memphis to mingle it with the watersof the Mississippi. When they came back carrying water from the Mississippi, they were given a reception in Atlanta and toasted Atlanta as the Gate City.

By 1854, the new Atlanta was actually proposing that the state capital be removed from Milledgeville to Atlanta. This was really a momentus matter. The geographical and social capital of the state was Macon, since Savannah was too far to the East and too large and rich to be considered. Milledgeville was the planter's substitute for Atlanta. A country town, a bit to the side, to be reached by coaches and on horsepower. But Macon was distinctly in the cotton belt and under the planter influence. Atlanta's bid for being the capital was based ostensibly on its railroad facilities. It was easier to get from Atlanta to all points in the state than to get to any other place, for most of the inhabitants of Savannah could be reached only by way of Macon and Macon was connected with Atlanta and Savannah, but was also connected with Atlanta. The real animus back of the movement to make Atlanta the capital was that Atlanta was the center of the poor whites and of those commercial interests who were, if not opposing the planters, at least demanded equal consideration.

They even made a movement for public schools in Atlanta and sent an observer to Providence, Rhode Island, but the merchants and taxpayers easily sidetracked this movement. They gained control of the meeting and postponed the matter. It did not come up

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

again until Negroes were voters.

Atlanta exhibited in many ways a certain new and frontier independence. Senator Jefferson Davis was ~~elected~~ awarded in 1859 on ~~occasion~~ Quotation of being a ~~trained lawyer~~ and the same year outside slavetraders were taxed to protect the local dealers.

In 1860, Atlanta had 9,554 inhabitants; a growth of 271% in 10 years. The proportion of Negroes had also risen slightly from 19-21%.

~~In 1860,~~ Atlanta was now the fourth city in the state with 60 stores selling one and one-half million dollars worth of goods a year. Nineteen brick stores were built in 1858 and the gas company was started and the Bank of Fulton in 1856. In 1857 came the first plan of the Southern Railroad. They called it the Airline. In 1859, real estate was assessed ~~out~~ $2,760,000 and within a circle of 100 miles, three million dollars a year was traded.

11) Atlanta bothered little about the war. It was not interested in academic talk about slavery or politics. It was a commercial center, extending down to the cotton belt and up toward Yankee notions. Real estate values were rising rapidly and there was a chance for great speculation; but of course so thriving and lively a city had to notice current events, and on March 5, 1858, a Kansas meeting was held opposing the annexation of Kansas as a free state. The resolutions evidently imported spoke "of the safety of our Southern institutions, the peace and quiet of our truly patriotic, liberty-loving and law-abiding citizens," and denounced the abolition fanatics. Collections were taken up to aid Georgians in Kansas and to encourage emigration to Kansas.

31-9-66

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

By 1860, Northern abolition merchants were boycotted and October 31 of that year, Stephen A. Douglass visited the city. Atlanta did not like him because he would not admit that secession was legal. Of course Atlanta had no thought of seceding, but she wanted to insist that she had a right to do it. Then events moved swiftly and Atlanta saw them face to face. There was that 16th of February, 1861, when Jefferson Davis passed through on his way to Montgomery and found Atlanta his shortest route. He stopped off, tall, precise and immaculately dressed and said a few words to this rambling frontier town. A little later came another man, passing the other way from Montgomery to Savannah and then again finding Atlanta the easiest way. He was a cripple on crutches and carried the scars of the knife duel which he once fought in Atlanta. He passed through to Savannah and there made his celebrated "cornerstone" speech. The cornerstone of a new Confederate government was "Negro slavery."

31-9-67

When the war began, Atlanta stirred; she sent one of her companies, the Gate City Guards to Pensacola. Several hundred men signed resolutions to act when necessary, but with the war Atlanta was flourishing. The people rushed in and the population increased by thousands. It was a safe place to be and a profitable place; far from the front and yet with means of communication by railroad. It became of necessity a military center and a supply depot for the Confederate army. Arms and ammunition were manufactured expensively and early in the war, the city was put under martial law and became the headquarters of the Confederate quartermaster as well as the chief hospital point. Hotels and private schools became hospitals and storehouses. Seventy-five thousand wounded were nursed in the next three or four years. Trade was stimulated and when the fighting began to move toward neighboring parts of Tennessee and the end of that same crucial railroad, Atlanta began to organize for defense. It became a base for Federal prisoners.

During the war, Atlanta was a beehive of industry. Munitions were manufactured, shells, revolvers, knives, swords, percussion caps, drum, shoes, hats, bread, candles, matches, gold-foil, cord, wire and coffins. Out of the city flowed an enless stream of war materials. This sudden industrial expansion made a great impression and when the war was over, the idea of manufacturing still held. Atlanta's location was ideal for teaching all parts of the South and for reaching the North.

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

Only once early in the war did Atlanta see hostilities near them. A daring battery of Federal soldiers conceived the idea of boarding a train at Atlanta, steering the engine, and destroying the thirteen bridges on the Western-Atlantic all the way to Chattanooga. This was in 1862. Their attempt very nearly succeeded, but they were captured just outside of Chattanooga before they had done much damage. Seven of the twenty-two members of the battery were hanged as spies in Atlanta in June, 1862. Others escaped from jail and six were exchanged as prisoners.

The city boasted but one park, a bit of land bounded by Pryor, Decatur and Lloyd Streets and the Western and Atlantic Railroads. The company allowed the city to use this plot as a park and during the war it became an open air hospital. During 1861, the government continued as usual until it was put under martial law and even then the civil officials functioned until the city was captured by the Federals.

In 1864, there came ominous rumors.

When the Union forces overcame Bragg at Chattanooga, he was succeeded by General Joe Johnston. Sherman assisted Grant in the Chattanooga campaign. Grant went East to take charge of the armies and Sherman was put in charge of the Department of the Mississippi, which included Tennessee and Georgia.

The Union forces were going to attack Atlanta. "Incredible," said the Atlantans. "Atlanta must be defended. It was a manufacturing center. It was a supply center. It was the last link between the Confederates, East and West. What was Jefferson Davis doing that he did not reinforce Johnston and stake all on the defense of Atlanta?" War fervor swept the city. Volunteers, boys and old men, were asked for.

Sherman had 100,000 men, while Johnson had only 43,000. Both armies were reinforced and still the Union Army greatly outnumbered the Confederate. At first it was feared that Grant might come by Atlanta on his way to Richmond, but he did not. Sherman began his march toward Atlanta and his troops appeared along the Western Atlantic Railroad. Atlanta was scared and May 17, 1864, called upon all citizens to form a local militia.

31-9-68

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

Characteristically great religious revivals took place. Wesley Chapel converted any numbers of soldiers. Finally in June, 1864, it was known that Sherman was going to march South to Atlanta from Tennessee. Citizens were warned to leave at a moment's notice. Davis was roundly blamed.

Richmond not only sent no assistance to Johnston, but made the mistake of substituting John Bell Hood as commander in place of Johnston and thus changed Fabian tactics for brilliant but futile forays.

1864, May 27, the Federals approached so near that their guns could be heard and fighting took place at Rocky Face Ridge and Mill Creek Gap and other places. June 27, came the battle of Kennesaw Mountain. The Confederates ~~again~~ fell back. They ~~Confederates~~ crossed the Chattahoochee July 9 and the Union troops July 17. Sherman crossed the Chattanooga at Pace's Ferry July 15. His left wing swung around to Decatur, thus cutting off Augusta. Between him and Atlanta was the Confederate Army, but Atlanta had no defense, West or South. A terrible battle ensued at Peachtree Creek, July 20. Hood lost six thousand men, killed and wounded, and Sherman about two thousand five hundred. The artillery rained fire upon the city and Hood's soldiers set fire here and there to the supply depots. Shells began to fall into the city of Atlanta. The first one killed a child at Ivy and East Ellis Street in the presence of her father and mother. Hood withdrew from Peachtree Creek and July 22, the decisive battle of Atlanta took place. Hood lost 6,000, killed and wounded, and General Sherman 3,500. A truce was declared July 23 for the burying of the dead. The Union army continued to bombard Atlanta. Hood made another attack July 28, but failed. The Union forces pressed on and the city was under bombardment throughout July. The Confederates were attacked on August 5 and 7 and communication of the city with the outside gradually cut off. Bombardment of great fury took place August 16. The Confederates stationed a huge gun at Peachtree and Kimball Streets and the Union Armies concentrated their fire there. There was a continual crash of exploding shells and the roar of falling buildings. Hood protested and Sherman sneered at him for seeking the protection of the city.

31-9-69

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

The last battle was fought at Jonesboro and Hood abandoned the city. There was no city government until January 5, 1865. Johnston was reinstated in command in February, but his army had been shot to pieces and Federal troops not only had captured Atlanta but had begun Sherman's celebrated march toward the sea, while the Confederates retreated toward Tennessee.

Mayor Calhoun called a conference and took a committee of unarmed citizens to interview Sherman. They rode down Marietta Street through a mass of ruins; shell-torn houses and deserted Confederate earthworks. After riding four miles, they came upon Union soldiers and were taken into the presence of Sherman. Calhoun explained that he had come to surrender the city. Sherman accepted it and placed the town under martial law. The Union troops entered; were fired upon by half-dozen Confederate cavalrymen on Decatur Street. The cavalrymen then fled and the Union troops entered. Trading immediately began. Empty stores were and depot supplies opened by the sanitary commission. Billiard rooms and jails were opened and a minstral performance was advertised. Soldiers and cavalrymen crowded the streets but there was no disorder. Sherman made his headquarters at the corner of Mitchell and Washington Street. Food was given to all who needed it. Southerners came back to the city clothed in rags.

31-9-70

1864, September 4, Sherman issued an order that "the city of Atlanta being exclusively organized for war-like purposes, will be at once vacated by all except the armies of the United States at such city limits as may be retained." He offered to send the citizens either North or South wherever they wanted to go and said that Atlanta was no place for families of non-competence. Hood scolded him, but accepted a truce at ten days. The exodus to the South carried 446 families with 705 adults and 860 children. Federal forces left Atlanta November 15, 1864, after Sherman had pretty thoroughly destroyed the city. Whitehall Street was in ruins and Alabama Street. Some buildings were standing on Pryor, Hunter, Mitchell and Lloyd Streets and Marietta Street was destitute. Business blocks, churches, and homes were burned. Some 4,500 buildings in all.

The Wings of Atalanta

Yet this was no complete destruction. Land values still stood. One and three-fourths of an acre on Marietta Street sold for $5,000. Fifty-seven years later, a part of this sold for $180,000 and is the site of the Federal Reserve Bank. Although three-fourths of the city's buildings were burned, nevertheless Atlanta was still a strategic point. The railroads were partly destroyed, but the road beds were there and they could be restored. Invested capital was not gone entirely and labor, white labor and free Negro labor, was still available. There was nothing like the destruction or despair that touched the cotton belt. Indeed, during the war, speculators as well as merchants and financiers were at work.

31-9-71

One merchant had made large investments in Cotton ~~Washington~~, but a Negro guided the Federal troops to it and they destroyed it. Two Negro regiments were immediately organized when the Federal soldiers entered; the 166th in July, 1865 and the 138th, the same month.

The Negro troops were used as a sort of police reserve, but Sherman did not take them on his march to the sea and they were disbanded in January and July, 1866. Already in the fall of 1864, the citizens began to troop back to Atlanta. Mayor Calhoun resumed his duties December 10. The repair of the railroads was begun and before winter was over, the restoration of Atlanta was on its way.

As spring opened, more people began to return. They found Whitehall Street from Roark's Corner to Peachtree a mass of ruins. ~~Only 400 of the 3,800 houses in the city were left standing and it was said that in the city and surrounding country 4,500 homes were destroyed.~~ Each train to arrive was crowded with refugees and they went to work to re-building the city, but there was little lumber and other material and labor was scarce and high. Small cheap dwellings were erected and stores.

Every piece of machinery had been damaged, laths and engines, boilers, sawmills.

In the work of restoration, at first structures had to be temporary until machinery and materials could be imported.

The Wings of Atalanta

Land values were not greatly changed. A two-acre lot of 200 front feet on Peachtree and Baker, running back to Spring, sold for $3,000 during the war and half of it for $5,000 the same year. Even after the burning of the city, it was re-sold for $4,000. In 1922, it was assessed at $180,000.

Especially Negroes began to pour into the city for refuge and for work. The Negroes already there, especially free Negroes, like Roderick and Roger Badger, were on hand to help them. Roderick was a dentist and Robert Badger, a trained hand on the West Point and La Grange Railroad. They helped open the first school for Negroes. The poor people poured in and occupied the half-ruined houses of the rich. "At Atlanta there was more of an accumulation of destitute freed people than I had seen elsewhere. They came from the country roundabout which had been completely devastated. It left three hundred white families were suffering and in danger of starvation, but the Freedmen's Bureau began to work and among the agents was a yellow man with bright eyes. His name was Turner, Henry M. Turner. There were a number of stray orphan children for whom the Bureau found homes and violence against Negroes was reported from the South and the country districts, and hospital facilities began to be opened." So the people came back and began again. There had been severe lost, but after all the main efforts of Atlanta remained. Atlanta was a railway center and a center of trade and land values were still high. Moreover, these people were canny and full of energy. On Saturday, June 25, a few months after Lee and Johnson had surrendered, they held a peace meeting to create loyal sentiment. They passed resolutions and "regretted" the assassination of Lincoln.

31-9-72

Isaac Decatur, a slave during the Civil War, was sent to Atlanta during Sherman's raid with a load of wood to buy food for his master's family. After the war, he conducted a shoe shop and a school in the 4th Ward near Edgewood Avenue.

The main interest of Georgia was still in farming and farm labor and the social center of the state was at Macon and even Savannah as late as 1866. The planters moved swiftly

toward Reconstruction so as to rebuild their power. They tried to counteract the migration of Negro labor to the West and formed a Land and Immigration Company in 1865 to encourage white immigrants. Brown, pre-war governor, summoned the legislature to Milledgeville in order to restore the state government, but the army stopped him and Brown resigned, but kept in touch with Andrew Johnson. A Johnson appointed James Johnson a provisional governor and elections were held October, 1865. Three hundred delegates went to Milledgeville; old men and politicians, representing the conservative planters and they acted in the old way. They quibbled with the results of the war, repelling but not nullifying the ordinances of secession. They abolished slavery, but said flatly, that in this abolition they would not relinquish claims for compensation. In the election, the real leaders were cautious. Former Governor Brown and Alexander Stephens refused to be candidates and C. J. Jenkins was elected Governor. The legislature again in Milledgeville elected Stephens and H. V. Johnson Senators and passed the Black Codes. The governor and legislature argued against the 14th Amendment and stoutly refused to endorse it.

31-9-73

All this was at Milledgeville, ninety miles southeast of Atlanta and less than thirty miles from Macon, near the center of the state and inthe cotton country where the planters have always ruled. But new forces were moving to displace the planter. They began among black folk. In 1866, Negroes from eighteen counties met in Augusta with 100 delegates. They formed the Equal Rights Association of Georgia. They demanded that the coastlands given them by Sherman's order should not be taken away save by act of Congress, and asked the right to vote forthose who could read and write and held property. It was a new and startling effort for Georgia, led by former free Negroes and Federal officials like Turner. They even demanded the abolition of corporal punishment and ex-Governor Johnson was present, and the poor whites began gradually to march toward Atlanta, toward the city of the poor workers and away from the planters.

The Wings of Atalanta

1865, May 3, Colonel Eggleston was designated to receive the surrender of the ~~Federal~~ Confederate troops. He came to ~~the city~~ Atlanta May 4; stopped the sale of liquor and raised the United States flag. Confederate Soldiers came in in large numbers and in rags.

May 16, the United States flag was raised at half-mast in honor of the dead Abraham Lincoln.

1866, February 28, a mass meeting was held at City Hall which was divided between Conservatives and Radicals and was hard to keep in control. Colonel T. C. Howard aroused the Extremist and resolutions were passed to appeal to the Supreme Court against the Reconstruction laws and to thank President Johnson.

1866, March, the charter was amended so that the city extended 1½ miles in every direction from the passenger depot.

The Georgia convention of 1866 had recogn zed Negroes as citizens with rights to make contracts and sue. Immediately, they began to stir and the movement naturally began in Augusta where there was a majority of Negroes, nearly 5,000, as against 4,250 whites and 243 free Negroes. The Georgia convention called by President Johnson met early in 1866 and the same month, 100 Negro delegates from 18 Georgia counties met in Augusta with James Porter as President. They advocated not universal suffrage but voting limited by property and educational tests. They appointed a committee to look after education and incorporated themselves into a body called the Equal Rights Association of Georgia. This was to have a President and Vice President in each county. They advised Negroes to work hard, learn to read and write and buy homes. Three factions had appeared among Negroes in the state and resolutions were passed to appease them: one, to confirm their possession of the coast lands unless they were dispossessed by act of Congress; two, to declare that land in the Southern states was not to be confiscated according to the demand of Thaddeus Stevens, and three, an appeal to the legislature for complete equality of citizenship rights.

31-9-74

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The Wings of Atalanta

The power of the Negroes came with the Reconstruction acts of 1867. The rich whites wanted no convention; the conservatives wanted a convention but without Negroes. But other poor whites and Northerners wanted a convention even with the Negro.

Toombs, unreconstructed, returned from Europe in 1867, but he could not stay the tide.

As soon as the Reconstruction acts were passed by Congress, Negroes hasten to meet in Macon. Macon was nearer the center of the state; had only 38 free Negroes and her population of 6,000 had a majority of 1,000 whites. This meeting, then, was nearer the black belt of the workers. The people were to have met at the 2nd Colored Baptist Church, but it was not near large enough and they adjourned to a grove near Rose Hill Cemetary. Here a huge platform was erected and on it sat schoolteachers and Federal officials. They opened services by singing "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand" and Robert Carter prayed long and loudly. They passed resolutions concerning constitutional amendments and several bills and among the speakers was the new leader, Henry M. Turner and Issac Primus. The procession carried banners, one of which said: "As we have got to live and vote together in one state, let us be friends." The Macon Telegraph congratulated the Negroes upon the good order and e---------observed. About a week later, a similar meeting took place in Savannah. This was the center of the free Negro group. There were nearly 1,000 of them there. They had before the war openly and clandestinely conducted their own school. They were in touch with the free Negroes of Charleston and even of the West Indies. And, too, they were in close touch and co-operation with the whites to whom they were connected by ties of blood. Ex-Governor Johnson and several other white Southerners sat on the platform and two Negroes, afterward prominent in the legislature, and James Porter, who had presided over the Augusta meeting. They elected the ex-Governor as President and passed resolutions and made speeches. The resolutions boldly recognized the enfranchisement of the Negroes, stressed popular education and asked for her registration and election. Ten days later, a third meeting of the court was held in Augusta with 1,000 present and with ex-Governor Johnson as principal speaker. This meeting again asked for equal political rights and was for the abolition of corporal punishment, but there was some opposition to these outspoken demands by the more conservative and careful Negroes, so that the whole meeting was not as harmonious as the

31-9-75

others, although orderly and quiet. Evidently the white South had tried hard to influence this meeting but had hardly succeeded.

March 31, 1867, General Pope arrived to take command of the Third Military District with headquarters at Macon, but in April, very significantly, he moved his headquarters to Atlanta, not only for better communications, but conscientiously or unconscientously, taking himself out of the dominating influence of the former slave barons.

His first act was to appoint a Board of Registration in each of the forty-four military districts. The Board was to be composed of two white men appointed by General Pope and the white men were to select a Negro member and the Boards were to register all qualified persons after taking the iron-clad oath. The election was ordered to take place the last three days in October. Ben Hill advised the whites not to register and to vote against the convention and if there should be a convention to vote against the constitution which it should draw up; but ex-Governor Brown counseled the whites not to let the Negroes and carpet-baggers get the victory unopposed. Ninety-five thousand blacks and ninety-six thousand whites registered. Ten thousand and five hundred whites, chiefly the planters and leading Confederates, were disfranchised. Sixty-thousand other whites refrained from voting and twenty-four thousand Negroes did not dare vote. As a result, there were over 100,000 votes for the convention and only 4,000 against it.

31-9-76

Then came the great decision which turned the center of Georgia from the cotton kingdom to the new kingdom of finance with Atlanta in the center. The Reconstruction convention instead of meeting in Savannah, the cotton capital of slavery, or in Macon, the center of the cotton kingdom, or in Milledgeville, the capital of the state, was held in Atlanta from December 9, 1867 to March, 1868.

In Atlanta, 1,653 Negroes had registered and 1,829 whites. Atlanta was evidently becoming a Negro city.

In January, 1868, a meeting was held at the City Hall which adopted resolutions against the convention and against the "evil counsellors" around General Pope. They especially held this meeting to impress the new Commander General Mead who was superseding Pope and wanted him to sustain the refusal of the state treasurer to appropriate $40,000

31-9-77a

31-9-77

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

for the expenses of the convention. The meeting declared that it was unalterably opposed to the Reconstruction acts of Congress. General Mead received the committee very cordially, but, nevertheless, removed Governor Jenkins from office and ordered the $40,000 for the state convention paid.

31-9-81

Atlanta and especially black Atlanta, viewed them with eual interest. First of all, there was Henry N. Turner who was perhaps the outstanding Negro leader. He came South as chaplain of a Negro regiment; they became a missionary of the A.M.E. Church and an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau. Finally, he went into politics. He was self-educated and well-educated with unusually wide influence and had begun his career as janitor in a law office and learned to read.

He was born free and appointed in 1865 to work in the Freedmen's Bureau. The Executive Committee of the Union League asked him to organize the colored people and in this capacity, he traveled over all the state. Turner was uncompromising in his conviction that Negroes should take part in politics. He was earnest and perservering and although a target for Democratic abuse and Republican jealousy, nevertheless s . He was accused and arrested many times, but never convicted. The Atlanta Intelligencer called him"an unscrupulous fellow, shrewd enough to deceive the poor, deluded Negro in

the South." Turner openly declared that no Republican was safe in Georgia outside of Atlanta and a few other cities.

His work in the constitutional convention and his speeches were wise and judicious. First, he tried to protect the property-holders and prevent the sale of property for taxes. His ordinance on this subject was passed. It was one for the relief of banks.

He fought for civil rights, but did not want the downfall of the Southern white aristocracy, and was enthusiastic in his effort to secure a pardon for Jefferson Davis. He worked for internal improvements under the control of the legislature rather than private companies or county officials. He wanted to regulate the lands on railroads bridges, valleys and turnpikes.

But perhaps Turner was most influential as member of the Educational Committee in the legislature. One of his proposals was to read the Governor's real charges to the Supreme and Superior Courts and create the office of Lieutenant-Governor.

31-9-82

Next to Turner, stood Aaron A. Bradley, who was more independent and radical than Turner, and attack both Democrats and Republicans and did not favor the Southern aristrocracy. He was immediately dubbed a dangerous and undesirable Negro. The whites hated him, but the blacks never lost confidence. He was active in laying down the powers of the cabinet and drawing up its rules and trying to get an article in the Bill of Rights against all race discrimination. He turned his attention to the jails and prisons and wanted them carefully examined.

Bradley especially championed the Negro's right to land, and earlier as a lawyer, had tried to protect the Negroes against the United States force which attempted to dispossess the Negro on the island off the coast of Savannah. His activities brought the usual attack from the whites. They alleged that he had been convicted of a felony in New York before he came to Georgia and had served a term in 1851 in Sing Sing. Bradley denied that he had been convicted of a felony. The majority of the Investigating Committee sustained him saying that it was sedition and not a felony. While the matter was debating, Bradley turned and hotly accused some of the white delegates present of the same offence that he had been convicted of in New York; namely, seduction .

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

"I have a letter involving the delegate from Gordon County and the President of the Convention and their families in a like offense. I do not wonder at the gentleman being nettled."

Thereupon, on motion of Rufus Bullock, afterward Governor, Bradley was expelled for detracting from the social position and standing of the gentleman and their families who were thus assailed.

Bradley left the convention, but his constituents afterward sent him as Senator from the First District to the legislature.

Tunis G. Campbell was born in Massachusetts and had lived in Canada. He came South as an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau and settled on St. Catherine's Island off Savannah. Here he set up a government among the Negroes and when the owner returned to claim it, he had to dispossess Campbell by armed force. Campbell then went to Darien and was elected magistrate by the Negroes and for a long time administered justice, so that the white planters had to get control of their labor through him. He was a member of the constitutional convention and was eager for the election of straight-forward and frank men to office. He sought candidates for the presidency of the convention to express their views beforehand on universal suffrage. He tried to abolish imprisonment for debt and was a member of the educational committee.

31-9-83

He was a man of great personal charm and a good speaker and defended the Negroes in relief, suffrage and officeholding.

Another leader was J. T. Costin who was a faithful follower of Turner. His motions show his ability to represent the Negro's interest and the repeal of the tax on cotton was due to him. One characteristic of the Negro members of the convention was that they were seldom absent and never without due notice. "It meant something to leaders of the Republican Party to know that the Negro representatives would be present to cast their vote with the party." There was no charge even of the selling of votes in the convention.

The convention completed its labors March 11, 1868, and presented to the president a constitutional privilege for universal suffrage and free public education.

Among the colored folk, many leaders began to appear outside those who came in as politicians. There was Isaac Decatur who was sent to Atlanta from his master's plantation during Sherman's raid with a load of wood to buy food for his master's family. After freedom, he opened a shoe shop and a small store in the Fourth Ward near Edgewood Avenue. Foremost of all, there were the Badger Brothers, Roderick and Roger. Roderick was a dentist and had been complained about by white mechanics before the war, but continued to serve his white clients. Roger was a train hand on the West Point and La Grange Railroad. They helped open the first school for Negroes.

There were a few well-to-do Negroes, Peter Eskridge owned half a block on Auburn Avenue where the Herndon Building is now. He ran a grocery store and another grocery store was started by C. C. Cater at the corner of Auburn and Bell. Opposite was the first colored drug store owned by Dr. Moses Amos.

38-12-307

One colored man, Washington King, between 1880-1884, followed the work of his father in building wooden bridges. He built the first toll bridge on Greensferry, furnishing himself one-fourth of the capital. But the white county commissioner eventually turned the road from Greensferry toward Hunter Street Bridge which was a free bridge. This ruined King's enterprise and he confined his work thereafter to repairing bridges or building small ones.

In 1880, the Negroes of Atlanta elected a colored man, William Finch, as alderman-at-large. He received 1,990 votes. He was the first and last member of the city council.

~~There was William~~ Finch was born in Washington, Georgia, a slave. He went to Athens as a servant in 1848. He enlisted and fought in the war and went to school. During the war, he helped Confederate soldiers and saved coal and valuables for his master and other whites. In 1860, he opened a tailor shop in Augusta, but two years later, he had come to Atlanta, $50 in debt and with six children. Eventually, he bought land on Edgewood Avenue and built a $6,000 home. He was elected to the city council as alderman at large in 1870 and helped to establish public schools with Negro teachers. He owned fine horses.

Jake McKinley operated a brick yard and built a church. Frederick Douglass stayed in his home. James Tate had a grocery business, beginning in 1866 and eventually in the nineties carried a stock of about $6,000. David T. Howard became an undertaker and W. F. Gaines, a tailor, worked 18 years with John Lynch the woolen importers. A. D. Hamilton came to Atlanta from Alabama in 1877. In Alabama, he had been a member of the legislature. He began work in Atlanta as general contractor and his son eventually succeeded him. Negro education under Northern leadership marched steadily on. Spelman Seminary for girls was started in the basement of a Negro church in 1881 and Gammon Theological Seminary was endowed in 1882. Morris Brown College was chartered in 1885, while Atlanta University continued to progress.

38-12-308

But all this meant no great access of real power. The Negroes were laborers and as exploited laborers had less and less power in this new and powerful world. They did not take the line that the poor whites gradually gravitated into. Their revolt began with farmers' organizations and labor unions. John had seen and noted an awkward and scrawney son of an aristocratic millhand who was in the Georgia legislature from 1882-1884. His name was Tom Watson; but he was gruff and uncommunative. He made no response to John's kindly overtures. He represented both the farmers and the millhands, but left the legislature in disgust and was not heard of until 1889. The impulse that aroused the farmers came from the West and the North.

~~From 1882-1887, the farmers were passive, but in 1887, the Farmers' Alliance began to arise.~~ Between 1874-1886, alliances, unions, (wheels) sprang up throughout the country, in Texas, Kansas and New York. In 1889, a National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union was formed uniting many of these other bodies. In 1890, the Southern branch had 3,000,000 members.

The Farmers' Alliance made economic problems paramount. They held discussions and addresses by traveling lecturers. They established periodicals and stressed fertilizers, machines, seed, crop, etc., but they especially planned the existing business and political systems and believed that bankers, merchants, manufacturers, etc. were conspiring to rob and enslave the masses.

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

In 1872, Atlanta was handling 20,000 bales of cotton a year. Five years later, this had increased to 90,000.

The Airline Railroad to connect Atlanta with Charlotte and the Northeast had been chartered and surveyed before the war, but was completed in 1873.

1873, January 10, the Atlanta Manufacturers' Association was formed. This started a demand for coal and a proposal to build the Georgia-Pacific Railroad, now the Southern, between Atlanta and Birmingham.

The familiar and peculiar position of Atlanta was shown by the panic of 1873. While the whole country reeled, Atlanta was scarcely moved.

31-9-17

The population was over 30,000, no banks failed and business continued to flourish. Episcopal, Lutheran and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches were built. In 1874, effort was made to put the police out of politics and limit the debt of the city, showing the power of business and taxpayers. In 1875-1876, there were new banks and new buildings; a cotton factory and waterworks, new churches, a rolling mill, cotton gins, manufacturer of candy and crackers, a fruit market and wide dealing in hardware, drugs and tobacco. By 1877, a million dollars worth of horses and mules were bought and sold in Atlanta. The Atlanta Constitution was established and employed Henry Grady and Clark Howell.

1868, agitation was began for waterworks and in 1875, Atlanta received a modern waterworks system. The first plan was to bring the waters of the Chattahoochee to Atlanta by a canal. The next plan was to bring the waters of the Peachtree Creek. Finally, the City of Atlanta created a water commission and after litigation, the water of South River was brought to a reservoir and conveyed to the city by pumps.

Fragments

WINGS OF ATALANTA

The bourbon regime in Georgia after the war was a business man's regime and dependent upon bankers and merchants of the East.

In 1884, there arose an independent movement which for a time seriously threatened a permanent division of the white vote and was a forerunner of popularism. It began in the northern part of the state among small farmers and where there was a small proportion of Negroes. In this section, before the war, there had been much opposition to secession. Here in the seventh Congressional district covering the western half of the mountain area, a so-called Bullock Democrat was nominated for Congress, named L. M. Trammell. He was selected by the Atlanta clique through the influence of Brown and Brown had the votes of the Western and Atlantic Railroad in his pocket and granted passes over ~~pieces of~~ it to politicians. He probably made secret terms with Gordon and Colquitt. Against Trammell, Dr. William H. Felton made the race as an Independent. He was a farmer, a Doctor and a preacher with an energetic wife. He was elected and re-elected in 1874-1876 and 1878 to Congress.

31-9-41

By 1878, this independent movement against the Democratic machine had captured about one-fourth of the state and was appearing in other Congressional districts.

The Grange appeared in Georgia in 1872 and soon had 18,000 members. It started co-operative stores and wholesale buying and selling agencies. They railway land discriminations and exemption of railroads from taxes and bond endorsements. In this case, Toombs tended toward radicalism and the support of some of their propositions.

Despite the legislation of 1874, it sought to stop endorsement of bonds,

After this in the South, state-wide primaries of white Democrats began the reaction.

He saw that in their economic helplessness, they could not and would not fight against the employers. He, therefore, proposed, in 1904, their disfranchisement, following South Carolina and Mississippi. Hoke Smith secretly negotiated with him to add disfranchisement to the program of railroad regulation and put forward a candidate on this platform. The candidate, Pope Brown, suddenly withdrew in favor of Hoke Smith. Watson was between the devil and the deep sea. He had been an opponent of Smith on free silver and other matters and Smith had roundly denounced him. However, he declared that if Smith would apologize for certain statements, he would support him. Smith apologized and the campaign went on.

31-9-28

31-9-28

31-9-28

Radicals complained because combinations in restraint of competition; discrimination against way stations on railroads and the mortgage and tax systems were not tenured. It was declared that the Woolhat boys must part company with the Silkhat crowd. Another secret corpus was held in February, 1891, to ease the tension and there was open discussion of a third party.

31-9-22

By the close of the eighties, the bourbon democracy seemed established on a crop; but the farmers seemed dissatisfied. The crop lien system by which mortgage could be given on a prospective crop began to arise as a means of obtaining credit for the farmer. The first law was passed in 1866 at the demand of the planters.

31-9-23

From the middle of the seventies until the early eighties, there was a protest against this, stimulated by the Grange, by Toombs and men like Felton. This reacted and its co-operative ventures failed.

31-9-24

Watson had become disgusted because he had been unable to hold the Negro vote. Like Tilman and other Populists, he was for the poor white laborer, but had himself exploited Negroes too long to care about them.

31-9-25

In 1879, the Atlanta cotton mill started with 20,000 spindle capacity, 13,000 spindles in action and 330 looms. In 1883 it put in operation 16,000 spindles and 600 looms, and a little later, the Fulton Cotton Spinning Company started with 12,000 spindles and 450 looms.

At the exposition in 1881, Governor Colquitt with his histronic tailor, para[illegible] in a cotton suit and the Gate City Railroad Company was organized.

31-9-30

The exposition was inaugurated to celebrate the Georgia Pacific Railroad which linked Atlanta to the West and with other links and connections increased Atlanta's importantance to railway transportation. Even the burning of the famous Kimball House in 1883 made little difference, for two years later, it had been rebuilt. The state capitol was started in 1885 and completed in four years.

WINGS OF ATALANTA

In the late nineties and the early years of the twentieth century, there was political calm in the South. The Spanish War drew attention from politics and prosperity began to return with the discovery of gold in Alaska and South Africa and new processes of abstracting gold. The volume of money increased.

In 1898, Allen D. Candler was a Democratic candidate. He favored free silver and the righteousness of the Spanish War and said almost nothing about state affairs. Railroads and corporations supported him. The Populists tried to nominate Watson, but he refused. The Populist vote sank to 50,000.

31-9-31

In 1900, Bryan was re-nominated and Candler re-elected in Georgia; the Populist vote falling to 21,000.

McKinley was elected and the national Populist vote was very small. Conservati es now seized control of the national Democratic party as Roosevelt became President in 1901. Watson was nominated by the Populist party in 1904 and held 115,000 votes. The Socialist vote rose to 435,000.

In Georgia, there was political calm in 1904. A Conservative, Terrell, had been elected Governor in 1902 and re-elected in 1904. The Peoples' Party had no delegate. Suddenly, in 1905, the Georgia Democrats split again. Clark Howell was candidate for governor and in line for the nomination because of his party(legality.) Hoke Smith, on the other hand, who had stood with Cleveland, was outside the breastworks, but he determined to make a comeback by going radical.

Smith turned to a bitter attack upon Negroes all over the state. 31-9-27

The Conservatives tried to keep the Populists out of the Democratic primary, but were not successful. The result was a landslide for Smith and the Atlanta riot.

23 -1-

WINGS OF ATALANTA

31-9-20

In the late eighties and early nineties, times became harder for the farmers and populization was the voice of their protest.

There came an uprising of the Woolhat boys against the bourbon oligarchy, which began as a struggle to oust the bourbons from control of the white man's party and devolved in most Southern states into a more radical revolt against the one-party system.

It failed to divide the white vote permanently into separate political camps, but it split the Democratic party into factions and raised a new type of leadership.

The Peoples' Party tried to get Judge Walter Gresham of Illinois as candidate, but he refused and James Weaver was nominated, who had been in the past both a Democrat and a Republican and was a Union general in the Civil War. The enthusiasm at Omaha was delirious.

The real thing and the more important thing came two years later in 1881 when an International Cotton Exposition was opened which established the cotton mill industry in Atlanta.

-10- 31-9-27

WINGS OF ATALANTA

31-9-33

Watson was against the Fusion and warned the

23 Alliance lamb not to lie down with the Democratic lion. He said that the Democrats were divided into gold bugs, silver bugs, straddle bugs and humbugs.

March 12, 1889, the Constitution announced that there would be an adjustment of differences between Northern and Livingston and the Alliance and Democratic party. But the next day, Northern wrote to the Constitution hinting of moral delinquencies among the officials of the Farmers' Alliance. Further negotiations followed and Livingston retired and became a candidate for Congress in the Atlanta district. Hardeman withdrew and Northern thus had a clear field. Th

WINGS OF ATALANTA

In Georgia, the Democrats became uneasy and Watson taunted them. Instead of following the Southern and Western doctrine of free silver, the Democrats repealed the Bland bill. Northern protested to the President saying that the conditions in this state are fearful and discriminating. Every election in the state for the past three months has gone against the Democrats and in favor of the Populists. (Watson, leader of the Populist, in speaking of all the states to assemble of never less than two thousand and sometimes as many as five thousand people.)

Watson said that the Democratic Party had blind staggers.

Cleveland issued bonds to recoup the gold reserve and appealed to Belmont and Morgan to buy them. He was accused of stupidity and corruption in the South. Hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men were out of work. Many were stranded in railroad conservation camps. Coxes's army made its march on Congress in December, 1893, to demand public works and paper money.

In 1893, occurred the great pullman strike in which four thousand employees took part and one hundred thousand trainmen declared a sympathetic strike. Governor Altgeld refused to employ troops, but Cleveland ordered Federal troops who broke the strike.

In 1894, the Supreme Court declared the income tax unconstitutional.

31-9-37

The Republican state convention of 1896 took place April 29. Out of the 600 delegates, over 400 were Negroes, and the white boss, Colonel Buck, carried the convention for McKinley. Hanna had had headquarters in Thomasville since 1895 with McKinley as his guest.

The Republicans in their national convention, aided by Hanna and his campaign fund, easily nominated McKinley. The Democrats were split, but repeatedly called radical. The Georgia Democratic convention voted 5-1 for free silver. It asked for a tariff for revenue only and constitutional amendment providing for an income tax. The Democratic convention adopted most of the Populist program. Ben Tilman abused Cleveland when his name was mentioned, and Bryan was nominated after his Cross of Gold speech.

The Populists of Fulton County decided to defer all action until they could see what the Democrats were going to do. They declared that if the Democrats

31-9-34

he had a company which secured a lease of the state road. This lease was given by a legislature whose Democratic successor had already been elected. When the new legislature convened, an effort led by Toombs was made to break the lease. This was not successful, although the investigating committee revealed in securing the lease and in forming the company.

Brown became one of the leading railway men of the state and a prominent promoter of other enterprises. He was at different times President of the Western Atlantic, the Southern Railway, several coal companies and part owner of iron works. His mineral investments covered a greater part of several counties.

Many of the Negro convicts were leased to the Dade Coal Mines of which Brown was the first sole proprietor and afterward half owner. He paid the state $20 a year and could work the convicts from 10-12 hours a day. Even that limit was removed by the legislature of 1876 and the system remained until 1908. Brown was a prominent Baptist and gave over $100,000 to religion, education and charity.

31-9-42

THE WINGS OF ATALANTA

He was on the privileges and elections committee and tried to stimulate the growth of Savannah, as did also Representative James Porter. Porter was especially interested in religious matters and had earlier planned to be a missionary, but had been crippled by an accident. Before the war, he had helped the unground railroad and taught a secret school; then he became music teacher and tailor and trained a chorus for St. Stephens Episcopal Church in Savannah. Later, he became principal of the first Negro public school in Savannah and afterward in Thomasville. He published an English grammar for beginners.

Among his proposed bills was one to organize volunteer military companies, to provide a thorough system of education, to better the jury system, to enforce the Federal civil rights bill in Georgia, to regulate fees, etc.

WINGS OF ATALANTA

In the West, the Alliance helped the Democratic landslide by fusion and discarding the Republicans.

A series of meetings of the Farmers' Alliance was held, one in the South at Ocola, Florida, was held in December, 1890, and a third party, the Peoples' Party, was openly advocated. It was declared that the old parties were both capitalistic. The Knights of Labor favored a "third party", but they were declining. The new A.F. of L. was not in favor.

The chief difficulty in the South was the fear of race complications after a Third Party arose.

In May, 1890, a second meeting was held in Cincinnati, but the representation from the South was small. Most of the delegates favored a third party. Southern papers attacked this meeting as a meeting of demagogues and clerks.

In South Carolina, the Radicals gained complete control of the Democratic party. In Tennessee, the President of the State Alliance was elected Governor. A large proportion of the Congressmen elected from Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Kentucky, were Alliance men. In other states, the Alliance was powerful, although not in majority. Over forty Congressmen and several Senators from the South were committed to the Alliance program.

WINGS OF ATALANTA

39

It was evident that Negroes would hold the balance of power. The Populists sought their support through the colored Alliance. The Populist candidate for Governor, was endorsed by the Republicans, but the other state officers + the free had different Republican candidates.

In Congress, both Democrats and Republicans were uncertain on the tariff and as to free silver and the McKinley Tariff passed in 1890 was not touched. The Republicans met June 2 and the Democrats June 21, nominating Harrison and Cleveland.

Hoke Smith, proprietor of the Journal, feared Northern was going to be too conservative. Smith was an anti-corporation lawyer and a leader in the movement to regulate the railroads. Clark Howell, editor of the Constitution, thought the railroads were being persecuted. On the other hand, Smith was against free silver, while Howell advocated it, and even accepted the sub-treasury plan in party.

31-9-32

The political pot was boiling.

By 1879, the country had recovered from civil war and depression and a period of expansion and prosperity set in which continued until 1893 ~~with a brief reaction in 1883~~. The South kept time with the nation and Atlanta became the great center of the new activity.

WINGS OF ATALANTA

At present there seemed no need of it as the majority of the voters were Democrats and the majority of the Democrats were farmers. The town workers would probably be willing to overthrow the political bosses. In 1889, L. F. Livingston and W. J. Northern were candidates for the Democratic nomination as Governor. They were planters and ex-Confederate soldiers and had not deemed suited Colquitt as President of the State Agricultural Society. Colquitt had resigned in 1884. Livingston was a Presbyterian and Northern a Baptist. He had attended the convention at St. Louis and helped draft the sub-treasury plan. Northern belonged to the Alliance, but was more conservative, and was accused of being a politician of the Gordon type. Both Gordon and Livingston had supported the Alliance in a boycott against the manufacturers of jute bagging, who had combined and advance prices. The boycott had consid rable success.

Most of the Georgia Congressmen supported free silver, opposed a high tariff and endorsed most of the alliance program, except in some cases the sub-treasury.

Now the Alliance demanded as a yardstick for all candidate

In the North, meantime, the Farmers' Alliance was deserting the old parties and beginning to form a new third peoples' party. The majority in Georgia did not agree with this and most of the Southern states were of the same mind as Georgia. in December, 1889, the new legislature convened and Clark Howell of the Atlanta Constitution was elected Speaker of the House. The first job was election of Senators and Gordon was candidate. He did not agree with the sub-treasury plan, but advocated free silver and tariff reduction. Calhoun, a railway man, connected with the Goulds, secured the support of Livingston and others by uncertain methods and was supported by the constitution. There were two other candidates. Gordon, in his message to the legislature as retiring Governor, played up the Force Bill and the money power. He addressed the legislature in person referred to his army record. He was easily elected Senator.

exchanges were organized in most of the cotton states dealing in all sorts of commodities. The Georgia Exchange was organized in 1889 and saved its patrons of $200,000 in fertizliers the first year of its existence. Co-operative stores and cotton warehouses andegins arose over the South. Local merchants fought them by reducing their prices and ridiculing them and charging them with dishonesty. The State Exchange of Texas failed in 1889 and the continuous fight was revealed to discredit the Georgia Exchange, but it lasted until 1893.

The Alliance turned toward political action. In Arkansas, they called for the repeal of laws permitting crop liens and chattel mortgages. Texas tried to curb the railroads and , He was a farmer and lawyer and had served one term in the legislature, 1882-1884, but had refused re-election. He was a free trader and had compaigned for Cleveland in 1888. Now he thought the money question the most important. He had fought the jute trust. The planters were for Barnes, the incumbent, but Watson had the vote of the workers and the small farmers. He became, therefore, the candidate of the regular Democratic party on a straight Alliance platform and easily defeated his Republican opponent.

31-9-35

embraced the Populist issues, they would return to the party. Watson dissented from this. The Populist met in St. Louis July 20 with the Westerners in favor of Fusion and the Southerners againstit. Watson declared that the Democrats the party ties, so that his only chance was to desert the policies of the Republicans which it had enacted into law and accept the Populist creed, and now was trying to save itself by sacrificing the Peoples' Party.

, a cotton mill company was organized, named the Exposition Cotton Mills. It was embellished with lawns and flowers, but its job was spinning and weaving cotton with cheap labor. They made for trimmings and began to sell them South and North in South Carolina, Japan and China. The Fulton Mill followed, manufacturing chiefly for sale in the South.

31-9-36

In 1895, a bi-metallic league convened in Griffin with 104 counties represented. Most of the delegates were Democrats but Populists were there and welcomed. It was a distinct movement toward Fusion. Moreover, the Populists were greatly weakened by the depression of 1893 and following years.

31-9-38

In the state convention of the Farmers' Alliance, resolutions were introduced endorsing the Peoples' Party, but they were dropped. The Order was predominating Third Party, but the Alliance did not want an open breach with the Conservatives.

31-9-39

The success of the Populist movement depended largely on its ability to protect the Solid South. The stragetic meeting of the Farmers' Alliance was held at St. Louis February 22, 1892.

31-9-29
there were over 2,000 lodges in Georgia and more than 100,000 members.

31-9-21 In 1870, Atlanta had 21,789 population, of whom 11,860 were white and 9,929 black. A new reconstruction began.

alliance had been formed in Georgia in March, 1887.

The first

WORLDS OF COLOR

1961
Notes

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A ROMANCE OF THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO FROM 1937 TO 1954

(Forming Book III of the trilogy "The Black Flame")

by

W. E. B. Du BOIS

41-16-152

			Page
CHAPTER	I	~~THE COLOR OF ENGLAND~~ a Negro's World	1
	II	~~MANUEL MANSART GIRTS THE GLOBE~~ The Color of England	35
	III	THE QUEST FOR UNDERSTANDING The Color of Europe	70
	IV	THE FREE NORTH The Color of Asia	100
VIII	V	ITINERANT MINISTER Color in the West Indies and America	133
	VI	BISHOP WILSON	153
VII	VII	WORLD WAR AGAIN	172
VIII	VIII	BLACK AMERICA FIGHTS AGAIN	198
IX	IX	ROOSEVELT DIES	218
X	X	NATIONS UNITED	236
XI	XI	THE ATTACK ON PRESIDENT MANSART	261
XII	XII	THE DISMISSAL OF JEAN Du BIGNON	283
[redacted]I	XV	ADELBERT CARMICHAEL AND JACKIE MANSART	311
XIV	XIV	BACK TO AFRICA	334
XV	XV	THE SANCTUARY OF MARRIAGE	354
XVI	XVI	DEATH	378

THE BLACK FLAME

A ROMANCE IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

by W.E.B. D u BOIS

BOOK III

WORLDS OF COLOR

1936 to 1956

41-16-151

CONTENTS

		Page
CHAPTER I	THE AMERICAN NEGRO'S WORLD	6
II	THE COLOR OF ENGLAND	27
III	THE COLOR OF EUROPE	45
IV	THE COLOR OF ASIA	76
CHAPTER V.	COLOR IN THE WEST INDIES	86
CHAPTER VI.	THE CONFERENCE	97
CHAPTER VII.	THE SOUTHERN WORKER	120
CHAPTER VIII.	THE FREE NORTH	131

Gradually however there a pretty light seem on us and gradually our good times above almost closed I sometimes caught Lucien eyes me with a wistful smile

When I was 12 I was for a time huge in the legislature. I only worked on the watch meetings & while my mother asked for me I do more the nigger members she knew I was getting some useful training & was earning good money which we really needed just then. Said legislature was the biggest joke you ever saw. We many we fooled and bullied those darkies used & send us with grins of complacency. There was the bill & establish an almshouse in Pleasant County & when it was engrossed & passed I moved & be a pension for a worthy white woman. The negroes did not know there is was about for I was the one who made the substitution surreptitiously after the white men had enchanted me, right under the very eyes of the engrossing clerk. Only one nigger saw me and as he finished with & looked he found himself face & face with a big white member from the table

"What were the bill passed — I saw —

"What was the bill passed I started in & the clerk very well"

"O nit I am that day —"

"Do you mean to tell me I lie, Sir"

— Said black man looked clerk in the face a moment & sat down. O it was easy & con him, once you had them dead & rights & your friends on the trigger

When there was the land sale. They mounted & divide up the big plantations & gave all the darkies horses. ~~[illegible]~~ They talked and made big speeches about land ownership and property and the former there was a wrench. When we searched and every swamp, bay, gravel hill & hole in the ground we could find. I said we nearly all wept & many mothers' tears fell as they thought of what could. By this amendment & Reed bigger we got a bill in Congress that took over tens of thousands of acres of woodlies land & the state for a song scam & we heard it in committee until the white men had banged us there doors for a song & then rushed the bill thro' while the negroes cheered & prayed at their deliverance from the land lords! Did you ever see such fools. And every night when I went home, I told enough shenanigan and swindles from the statehouse floor down & keep our cellars & our neighbors well stocked. Of course me & to keep them down from voting. The things she said about negro rule when that legislature nastily bill was inaugurated!

Chapter 2. Education

Another sad change of all my early living was to prisons for schools; beside there were devoted schools and those for niggers. But when I was about 15 she got beyond their depth — She had only learned a smattering "finishing" school before the war, although

Chapter 2. The Ku Klux

The death of my brother greatly shocked me & made me hate Negroes as I had never done before. Before & I had laughed at them or just despised them. But sometimes they got ugly & chatter, or some smart leader got them organized. This was the case the year my father was killed. The wounded Negroes had been persuaded & driven up to our town and the worst Negroes. They expected of course & were that new state government with us but that was impossible & they had & be shown their place. Tom Colbert an old slave of my grandfathers, who from his boyhood should have known better was barbarously lynched & murdered when he called meetings to organize the Negroes & was ready for other rebellion when my brother & others went & killed him. They had & told stories & true tellers & broken threats. They many have whipped one or two of them or all together & I don't know for of course I wasn't there. There was a fight and Tarlton was killed. Of course Tom didn't kill him. He was a peaceful old Negro & never went armed. Boarded up in town. But he was instrumental in my brothers death indirectly because he should stay while humble. There was but one thing & do after Tarlton death. Colbert would die & he would die in such a way as & shock terror & the blacks. Walton tried & reach me in time to get out but he was hard pressed & openly defied all & taking position with & mixed with the crowd. It was terrible but it

was silent. There is nothing so lonely magnificent as a man dead. We cleared the streets, drove the negroes into their holes & held the heads of the streets & alleys, shooting at anything that moved. Then silently & carefully, looking for hidden ambushes we surrounded Calhoun House creeping at first a half inch & creeping nearer & nearer in the darkness. Suddenly at a signal, the trenches closed. We were breakfast & went in & forgot & fire, when he walked out on the porch like a ghost. We quickly drew ourselves down & pulled the cottage. Half the negroes escaped. We took down & a mile in the outskirts of the town. Hung down & a tree in deepest silence & then emptied 200 guns into this body. Then we went home.

After that dead in darkness & then for five we patrolled the town & country at regular arrays ourselves in marks & white gowns. It was quite dreamy at first & we had some narrow escapes & end after a while it became a bore. We seized old aunties, caused young wenches, & relieved wives of their husbands.

(Cotton bottom of p 35)

We had rent a list. After words negotiating & words making & treating & entrees when the auctioneer told who I was I hastily went & had V my Confirmation at Columbus. I was 16 and I certainly enjoyed the freedom. There were a lot of "Bull Lillies" & Tom Whites there, the dwellings were old & the professors were wealthy locals. But there was a group of about 20 of us who were gentlemens sons, had a pretty good allowance of money & I can tell you we lived the life. We had plenty to drink & did some pretty stiff gambling. We mixed in many of the best social functions & had parties & dances.

One night on the way ~~home~~ back I college me were feeling pretty gay & it was not much after midnight

"Let's meet some negro girls" said some one I had been keeping pretty close & Watkins about always as far as girls were concerned & I was pretty green But I followed. We rode down & the negro quarter & after hunting about came to a house which one of the fellows said he knew. We knocked.

"Who is there" answered a woman voice We gave a name in a low voice. From the door was opened & a calloping took place. There were all men in — about eight or ten. There was a darkey well furnished parlor of the Creasor sort, heavy lace curtains, an organ, a worn carpet & a sofa. On the center table was a big bible. The woman a big fat yellow thing brought in some whiskey, cognac & hot water & we brewed a stiff grog for it was rather cool. Then we lighted a wood fire & began & sang & drank. At last the women returned with 4 or 5

Colored girls. They seemed rather timid & seemed at first but after a while they came & danced with us and we began to get pretty free. But the woman wouldn't let us stay very late — she seemed afraid of the neighbors — and about 3 a.m. we left but I was engaged & made an appointment with one of the girls who was really very pretty & entertaining. She was a servant girl & after that I met her pretty often — in the woods or sneaking into her home. I really liked her tremendously. She was sweet & modest & it seemed a shame I suppose. But after all she was only a darky & nothing very much & besides ~~that~~ I don't any more.

One day I was walking down ~~Division~~ Main some of the fellows when I saw my girl walking down the street arm in arm with a young negress. I was furious. The fellows tried & held me back but I broke away & went over & knocked the fellow over with my cane. Then I told the girl never to let me see her with a colored man again. Of course I made an ass of myself & got a bigging from the College; but the worst thing was I never saw the girl again. We were always forgiven & we soon made it a rule that they would never go with negroes if they went with us

Sometimes my mother went South on a visit. She would have been shocked to know of this but she knew Harry Reynolds & Mulhauser.

realised & was now who for a time was a cadet
boy on board. I found she had her little
fortune with her — it must have been little enough —
& asked advice for investment. He was flattered by
her notice & even she began making money and
letter [illegible] she continued & get me a [illegible]
an assortment & Arrowsdales
chicken & arrowroots

I was overjoyed & dressing boys gets &
gabardine I went & Reading for the first time in
decent raiment. It was hard but I had sometimes got
& slept aboard & when the examinations came in 1882
I stood third from the top. A breezy mustanger whom
I liked & a wrangy drawly brave genial Yankee
whom I hated stood ahead me a northern nigger
passed too but when we got through much down
after the hard months. We concluded & "resigned"
Wasn't the country of the Navy. It's free from
Negroes. I in the army they're actually got
black officers — a few — but worse shame ever
been in the Navy & never will be. We knew
other well-bred and breedy men so I do a
naval "Officer & gentleman" really means. [illegible]
& Jews & [illegible] are really scarce. It
took us some time & get rid that damned
yankee stain marked the class because he had
brains. But we got them at last. He was
accidentally killed at Manilla. Of us were
[illegible] alive (or shall I say true grey?) Southern
& the Yankees among us [illegible] & despised I me
& hated niggers "more than any real Southerner
ever thinks of hating.

I had a dog Wally Brand & Keach with us the
Evenings. Of course it would have been silly
for a gentleman & become a mere "grind" but
as our money would depended on our graduating standing
I had a dog Hamlet Bacon & worked & and I graduated
in the upper half of the class. Of course it wasn't
all grind - by no means, Washington was de-
lightfully near & Mother came & took Ethel. The
Normal visits & had a fine house and entertained
quietly but generously. Miss Grant more of the
Graduates & invited my Mother more & to be found
in her exclusive & exclusively Baton. Mother
said she wanted & she mean me & Ethel more
kind but it wasn't all that bright. She was
glad at them known my Harold Bailey & she was
courageous at all. Especially was she struck the
French negro about Negroes. She did not
realize the heartache of so many Emotions &
aspirations & ideals here stifled & Crushed. Not
Mother! She espoused Grant's attitude
for them & her duty. She sketch a good Sketch
and drawing - Aunt Hannah from our Glenbrook
who was Bondwoman my years old, always by
Ethel in the weakest of arms & cuts, & was
delicious & see the Professors seek & carry home
lunch provided by obliging Negroes & exclaiming at
the uniqueness of Negro surroundings

Mother wanted defend the Negroes greatly.
They have never endured against them Slavery
Cannot one blame a Brand Burned deep from Grey

mind is sometimes charming with the kindest intentions
treated them like human beings? And negroes were
more than dogs — they were human souls that they were not treated horrible & never
heard me. They have natural inferiors, valuable
& teaching us how these slaves that we must not buy is
rule us as to many ways. And was against natural
& written God. I told your mother & the Emperor
was followed her one day more & told the 15th
amendment than a thousand speeches &
many words. Talks & demonstrations
why dance can be done at a tea-table, or after-
a cozy dinner or even between a discreet pair in
a corner than with speeches & Congress can
accomplish in a year.

But military salon of race propaganda did
not interest me so much as later. I was still
pleasantly hunting pleasure & I certainly found it in
Washington. I was a bit astounded at first. I
had been used & among the grand cavaliers and
stately ladies — flirting with them, making discreet
love, escorting them in public & arranging myself with
them. Simply taking more & more delicious days &
one day I meant & marry one of them & set
them on edge. I did not attend to it, I dreamed
from my window, but I confess I was a little
deal on with the brassy Eyed & I dreamed a doll
For my wedding dreams was women & that
always Except the negro women — shelly mulattos
& octoroons. Whom one meets so often among servants

& rooms in the South. Sometimes one finds them in regular houses but not as often & then I avoided, namely on principal. I & was too dangerous. Now in Annapolis, I find it blissfully the custom of coloured ministers room and & the houses were unfrequented. I therefore found I Washington & for the first time in my life I met white women who were - well and all they seemed &c. I do not mean professional prostitutes — there were however an unusual number of them - but I met a new kind of white woman. One who had confidence & my almost unnatural experience suddenly but no short hands I could interview. Now could I explain it they were very courteous & received. They were puzzled as well & well — my eyes were closed. I & gave me a moral weakness at first but I learned. Of course I had been prepared, but only prepared and probably a little blind. I remembered things now in the South which formerly I would not see or understand. I suddenly realized that all women were alike - that they were good & had strong blood & white & most were restless. They dressed between I think it was around the knee that my whole attitude toward Negroes changed, before I had just dismissed them because of their colour unfortunately. But as I saw them in Washington I began to see them — I could tell by dressed them but I saw clearly that Negroes thought well & that our duty was & towards them

It was not a question of thinking about him. I was the master builder of eternally becoming, the perfectly disciplined. Not even thoughts disturbed him.

I met Jeannette Gravier. She was a woman. She was [illegible] such a western [illegible] and as beautiful as [illegible] graceful. She had brains and even more allure. She came at the world with a certain [illegible] I read a capacity for enjoyment, a recklessness that was never back, a sensitivity & weakness that was haunting. Her beauty drove away every remembrance of Cora or Rosina and her tears threatened devastation. She was [illegible] women — who deserve more — but she was the wonder of them all. Some way sudden I never loved a woman until I met her. I shall never love another.

* Log on page 47

Candles 5.

Foreign Legion Days

I was graduated & commissioned in 1916. and very sudden & I took a end of lieutenant Training & He saved & above all my new uniform There is no denial about it a woman loves a uniform and I had a glorious vacation. ~~She went Sunday Through Carolina & Had Food with Shantenbury & went Sunday to Atlantic where my mother lived Rising there a Somerset Hotel & where Jeannette Brevoort was living.~~

~~"Have some" "said my dreams" and my a blue sky" and some for your Rosemary"~~

~~I waited. But she knew about Jeannette. And if She did have an Envoy Could she imagine Marriage Jeannette's brother was a Congressman and a "Jefferson"~~

"Dr Eldridge lived in Brunswick Georgia, in a large country plantation arrangement. They took me in & all ran the menage while Mother resigned ~~Dorothea & assumed sway at Charleston~~ to the gold miners" Dorothea & understood in her own quiet & exceedingly effective way. I am sure that fall she was and Corvallis was a very leader social fraternal & industrial trade & domestic in United Carolinas & Southern Georgia

"What on earth are you up to, Mother?" I recollect her "formerly a mere rebellion?" She smiled a little grimly.

"Blake" she said "are you worried the Negroes?" Just then the Blakeley maid brought tea & I certainly noticed her. She was ~~suddenly, round~~, about 15 or 16, & somehow dumb. She moved superb beauty I had ever seen — an octoroon, Creole, Circe, with a face heaven moulded gold, a great mass of downy black hair & eyes like mine dusky as living flame. I am crazy about pretty women & I think even Mrs Eldridge was almost by that girl's extreme beauty "Stand you, Hilda," she said "no you mustn't"

Then she went on talking of general matters & when the girl had moved discreet she began again on the Negroes

"Negroes dangerous, Blake, dangerous" and I nodded absent-mindedly agreed with her as my mine grooms & black field hands. ~~For that I learned was the belly of the land~~. I dream I'm a self indulgent & shallow man & want is fortunately unknown as a dread for women. But I'll assure I had ~~not~~ no designs on that child. At least no conscious ones. Of course she was delightfully beautiful & I'm certainly human, but what restrained me so absolutely & unexplained that I wish not take on Medina chase of the flame and fruit was that child shadow I never dream & dreadly

~~resident at this. Reynolds took himself in~~
~~hand & his assistant daughter in general. And as for~~
~~Cromwell that nothing & I less unless of course~~
— and I found ourselves
" well unless you've stuck at such trifles —
" I warrant dem day, I shall find enough for
rather elaborate arrangements. All the more reason
then for going steady as we "
I smiled faintly, I had no notion of running
after a needle myself. But she merely said.
" John Reynolds you know that are only daughter
is his whole. I will must for her.

never shall. I had slept both days — it was the "morning after" a "night before" It was afternoon when I arose & took a bath. Everybody was out & the house deserted & climbing into bed in my dressing gown I rang 3 times in vain for my breakfast. My hands are burning as I write I must after 11 years in Annapolis do breakfast in bed. I was just beginning I mean when there came a knock at door & there came 14 eggs with the tray. Great Gal! And she was delighted, It was a golden morning. The scent of lilies came in sing where windows & I was hungry & drinking water deeply & good strong. She laid down the tray & I started to kiss her. I meant no harm I had kissed chambermaids — hers is good looking once — once I was touched. But as she started back It was something in the way she moved away that intrigued me. It meant simply: any shyness it had had a shade of something almost tragically sad in her "No sir!" And a crisp commonplace mask and the usual negro slave. I was piqued I snapped "Look here! my baby" I thought, "you're one of the new negroes are you — well I teach you damn it that a gentleman" I leaped between her & the door and engaged "There is only the other bedroom she could use, with the door open to mine & the scent of lilies"

"I was sick" I said stepping forward & hanging And then suddenly I was sad & wearing she drew herself back. The movement I almost knew whether she fainted, or stumbled or tripped Instinctively leaping one or both her balance, and put she more

It was a pretty scene. The bonfire the torches & the
reflections and the shouting were wonderful. Some of
the enthusiastic negroes wanted to run into the flames
some had their wives & children & mothers-in-law
the matter some time. It may have been a
mere attempt at blood vengeance, at
any rate I was disappointed & wished a bit worried
Ede said nothing but she looked at me
once or twice & in a huff I set off for Atlanta
where I found a wonderful one man circus was
drawing a little attention. Shame! A dirty
old short tower, no society — but I'll never
forget it for that

(coming to 44 *]

I hung about for & attended a procession & just
as I was leaving there came another & more amusing
incidents that showed the changing temper of negroes
We were walking along Peachtree street among
and turned the corner when we came across some
half grown negroes playing marbles in the middle
of the road. I suppose they were around boys
although some was evidently going & armed one had
hoops in a chair were drawn on the turf. Evidently
they belonged & some of the negro servants quarters
near by the Peachtree mansions. If I had seen
them in time I would not have walked into
the middle of their game, for I'm a good
sport & respect even a little darkeys marbles
But a gentleman in close contact with Jeanette
Frazier is I assume you far above marbles & before

I enter it I had skelled with the middle of the game
& collected the marbles industriously. What was a yell & one
of the kids — a yellow woolen devil of 12 or 14 with crooked
eyes, swore at me. The nigger-mind comes at a
whole mass essentially before it's baby & what was a
joke became an incident. I waved the dog by the
coat & before I knew it the little devil fastened his
teeth in my finger. I mean on my little finger
a rotten conjuror very white except my finger
as a dog. It is a dark gibe currently treated
with edges & the ends tattering clouds a foggy
blue stone of desolation suffering. Another took it
from a maid whom she had to dismiss, believing
it to be stolen. She wore Kaffir it is African
— some sort of talisman brought over by slaves. Well
as I have said that little devil brought his teeth
down on that ~~finger~~ finger & crushed it with the
bone tearing the flesh out an open wound. I
shall carry the scar to my death. I gave him
a dollop of a donkey & turned him over to a policeman
I was astounded at the savagery of his attack,
and it set me thinking hard on the Negro
problem.

Cecil

Chapter 6 Lieutenant Schuyler Jones.

The Boers were attended & duly with Company over
the tunnel & several operations divided rather un-
evenly between my brother & Rhodes brought
me to a determination in 1888 ~~and a yet to Cecil~~
I was learning more & more interested in my
brother's ideas. I saw black & brown & yellow
talk over the tunnel as Rhodes whom the Matabele
cannot rule. Our Negro problem was but a phase of

of a mixed house problem — a problem which many deem became there millions were right among us + legal equal + our first problem was & during the duration of Negro equality. Any studied review of devastations of Europe must grant exhaustion. She occupied for me & meant many distinguished persons on my errands & in their kind & hospitality One of my new acquaintances this acquaint was Judge Reynolds the multimillionaire. I had heard of him as ~~an army contractor~~ a cadet happy in the success & esteemed a distinguished citizen of Saratoga. I was surprised when my mother sought his aid in retrieving our fortunes lost & Knight she thought he always & wrong him. When I learned that he was already married & some above & Lilian Carrington & had one young daughter Bird in all I found & had not met him

We met at his home at dinner. My self, an army Colonel ~~and~~ his ~~wife~~ ladies & their friends, a senator + Reynolds ~~his daughter~~. It was a sumptuous dinner & the dinner & wines made me realize my mother's coming. We make sins and Islam. She seems she is a semi-married & seldom seen. We champagne, beer & ale heard a hundred millions if woman is kind, is only + come in for a few minutes. Else 14 & a small dark about ugly little thin thing She was very silent but I thought I saw a flash in her eye once & then I observed some upset Bird she was too unresponsive & tried my attentions + did not stay long but I could admire the little + was + was courteous + graceful + friendly Southern + and negro, in

enlistment office nearly all were swollen down.
"Colonel" asked John Reynolds "is the new army bill satisfactory"
"No sir it is not that is a measure for more colored regiments & colored officers — a total theory
but we need them and of the army said I — they can only be attracted after a time healthy officers are.
good work — one would arm as third in the army
As long as Negroes are led & trained they can acquire & even appeal blame, and so long the country must be solidly united said the Senator
"The country said John Reynolds I have always believed & do the president & great democracy stands of the nations. It needs capital & capital will only come when race conflict ceases
"And race conflicts must cease when the Negro realizes that this country is & would & must & vote" said my mother
"Precisely" said one of the ladies "and we must shield ourselves against the Negro as much as possible & when unavoidable hint & discourage all attempts & liberty
"We need more than that" said John Reynolds "we need a progressive we need concerted action of whole nations against colored. Democracy is for white folk. The Yellow & black & brown nations must be ruled for their own good."
And then asked dinner meeting me and he said your name heard of my meeting"
Yes sir
Yes. I am interested & do not object. You & your brother must have the party at your house. Do not refuse
I was a dirt unpolished hint & did not respond. A yesterday meeting meant a millionaire dinner was said a thing I was likely & refuse and yet I doubted if I could go as I
was evidently to be called down on a long course.
putting a week when I was called & messenger & closed with a high manual

The colonel warned against the intrusion of Negroes into the
officers corps of the army; the Americans defended the agitation of
Negroes rights as patriotic & the industrial development of the South
grew so pronounced & characteristic they denied any return of the
slaves & Archibald Grimke and Judson Reynolds astounded me
by solemnly stating that as we turned down & scattered the
Negroes to Europe turned into Ocean & Spain

It was at that dinner that somehow unfolded her quest plan. There was music in the theater after supper — some fabulous famed Contralto. But mother and Molly drew me aside in the library. I cannot see it was true arranged

"Gentlemen she said I am working at a plan I want it would the Anglo American world into a common understanding on matters of vast concern. We are at sea now, our actions are contradictory & self destroying. We do not know what we want or what we are about. For some years now I am been collecting among Americans & Englishmen the men who by their working minds concentration & ability have reached clear & definite conclusions. I find a curious kinship with of thought than I had dared hope. From the large number of these thinkers & statesmen, I and my friends have been selecting a few likely men — men who from their position or force or from any decision are connected and have the widest influence & are best fitted to dominate public opinion & the real Rulers of tomorrow. We have finally selected about 20 & I may say that. Fifty are the people of minds who today in fact rule the world. For some years we have sought a leader — some dominating head, so widely & clearly recognized as to stand at the head of this new international brotherhood which we are going to form. We have at last discovered such a man. You know him in all lines of Anglo American thought he is usually some great figure unknown & the rattle unmentioned in the newspapers, but at yet whom every real thinker recognizes as the Master. We have found such

~~He is alone~~ in the realm of occult science. He is almost unknown. He publishes nothing. He makes no public addresses or public appearances. And yet his library is the greatest in the world his address is sought from the lands of the earth & he is the foremost leader of occult thought in these matters by those who know. Even his name is forgotten or seldom mentioned. He is simply "the Master."

"With intense pride & pleasure I stand at last before my friends & Master. He is to meet us. We are to lay down a great program for the White domination of the world – for replacing Shiva destroying with real & hidden knowledge. And Islam awaits only the details of a suitable time & place."

I was astonished. That portion of mine is a great leader. There was much discussion ~~futile~~ as to place

"Why not New York?" asked Adam Reynolds

"Overshadow" said Madam Bruce softly "We large city can for a moment be considered."

"Some country estate in America or England" suggested another.

"The movement would be noticed. The strangers & Icebergs the well known bizarre followers and would ruin us."

"An island in the sea" said a secretary & after details we all agreed.

"The meeting and location" ought to be elaborate. Symbolic but magnificent. We should charge it deliberately for effect." And the Lord —

"I let drop the cross" said Reynolds

Chapter 7. Castleman Lloyd Jones

Just about this time I was ~~&~~ stationed on Pacific Coast
I and met Seymour. I ~~&~~ was detailed for that service in
1890 & that along I received orders for a long foreign
cruise. When matters completed & one week ends of the
great Passenger was & have a receiving ~~ship~~ or else
& that I was standing & go.

"Yes at Canton" I grumble "Starving Rice very orders

I not the command with a letter, evidently delivered by
Brooks and marked "Secret"

"Lt B. L. J. is ordered & Washington immediately on special
service"

It was signed by our Admiral, I must confess was
on the service no very obvious. I worked during & the
Cabinet

~~Abroad~~. I + seemed that I had been made rapid attaché + an Admiral I go on a secret mission + that I had been given the rank of Captain! I was allowed a fortnight + was + melted my existence at a desirable spot in the West Indies the following Summer. I immediately recognised this as one of the spots, where the Brotherhood ~~yearly~~ meeting would take place. ~~& recognised my brother-in-law~~.

We never remember which New York was swelling + my ~~husband~~ Brother was in a long course + ~~London~~ the Mediterranean, I boarded Sir Reynolds beautiful "Ornamental" in the London for a summer outing + ended under a great but as yet unknown meeting. Of these on the yacht only ~~myself + mother + Sir Reynolds were + attend~~ a few — I myself did not know just who — were to attend the meeting — the rest were there on a vacation cruise. The charming Ornamental Reynolds was ~~given~~ as decorous + unpretending as usual; but there were a number of other London of beauty + ~~fine~~ rank, distinguished men of wealth + fashion. These were aboard ~~and~~ viewed my new Captain's ~~Compliments~~ + my brothers with acquaintance + strange casual glances & pressed a fatherly time

My ~~mother~~ early took me aside with that Carelessly casual manner of hers which always dazzled + me a little dismayed and blew

"My dear Clarke" she said "I want to know your thoughts of marriage"

I glanced at her. Had she denied my fiancée? Of course she had. Well then —

"Or what?" I asked "Have you struck a mine?"

"No but I am seriously needing one. My existence are dying + only you can rescue me. I need your help."

Dearest Mamma, you know perfectly well that when I've heard news & Ladies & odds & ends I am always in debt on my wretched salary

What business you married marrying money

I made a mistake. And she succeeded

John Reynolds & I were been talking over the treachery of a match between you & Commissioner.

I was almost drunk. And much the serpent Evil Genius raised away. I've got no real objection to my self- of my looks, my mind or my blood. But I confess it never entered my head that John Reynolds would ever even consider me as a son-in-law. When two I declined to take his daughter. She was an ugly little foreign looking personality. Possibly I loved Jeannette & which I cursed never asked to marry her, yet I declined to marry anyone else. And yet — one hundred millions — Merry God! O that wish wicked of mine, I drank the secret in my blood & fled it away. I found my self looking at Miss R. absentmindedly now & again & I found her eyes often on me, in a quite kindly unconcerned stare. Several times I tried to talk with her but without success. She was perfectly pleasant & neither encouraged or avoided me. She listened to all I said with a kind of [illegible] and almost smiling interest. I found myself a rather conspicuous social success and Commissioner Reynolds likened me. She was either a fool or an unimpressionably sleek young woman. In either case I disliked her & what she thought of me & reading the [illegible] (One or a while she made a clever but rather acidulous remark) Her only comment was "How much your waistcoat fits"

I almost regard suicide [illegible]

on me personally for [illegible] — and it came [illegible]

I formerly do remember consider nothing under an
Empire could or can stable duties. Assemmendations
[illegible] grandfather had been my truly greatest
friend dominion acting a worthy christ & steady
to the Republic remained

Part + as I stepped involuntarily then + there now
— with the interests present. The delegates were seated
+ took their [illegible] or substitutes I believe that I was
seeing the [illegible] modern world. There were
the men of [illegible] — not simply the accredited
of Statesmen elsewhere, the times I represented, some I
represent. There were
Englishmen Germans + [illegible]
Americans [illegible] + Canadians + they took
Come to lay down a program for the Anglo Saxon domination
of the modern world.

Behind the magnificent surroundings + ceremony
of pageantry, the proceedings were strikingly original
+ direct. It was not a question of details, of
phraseology, of interpretation + compromise. The
men there knew each other's credentials + were agreed
It was simply a matter of stating details
Constitutional claims. The old Arrow who presided
— the Master, as we called him, showed much
wounds. His voice in my ear was full +
resonant.

" My Lords + gentlemen

clear mind.

We denied that England Germany & America must
land have moved through their downward path under
under the forms of democracy and the reality of
autocracy — a nightmare of brains & blood. Germany
was & grew as a working monarchy, efficient &
aggressively strong, dominated & controlled by
aristocrats of discipline & carefully trained & brave
devoted for war. England was & guided the races under
her with an industrial government in interests whilst
men alone under democratic forms cared their
leaders from a definite aristocratic class & this
class was to be recruited by men whose genius
whose ever it abnormally asserted. But no colored
group or nation was & be allowed self rule.
America was & shred industrialized democracy & industry
organizing workers on a scale never seen before
& ruled by them by means of mechanized brutal &
cultured — brain is by means & selling the noble class
at governing. She was & cut off from the whole
workers, the slaves & helots & by a system of
combined force & subtle means made them either
migrate & colored lands & be ruled or settle and
willing cheap industrially ~~&~~ in America. (over *)

Latin Europe & America were & be alternately
& own workers only gradually & as they emerged
themselves of the taint of blood intermingling with
the darker peoples. Those lands did more & rule such
as those that did not were & be subjected & and
ruled.

Where men are conscious, free minded, with

Settled all this was to go control & restrained
Conservation. American hopes & wishes but wrong &
Dutch England abominable bad news. Germany was to
hand over secrets & the service of England & American
boundary in new Colonies of Colorado Peak were to be shared
equitably by England with Germany

over)

united among ourselves in defence & mutual
Own the Lord's day, the masked ghosts are among
us.

We are assembled. We are powerful. We hold the
world in our hands. One evil alone threatens. The hosts
of mob & individual organisation under false flags are
going to the conventicles. They can be used & their public
genius on our enslaving work of world domination or they
can evoke universal enthusiasm & national uprising
If this Indian comes & smells & reaves no one are safe
& the colonial world will not dismiss & colonels on our
ruins. Have care, my Lords & Gentlemen. Eternal vigilance
is the price of freedom. Have no backslidings no jealousies.
Stand as one rock against the howling seas of black & brown
(one) & yellow unfriendly & my Lords & G. — Go to God
& rule. Then nothing shall you resist. Accept & possess
the Land of the Seminoles.

I never remember clearly the manner of our
dismissal. There was bowing & ceremony, crowds but
unexcited. There was the rattle of trumpets & I see again
the Lord Chief of most magnificent state — of gold
& crimson, the mantle & necklace of shearing bright
But I was tired & dizzy & mind dim & I shall wonder
& I was drunk — drunk with a new revelation
a new ideal a new life work.

Chapter V

My Marriage

I must of course & rushed & wrestled & toil for all
every fact & detail & word as it stood fixed in my mind
Wrestled & struck old & bent. I ordered it under a stand as I am

I think I am correct in saying that no ancient religious writings set out to be complete codes of conduct. This was a peculiarly Christian idea which was developed in future Muslim does not include regard it as right
Love your friends & hate your enemies
Do unto others what they deserve &
Break no mischief on them or cheat.

her. She is only 50 — and she has lived frugally She has drunk the dregs of hers & Rostania. She has learned decency wd. She would resent, I would have money could only for her but for my self & my work. I would not be worried with petty cares. She would have everything she wanted, in the grand glow of her basic servant. She shrugged my thoughts out and said

"You see, Blake, now of all times we need money"

"Then came a revulsion of feeling against what me. She was right of course but I — well I ended by clinging to Jeannette. I wanted to be true to some one. I wanted to keep that one love of mine — small it was truly at least when there were so many scruples. I started to shrug, But instead said, quietly

"Even Jeannette would agree" Of course she knew she always knows. But I hesitated.

"In "she muttered I cried

"Let's leave it to her." quietly said "And now tell me more, what did the others say at the long Common meeting afterwards, exhaustively —" and she opened a bound bigness of English statistical size. She turned back to the long tedious months one forget & wonder if she had seen & talked to Jeannette.

As soon as decent I left to Jeannette. Her brother was in "Russia" "working" for a Blind Commissariat Center. Jeannette said. He was pretty sure to be dead.

"Poor dear!"

Let's run away to France a week in Granada."

It was the golden haze of Feb year. We went. By train by steamer carriage by horse back visited we found ourselves on tops of the world on the golden ridges of the Adirondacks and were there for days & days in heaven. Was there ever such a

as Bernadette. I told her all that directions of my walk
allowed my the grand new Progressions of which autumn
She was an artist

"Splendid — And you'll meet Norman" she cried
I looked at her. She was in Reynolds & ~~Gainsborough~~ stood at
that length by our couch lamp, the eyes shaded on her round arm
"So mediaeval days" I answered "She wounds me & wearing
Ormonde Reynolds
"Splendid" cried Bernadette, matured adding "I'll send the
Boy."
I grew sure.
"You too" I said softly
She said no.
"Darling" she said "would be silly. I should or could. Father
is a "retreat" engagement about & love this flat. We'll
get a mixed bun breakfast & ball back on. You decidedly
~~Customs~~ ruling, ~~mother~~ nerves Brand your ~~Customs~~ Customs
They will increase as never had your Customs ending
until do enter less. I'll bet you over ems in debt
~~Dear~~ moments"
It was the awful Time
"We can't marry" she said. "And you must
have money. Mary Ted ~~Eddie~~ Reynolds wellbeing
& Beth same Ted world
And you
"Oh I'll wrote and — besides" she said kissing &
looking me small in old bare. "They'll never trust us."
And they never did.
I started hoping some Promised attentions & Mrs
Reynolds. I wondered how old Lisle of some Cell whether
She liked Stated or was desperately in respond Bordeaux

B 1 3

father
Ersed me — my Hand shook was so dreadful.

So when the englishes invading Troops came in 1892 I asked his consent & Brother. He gave it trembling. ~~I found Reasons~~ I was a long Walk & I meant & need it, immediately I drank the Money over & was quite drunk & I walked & stood more Firm than I meant in delightful Recklessness with arms. Dances a young Scotsman who undisguisedly Ersed me & had a nice mind. Then suddenly inspired & getting I looked around for it. She was standing alone in the entrance of a big window looking out. She had on a ~~dancing~~ pantaloon which Enhanced her Ankle & waist & would Show Ankle Bright & Beautiful She was a little more attractive than usual. I made a great desperate effort & ignored her entirely. But She only smiled her secret smile. I Reeth directly on that smile because it was so Characteristic & so Pitiful & Cannot mean anyone but myself Expressed disbelief & Encouraged existing. I Reeth out her & unmasked all my Soul battens. At last She blushed her biggest eyes on me — She had Eleven eyes which she used & said "It is no use, I am not a bit interesting, go and Finish your Conversation with Mrs Dances, She watching you. Of course will Come to get married. Foolish words it & I dared round." I was Flabbergasted. It was the Craziest but I'd ever met. But she continued Smiled Frank & Innocent And yet I had & Rare Fun dang ernest Love & I actually Stammered & blushed — I a veteran Love wooder of 30 & Children in the Nursery

"But do you — Love me Enough to marry me"

She looked at me unsaid something & said
"I love you just as dearly as you love me. And now
lets go tell the old folks."

We were married at St Thomas inside a little
chapel. The days formal part each of us, the
wedding ceremony & celebration served was done & the
bond of friends. A is wedded wife — a dear faithful
valued little woman in deed. She wished & Reynolds
home for breakfast & dressing. We were honeymooning
& Celebrating when I was & stood on my good Pa
when arrived. We were a monument above. Suddenly
my bride turned & put her hands on my shoulders
"I wish you did love me" she said
And then I who never hesitated at a bullet lie in
my life stood dumb & quaking before her. Why as I
owned, I owned. & say on a word. When the world
broadens me & stretching her second smaller side & I entered
the carriage

Chapter 9. Culminating

The years from 1892 & 1898 were the greatest of
my life. I had a hundred thousand dollars a year
& stood as I wished. I had friends & kings & Ireland
with me. I did as I pleased but I pleased & knew
with Negro legislation in the South & a strong majority
Progressive in Congress. I on the South can sometimes
mend their wicked & sinful. We disfranchised the
Negro, from crowned "King, Enrolled his servants &
Called them white our votes inherently & owned and
create. We even feared & encouraged leaders of this race

STW

& Brent & Ann the kindness & unremitting assiduity
his station would invite. & Mrs John Reynolds
& his friends we are directed to address Washington as
& seat of the new station & instructions and & embarkment
for any expedition that rebellion. Reynolds & others entertained
only hand Reynolds was detained on entrance.

After Reynolds was unremitted in finding
many Contraries. We continued upon, steel & stock -
yards & plants of manufactures
yards & wood until Baltimore disappointed of stock &
embarkment & scarce hands of transport was we got
and Virginia assembly started. We ordinarily
used the Potomac rebellion & started & get a
reach until Potomac. & & Army pass along Canal down
& was assumed & under Potomac shore pursuit & the
Canal not seem & be the aggression. Many of our
Lucky were about ranged enough & wound & pass
hands until the merchant Potomac Virginia & Maryland
but & received hand another. After remarkably
- We walked with - thought of the Maine. & was
not dinner & be dismal with. & was dismal with
& war was on. & Arrived & be the Army's
man, thank God! for the army got all released
with such Negroes.

But the Army dabbling with one Potomac flood
& watching another had a splendid chance. & thanked
the Lord and & my astonish. We thankful that
at least he let me go. & need not dwell with de-
tails. I became absolutely ravenous as the
hero of the war and was under a new-astonished at

at 37. I met other troops dotted around but very few. Just as I was climbed on the Russian Cruiser that ended in war I had a telegram from "Bournemouth" "I may have a baby"

I was astounded + glad. I had never dreamed of such a contingency. I never saw a woman less fitted for motherhood. My love was strong then more I was filled with pride + delight + then came these blows - was it my children. Was disorder in the play of my brain + I had often also dreaded what the operation took. It was a cruel battle. I remember her as I left her - standing white faced at the white tiled sea.

Our room as desirable I got home. I am now teaching + M.H. I see my uncle + aunt I am going to have a week end. I'm going to make it. Love me. Poor dear I have neglected her shamefully. But she is the mistress of my day I'll make it up to her.

Mr Evans is unbelievably clever + has sense now My younger brother is fearfully unbalanced. I'm going to dance here always if the war's over. I can't have sleeping ad my head hurt now. I'll let this a while. Where have I been this time before Opal and the Evans dramatics, We in fact Lenny Allen I guess I'll close till tomorrow

Wished are you doing in this constantinople. Other than dear. You dimmed yellow scumbled I'll ——————

The Lord Cried

I saw Lloyd Jones lay in bed. The bed was in the great front chamber of the old Lloyd mansion and looked down the white hallas on the magnolias & the sea. The sun was rising dark gold and birds were singing. The scent of flowers & the feel of dew were in the air. But I saw and was not see the sun or feel the air. She lay haggard thin & still pillowed on her head with closed eyes. The eyelids looked thin, and the blue veins in them looked enormous. The nurse thought her asleep & moved with wade feet for her convenience A waiter maid came thought the door so I could see her breathing. If she had been dead I was would not have gently cried. And yet she was alive. She was dreadfully alive. Never it seemed had sleep been so far from her. Her thoughts dwelled forward & back before & over me & out & curled & twisted in her head. And she thought with and feeling. There was no emotion — no meaning No regretting no loving no hating — just wonder baffled understanding. The searching seeking seeking & understanding

It seemed to her that in the last 2 years
everything had happened that could happen. The life after family deadly dear & playing with her for 25 years had suddenly seized, gripped her with deadly fingers, raised & dealt her against the earth, crushed her bones & broken her heart twisted & tortured her & flung her on this bed — on this great white & ancient bed. Yet she was not dead, she was not dealen, she terribly could not understand. She was drifting & and from & those the middle & heaven wing & how

(own)

It seemed as though ever since she was going to murder a mile away & stood her alone in the room. Yes- when she got up. Would she ever get up? She moved heavily & the dawn caught every corner of her body. The mirror glided close with close & determined and the world waited breathless. Irma was too weak to assent or refuse and after a while they left off looking at her & gloomed the room. The nerves twitched & uneasy quiet and all her unsatisfied thoughts raced again.

He had come home. O god! how she had loved when he coming. Like some silly school girl she had made him over in those six months ab- sence into a Siegfried. Would we travel he said she were & go riding hills on the hills & God & land the South. Love? She was not thinking of love, she was thinking of a companion, a fellow worker, a great strong friend. And she found — what? well she outlived she found a man, and the same kind of man the world was full of, what might she & dream of more? He dressed better. He cleaned his finger nails, he cleaned his great hands of tobacco less suddenly, he bathed & changed his linen daily He cured down without shrinking & cut with him both. He knew wines. He had a rambling knowledge of wines and liqueurs and cigars. And beyond that? She writhed on her pillows and lay silently gasping. Of her

He seemed & crumbled her body. It was to her as tired next skeletal grotesque. It wasn't the delicate lovers of sympathy the lingering clash of hand or even of body given almost unconsciously to clamour a thought or a dream she wanted her as a great hungry dog wants a

& what. ~~In five minutes~~ Two years ago she rode out of a stormy harassing life with Harrison Coles. Then came Henry Jones. Then came the sudden knowledge of his father's life his dazzling transformation, her marriage, war, wealth & her sudden new life & vision. She had surrendered her quiet town house, Bramble-rose, with all its comforts & things. She had planned herself and to attend husband. She had turned back & her old plantation & mowed her garden round. The Boyd ~~farm~~ & Blakeley acres had become but one well-ordered kingdom of a thousand smiling acres for which she had planted, and shuddered dead & tearless she laid him beside the tomb of her two little mothers yonder beneath the cedars and turned to her work. She raised the old cabins of the ~~retained~~ field hands & rebuilt them further away — all and one good clean substantial two room houses with flues & fireplaces, shade trees & well.

All and one. That one she had not yet touched. and she ~~had~~ shunned it. It was the cabin of Mom Dell. It crowded darkly in a hole beside a stump & below a tall oak — a vast black crooked & twisted oak that spread its knotted fingers over two thousand yards of granite rock & stone. There the black & crooked cabin crouched on the earth like a certain grim forbidding hummock and when she rode down with her laborers & stared, Mom Dell sat where she had sat a year before over a red & warm fire. Emma remembered with a shudder then & now that warm — that unindented warmth: not & warmth Henry Jones; & neither no child, & here quiet. She had longed at then. She longed now. But she did not touch the cabin then. She had not intended to yet. But she was going to. In sheer defiance of exhaustion and

All Jones blankets she had not touched for a year now away. She avoided them as she had all other matters that claimed her attention

210 acres

~~home. She wondered how someone thought of referring~~
~~to home as a place or to her wants or wishes. She crushed~~
~~it down & continued her. She blasphemed her drudgery. O~~
~~she had sold her soul and done it & the bitterness. Surely~~
~~she was no fiend, no nun; she might have known~~
~~disgust basking — but beastliness, lust-worn fates~~
~~no-no-no - she had died a hundred deaths alone in~~
~~the timid moments of her return~~

But after all that was but a matter of disgust known & sensed abstractly. Then came threat behind. Henry Jones was a drunkard. He was never drunk but he was always drinking. He drank when he rose & when he returned, when he ate & between meals, & got that & black cable, in conversation & in loneliness

She was not brainless or ignorant intrinsically and the mystery of disgust like. She existed & he his woman. In a way she wanted & he. But she wanted the elaborate finesse of sympathy, the lingering clash of mind ~~&~~ at the countless attempts at kindness. But he seemed & want her as a good neat eyed dog wants a bone. Sometimes he crushed and hurt & battered her. He blasphemed her drudgery with utter unreasonableness.

But what of that. She read them but left her garden was this beyond her destiny he seemed & want readers of her. He took no time & talk ~~about~~ with her. He thought that meaning of her slums. He was ignorant of a thousand things she knew but she did not realize it. The end of ambitions had come with the unreality which was but the beginning of her disillusions. Final brutality & horror of all he ~~thought~~ began & take his amusements

Fiction fragments and notes

WHITHER NOW AND WHY

THE TWELVE SERMONS OF ARCHBISHOP JIM JOHNSON

SAVE THE AMERICAN NEGRO: HE IS ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR

FROM 1619 TO 1820 OUR ABJECT WAS RETURN TO AFRICA

FROM 1820 TO 1860 OUR OBJECT WAS PHYSICAL FREEDOM ~~IN THE UNITED STATES~~

FROM 1860 TO 1960, LEGAL AND SOCIAL EQUALITY, ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY

BUT AS AMERICANS, WHAT ARE OUR AIMS? THE AIMS OF AMERICANS?

THIS INVOLVES PHYSICAL DEATH AND CULTURAL DEATH: ALL AMERICANS WHITE. NO NEGRO HISTORY, NOR MUSIC; NO RACIALISM: NO TIES WITH AFRICA

WHAT RELATIONS WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED: AMERICA NO LONGER LEADS. DEMOCRACY IS DEAD. WEALTH RULES. CORPORATION HAVE REPLACED INDIVIDUALS

EQUALITY DOES NOT MEAN IDENTITY, IT MEANS FREEDOM TO BE ONE'SELF

109-9-01

40-9-302

The twelve Sermons of Archbishop Jim Johnson (Jail bird) (Communist)

A High School (sea-captain
inventor - artist - singer

1. The lawyer -fight for new
-cheating of many - the child uninvited - what to do?

2. The physician - medical center
invited to join on condition
infant paralysis & his daughter
what to do

3. The dentist: pull the teeth or treatment - study or income -office in
medical center or in ghetto - what?

4. The teacher: Harlem or Westchester
bad children, neglect in supervisor
no conventions -- new school, , rich children -Civil War & slavery

5. The grocer: Central Ave. or
Central Ave.; spoiled food; police & thieves -insurance
white neighborhood -supermarket numbers

6. Mason - the Union
entrance -describe -concrete
riveting - apprentice

7. Electrician

8. Editor & Publisher

9. Scholar

10. Social Worker

11. Writer (L. Hughes)

12. Preacher

X Archbishop Jim Johnson

Politician

Farmer

A wife

40-9-307

40-9-304

The Jackson Family of Stuyvesant, Brooklyn

Jim refuses to stay in school

He tries for plumbing and fails

He tries electronics

His organization

Guild of American Negro -G.A.N.

make things

do things

think

feel

Work with

the poor

the children

the sick

the lame

Churches, secret orders

No gambling, no liquor, no drugs

Dance, sing, love

About physicians, lawyers, ministers, dentists

Health, defense, lectures, talk

Games , , fight

Election, discipline, no bribes

Don't migrate, stick, firearms

Debt

40-9-303

1. Work to supply wants

2. Legitimate wants - Food, clothes, shelter

3. Creative activity art & literature

4. Recreation - Health, Sex, Social contact
Sympathy, friendship & love
sacrifice

Mediocrity after FDR

1) Truman 2) Marshall, 3) Byrnes, 4) Hurley, 5) Vanderburg 6) Wallace

7) Herter 8) Foster Dulles 9)Eisenhower, MacArthur
Dean Acheson, Forrestal

Evil 3,9,5

The Archbishop's Black Cat & little dog

McArthur

40-9-308

The Jackson family
of Stuyvesant, Brooklyn

Jim refuses to stay in school
He tries for plumbing & fails
He tries electronics

His organization — ~~Commun~~
Black Am. Negro — G.A.N.
Make things
do
think
feel
work with
the poor
the children
the sick
the land

Churches, Social orders
No gambling, no liquor, no drugs
Dance sing, love
about ~~Doctors~~ Congress, Laws, Ministers, Animals
Health, Defense, Lessons, Teeth

Games, Walk, fight
Election, discipline, no strikes
Don't migrate, stick, finances
Debt

1 Work & supply Wants
2 Legitimate Wants — Food Clothes, Shelter
3 Creative activities and — Literature
4 Recreation — Health, Sex, Social contact
Sympathy, friendship & love
activities

Medicority after FDR

Truman (2), Marshall, Byrnes, Hoover, Vandenberg
Wallace, Horten, Foster Dulles, Eisenhower, MacArthur
Dean Acheson, Forrestal

Ewd 3, 9, 5

The Archbishop's Black Cat + Silk dog

MacArthur

A High School {Boy = Captain
Minister = Orchid — Dungeon

1. The Lawyer — bright for New Haven
— Clearly? Mommy — The Church
was invited — Wilde & so?
2. The Physician — Married couples
invaded & Jews on Committee
Infant handicaps — two daughters
What's to do
3 The Merchant: — Fund Un-
Teeth — Cockroach — Plumbing &
Weevils — office in Woolworth couples
or in ghetto — What?
4. The Teacher: Harlem & Westchester
but Chelsea, Negroes in Apartments
Two Communists — New school, rich
Children — Curriculum & Library
5. The Grocer: Control out &
Whole Neighborhood — Anthropomorphic
Control out; Marxist book, Atheist
Thomas — Insurance —
Munitions
6 Doctor Nixon — Vice Union
Eskimos — Insecurity — Comunist —
Nursing — Apprentice
7. Electrician 12 Friends
8 Children's Psychiatrist X and busy from Johnson
9 Scientist
10 Good words Portuguese 9 Hands
11 Writer (C. L. Hughes) Foreign

The 12 Servants of Archbishop Jean Johnson

(Jack Gold Communist)

~~Northrop — 12~~
after Thomas

40-9-306

Books
No movies, no ~~smoke~~ smoking
no ads
Paid readers
Mikebear + firearms
Own Homes, Neighborhoods, shops, Lawns, order
Sacrifices
Memories: travel, chaos, workers
Physicians: Social Medicine
Lawyers: defense, no crime
No prohibitions
Friends, Birds, Rabbits,
Fresh Air, Outdoors,
Divorce: Marriage

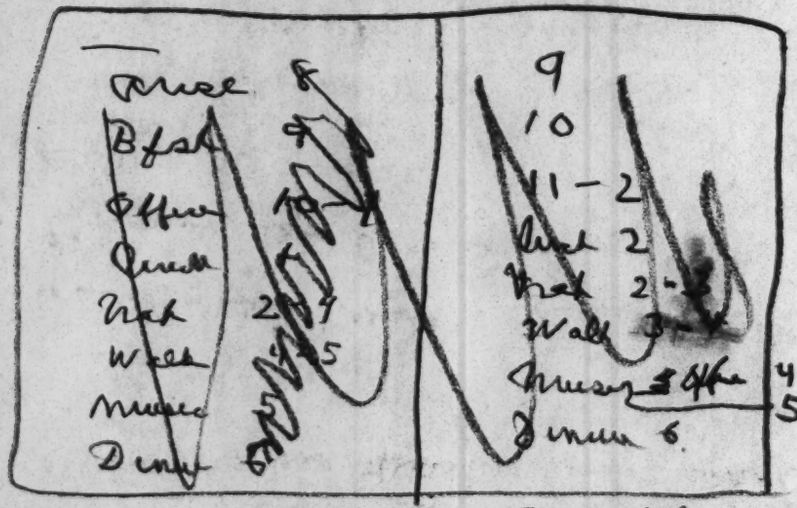
GAN

[illegible]

Vacation

~~Steve the Amer N — [illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~

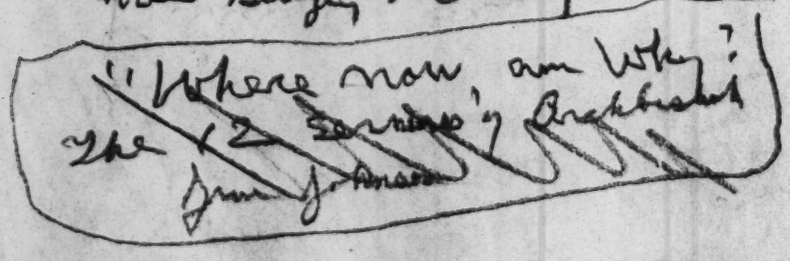
~~Wed~~ 15-30 = Art. on Lincoln — Du Bois Rock
~~Mar~~ - GAN
May - GAN
June



Barber beauty Parla

Short

The Negro Book-Buyer & Newsstand subscribers
Mass Surgery & Dentistry



Estate Good Hope Hotel
Box 668, Frederiksted
St. Croix, U. S. Virgin Islands

40-9-305

The Girl, brewer, high sch, college, Red Cross work
Mistress, marriage, cards, gambled, gave
home Stockbroker & finances
Postal clerk
Real Estate Mathematics
Insurance Physicist & Chemist
Banker Machinist
Factory
Declaration Stock, Talented Trust

The People as reservoir — gave the people — leaders
& already chosen
Censors, radio & TV, Theatre
News & entertainment — sports
The College & Univ as Centre of study — Self appointed
Legal defence
Health, Air, Cleanliness, Sun
Democracy: Majority rule, discipline

Each chapter begin Poetry & description of Rainforest
flowers & architecture

I must settle decision — I don't go where
I am not wanted

Carl Sauer

dreams + fancy was a hundred thousand
to you — ~~[illegible]~~ what is it? leave thy
adieu chest + surrender! what the yacht cost
a million — why Rose — rose! and! I'm sweet, smack
or else the world is

See this flow of liquid gold? God
name us our no. We his blessed one well
+ send us its ~~[illegible]~~ nigar
whirl wheels + hunt the sea. O gracious pill
+ divine gift. Bro — you're wrong. It belongs
+ no man in it. Ark. What not! Standard oil
Senator — but you can buy and move
sell + sell. Cannot with time can sell
to. heavenly gifts such — very God + sell
the devils long strong tongues in the Gods
his daughter out back to Hell — Hell!

See this treasure! dangerous thing! belong
very thanks. We contract it. Money — oh but
yacht it away for the days + unworthy it. You
Ray X owns it. Such lucky the mind, I his
Financial Investor. It stocks its owner.

26-14-4

What Come

To a malacca — from the Indian Jungle

I sent a cable

& was this word — do the Blue Diamond

Coolies — you find for a shilling for the

hope —

How's that for Jewels

Jewels — the drops of blood, green slime

from serpents, yellow fangs — & tears, distilled

tears of 7 million niggers from Mr Zanzibar

today in that hell a mile underground

here are those tears distilled & white

diamonds. I can see them red rivulets &

black stains & the deep cream whites of their eyes

— and those tears, tears, tears

Look! look at this island. The Barbados

Poor Barbados, the slaves — Negro & squeeze

of all emotion & cyst & dried tendons & bladders

deadness. For having 10000 love stories — what?

Abnormal? Arse carrying a President about

& Equals & a Queen? & cut? & the Whore

are the three? Leave they scuttled down —

inside their Hands! A yacht? & Then you do send

for Barbados. It's annual Excess money from sweet

(over)

I know you I'm talking drivel but

something wrong with my eyes

your eyes

yes — I'm seeing things

You must see an oculist

Look those our house are dear old

Imperial — its true I know its them &

I can't see — ah I see is I'm 2 now

College, a Carlton cabin, Mrs W & 5 room

town all told with our 24 room manor

& around it are 2 farms & a mansion

& the inside our Russian walls stained

And those marks — my god Jesus, this

Got a dirty handkerchief around her neck

Blood via before I shall cry

Ah it's —

It is a new wound cut your head open

You look like a tramp I told you I know

See how rapt & glaring Jesus Kate was that my

When she must & Mary — those hills in the far

She lovely & so young & wonderful you - Wonderful as never
Built for babies
How do you know
She come & see — the brazen hussy
" " " Threaten, Then & beg

32 - 12-29

Other way I argue) you didn't object to them
you could
Why - yes - yes - more charity in this case isn't it?

Followed by Charles & account "Jim"
Why - eyes dear, when I was my Sweetheart
how confused (words and eyes for him)
How & get Jim's record — Court,
Warrant & etc - Wife -
To trial - I would & attorneys fees - but
How can you (have I) back a Chump
Jim wanted me — I owed
him Wilbur - I must attended
get out ' your godchildren treated before
I divorce what you

Maynard, I don't — make you & attorney fee
Why I believe I can do, I may he don't know as
more about him than
you do pretty about you

Getting at the Governor

[illegible] of pleasure.

Chercher la Femme

Sometimes a yankee whose father was "interested in your people"

Adventures of Jane Jones

Humdrum life of middle class
Colored girl. Working husband and death

Birthday is always [illegible]
happier — the imagination —

The reading of good things
Pictures + magazines
Libraries

death!

41-9-507

30-14-16

Chapter 3 - Jones Considers England

There was a long silence before Jane had a letter. She knew it would be so. Jones would have no idea of time, once he was launched on his quest. Above all it would never occur to his mind that Jane was hanging on a word from him. Not simply from him personally - she was not aware herself the extent of that - but word of his search. At last he wrote:

I think I am beginning to understand something about Democracy. Partially my understanding has come from not following your advice about white people. That glass of water would have helped her thick hide but little, and it didn't hurt me. She meant to humiliate me, but my reaction left her fat, funny and surprised. There was a white man at my table, who made no effort to be seated elsewhere, and also did not try to make talk by talking down to my supposed level. He was simply courteous. His accent Englished him, and I started in one morning without preliminaries, on the British Constitution. We talked off and on during the whole voyage and during my stay in London, we met often and my previous reading and present observation was thus checked by one born and bred in England and yet not so British as to be unable to see the empire and world beyond. These conclusions then are not simply mine; they are mine checked and criticized by England.

30-14-17

Chapter 4 - Jane Glances at [redacted] Democracy

Jones, dear, I've got it. It's been slowly maturing in my mind for days, but it cleared today as I was reading your letter from England, walking down the long path. "The president was spying, damn him - wince, Jones, but "God", "damn", and "hell" are good English, and as Barrett Wendell once said, 'Swearing is all right, only most folk swear so inartistically'; I'm going to find something male to walk down this path with me if it is a cat.)" Jones reflected that this was not exactly complimentary, but smiled and continued to read:

EE-M1-03

where capitalistic economics and European culture, not only prevail, but prevail almost to the exclusion of anything else or any other points of view. Naturally these men are then grabbed up with rolling eyes and eager mien by the best southern Negro schools. Now if these Negro schools have any real meaning, it is that in them another point of view, ~~ex-~~ different & at least supplemental to ~~clusive from~~ the white point of view, should be evolved. It might or it might not be radically different. It might bring something entirely new or be mostly an adaptation of surrounding civilization; but certainly it would logically bring a newness of view and a re-examination of the old, of the European, and of the white, which would be stimulating and which would be real education. But right here we have, we only little or no advance, but we ~~have~~ have attitudes which make advance impossible.

Chapter 15 - Jane on American Negroes

I am thinking of our place in the world and in democracy and this brings me to talk of your successor,(then she erased that and wrote "substitute") Mr. is here and he's a mess. He is tall, cream-colored and handsome, and does he know it! He wears a Napoleon forelock and tosses it, and knows it all - wrong. Whereof he tells the world. He is full to the brim of Harvard economics, and contemptuous - G, so contemptuous of his own people. Poor me, he scorched and withered me with one look; I came so damned near exploding.- He is "engaged" upon a thesis for the doctorate, so vast and comprehensive that the English tongue has not yet yielded a proper title. We understand that after its publication Karl Marx and oblivion will be synomymous. Yet this bird is no fool, for he defers ~~to defers~~ to the president prettily! And since no one else on the campus is worthy of notice or conversation they are quite chummy.

(She thought although she didn't add "don't you see, Jones Dear, that you have lost your job".) I have placed this young colored man in his correct category. He is a "white folk's nigger". No, don't wince. I mean nothing insulting or derogatory, but this is a concrete designation which indicates that he is one of the very very many colored folks: Japanese, Chinese, Indians, Negroes;(and, of course, of the vast majority of white folk) who have been so enthused, oppressed, and suppressed by current white civilization that they think and judge everything by its terms. They have no norms that are not set in the 19th and 20th centuries. They can conceive of no future world which is not dominated by present white nations and thoroughly shot through with their ideals, their method of government, their economic organization, their literature and their art. To broach before such persons any suggestion of radical change; any idea of intrusion, physical or spiritual, on the part of alien races, is to bring down upon your devoted head the most tremendous astonishment and contempt. Thus this young man faces me directly with our problem in America. Our best brains are taught and want to be taught in large northern universities

30-141-34

Wit Thru White Universities

China: Three things are China: Imperial Power; Masses of men; Eternal life. I mean that in China one realizes the possibilities of national power: the Altar of Heaven at Peiping; the Summer palace of the indomitable Empress Dowager who built a ~~heaven~~ instead of a navy; the Great Wall of China to defend a world. Then one sees humanity in mass; crowds of seething human beings, working, toiling, starving; there is labor, willing labor, cheaper than animals; there are cheap women for work, for breeding, for playthings; there are children myriads of children, for toys, for draft animals, for investment; and amid this amorpheus mass of men, with its age old monuments of human power, beauty and glory; with its helpless, undefended welter of misery and toil, there is an organization of life and impenitrable will to survive that neither imperial tyranny, nor industrial exploitation, nor famine starvation nor pestilence can kill -- it is Eternal Life, facig disaster and triumph imperturbably. The tourist first turns inevitably to the monuments; to the mighty remains of ancient pomp and power. There passed a glory from the earth when Imperial China fell. Built as it was on skulls, it was built and its remains are magnificent. In all essential respects they surpass the Stones of Europe. Where Europe counts its years in hundreds, Asia counts its thousands. There is absent to that all to apparent European effort to dramatize and exaggerate the past, and emphasize war and personality; and a finer effort to let the Past stand silent and unadorned; to tell the truth simply about men and fully; and to record the triumphs of education, family life, literature ~~as well as fighting~~.

All that Europe has done China ~~has done~~ before, save in the rapid, breathless technik of the 19th century. With that and that alone Europe raped and enslaved China. She used China exactly as she did Africa, South And Central America and her own working classes. It is essential to grasp this, for it is going to be my central theme: profit-making by monopoly of capital and purchase of labor is the universal European technik, applied to all peoples; European working classes, African transported slaves, American imported slaves and immigrant workers, and Asiatic coolies.

This fact gives a similarity to the scene of modern culture everywhere: the white man is dominant. In China his dominance is hoary tradition: Foreign legations own the best residential part of Peiping, have their own guards and the United states even owns and guards its wireless equipment. But it is in Shanghai that the white race is triumphant. All business and residential Shanghai belongs to the foreigners; they have their armies and navies, their policemen and courts and judges. To be more impressive the English have imported big brown, bearded Sihks as policemen, to impress the yellow race with evidence of world dominion; the French not to be outdone, have Ceylonese. On the streets the superiority is evident: the whites are the Spenders, the Rich, the inhabitants of the fine hotels, the frequenters of restaurants and amusements. They alone have money and power-- even petty white clerks and small officials; and oh their wives and daughters and children! I have seen a tiny four-year old English child imperiously wave three

na

Chinese children off the side-walk. Of course New China has done something to undermine this arrogant assumption of power: China has minority representation on the municipal body that rules the International settlement of Shanghai; Chinese judges can at least listen in at British justice, and Chinese money is at last Chinese and not English. But the basic foundations of power -- the vast dominions of invested capital, have not been touched. Foreign capital owns China and mortgages the bread and butter of her hundreds millions of workers. This forms a mine of European wealth, a vast river of tribute; great hammers in the hands of Europe to hold European working classes down. Every art and artifice are martialed to keep this power intact and it is threatened from two singular sources; not by the European labor movement-- nothing less; not by the peace movement of the world, which is built on white supremacy; but by Japan and Communism-- strange bedfellows as they may seem.

Japan threatens European supremacy in China by breaking the color line; by smashing the legend of invincible Europe and of a white race of unapproachable ability. Nothing that Europe and Europeans hve done but Japan can do and has done quite as well if not better. One by one the legends of European supremacy have fallen before this people for whom the Chinese themselves had only contempt; they have out-fought Europe on land and sea; they have out maneuvered them and out-bluffed them in politics; and now as the last straw, they are out-working them and under-selling them in the markets of the world. All the world long knew that orientals could work cheaply and effectively. But European domination of colored labor has hitherto seen to it that colored labor should be so used as to increase white profit without endangering the foundations of white capital. These foundations rested on white labor armed with votes. Once white labor became aware of the meaning of colored labor competition and white capital would be in danger of facing a real world labor movement. It took careful manipulation, but by separating the kinds of work, which different colors of men did, and the grades of materials they worked upon; by bribing skilled white workers with higher wage and training them in color contempt; it was possible to disguise the competition of cheap colored labor in nearly all lines of work except agriculture. The white farmer rushed to the city and white agriculture went nearer the wall. Then came Japan. She had no white capital to safe-guard and she went to manufacturing for profit. She not only manufactured with the cheap labor of Japan, but crossed the Yellow Sea and successfully demanded recognition as an exploiter of China. This was dangerous. What the Japanese could do, surely the Chinese themselves with training and experience could also do. The Japanese expansion met double opposition: the bitter opposition of Europe, whose prestige they were threatening, and whose whole system of world industry, they were slowly but surely undermining; the bitter opposition of China, who beheld a kinsman and rival, aping the methods of the white oppressor, demanding territory and concessions and eventual leadership as over inferiors-- over China itself, whose civilization gave birth to Japan. This split between China and Japan was increased consciously and unconsciously and with every open and concealed weapon, by the white world, until China actually came to regard Japan as her real and main enemy and Europe and America as her friends-- perhaps the most astonishing paradox of modern times. While Japan, seeing all too clearly the menace of Europe to the Yellow world, bent every effort to achieve the hegemony of that world, even at the length of dismembering China. Here at the fantastic cross-roads, stood the east, when a new West arose in Russia, with a new labor philosophy.

Communism was injected into the veins of China thru that extraordinary Chinese University founded in Moscow and carried on despite enormous difficulties of language, text-books and teachers, for ten years and more. It was a tremendous undertaking, and opened vistas beyond the far vision of Lenin himself. Not merely capitalistic Europe loomed as the future realm of the Worker, but the Ancient of Days, Asia and Africa, the far-flung basis of that primitive accumulation of the mass of capital which gave Europe mastery of the world, but today helps her maintain it. If Japanese capitalism scared Europe, Communism scared both Europe and Japan, and bewildered China. Sun-Yat Sen, the great Chinese leader inclined strongly to Communism; he had that marvellous human invention, the Chinese family on which to build, and the Guilds of Chinese industry for building material of rare value. But young Chinese like young Japanese had been schooled at Harvard, Yale and Oxford and Berlin in the strictest tenets of modern capitalism. They rejected Communism and after the untimely death of Sun Yat Sen, sought a new path along the lines of a Chinese Capitalism, designed to out-maneuver both Europe and Japan. Europe asked nothing better, and proceeded to forge anew her industrial shackles on China, while Japan seized Manchuria knowing well that unless she did Europe would.

China

To Europeans the attitude is baffling and easily misleading. She seems inert, ridden with graft and dishonesty, without national spirit and incapable of thorough-going reform. The eternal element in China is easily overlooked: the family. The Chinese ancestor-revering closed and unbreakable group presents to the outsider an impenetrable resistence. Sale of women, child-labor, inter-marriage, disease, misgovernment, and theft, does not disturb this most immortal of human group organizations. Its strengthh lies in the unbreakable grip between parent and child, which insures unity in physical home, in work and defense, in property, in co-operation of every kind. It resists annihilation as grimly as it slows down innovation and reform. It is the long considered child and defense mechanism of apeople who have fought tyranny and theft for a thousand years. No reform in China can ignore it and every permanent reform must envisage the family as the chief instrument and immediate object. Up from the family as its extension and instrument for broader efficiency, has grown the guild; the organization of united family co-operation for industry, defense and training on a broader scale th than is possible for the single family. The two institutions are China. As long as they live she lives, Reform begins with them or it begins not at all.

Cowering behind the unbreachable ramparts, China lives on, and because of this, Europe hopes and Japan fears. Unless Japan successfully interferes, there is no reason why imperturbible China, resting stolidly , should not indefinitely form one of the richest fields of capitalistic exploitation the modern world knows. But the example of Japan disturbs the situation. It arouses jealousy and resentment in China, and with communistic urge may become practically and effectively anti- capitalistic. Meantime capitalism in Japan expands toward world empire. The white world watches it in unfeigned alarm, but that alarm has two unreconcilable faces: white economic reaction based on imperial exploitation of colored peoples, wants Japanese capitalism to collapse lest it undermine white domination White economic reform, wants Japanese capitalism to collapse in order the universal collapse of industrial imperialism. Both reformers and investers cheer heartily for the economic debacle of Japan but for fatally opposite reasons. It faces Japan with a unanimity on the part of the white world which has all of the too familiar earmarks of the Color Bar.

Thus Japan in turn faces her enemies and easily confounds if not misjudges them. Why, she logically asks, is Europe , gorged with the loot of centuries, become suddenly so solicitous over the rights of backward peoples? Why is England today defending the integrity of that same China which she more than any people on earth, reduced to impotence and helpless disorganization? What new and lofty regard for human dignity is animating ~~this new and~~ self-righteous America, which declares the Yellow race even less wothy of citizenship in the republic than black slaves? And whose knight in shining armor refused at Versailles, even to consider a League of Nations declaration in favor of racial equality?

On the other hand while Europe ~~on the one hand,~~ wards off Communism as a pest and threat to present culture, why is it so complacently envisageing a war of Russia and Japan, unless it be with the pious hope that both these threats to European hegemony of the world, may be egged on to utterly distroy each other?

This is leading and must lead Japan carefully to appraise her present positio First of all the Japanese economic set-up does not loan itself to the western European conception of development, and the Marxian interpretation must be changed to accord with a different set of facts. Primary accumulation of capital in Japan was largely a government function, and therefore government control of capital is natural and awaited. Private property is a family rather than an individual matter, and even there communal welfare must be considered far more than in Europe and America. Mr. Matsukue, the erstwhile delegate to the League of Natiohs, who walked in the Manchurian Incident, once said to me: we Japanese have always been communistic in a sense; we always hold our property for the common welfare, rather than for private profit exclusively. This is not wholly untrue in Europe and America, as extreardinary public philanthropy testifies. But it is more true of Japan and in more regular and less spectacular and more wide-spread ways. Thus with property less strictly subject to private control, and with the government more generally recognized as excersizing control and even ownership in industry, the path of reform lies in different directions than in Europe. The Class Struggle is and must b eless clearly defined, not simply because of the survival of feudal ties, leadstraifgt thru Shinto to the Emperor, and in his person becoming identified with Government itself; but even more important, the contrast in class incomes is not nearly as great as the money wage would indicate, since in the distribution of social satisfaction there is wide equality: celebrations, home festivals, national and local customs, all all enjoyable at prices or sacrifices all can easily afford. Consequently a working-class which Kagawa's co-operatives can feed adequately at 8 cents a day for three meals and which has a family income of less than 30 cents a day, is nevertheless probably the most contented class of workers in the world. This comparatively contented working class gives Japan a tremendous advantage in

international trade. It foreshadows a time when the cheap labor of Japan, China, India and the South Seas, will drive industrial Europe off the commercial map by shear underbidding. All that protective tariffs can do in opposition is to tax white consumers to the breaking-point in lands of increasing unemployment. Such industrial disaster, Japan could lead by furnishing capital, engineers and entrepreneurs. But only of course in case Japan is not overthrown by Russia or convulsed by internal industrial revolution.

Internal revolution in Japan is foreshadowed not by industrial discontent but by agricultural. To be sure strict repression and propanda to keep workers loyal and satisfied, may not long work, and workers may gradually come to demand consulmtion goods for themselves rather than for manufacturers profits; but at present the signs of dissatisfaction among industrial are few. On the other hand the peasants are not only poor and dissatisfied, but are represented and articulate in one of the most powerful departments of the Army. The army in its search for efficiency has become more democratic than the parliamentary system. Big Business captured politics and by scandalous bribery sought to dominate the state. But the army stood separate from the state, with direct veto on parliamentary action and direct access to the center of power-- the clique of advisers who speak in the name of the Emperor. And in the army, by democratic competition, peasant officers, who knew the plight of the agricultural workers and could speak for them, had a chance to challenge big business in the very inner citidel of power. Thus the class struggle in Japan has taken today apeculiar twist: younger army officers, championing the farmers, have sought by assassination and violence to overthrow the power of capitalism entrenched in the parliamentary system. At the same time military Fascism is bent on extending the Japanese empire in China and the South Seas for new capitalistic enterprize. This imperial capital is however furnished by the state and very strictly under state control. To pick in the intricate whirl the classic pattern of Marxian determinism is impossible.

30-12-3)

2-14-10

74
83

miles away and going further. And his mind was working methodically and clearly on Problems. A month would go by before she heard another word and even then - Yet she loved it. She was to him an Intelligence, and not a mere receptacle for protoplasm. It was good to live and think - only, not alone, not alone.)

I am not sparing us.

It was real funny and everybody except us laughed heartily over it.

Now in the year of God, 1937, and of our freedom from slavery not yet the first, we ask seriously, what can we do to force our entrance into a democracy that wants neither us nor democracy, but is faced by serious dilemmas: Waste of the national resources,

11-14-08

There is law. There must be control. No individual is so rugged that he can without penalty contravene the law of gravitation; no pioneer can escape the hard law of mechanical action and reaction; and no spirit can find complete freedom from the law of diminishing returns. Or in other words we are controlled in this world by the basic physical and chemical laws of the universe which we may carefully know and intelligently follow but never absolutely escape. Beyond physical law rise the allied laws of psychology and the basic institutions of society. There is birth pain and sweat of laboring brow; there is scarcity of wealth and time necessary for growth and change. And yet wide and unyielding as is this area of law, what men have got to realize is that beyond and above law there is an almost infinite realm of freedom for life as art; for art as life; for beauty as expression and even for the ethical law of right and wrong which seeks to limit the exercising of individual freedom only by attaining the maximum of social good. Thus to limit freedom by the necessary physical, psychological and social laws of control is, in the end, to make life more abundant and if individual freedom is not

~~is best because historic, clear and a rallying point for other groups; and then On and Up. Only this we must not forget: all human advance is primarily economic, and our advance to be successful must run with and not counter to, the forward economic trend of our day.~~ Which being interpreted means we American Negroes have got to evolve a racial or group economic program, and that it must accord and blend with the best modern advance toward socialism as all men know that is the world's goal. Yet here in the seats of learning, are young scholars teaching economic reaction.

This too in a world where everywhere capital is failing - unable to keep order, unable to save democracy, unable to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and all because their technique of industry is so modern and efficient that it breaks down doing what it is planned to do. In a successful capitalistic world, the argument for the equitable distribution of wealth, would be strong; but in a world of failure, the argument is overwhelming.

A1-A1-98

Chapter 15 - Jane on American Negroes

I am thinking of our place in the world and in democracy and this brings me to talk of your successor,(then she erased that and wrote "substitute") is here and he's a mess. He is tall, cream-colored and handsome, and does he know it! He wears a Napoleon forelock and tosses it, and knows it all - wrong. Whereof he tells the world. He is full to the brim of Harvard economics, and contemptuous - o, so contemptious of his own people. Poor me, he scorched and withered me with one look; I came so damned near exploding - He is "engaged" upon a thesis for the doctorate, so vast and comprehensive that the English tongue has not yet yielded a proper title. We understand that after its publication Karl Marx and oblivion will be synonymous. Yet this bird is no fool, for he defers to defers to the president prettily! And since no one else on the campus is worthy of notice or conversation they are quite chummy.

She thought although she didn't add "don't you see, Jones Dear, that you have lost your job".

Here rather suddenly, Jane stopped. She was wishing rather desperately that Jones would sometime somewhere in his letters casually mention the fact that he missed her. Of course he did, he could not help it - but he was so prissy and moral. She was afraid (afraid?) that if he were here this dreary end of day, and if he should boisterously and forcibly kiss her she would enjoy it. But imagine! He wasn't. He was 3,000 miles away and going further. And his mind was working methodically and clearly on Problems. A month would go by before she heard another word and even then - Yet she loved it. She

30-10-15

Ch. Struggle Ref.
Souther Ec. 8
Gen Ed Bd 1903

Lynch
Trotter + Forbes

Jim Crow Laws

Immigration

Wstp

Agriculture

Labor Unrest

Wstp

1860 Farms

1860	14000
1870	25 2000
1880	253,000
1890	355 m
1900	5120 m

Capital in Mfg

1860	1000 Mill
1870	1691
1880	2790
1890	6525
1900	9813
1910	18,424

V. Products of Mfg

1860	1885 Mill
70	3345
80	5369
90	9372
1900	13,000
1910	20,672
1920	62,418

Disfranchisement

Miss	1890 ✓
SC	1895 ✓
La	1898 ✓
NC	1901 ✓
Ala	1901
Va	1902
Ga	1908
Okla	1910

Robert B. Elliott

1<KK '65

Hamburg July 4 '76

1856

FLOOD
FIRE
RIOT

Populist Movement

Strikes

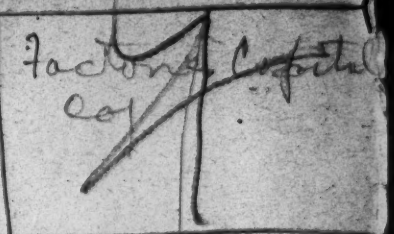
MIGRATION

IMPERIALISM
?
INVESTMENTS

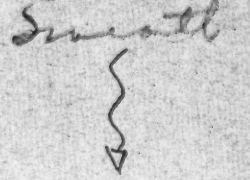
INVENTIONS

WARS

Manufactures



1950



3200 year

$25,000.00

4 years

34

1850 —

1850 —

Disfranchisement

1850

1860

70

80

90

1900

10

20

30

40

50

MMC-6860 M Deloof

Dec. 6 – attend Exec. Bd Meeting June 15 – N.O.

Cem for Indonesian Refugees

EVENTS

File Literature DuBois - NOVEL 1918
make folder

1926 Federal reserve system
1908 Reclamation and conservation
1902-12 law and 26 projects
1917-28 Boll Weevil
1912 Breaking monopoly of coal carriers and mine companies
1914 Trusts
1903-14 R.R. regulation
1910 Plunder in building capitols of N.Y. and Penn.
10% -25% of vote purchasable in R.I.
1922 Muscle Shoals

1850 --1900
Population, trebled
Agriculture, " in value
Manufactures, eleven fold "

1904
318 trusts, merging 5300 plants; capital $2,500, millions
copper, 1899
sugar, 1891
tobacco, 1901
Standard Oil 1899
U.S. Steel 1901
International Mercantile 1902

U.S. steel: property worth $682 mil., capitalized at $1,402, mil. $508 common stock; water, about $600, mil.
(consult H.D.Lloyd: Wealth & Commonwealth, 1894)
1900 95% R.R. in 6 groups
Hill & Morgan vs. Harriman; Northern Securities cap. $400 mil.
Depression of 1903
(Faulkner "Quest for Social Justice" Macmillan, 1931)

Telephones
1900 677,000
10 3,500,000
15 6,000,000

1904-14 35,000 laborers, 10 years; open 1914

Strikes
Annual average
1885 750
1900, 1800
1905, 2250
1917-19 3750
1928-30 750
1934-6 1950

Riots
Tom Watson, 1856 to 1922; born in Ga., grandfather rich slave holder, ruined by war
1882, legislature
1890, Congress, Farmers Alliance; red-headed, scrawny
Elections of 1892 and 94, gerrymandered and cheated
1896, Vice-pres on Bryan ticket
1896 to 1904 in retirement, writing, making a small fortune
1904, Populist candidate for President
1906 Atlanta Riot
1908, change anti Negro, Catholic, Jew (Frank) Opposed World-War I
1920 U.S. Senator for Russia and Labor
1922, died

Strikes
1872 Building trades for 8 hour day
1877 Railroad strike
1894, 1897, coal strikes
1900, 1902, Anthracite strikes

1917

> Populist Movement c

EVENTS

I872 Silver demonetized
I878 Bland bill
I875 Proposed intervention in Cuba
I879 Resumption of specie payments
I893 Repeal of silver purchase
I894 Civil Service reform
I896 Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech
I900 Gold standard
I890- I900 Trusts; union of iron of lakes and coal of Pittsburgh
I900 Machines in politics and bosses
I900 Boxers in China
Nicaraugua canal
I898 Spanish War
I899 Wood in Cuba
I899 Doctrine of "Open door".
I887 American Indian problem
I888 Grady speech
I890 Slums
I897-I909 Wu Ting Fang
I899 Copper mine, Lake Superior, capital $2,500,000; dividends, I890, $I0,000,000. some mines distributed total capital each year as dividends

Tillman:"we shall have to send a few more niggers to Hell"

I9II Irrigation in the South West; Gov't Reclamation Service; Rio Grande; Roosevelt dam, Salt River
I909 to I9I9 Okl. oil stock gambling and swindles; stock at 2 cents, 5 cents, $I00.
Immigration:

	from North & west Europe	South & East Erope & Asia
I87I - I880	2,000,000	I8000
I897 - I9I4	$,000,000	I0,000,000

I880-90 Melting Pot
I92I Immigration limited
I924 ""
I904 Hanna: "Now look! That damned cow-boy is President of the U.S."
Roosevelt: "He treats me like a boy; calls me Teddy"
Trust-busting
Supremr Court stops Northern Securities merger
I906 Wallace Irwin's "Monroe Doctrinings" Hart's Contemporaries V, p. I52
I90I Report in favor of Panama route
I902- I904 Treaty with Panama
I9I3 U.S. and Mexico
I897-I937 U.S. imperialism: protectorates in Cuba, Panama, Dominican R., Nicaraugua and Haiti; 30 interventions in affairs of 9 nations; investment increased from $200,000,000 to $3 billions; 4 collectors of customs to collect debts
I924 Mackenzie at Fisk
I9I6 Battle for World's Markets
I906 Peace of Portsmouth
San Francisco earthquake and fire; 3400 acres burned; 225,000 homeless
I9I2 Titanic
I927 Miss. flood (also I9I2) New Orleans in peril; material for levies hauled 40 to 50 miles; I200 laborers; levees cut for relief
I870-I90I Jim Hill's R.R.s
I903 R.F.D.
I9I3 Parcels Post
I92I 9 mil. autoes
I924 Federal roads
I926 Airplanes
I927 Lindbergh
I9I7 Liberty loans
I922 War debtors
I924 Federal farm loans

John M. Langston

Massacres in La.: Bossier co., 3 days; Caddo I875, 3500 killed

Kansas, I879-80, ~~migration~~ from La. & Miss. [Kansas Freedmen's Relief Assoc.] 6,000 migrants

Moses Singleton of Tenn., Henry Adams of La.

Vicksburg Convention of I879 [whites in control
Forcible prevention of migration
against
Douglass ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ migration; Greener in favor

I889 Oklahoma opened; [Harrison; Negroes excluded]

1890 [Migration] to mines of W.Va. and Ala.

I895 Bishop Turner [and migration]; Senator Morgan of Ala.

[Migration to Mexico.]

I9II, Ala. debt peonage declared unconstitutional

~~xxxxxxxx~~ I892-- I9I6 Boll weevil

I874, I9I8, Miss floods

[1st World War] migration cut off from Europe; Negro workers move north; [riots]

~~B.~~T.Washington: Born, I857; Hampton, I872-5; Tuskegee, I88I; Atlanta speech, I895

Greenback party, climax, I878
Populist Party, " I894
I896, Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech

I9I2 Culmination of muck-raking and Progressive movement

GRAPE-VINE TELEGRAPH THE DRUM THE SNAKE

Russell

JEB Orrick 2877

Schmucker A-AC-18-4

3 requested Jan 12 '48
Delegates attending Little Assembly

COMMERCIAL ~~XGRIXIS~~XX CRISES

I873 -9, R.R. boom, French indemnity
Failures, 3 million unemployed

I884-6 R.R. speculation, foreign crops

I893 --7, Gold exports, varying harvests
Coxey's army; failures and unemployment

1903 - Panic, R R

I907 -8 Failure of Knickerbocker Trust
Federal reserve system

~~I914-6,~~ ~~First World War.~~

I920-2, Results of War

I929-37, World-wide collapse
Unemployment; off Gold standard; economic planning

WARS

I876, Centennial at Philadelphia

I870 Franco-Prussian War, I878 Congress of Berlin I877 Empress of India
I88I-5 Mahdi in Sudan
I884, France vs. China
I885-7 Italy vs. Abyssinia
I886-96 Khalifa in Sudan
I886-7 Kitchener in Sudan; Fashoda
I890 French vs. Dahomey
I894 Sino-Japanese war
I899-I902 Boer War
I898 Spanish-American war
I90I Edward VII I900 Boxers in China
I904 Russo-Japanese war
I907 France in Morocco
I9I2 Chinese Republic
I9I2-3 Italy in Balkans
I9II Agadir
I9I4-8 First World War I9I6 Verdun I9I7 Russian revolution
I9I7-8 U.S. in First World War
I9I9 Ebert in Germany
I92I Fascisti in Italy
I922 Civil War in China
Irish Free State
I925 Locarno
I926 British General strike
I924 Lenin dies Stalin
I929, Macdonald prime minister
I935 Italy in Ethiopia; New Roman Empire
I939 2nd World War Franco
Russo-German alliance
I94I Germany attacks Russia
Japan attacks at Pearl Harbor

Strikes

1892, Homestead strike
1894, Pullman strike; U.S. troops; Debs
1881 -- 1900, 22,793 strikes, involving 6,105,694 workers
1904 Typographers, 2 years
1916, R.R. trainmen
1917, U.S. 8 hour law
British General Strike
1922, coal miners victory
~~1921 1380 strikes~~
1921 2381 strikes
25 1300
30 653
33 1562
5 2014
7, 4470
8, 2772

Populism (Peoples Party)

complete

1891 Formed in Cincinnati [form Greenback, Farmers Alliance, Grange, etc.]
92, 2nd convention, Omaha, nominates Weaver for Pres. [
96, nominates Bryan and Watson; free silver, income tax.]
~~98,~~ Free silver and War
1897-8 Party splits
1899, Party united nominates Tom Watson for Pres.

PAGEANTS

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND BLACK FOLK:
A PAGEANT FOR THE BICENTENNARY, 1732-1932

1932
Draft manuscripts and notes

1st Edition

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND BLACK FOLK

A Pageant for the Bicentennary, 1732-1932

by

W. E. B. Du Bois, Editor of THE CRISIS

Foreword.

Many Americans would write the history of this land with no memory of the part which black men have played in its deeds and making. Never was this narrowness of mind better shown than in the celebration of the bi-Centenary of the man whom this country called Father. Wherefore, in the name of truth, we darker Americans must recall to the memory of man, together with the fame of George Washington, the deeds of Crispus Attucks, of Phillis Wheatley; the bravery of Salem Poor and Peter Salem; the emancipation of Paul Cuffe and Prince Hall; the piety of Richard Allen, Absalom Jones, and James Varick; the scientific work of Benjamin Banneker; and the undying glory of Toussaint, the Saviour.

42-6-35

THE PAGEANT

The Herald.

Hear ye, hear ye, all them that love the truth, and listen to the tale of the lowliest and most unfortunate of Americans whose faces be black; and see how Crispus Attucks died for his country on the 5th of March, 1770 and made the day of his death our national holiday for thirteen years.

Scene 1, March 5, 1770. The Boston Massacre

Crispus Attucks leads in Gray, Caldwell, Maverick and Carr.

Attucks- The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the main guard-strike at the root-this is the nest!

(They rush out-sound of guns-four bodies are brought in with funeral march)

Voice

"The Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, may be regarded as the first act in the drama of the American Revolution. 'From that moment', said Daniel Webster, 'We may date the severance of the British Empire'".

"Three days after, on the eighth, a public funeral of the martyrs took place. The shops in Boston were closed; and all the bells of Boston and the neighboring towns were rung. It is said that a greater number of persons assembled on this occasion than were ever before gathered on this continent for a similar purpose. The body of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slave, had been placed in Faneuil Hall, with that of Caldwell; both being strangers in the city. Maverick was buried from his mother's house in Union Street; and Gray from his brother's in Royal Exchange Lane. The four hearses formed a junction in King Street; and there the procession marched in columns six deep, with a long file of coaches belonging to the most distinguished citizens, to the Middle Burying-ground, where the four victims were deposited in one grave; over which a stone was placed with this inscription:-

'Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell'.

44-6-36

The anniversary of this event was publicly commemorated in Boston by an oration and other exercises every year until after our national Independence was achieved, when the Fourth of July was substituted for the Fifth of March."

Herald.

"Hear ye, hear ye, all children of America, of every color and hue, and see where comes George Washington, gentleman of Virginia, and owner of eighty-seven black slaves, to be General of the armies of all the Confederated colonies. It is summer. It is Cambridge in Massachusetts. It is under an Elm tree. Here he hears of the Battle of Bunker Hill and its black heroes and here he meets Phillis Wheatley.

Scene 11, July 3, 1775. General Washington.

(Drums. Enter Washington with trumpets, drums and greetings of citizens. A group of officers enter.)

A white officer. We beg leave to report (which we do in justice to the character of so brave a man), that, under our own observation, we declare that a Negro man called Salem Poor, of Colonel Frye's regiment, Capt. Ames' company, in the late battle at Charlestown, behaved like an experienced officer, as well as an excellent soldier. To set forth particulars of his conduct would be tedious. We only beg leave to say in the person of this said Negro centers a brave and gallant soldier. The reward due to so great and distinguished a character, we submit to the Congress.

(Washington bows, but answers stiffly.)

474-6-34

Washington- Neither Negroes, boys unable to bear arms, nor old men unfit to endure the fatigues of the campaign are to be enlisted.

Laurens- "I am persuaded that if I could obtain authority for the purpose, I would have a corps of Negroes trained, uniformly clad, equipped and ready in every respect to act at the opening of the next campaign. The ridicule that may be thrown on the color I despise, because I am sure of rendering essential service to my country."

Washington- "The policy of our arming slaves is in my opinion a moot point, unless the enemy set the example. For, should we begin to form battalions of them, I have not the smallest doubt, if the war be prosecuted, of their following us in it, and justifying the measure upon our own ground. The contest then must be, who can arm fastest. And where are our arms? Besides, I am not clear that a discrimination will not render slavery more irksome to those who remain in it. Most of the good and evil things in this life are judged of by comparison; and I fear a comparison in this case will be productive of much discontent in those, who are held in servitude. But as this is a subject that has never employed much of my thoughts, these are no more than the first crude ideas that have struck me upon the occasion."

(A messenger rushes in.)

Messenger- Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia has declared all indentured servants and Negroes free that are able and will to bear arms.

44-6-38

Washington- (disturbed) If the Virginians are wise, that arch-traitor to the rights of humanity, Lord Dunmore, should be instantly crushed, if it takes the force of the whole Colony to do it—otherwise, like a snowball, in rolling, his army, will get size, some through promises, and some through inclination, joining his standard; but that which renders the measure indispensably necessary, is the Negroes,—for if he gets formidable, numbers of them will be tempted to join.

Citizens- Let us raise a Negro regiment in Rhode Island.

Washington- It has been presented to me, that the free Negroes, who have served in this army, are very much dissatisfied at being discarded. As it is to be apprehended, that they may seek employment in the ministerial army, I have presumed to depart from the resolution respecting them, and have given license for their being enlisted. If this is disapproved of by Congress, I will put a stop to it.

(Negro regiment marches by. Phillis Wheatley enters. Washington receives her politely.)

Washington- "I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me

42-9-39

not to give it a place in the public prints.

[redacted]

I am happy to see a person favored by the Muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations."

Phyllis:

How pour her armies through a thousand gates;
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
Enrapped in tempest and a night of storms;
Astonish'd ocean feels the wild uproar,
The refluent surges beat the sounding shore,
Or thick as leaves in Autumn's golden reign,
Such, and so many, moves the warrior's train.
In bright array they seek the work of war,
Where high unfurl'd the ensign waves in air.
Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
Enough thou know's them in fields of fight,
Thee first in place and honours—we demand
The grace and glory of thy martial band.
And so may you, whoever dares disgrace
The land of freedom's heaven-defended race!
Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia dropps the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Oh! cruel blindness to Columbia's state!
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.
Proceed great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy every action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, Washington be thine.

47-6-40

(She courtesies and retires right—Exit Washington left)

Herald.

Hear ye, hear ye, sons and daughters of Africa in the Western world, and know how with blood and turmoil, black folk strove in twilight of the 18th Century for place and freedom; they preached and voted; they measured the earth and read the stars. Behold, the march of the black fathers!

Scene 111., 1779-1792. <u>The Negroes Surge Toward Freedom.</u>

The Vicount de Fontages with the Haitians, Christophe, Rigaud, André and Lambert go to the rescue of the American army at Savannah.

Voice- In December, 1778, Savannah was captured by the British, and Americans were in despair until the French fleet appeared on the coast of Georgia in September, 1779. The fleet offered to help recapture Savannah. It had on board 1900 French troops of whom 800 were black Haitian volunteers. Among these volunteers were Christophe, afterward King of Haiti, Rigaud, André, Lambert and others. They were a significant and faithful band which began by helping freedom in America, then turned and through the French revolution freed Haiti and finally helped in the emancipation of South America. The French troops landed below the city with the Americans at their right and together they made an attack. American and French flags were planted on the British outposts but their bearers were killed and a general retreat was finally ordered. Seven hundred and sixty Frenchmen and 312 Americans were killed and wounded. As the army began to retreat the British general attacked the rear, determined to annihilate the

Americans. It was then that the black and mulatto freedmen from Haiti under the command of Vicount de Fontages made the charge on the English and saved the retreating Americans. They returned to Haiti to prepare eventually to make that country the second one in America which threw off the domination of Europe.

(Enter Harry Hosier with banner- M. E. Church 6,000,000

Richard Allen with banner- A. M. E. Church 550,000

Absalom Jones with banner- P. E. Church 650,000

James Varick with banner- A. M. E. Z. Church 400,000

Pompey with banner- Stony Point 1779.

Andrew Bryan with banner- Baptists 3,000,000

Paul Cuffe with banner- School House-Vote

Prince Hall with banner- Negro Masons-1775

~~James~~ Benjamin Banneker with banner- Map of D. C.-Almanac, 1792

Katy Ferguson " " - Sunday School 1793)

42-6-42

Voice- Here march the black men of Washington's day. Henry Hosier was a black companion of Bishop Asbury. Dr. Rush called him in 1780, the greatest orator in America. He helped Asbury, Coke and others found Methodism in America. Richard Allen and Absalom Jones withdrew from the Methodist Church in 1787 because of color discrimination. Allen founded the African Methodist Church and Jones became the first black priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church. James Varrick led his people out of the Methodist Church in New York in 1796 and became the first bishop of the A. M. E. Zion Church. The Slave Pompey guided the Americans to victory at Stony Point, New York, in 1779, and led to the capture of 543 British soldiers. Paul Cuffee of

Massachusetts refused in 1783 to pay taxes because he could not vote and built a schoolhouse for colored children in 1797 because they were not admitted to white schools. Negroes in five colonies voted for the adoption of the present Constitution in 1787. Prince Hall, a native of Barbadoes, came to the United States in 1765 and received from the Masonic Grand Lodge of England in 1775 a warrant establishing him and his fourteen colored brothers as the African Lodge of Masons. Andrew Bryan, a colored man converted under George Liele, the first black missionary to the West Indies, became pastor of the African Baptist Church in Savannah in 1788, one of the first, if not the first Negro Baptist Church in America. Benjamin Banneker, son of a Negro and a free white woman was born in 1731. He helped survey the city of Washington in 1790, and published the first almanac of America in 1792. Katy Ferguson founder of the first sunday school, 1793.

4-9-43

Herald.

Hear ye, hear ye, sons of the Western Indies, lest ye forget that out of black Haiti and under Toussaint L'Ouverture, first came real emancipation to the Negroes of America.

Scene IV. The First President.

(Washington enters as President with Lafayette.)

Warner Mifflin, a Quaker, ~~denounces~~ demands the abolition of slavery.

Washington- The introduction of the Quaker memorial respecting slavery was, to be sure, not only ill-timed, but occasioned a great waste of time. The final decision, thereon, however, was as favorable as the proprietors of this species of property could well have expected, considering the light is viewed

by a large part of the Union." He owned in 1786, 216 slaves but he said, "I have another motive which makes me earnestly wish for these things—it is indeed more powerful than all the rest—namely to liberate a certain species of property—which I possess very repugnantly to my own feelings; but which imperious necessity compels, and until I can substitute some other expedient, by which expenses not in my power to avoid (however well I may be disposed to do it) can be defrayed. With respect to the other species of property concerning which you ask my opinion, I shall frankly declare to you that I do not like even to think, much less talk of it. However, as you have put the question, I shall in a few words, give my ideas about it. Were it not then, that I am principled against selling Negroes, as you would cattle at a market, I would not in twelve months from this date, be possessed of one as a slave. I shall be happily mistaken, if they are not found to be a very troublesome species of property ere many years pass over our heads.

Lafayette- "Now, my dear General, that you are going to enjoy some ease and quiet, permit me to propose a plan to you, which might become greatly beneficial to the black part of mankind. Let us unite in purchasing a small estate, where we may try the experiment to free the Negroes, and use them only as tenants. Such an example as yours might render it a general practice; and if we succeed in America I will cheerfully devote a part of my time to render the method fashionable in the West Indies. If it be a wild scheme, I had rather be mad in this way, than to be thought wise in the other task."

44-6-44

Washington- "The scheme my dear Marquis, which you propose as a precedent to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country from that state of bondage in which they are held is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart. I shall be happy to join you in so laudable a work; but will defer going into a detail of the business till I have the pleasure of seeing you."

(Hamilton, Secretary of State enters.)

Hamilton- "Black Haiti has rebelled. Four hundred and fifty thousand black slaves have risen in insurrection. The whites are doomed."

Voice- They began a Civil War seldom paralleled in history. French, English and Spaniards took part. Twenty-five thousand picked French troops led by Napoleon Bonepart to subdue the Negroes, died unsuccessful. The Negroes, led by Toussaint L'Ouverture, were triumphant. They founded an independent state. They made Napoleon give up his dream of a colonial empire in America and sell Louisiana for a song.

"Thus, all of Indian Territory, all of Kansas and Nebraska and Iowa and Wyoming and Montana and the Dakotas, and most of Colorado and Minnesota, and all of Washington and Oregon states, came to us as the indirect work of a despised Negro. Praise if you will, the work of Robert Livingston or a Jefferson, but today let us not forget our debt to Toussaint L'Ouverture who was indirectly the means of America's expansion by the Louisiana Purchase of 1803."

47-6-45

"I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No Retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "'My boy, you will one day go back to San Domingo; forget that France murdered your father.'" I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down to him into his grave; I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humble village of his dominions. You think me fanatic tonight, for you read history not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when truth gets a hearing, the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greeks, Brutus for the Romans, Hampton for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown as the ripe fruit of our noon-day; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture."

74-9-44

(Washington goes slowly out with bowed head. A funeral march is heard.)

Hamilton- (Entering slowly) This is the last will and testament of George Washington, first president of the United States. "Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold <u>in my own right</u> shall receive their freedom....And whereas, among those who will receive freedmom according to this devise, there may be some, who,

from old age or bodily infirmities, and others, who on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire, that all who come under the first and second description shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the court until they arrive at the age of twenty-five years....The Negroes thus bound, are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation...And I do expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretense whatsoever. And I do moreover most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect or delay."

4-9-44

Herald.

Hear ye, hear ye, sons of men and daughters of Almighty God! Ye have heard the miracle of America, how out of human material low and high, of masters who became slaves, and slaves who became masters, of black men who served and fought and white men who fought and served, ~~Man~~ made America and at its beginning walked George Washington, seeing dimly, walking hesitantly among the Rights of Man; owning black slaves and leading black soldiers, listening to the Voice of Freedom, and finally emerging in death as George Washington, Emancipator.

The play is done. The play is done.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND BLACK FOLK

A Pageant for the Bicentennary, 1732-1932

by

W.E.B.Du Bois-Editor of The Crisis.

Many Americans would write the history of this land with no memory of the part which black men have played in its deeds and making.Never was this narrowness of mind better shown than in the celebration of the bi-Centenary of the man whom this country called Father. Wherefore,in the name of truth,we darker Americans must recall to the memory of man,together with the fame of George Washington,the deeds of Crispus Attucks,of Phillis Wheatley;the bravery of Salem Poor and Peter Salem;the emancipation of Paul Cuffe and Prince Hall;the piety of Richard Allen,Absalom Jones,and James Varick;the scientific work of Benjamin Banneker;and the undying glory of Toussaint-the Saviour.

The Herald

Hear ye,hear ye,all them that love the truth,and listen to the tale of the lowliest and most unfortunate of Americans whose faces be black;and see how Crispus Attucks died for his country on the 5th of March,1770 and made the day of his death our national holiday for thirteen years.

Scene 1,March 5,1770, <u>The Boston Massacre</u>

Crispus Attucks leads in Gray,Caldwell,Maverick,and Carr.

Attucks- The way to get rid of this,soldiers,is to attack the main guard-strike at the root-this is the nest!

(They rush out-sound of guns-four bodies are brought in with funeral march)

Voice

" "The Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, may be regarded as the first act in the drama of the American Revolution. 'From that moment', said Daniel Webster, 'We may date the severance of the British Empire'".

"Three days after, on the eighth, a public funeral of the martyrs took place. The shops in Boston were closed; and all the bells of Boston and the neighboring towns were rung. It is said that a greater number of persons assembled on this occasion than were ever before gathered on this continent for a similar purpose. The body of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slave, had been placed in Faneuil Hall, with that of Caldwell; both being strangers in the city. Maverick was buried from his mother's house in Union Street; and Gray from his brother's in Royal Exchange Lane. The four hearses formed a junction in King Street; and there the procession marched in columns six deep, with a long file of coaches belonging to the most distinguished citizens, to the Middle Burying-ground, where the four victims were deposited in one grave; over which a stone was placed with this inscription:-

'Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell'.

The anniversary of this event was publicly commemorated in Boston by an oration and other exercises every year until after our national Independence was achieved, when the Fourth of July was substituted for the Fifth of March."

47-6-25

Herald

"Hear ye,hear ye,all children of America,of every color and hue,and see where comes George Washington,gentleman of Virginia, and owner of eighty-seven black slaves,to be General of the armies of all the Confederated colonies.It is summer.It is Cambridge in Massachusetts.It is under an Elm tree.Here he hears of the Battle of Bunker Hill and its black heroes and here he meets Phillis Wheatley.

Scene 11,July 3,1775,General Washington.

(Drums.Enter Washington with trumpets,drums and greetings of citizens.A group of officers enter.)

A White officer-We beg leave to report (which we do in justice to to the character of so brave a man),that,under our own observation,we declare that a Negro man called Salem Poor,of Colonel Frye's regiment,Capt.Ames' company,in the late battle at Charlestown,behaved like an experienced officer,as well as an excellent soldier.To set forth particulars of his conduct would be tedious.We only beg leave to say in the person of this said Negro centres a brave and gallant soldier.The reward due to so great and distinguished a character,we submit to the Congress.

(Washington bows,but answers stiffly.)

Washington-Neither Negroes,boys unable to bear arms,nor old men unfit to endure the fatigues of the campaign are to be enlisted.

(A messenger rushes in.)

Messenger-Lord Dunmore,Governor of Virginia has declared all indentured servants and Negroes free that are able and will to bear arms.

47-6-26

Washington-(disturbed) If the Virginians are wise, that arch-traitor to the rights of humanity, Lord Dunmore, should be instantly crushed, if it takes the force of the whole Colony to do it-otherwise, like a snowball, in rolling, his army will get size, some through promises, and some through inclination, joining his standard; but that which renders the measure indispensably necessary, is the Negroes, -for if he gets formidable, numbers of them will be tempted to join who will be afraid to do it without.

Citizens-Let us raise a Negro regiment in Rhode Island.

Washington- It has been presented to me, that the free Negroes, who have served in this army, are very much dissatisfied at being discarded. As it is to be apprehended, that they may seek employ in the ministerial army, I have presumed to depart from the resolution respecting them, and have given license for their being enlisted. If this is disapproved of by Congress, I will put a stop to it.

42-6-22

(Negro regiment marches by. Phillis Wheatley enters. Washington receives her publicly. She presents her poem.)

Voice- How pour her armies through a thousand gates;
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
Enrapped in tempest and a night of storms;
Astonish'd ocean feels the wild uproar,
TThe refluent surges beat the sounding shore,
Or thick as leaves in Autumn's golden reign,
Such, and so many, moves the warrior's train.

In bright array they seek the work of war,
Where high unfurl'd the ensign waves in air.
Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
Enough thou know'st them in fields of fight,
Thee first in place and honours-we demand
The grace and glory of thy martial band.
And so may you,whoever dares disgrace
The land of freedom's heaven-defended race!
Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia droops the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Oh! cruel blindness to Columbia's state!
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.
Proceed great chief,with virtue on thy side,
Thy every action let the goddess guide.
A crown, anmansion,and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading,Washington be thine.

(She courtesies and retires right-Exit Washington left)

Herald

Hear ye,hear ye,sons and daughters of Africa in the Western world,and know how with blood and turmoil,black folk strove in twilight of the 18th Century for place and freedom; they preached and voted;they measured the earth and read the stars.Behold,the march of the black fathers!

Scene 111,1779-1792,The Negroes Surge Toward Freedom

The Vicount de Fontages with the Haitians,Christopher Rigaud,Andre and Lambert go to the rescue of the American army

47-9-28

at Savannah.

Voice- In December 1778 Savannah was captured by the British, and Americans were in despair until the French fleet appeared on the coast of Georgia in September 1779. The fleet offered to help recapture Savannah. It had on board 1900 French troops of whom 800 were black Haitian volunteers. Among these volunteers were Christophe, afterward king of Haiti, Rigaud, Andre, Lambert and others. They were a significant and faithful band which began by helping freedom in America, then turned and through the French revolution freed Haiti and finally helped in the emancipation of South America. The French troops landed below the city with the Americans at their right and together they made an attack. American and French flags were planted on the British outposts but their bearers were killed and a general retreat was finally ordered. Seven hundred and sixty Frenchmen and 312 Americans were killed and wounded. As the army began to retreat the British general attacked the rear, determined to annihilate the Americans. It was then that the black and mulatto freedmen from Haiti under the command of Vicount de Fontages made the charge on the English and saved the retreating Americans. They returned to Haiti to prepare eventually to make that country the second one in America which threw off the domination of Europe.

47-6-24

(Enter Harry Hosier with banner- M.E.Church 6,000,000
Richard Allen with banner-A.M.E. Church 550,000
Absalom Jones with banner-P.E. Church650,000
Janus Vanon with banner-A.M.E.Z. Church 400,000
Andrew Bryan with banner-Baptists 3,000,000
Paul Cuffe with banner-School House-Vote
Prince Hall with banner- Negro Masons-1775
James Banneker with banner- Map of D.C.-Almanac)

(As they march past)

Voice-Here march the black men of Washington's day. Henry Hosier was a black companion of Bishop Asbury.Dr.Rush called him in 1780,the greatest orator in America.He helped Asbury,Coke and others found Methodism in America. Richard Allen and Absalom Jones withdrew from the Methodist Church in 1787 because of color discrimination.Allen founded the African Methodist Church and Jones became the first black priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church. James Varrick led his people out of the Methodist Church in New York in 1796 and became the first bishop of the A.M.E.Zion Church.Paul Cuffee of Massachusetts refused in 1783 to pay taxes because he could not vote and built a schoolhouse for colored children in1797 because they were not admitted to white schools.Negroes in five colonies voted for the adoption of the present Constitution in 1787.Prince Hall, a native of Barbadoes,came to the United States in 1765 and received from the Masonic Grand Lodge of England in 1775 a warrant establishing him and his fourteen colored brothers as the African Lodge of Masons.Andrew Bryan,a colored man converted under George

42-2-30

Liele, the first black missionary to the West Indies, became pastor of the African Baptist Church in Savannah in 1788, one of the first, if not the first Negro Baptist Church in America. Benjamin Banneker, son of a Negro and a free white woman was born in 1731. He helped survey the city of Washington in 1790, and published the first almanac of America in 1792.

Herald

Hear ye, hear ye, sons of the Western Indies, lest ye forget that out of black Haiti and under Toussaint L'Ouverture, first came real emancipation to the Negroes of America.

Scene IV, The First President

(Washington enters as President)

Warner Mifflin, a Quaker, denounces the abolition of slavery.

Voice- President Washington replied on June 15, 1790, saying, "The introduction of the Quaker memorial respecting slavery was, to be sure, not only ill-timed, but occasioned a great waste of time. The final decision, thereon, however, was as favorable as the proprietors of this species of property could well haveexpected, considering the light is viewed by a large part of the Union." He owned in 1786, 216 slaves but he said, "I have another motive which makes me earnestly wish for these things-it is indeed more powerful than all the rest-namely to liberate a certain species of property-which I possess very repugnantly to my own feelings; but which imperious necessity compels, and until I can substitute some other expedient, by which expenses not in my power to avoid, (however weal I may be disposed to do it) can be defrayed with respect to the other species

42-6-31

of property concerning which you ask my opinion,I shall frankly declare to you that I donnot like even to think,much less talk of it.However,as you have put the question,I shall in a few words, give my ideas about it.Were it not then,that I am principled against selling Negroes,as you would cattle at a market,I would not in twelve months from this date,be possessed of one as a slave. I shall be happily mistaken,if they are not found to be a very troublesome species of property ere many years pass over our heads."

(Hamilton,Secretary of State enters)

He reads-"Black Haiti has rebelled.Four hundred and fifty thousand black slaves have risen in insurrection.The whites are doomed."

Voice

They began a Civil War seldom paralleled in history.French,English and Spaniards took part.Twenty-five thousand picked French troops led by Napoleon Bonepart to subdue the Negroes,died unsuccessful.The Negroes,led by Toussaint L'Ouverture,were triumphant.They founded an independent state.They made Napoleon give up his dream of a colonial empire in America and sell Louisiana for a song.

"Thus,all of Indian Territory,all of Kansas and Nebraska and Iowa and Wyoming and Montana and the Dakotas,and most of Colorado and Minnesota,and all of Washington and Oregon states,came to us as the indirect work of a despised Negro.Praise if you will,the work of Robert Livingston or a Jefferson,but today let us not forget our debt to Toussaint L'Ouverture who was indirectly the means of America'd expansion by the Louisiana Purchase of 1803."

I would call him Napoleon,but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and a sea of blood.This man never broke his word."No Retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life;and the last words uttered to his son in France were these:

47-6-32

"My boy,you will one day go back to San Domingo:forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell,but Cromwell was only a soldier,and the state he founded went down to him into his grave;I would call him Washington,but the great Virginian held slaves.This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humble village of his dominions. You think me fanatic tonight,for you read history not with your eyes but with your prejudices.But fifty years hence,when truth gets a hearing,the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greeks,Brutus for the Romans,Hampton for England,Fayette for France,choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization,and John Brown as the ripe fruit of our noon-day;then,dipping her pen in the sunlight,will write in the clear blue,above them all,the name of the soldier,the statesman, the martyr,Toussaint L'Ouverture."

47-6-33

(Washington goes slowly out with bowed head.A funeral march is heard.)

Hamilton-(entering slowly) This is the last will and testament of George Washington,first president of the United States.

"Upon the decease of my wife,it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold <u>in my own right</u> shall receive their freedom. ....And whereas,among those who will receive freedom according to this devise,there may be some, who,from old age or bodily infirmities,and others,who on account of their infancy,will be unable to support themselves,it is my will and desire,that all who come under the first and second discription shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live;and such of

the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the court until they arrive at the age of twenty-five years.....The Negroes thus bound, are(by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation....And I do expressly forbid the sale or transportation oft of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretense whatsoever. And I do moreover most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect or delay."

Herald

Hear ye, hear ye, sons of men and daughters of Almighty God! Ye have heard the miracle of America, how out of material law and hire, from masters who became slaves, and slaves who became masters, from black men who served and fought and white men who fought and served man-made America. The play is done. The play is done.

44-3-84

3rd Edition

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND BLACK FOLK

A Pageant foe the Bicentennary, 1732-1932*

by

W.E.B.DuBois

37-6-107

Foreword

Many Americans would write the history of this land with no memory of the part which black men have played in its deeds ans making. Never was this narrowness of mind better shown than in the celebration of the bi-Centennary of the man whom this country called Father. Wherefore, in the name of truth, we darker Americans must recall to the memory of man, together with the words of George Washington, many deeds of contemporary black folk some of whom, he met, others of whom he knew ~~of~~ and still others who left their mark upon his times.

Scene 1.

The Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770.

(Crispus Attucks enters flourishing a club.)

Attucks: The way to get rid of these soldiers, is to attack the main guard; strike at the root! This is the nest!

(He rushes out. Shouts are heard and scuffling. Then a volley of musket~~s~~ and a scream. Then complete silence. A song arises off stage-"Were you there when they crucified My Lord!" It swells to a full chorus as the funeral cortege with four bodies crosses the stage.)

(Enter the Herald)

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* This pageant is a method of reviewing the book, "George Washington and the Negro" by Walter H.Mazyck recently published by the Associated Publishers of Washington, D.C.

Herald: The Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, may be regarded as the first act in the drama of the American Revolution. "From that moment," said Daniel Webster, "We may date the severance of the British Empire."

Three days after, on the eighth, a public funeral of the martyrs took place. The shops in Boston were closed; and all the bells of Boston and the neighboring towns were rung. It is said that a greater number of persons assembled on this occasion than were ever before gathered on this continent for a similar purpose. The body of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slave, had been placed in Faneuil Hall. The four hearses formed a junction in King Street; and there the procession marched in columns six deep, with a long file of coaches belonging to the most distinguished citizens, to the Middle Burying-ground, where the four victims were deposited in one grave; over which a stone was placed with this inscription:-

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell."

The anniversary of this event was publicly commemorated in Boston by an oration and other exercises every year until after our national Independence was achieved, when the Fourth of July was substituted for the Fifth of March.

37-6-108

Scene 11.

General Washington takes Command.

1775

(Drums and "Yankee Doodle". Washington enters and is

greeted by citizens, white and colored.)

Washington: Did the militia fight at Bunker Hill?

Officers: They fought bravely and well.

Washington: Then the liberties of the country are safe.

An Officer: Sir, not only white men but black. Major Pitcairn mounted the parapet crying, "Glory to the Marines." A black man killed him. And, Sir, twelve officers have signed this memorial:

"We beg leave to report (which we do in justice to the character of so brave a man), that, under our own observation, we declare that a Negro man called Salem Poor, of Colonel Frye's regiment, Capt. Ames' company, in the late battle at Charlestown, behaved like andexperienced officer, as well as an excellent soldier. To set forth the particulars of his conduct would be tedious. We only beg leave to say in the person of this said Negro centres a brave and gallant soldier. The reward due to so great and distinguished a character, we submit to the Congress."

(Washington bows stiffly)

Washington: From the number of boys, deserters, and Negroes who have been enlisted, I have some doubt as to whether the quota of soldiers can be raised here.

(The officers consult)

Washington: Ought not Negroes to be excluded from the new enlistment, especially such as are slaves?

(The officers hesitatingly agree. Negroes clamor)

Washington: (angrily) Neither Negroes, boys, nor old men are to be enlisted. Seize and confine until sunrise any Negro found straggling near the camps.

37-6-109

(As the Negroes slowly withdraw, a messenger rushes in)

Messenger: Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia has declared all indentured servants and Negroes free who are able and willing to bear arms.

Washington; (disturbed) If the Virginians are wise, that arch-traitor to the rights of humanity, Lord Dunmore, should be instantly crushed. I have a hundred Negroes at Mount Vernon. That man Dunmore will become the most formidable enemy America has unless we convince the slaves of the impotency of his design.

(He consults with his Officers)

Officers: We can raise black regiments in Connecticut and Rhode Island.

General Thomas: I am sorry that any prejudices should take place in any southern colony with respect to the troops raised in this.

Washington: As numbers of free Negroes are desirous of enlisting, I give leave to the recruiting officers to receive them.

Negroes: Hurrah!

(They enroll. Washington, seated, opens his mail. He hands a letter to his secretary who reads it and whispers. Phillis Wheatley is announced. She enters; The officers hesitate but Washington stepping forward receives her politely and hands her to a seat.)

Washington: I thank you most sincerely, Miss Phillis, for your polite notice of me (picking up her letter) in this new instance of your genius. I am happy to meet a person so favored by the muses and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations.

37-6-110

Phillis (courtseys and reads)

Thee first in peace and honours, we demand
The grace and glory of thy martial band.
And so may you, whoever dares disgrace
The land of freedom's heaven, -defended race!
Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia droops the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Oh! druel blindness to Columbia's state!
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.
Proceed great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy every action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, Washington be thine.

(Bowing, all go out.)

37-6-111

Scene 111.

Negroes Fight for Free America.

1776-81

The Herald.

In December 1778 Savannah was captured by the British, and Americans were in despair until the French fleet appeared on the coast of Georgia in September 1779. The fleet offered to help recapture Savannah. It had on board 1900 French troops of whom 800 were black Haitian volunteers. Among these volunteers were Christophe, afterward king of Haiti, Rigaud, Andre, Lambert and others. As the

As the American arny began to retreat the British general attacked the rear, determined to annihilate the Americans. It was then that the black and mulatto freedmen from Haiti under the command of Vicount de Fontages made the charge on the English and saved the

retreating Americans.They returned to Haiti to prepare eventually to make that country the second one in America which threw off the domination of Europe.

(Enter a long line of black citizens with banners.)

Harry Hosier,- [M.E.Church 6,000,000]

Richard Allen,- [A.M.E.Church 550,000]

Absalom Jones,- [P.E.Church 650,000]

James Varick ,- [A.M.E.Z.Church 400,000]

Pompei,- [Stony Point]

Andrew Bryan,- [Baptists 3,000,000]

Paul Cuffe,- [School House -Vote]

Prince Hall,- [Negro Masons-1775]

Benjamin Banneker,- [Map of D.C.-Almanac]

37-6-112

(Enter Washington,Jefferson,Hamilton,and Colonel Laurens. They pause and stare.)

Washington: What is the meaning of all this?

The Herald: Here march the black men of Washington's day.Henry Hosier was a black companion of Bishop Asbury.Dr.Rush called him in 1780,the greatest orator in America.He helped Asbury found Methodism in America.Richard Allen and Absalom Jones withdrew from the Methodist Church in 1787 because of color discrimination.Allen founded the African Methodist Church and Jones became the first black priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church. James Varick led his people out of the Methodist Church in New York in 1796 and became the first bishop of the A.M.E. Zion Church. Paul Cuffe of Massachusetts refused in 1783 to pay taxes because he could not vote and built a schoolhouse for colored children in 1797,because they were not admitted to white schools.Negroes in five colonies voted for the

adoption of the present Constitution in 1787. Prince Hall, a native of Barbadoes, came to the United States in 1765 and received from the Masonic Grand Lodge of England in 1784 a warrant establishing him and his fourteen colored brothers as the African Lodge of Masons. Andrew Bryan, a colored man converted under GeorgeLiele, the first black missionary to the West Indies, became pastor of the African Baptist Church in Savannah in 1788, one of the first Negro Baptist Churches in America. Benjamin Banneker, son of a Negro and a free white woman was born in 1731. He helped survey the city of Washington in 1790, and published the first almanac of America in 1792.

Washington: The Negroes have fought well.

Hamilton: Five thousand have served in our armies mostly from the north.

Laurens: Let me raise a regiment of 3000 slaves in South Carolina.

Hamilton: I believe they would make good soldiers.

Washington: The policy of arming slaves is questionable unless the enemy sets the example.

Hamilton: Negroes fought at Monmouth, in Rhode Island and at Brandywine.

Herald:

Straight through the human harvest,
Cutting a bloody swath,
Woe to you, soldier of Briton!
Death is abroad in his path.
Flee from the scythe of the reaper,
Flee while the moment is thine,
None may with safety withstand him,
Black Sampson of Brandywine.

Was he a freeman or bondman?
Was he a man or a thing?

37-6-113

What does it matter? His brav'ry
Benders him royal-a king.
If he was only a chattel,
Honor the ransom may pay
Of the royal, the loyal black giant
Who fought for his country that day.

Jefferson: I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just.

37-6-114

Scene IV

Washington as President

1789-1797

(Enter Washington and Lafayette.)

Washington: Took a list of all my Negroes at Mount Vernon-216 in all.I am in favor of some plan of emancipation.

Lafayette: My dear General let us unite in purchasing a small estate where we may try the experiment to free the Negroes and use them only as tenants.

Washington:The scheme is striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart.Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country,but I despair of seeing it.

(Enter Messenger)

Lafayette:Comrade I go.There is revolution in France.

(Music.The Marseillaise.Enter Hamilton)

Hamilton: This question of slavery is becoming troublesome.

Washington: I was visited by a Mr.Warner Micklin,one of the people called Quakers,active in the pursuit of the measures before Congress for the liberating of the slaves. The introduction of the Memorial respecting slavery was ill-timed.The final decision was as favorable to slaveholders as could be expected. I earnestly wish to liberate my slaves which I am repugnant to own but I must keep them until I can find some other way of defraying my necessary expenses.If I did not have principles against selling Negroes like cattle,I would not by next year own a single slave.They will be found to be a very troublesome kind of property before many years pass.

Hamilton: Black Haiti has rebelled.Four hundred and fifty thousand black

37-6-115

slaves have risen in insurrection.Listen.

Herald: They begin a Civil War seldom paralleled in history.French, English and Spaniards take part.Twenty-five thousand of Napoleon's picked French troops die unsuccesful.The Negroes led by Toussaint L'Ouverture will be triumphant.They will found an independent state.They will make Napoleon give up his dream of a colonial empire in America and sell Louisiana for a song.

(Washington and Hamilton go out)

The Herald: Thus all the Indian Territory,all of Kansas and Nebraska and Iowa and Wyoming and Montana and the Dakotas,and most of Colorado and Minnesota,and all of Washington and Oregon states,came to us as the indiredt work of a despised Negro.Praise if you will,the work of Robert Livingstone or a Jefferson,but today let us not forget our debt to Toussaint L'Ouverture who was indirectly the means of America's expansion by the Louisiana Purchase of 1803.

(Enter Toussaint L'Ouverture and his army to the sound of tomtoms.)

The Herald: I would call him Cromwell,but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down to him into his grave; I would call him Washington,but the great Virginian held slaves.This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humble village of his dominions.You think me fanatic tonight,for you read history not with your eyes but with your prejudices.But fifty years hence, when truth gets a hearing,the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greeks,Brutus for the Romans,Hampton for England,Fayette for France,choose Washington as the

37-6-116

bright consumate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown as the ripe fruit of our noon-day; then dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture."

Scene V.

The Death of Washington

1799

(Washington enters old and sick)

37-6-117

Washington: I have at Mount Vernon 270 slaves and forty to others leased, 50% more Negroes than I can use to advantage. Yet, I have principles against selling the surplus or hiring them out. What is to be done? Something must, or I shall be ruined. $50,000 received in the last four years from the sale of western lands, has scarcely been able to keep me afloat. I wish from my soul, that the legislature of this state would see the policy of gradually abolishing slavery. It might prevent mush mischief.

(Music. "Go down, Moses." Washington straightens up and producing a parchment reads)

This is the last will and testament of George Washington. Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold <u>in my own right</u> shall receive their freedom.... And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some, who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others, who on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it my will and desire, that all who come under the first and second description shall be comfortably clothed and fed by

37-6-118

heirs while they live;and such of the latter description as have no parents living,or,if living are unable or unwilling to provide for them,shall be bound by the court until they arrive at the age of twenty-five years....The Negroes thus bound,are(by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write,and to be brought up to some useful occupation....And I do expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth,of any slave I may die possessed of,under any pretense whatsoever.And I do moreover most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named,or the survivors of them,to see that this clause respecting slaves,and every part thereof,be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place,without evasion, neglect or delay.

(He goes out.-a funeral march.)

Herald

Hear ye,hear ye,sons of men and daughters of Almighty God! Ye have heard the miracle of America,how out of human material low and high,of masters who became slaves,and slaves who beca e masters,of black men who served and fought and white men who fought and served,-man made America. And at its beginning walked George Washington seeing dimly,walking hesitantly among the rights of man;owning black slaves and leading black soldiers,listening to the voice of freedom and finally emerging in death as George Washington,Emancipator.

(An increasing band of Negroes march;first slaves,then workers,then well-dressed colored citizens and gay young folk.Music:"Walk together Children")

[K132]

Black Contemporaries of George Washington
1732-1799.

The following American Negroes attained distinction and influence during the years that George Washington lived:

Jupiter Hammond, 1720-1800.

A poet living on Long Island who published poems in 1761, 1778 and 1782. He wrote an address to the Negroes of the state of New York in 1787.

Crispus Attucks, 1723-1770.

The first martyr of the American Revolution. He lived in Massachusetts and was a run-away slave. He led a mob in attack upon the British soldiers in the streets of Boston, 1770. He was the first of four to be killed. This is known as the Boston Massacre. Daniel Webster said: "From that moment we may date the severance of the British Empire." A public funeral was given the four martyrs, and the 5th of March, 1770, the dayof their death, was celebrated as a national holiday in the colonies for thirteen years, until national independence was achieved, when the 4th of July was substituted.

417-2-41b

Benjamin Banneker, 1731-1804.

Benjamin Banneker was the son of a Negro slave and a free white woman. He was a student of mathamatics and helped survey the city of Washington in 1790, and published one of the first almanacs in America in 1792.

Harry Hosier, 1740-1810.

Harry Hosier was the black preacher who accompanied Bishop Asbury, the founder of the Methodist Church in America. Dr.

Dr. Benjamin Rust called him the greatest orator in America, and was a more popular speaker than almost anyone else in his day.

Henry Evans, 1750-1810.

A North Carolina slave who received a license as a local preacher and preached in a Methodist Church with many white ~~orators~~ auditors from 1790 until his death.

Salem Poor, 1745-1805.

A black soldier in the Battle of Bunker Hill who behaved like an experienced officer as well as an excellent soldier.

Absalom Jones, 1746-1818.

Together with Richard Allen, he left the Methodist Church in Philadelphia on account of color discrimination and founded the Free African Society. Afterward, he became the first black rector in the American Episcopal Church.

Lib-9-47

Prince Hall, 1748-1807.

A native of Barbadoes, who came to the United States in 1765 and in 17~~75~~ 84 received a warrant from the Masonic Grand Lodge of England establishing him and fourteen colored brothers as the African Lodge of Masons.

Katy Ferguson, 1749-1854.

Founder of the first Sunday School movement in New York City. Her school for the poor on Sundays was opened in 1793, and this was ~~voted~~ followed by the organization of New York women for the secular instruction of the poor.

Pompey, 1749-1804.

Pompey was a slave in New York State and his conduct as spy made possible the capture of Stoney Point by Mad Anthony Wayne, July 16, 1779. The fort and 543 British soldiers were taken prisoners.

George Liele, 1750—

A Baptist preacher who, together with Andrew Bryan, established one of the first Negro Baptist Churches in the United States, ~~and afterward preached in Savannah~~. After the Revolutionary War, he was freed by the British and went to Jamaica where he became the first missionary worker of American Negroes.

Lemuel Haynes, 1753-1833.

Born in Connecticut, the son of a black man and a white woman. His mother abandoned him and he became a soldier in the Revolutionary army. Afterward, he studied by himself and taught school. He was finally licensed to preach in the Congregational Church in 1780, and pastored churches in Vermont and Connecticut. President Dwight of Yale was among his auditors.

Phillis Wheatley, 1753-1784.

Brought as a slave from Africa to New England in 1784 and educated by her owners. She early showed great literary ability and published volumes of poems. One of her poems was dedicated to George Washington. He acknowledged its receipt in 1776 with a polite letter and invited her to visit his headquarters, and she did after the evacuation of Boston by the British. She died at the age of 31.

Paul Cuffe, 1759-~~1877~~ 1817

A pioneer Negro ~~in American~~ agitator. He belonged to the Negro Union of Newport Rhode Island and early proposed an exodus of Negroes to Africa. He made voyages to Russia, England Africa, West Indies and the South, ~~He owned his own vessel, and~~ in his own vessels several times he protested on account of discrimination against him in Massachusetts. He refused to pay taxes because he could not vote. He tried to get his children into the public schools, and finally

814.6-47

built a school for colored children. At last in 1815 and at an expense to himself of nearly $4,000, he took nine families of thirty-eight persons to Sierra Leone. He intended further efforts at migration but died before they were carried through.

Richard Allen, 1760-1831.

The founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in Maryland; purchased his own freedom, and became a laborer. Joining the Methodist Church, he ~~finally~~ left it, in 1787 on account of discrimination, and started the Free African Society. Finally, he and forty-two followers ~~both laid~~ bought land and erected a colored church, which ~~finally~~ became the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Allen became the first bishop.

John Chavis, 1763-1838.

A North Carolina Negro; educated at Princeton and Lexington, Virginia. He became a Presbyterian preacher, and conducted a school attended by many prominent white people. Among his pupils were a United States senators, a sons of the Chief Justice, and a Governor of the state.

James Forten, 1766-1842.

A Philadelphia Negro who invented a device for handling sails on vessels. He was a business man and stout defender of his people. He took part in all the movements against slavery, and, opposed African colonization.

617-2-419

THE HISTORY OF THE NEGRO IN AMERICA IN TWELVE LIVING PICTURES

Undated

THE HISTORY OF THE NEGRO IN AMERICA IN TWELVE LIVING PICTURES.

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1. The Discovery of the Southwest by Stephen Dorantes.

A desert; a Negro in Spanish mail staggering in exhaustion. He sinks faintly. Later a band of Indians. They rescue him. He rises and with outstretched arms views the Southwest.

34-2 67

2. The landing of the Slaves in 1619.

A crowd of Virginians wait on the pier of Jamestown. A ship is announced. The captain stands as auctioneer and sells twenty Negroes who disembark in various attitudes of revolt, surprise and despair. The last figure is a phophetess who foretells doom as the slaves kneel.

3. Crispus Attucks .

Attucks enters Boston as a vagabond. The British soldiers cow the citizens . He leads the mob and is shot. His funeral.

4. The Church.

George Lisle baptizes Negroes and whites. Lot Carey stands for Africa. The converts enter the white church and are repulsed. Led by Allen and Jones they form a new Church.

5. The Cotton Gin .

Slaves are lazily separating the cotton seed. A white man watches them and perfects the cotton gin. The gin starts, the masters stirred by visions of wealth lash the slaves to work.

6. Osceola.

The slaves run away to the swamp. One girl meets an Indian chieftain, Osceola, and they are married. She is abducted to slavery. Osceola kills the American officer and starts on the war path.

7. The first Convention of Nat Turner.

The Negroes come together to discuss their condition. The invitation to consider is read. A school in Connecticut is suggested but New Haven refuses. The news of Nat Turner's insurrection is received.

8. The Underground Railroad.

Slave hunters appear nailing up posters. Darkness falls. A father, mother and children are seen skulking away. The children led by the father escape in a wagon. He returns and is captured. The mother alone and in despair commits suicide.

9. The Abolitionists.

Publishing the Liberator - the paper on the streets. The meeting where Frederick Douglass speeks. The mob. Garrison is dragged through the streets.

10. War .

A fight is in progress. Both parties are exhausted. Drums are heard. The Negro soldiers enter and the Confererate flag falls.

11. Emancipation.

A plantation. A soldier reads the Proclamation. The slaves disperse. Two lovers run off hand in hand . A mother clasps her children and runs to her husband. A ~~mother~~ half grown boy struts and drinks. An old man in chains stands bewildered and prays.

12. The Struggle.

A home. The mother and baby and children . The father enters a fugitive. The mob howls outside. The vision of Justice and Equality.

THE JEWEL OF ETHIOPIA

Undated
Draft manuscripts and notes

THE JEWEL OF ETHIOPIA.

A Masque in ____ Episodes.

EPISODE I.

In a great forest Shango, the Thunder God, hides the Jewel of Freedom and sets the burning beast to guard it. To him as he turns away Ethiopia appears and begs for the Jewel. He gives it to her finally on condition that she surrender to him her own soul. Shango disappears and Ethiopia conceals the Jewel in her bosom.

EPISODE II.

The world of women begin to seek for the lost Jewel of Freedom. Five (5) women of Egypt enter gorgeously arrayed. They pray to the Great God, Osiris, and suddenly out of the bosom of the God steps Ethiopia with the Jewel on her breast. They lead her down, enthrone her, and dance around her throne.

EPISODE III.

The wild Bantu warriors hearing of the mysterious Jewel burst out of the forests and seize Ethiopia. She hands the Jewel to two fairies who conceal it beneath their wings. The warriors offer her up in burning sacrifice.

EPISODE IV.

The Mohammedans with deep learning and elevated worship seek the Jewel of Freedom. They learn from an ancient witch that the Jewel is in the soul of Ethiopia, just gone back to Shango who owns it. With weird incantation the witch raises Shango, the Thunder God, and the Thunder God calls Ethiopia back to life. She appears with great white wings and goes to seek the lost Jewel.

EPISODE V.

Five (5) European women basking in the forest discover the fairies and the Jewel of Freedom. They mistake it for gold and are quarrelling over it when Ethiopia appears. The fairies disappear with the Jewel but the women chain Ethiopia and make her their slave.

EPISODE VI.

Five (5) colored American women enter. Two of the women dressed as teacher and artisan begin to ply their trade and count their money. Two of the women with mirrors and cosmetics begin to adorn themselves, but the fifth woman, robed in white, atares steadily out into space. To her appears Ethiopia veiled and bids her prepare for the Jewel of Freedom. The white-robed woman indicates her helplessness but by striving she lays the great foundation stone of labor. Appealing to the working women the second stone of wealth is laid. Appealing to the other two women the five of them raise Justice and Beauty, but the other woman refuses to help further. The white-robed woman bends and prays and out of the audience come the fairy children. They raise Education and Truth, and then from the back Ethiopia unveiled and splendid sets the Jewel of Freedom on the Pillar of Light. Behind her rises Shango, the Thunder God, and the Egyptians and Bantu and Mohammedans join Europeans and Americans and little children in acclaim of the Pillar of Light.

34-3-45

Return to W.E.B. DuBois
70 Fifth Ave
N.Y.C

A PAGEANT

"THE JEWEL OF ETHIOPIA"

set down by

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

To the glory of the Negro race and the freedom of all men.

34-2-66

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THIRTEEN LEADING CHARACTERS

Ethiopia

Candace

Queen of Sheba

The Chieftain and Pharoah

The Chief's Sister

The Thunder God

Osceola

John Brown

Nat Turner

Touissaint the Savior

Mansa Musa

The Monomotapa

Mohammed Askia

Jugurtha

SIXTY-NINE CHARACTERS AND TEN ANIMALS

3 Egyptian Priests

2 Priests of Fetish

2 Monks

2 Dervishes

6 Mohammedan Horsemen

12 Slave Traders

4 Angels

12 Ghosts

12 Skeletons

6 Abolitionists

4 Furies of Insurrection

4 Mothers

8 Horses

1 Elephant

1 Camel

5 Rivers
- Green Nile
- Black Niger
- Red Congo
- Yellow Mississippi
- Blue Orinoko

GROUPS

900 PERSONS

100 Savages

100 Egyptians

100 Dancing Maidens

100 Nubians, Songhay and Yorubans

100 Mohammedans

100 Slaves

50 Indians

50 Haytians

100 Soldiers

100 Children

84-2-67

SCENE I

THE GIFT OF FAITH

EPISODE I.

A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. A lion crosses the foreground. African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and the chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

34-2-168

EPISODE II.

(4) The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light (5) Shango, the Thunder Spirit, rises on the Black Rock and after him (6) Ethiopia and her four sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Star of Faith. Ethiopia slowly approaches the savages. They lifting earth to the star, discover the welding of iron. The anvils ring; they build and weld and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing star.

SCENE II.

THE DREAM OF EGYPT

EPISODE III. (8)

(9) A beautiful Egyptian temple appears. The Egyptians file out of the temple led by (10) chanting priests. They worship.

EPISODE IV.

The war cry of the savages is heard and they come in (11) triumphant. They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover the Star of Faith glowing aloft. Gradually they fraternize with the Egyptians and

exchange gifts. (12) The priests choose the chief and his sister as Pharoahs.

EPISODE V.

Ra-Nesi and his sister are crowned (13) and the court celebrates. All depart in search of the Star of Faith.

SCENE III

THE GLORY OF ETHIOPIA

EPISODE VI.

As they disappear the Black Rock replaces the Temple. On the rock appears the Holy Family and the three kings - Black, white and yellow appear in the foreground. They see the Christ Child and hear the angels and view the crucifixion. St. Simon brings down the cross.

34-2-69

EPISODE VII.

An Ethiopian temple appears and out of it rides the hosts of the crescent led by Mohammed Askia; against them come the hosts of Fetish led by Mossi-Koi. From the West comes the Queen of Sheba with symbols of Jews, while from the East comes Candace with the cross.

EPISODE VIII.

There ensues the great battle of Islam and Fetish. (23) As both sides are exhausted white Christians appear and slave traders. Ethiopia appears on the temple. She rescues the cross from the exhausted Candace. The Christians and Mohammedans enslave the people. At last the traders discover her and set fire to the temple. (25) She burns lifting the

the cross to God and the rock becomes her tomb. There is darkness.

(INTERMISSION OF FIVE MINUTES)

SCENE IV

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

EPISODE IX.

(26) In the gloom, groans and the rattle of chains are heard. (27) Death and pain dance among the prostrate followed by the Dance of the Ocean (g) war cry and dance of Osceola's Seminoles. (28) (h) Then the light increases and the laborers chant at their tasks (29) and finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers brings the full light. (30) (i) But the temple remains darkened with the figure of Ethiopia prone upon it.

34-2-70

EPISODE X.

As the cotton pickers dance the twelve apostles of Negro christianity in America appear, the Abolitionists gather (31) and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the temple. He falls dead; but in the crimson light the Thunder God arises (32) and sings Ethiopia to life. (33) She slowly rises on the temple winged with the Star of Freedom in one hand, a flaming sword in the other and four angel sprites. (34)

EPISODE XI.

The great march of Ethiopia. She waves her sword. The roll of tom-toms is heard (35) and the furies of insurrection rush in (j) led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march of "Walk To-

gether Children" (36) Toussaint and the Haytians march in. Ethiopia waves her sword a third time and to the time of "Marching Through Georgia" the soldiers and the Civil war march in. (37) The tune of "John Brown's Body" is heard and his white soul marches by last. (38)

(INTERMISSION OF FIVE MINUTES)

SCENE V

THE VISION EVERLASTING

EPISODE XII.

Ethiopia and the twelve apostles enter who lay the foundation stone, the Fear of God, and then raise the cross for the apex. The jubilant freedmen approach but refuse to build the Tower of Light - they wrangle, play and dance. Ethiopia and the apostles withdraw to the distance and the ghosts of slavery enter. The freedmen pray to Ethiopia. She sends the four rivers, Nile, Niger, Congo and Orinoko.

EPISODE XIII.

The yellow Mississippi and her children approach. (44) They plan the Tower of Light and lay the founding stone KNOWLEDGE. The Congo calls the savages and they lay the stone LABOR. (45) The Nile calls the Egyptians and they lay the stone SCIENCE. (46) The Niger calls the Mohammedans and they lay the stone JUSTICE. (47) The blue Orinoko summons the dancing maidens who bring ART. (47) (m) The mothers approach singing (50) They kneel in prayer. The star-bearing children appear with the capstone Love. (51) (o) The twelve apostles place the cross on the Tower of Light beneath the Star of Faith. A great son arises, - "O Freedom Over Me." (52) The apostolic procession.

34-2-71

Wren

candles & Magnesium candles

Mr. D. Das

34-3-89

During First Scene.

Left -- Egyptians.
Between temple and pavillion -- Dancers. ~~Umbella~~

During Second Scene.

Right -- Mohammedans
Askia, Kings, Musa, Priests, Dervishes, Slaves.
Left -- Monomotapa, merchants, artisans, Nubians and
Slave traders.
In temple -- Angels. (Red fire) (Fetish stud)
On rock -- Ethiopia. Umbella,

During Third Scene.

In rock -- Shango and Ethiopia.
Right -- Women slaves with Mrs. Bowie.
Left -- Women slaves with Mrs. Beverley.
Indians, Slave masters.
Center -- Men slaves.
Rear and center -- Skeletons
Right -- Abolishionists; Soldiers.
Center -- John Brown; Furies (Red fire)
Left -- Haytians

During Fourth Scene.

Left -- Society pancers
Orinoko
Orinoko maidens between Temple and Pavilion.
Left rear -- Laborers & craftsmen (?)
Center -- Mississippi
Deep rear -- Mothers and star children
Rear of Temple -- Egyptians
Rear of Barrier -- Kushites Pillar
Congo, Nile & Niger.
Right -- Professional men; Mohammedans
Right Rear -- Athletes
Right center -- School Children.
Rock -- Ethiopia.

Egyptians -- Savoy
Mohammedans -- Beverly and Cooper
Nubians -- Mehlinger
Slaves -- Savoy
Women slaves -- Mrs. Bowie(R)
Mrs. Beverly(L)
Men slaves -- Savoy
Skeletons -- Settlers
Indians -- Marshall
Furies -- Menard
Haytians -- McAdden
Soldiers -- Major Walker (R)
Society Dancers -- Mrs. Norman.
Kushites -- Westley & Settlers
Miss Chase.
Orinoko -- Mrs. Norman.

24-3-90

Color Schemes

1
2
3
4
5

34-3-52

2nd Revision

A PAGEANT

"THE JEWEL OF ETHIOPIA"

set down by

W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS

To the glory of the Negro race and the freedom of all men.

(5 Scenes, 12 Episodes; Time: 2 hours & 30 minutes)

THE NINE TALES OF BLACK FOLK

1941
Manuscript and notes for pageant and film

THE NINE TALES OF BLACK FOLK

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

36-5-13

I. 50,000 B. C. THE COMING OF BLACK MAN

Dimly in the background of a high mountain three sons of God, Black, White and Yellow, walk down from the mist: one, Black Man with an iron shard in his hand, slowly comes to the shore of a lake and calls and beats upon the earth with mighty rhythm, until the world trembles. A woman, Ethiopia, rises slowly from the waters and meets him. They build a hut and Nefertari is born.

II. 1500 B. C. THE TRIUMPH OF ETHIOPIA

Ethiopia is seen sailing down the Nile with her granddaughter Nefertari. They behold the vast pyramids of Egypt beset by yellow hordes of Asia, and the Egyptians in bondage. Aahmes, Pharaoh of Egypt, fleeing from his foes seeks sanctuary with Ethiopia and marries Nefertari in great ceremony. Aahmes-Nefertari, assuming the double crown and summoning black armies, redeem Egypt. Their grandson, Amen-Hotep III, builds the temple of Karnack. As his son Rameses II reigns, Egypt becomes the greatest power of the world.

III. 750 B. C. THE EMPEROR TARHARKA

Led by Essarhaddon "the Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold", adorned like bulls. They overthrow the Egyptians; but Tarharka, black king of Ethiopia, marches out of the south and drives them in head-long flight. He annexes Egypt to Ethiopia and for twenty-five years he rules as emperor of the world from the Euphrates to the Strait of Gibraltar. But at his death Assyrians and Persians pour in and darkness descends on the Valley of the Nile.

IV. 300 B. C. - 300 A. D. CANDACE AND PRESTER JOHN

Fifteen centuries roll by. Greece flames and dies always reverencing Ethiopia. Rome rules the world. Candace, Queen of Napata and Meroe, holds back the power of Macedon and Rome, withstanding Alexander the Great, Caesar, Augustus and Diocletian. She accepts Christianity as Bishop Frumentius baptizes her. Then, closing the pathways to the south, she retreats to the high mountain ramparts of Abyssinia, where her son, Prester John, guards the Cross; and "the Ethiopians slept for a thousand years, forgetful of the world by whom they were forgotten."

V. 1000 A. D. THE MARCH OF THE BANTU

Out of Asia rushes Atilla the Hun and the Roman Empire falls. Out of Asia marches Othman the Mohammedan, with his yellow and black soldiers; moving across Africa he sets up the kingdom of the Moors in Spain. Black Antar the Poet sings. Europe crusades against Islam three hundred years while down in the forests of the Congo Valley, Shango, God of Thunder, spurning both Europe and Asia, leads the hosts of the Bantu south to Zimbabwe.

36-5-14

VI. 1500 A. D. FIVE BLACK KINGS

The Five Black Kings of Bilad es Sudan - Gonga-Musa, Sonni Ali, Mohammed Askia, Mohammed Rimpa and Mai Idris III - unite Asia and Europe with Africa in awakening of the Renaissance: trade, universities and imperial government are instituted. But far in the east Jenghis Khan drives the Turks west and the Turks seizing the Mediterranean separate Europe from Asia, Europe from Africa and Asia from Africa. Columbus seeks Asia by sailing west and Da Gama seeks Africa by sailing south. Da Gama discovers the lost land of Prester John.

VII. 1700 A. D. THE HEART DISEASE OF AFRICA

The Alafin of Yoruba sits on his Golden Stool under the royal umbrella, while tom-toms summon a white prisoner to his presence. The Portuguese seeks trade in ivory and slaves and the Alafin grants his wish and gives him a place to live. But news comes of the continual increase of tribal wars, of rebellion and disintegration in the West African city-states and captives stream down to the sea. An ambassador arrives from the Kingdom of Benin bearing the great Juju magic with three seeds hidden in a little bag. He warns of war and slavery. He worships with fire and shows Africa stabbed front and back by white Christian Europe and Mohammedan Asia. He kills human victims in sacrifice and shows their blood streaming out and crimsoning the western sea. But the Alafin is unmoved. His artists and sculptors work and his bards sing of Nupe, the Mossi, Prester John and eastern Rome. Prizing their freedom and skill, the other city-states surrounding Yoruba refuse to unite and gradually all fall victims to the white slave traders. Finally aroused and led by King Osai Tutu Kwamina the Ashanti attack England in six wars; but the Fanti, whom the Ashanti rule, join the English against the Ashanti in order to gain their freedom. The English hard-pressed make a treaty. They give up the slave trade and plan to withdraw entirely from Africa. In this interval Russworm, Lott Carey and Joseph Roberts found and free Liberia; but a new power risen in America gradually rules the world. And the English turning crush Ashanti, Benin and West Africa with machine guns. The Juju man appears in the midst of the slaughter, seizes the king's Golden Stool and with the three seeds tied in a little bag about his neck, leaps into the crimson sea.

VIII. 1800 A. D. THE TRIUMPH OF EUROPE

White men in America are seeking gold. They find the Golden Stool and hastily divide it. Then they descry the dead body of the Juju and taking the three seeds plant them: tobacco, cotton and sugar grow. Three of them stepping apart invent the Machine - cotton-gin, steam-engine and spinning jenny. The crops expand and are sent in increasing loads overseas.

In Europe, Frederick the Great, William Pitt and Napoleon use the Machine to subdue the world and white, brown and black men strip themselves of labor and liberty to secure food and goods. The white men revolt and rioting sing the Marseillaise.

In America Juju hears the song and rises from the dead as Toussaint the Savior. He emancipates black labor in America, while the Reign of Terror bursts on France.

IX. 2000 A. D. THE AFRICAN MARCH TO FREEDOM

In the flame of world revolt one hears the call of Shango leading the Bantu, and the roll of the tom-tom. Successively there appear, clad in their various uniforms and insignia, first the march of the Haitian slaves under Toussaint; then the march of Negroes in the American Revolution; then the rush of the wild Sudanese hordes under the Al-Mahdi; then the flight of the slaves and tramp of the Negro soldiers in the Civil War; and the rush of the Negro cavalry up San Juan Hill to rescue Roosevelt; then the Negro soldiers in the World, both the French Senegalese and the American Negroes. And finally, a vision of world freedom. All this is accompanied by music, the tom-toms fade into the national hymn of Haiti, Yankee Doodle, the Sudanese war cries, Marching Through Georgia, Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, the Star Spangled Banner and the Negro national anthem.

36-5-15

The Seven Ages of Man

I 10,000 BC The Coming of Black Men
II 1500 BC Ethiopia + Hatshepsut
III 750 BC. Taharka, Master of the World
IV 0 ~~Candace + Freedom Rome~~
V 750 AD ~~The Struggle over Europe~~
VI ~~1000~~ The March of the Barbs
VII ~~1200~~ Shango, God of Thunder
~~VIII~~ 1500 AD Three ~~Seven~~ Black Kings
VII 1600 Heart Disease ~~+ the Caribs~~
~~VIII 1700~~ ~~The Travels & Freedom~~
VIII 1400 The Triumph of Europe
" African Trade & Freedom
IX 2000

35-5-262

I 100000 BC
The Coming of Black Men

Three sons of God walk down from the wheels of a mighty mountain

One, Black Man, armed with an iron staff comes to the shores of a Lake + calls; a woman, Ethiopia comes slowly up out of the waters and meets him. They build a hut + Ethiopia is born

drums of the forests

35-5-263

II 1500 BC.

Ethiopia sails down the Nile with her daughter Hatshepsut. They see the Pyramids of Egypt ~~built~~ by the Egyptians ~~slaves~~ in bondage by yellow bodies ~~Hyksos~~, Rahotep, Rahotep + Pharaoh of Egypt flees to Ethiopia + marries Hatshepsut in great Ceremony. Rahotep-Hatshepsut redeem Egypt + their son Amen-hotep III builds Karnack + other beautiful temples Egypt is the greatest power of the world Amenhotep dies + Ramesses II ~~succeeds~~ the throne assumes the double crown

III 750 BC.

Under Esarhaddon "the Assyrians Come down like a wolf on the fold" adorned like bulls, ~~Taharka, king of Ethi~~ They overthrow Egypt but Taharka, Black king of Ethiopia comes out of the South and drives the Assyrians in headlong flight Conquers Egypt. He unites Egypt + Ethiopia + for 25 years rules as Emperor of the world from the Euphrates to the Strait of Gibraltar at his death Assyrians make + Persians from N + darkness descends on the Valley of the Nile

35-5-264

Memo FROM W. E. B. DU BOIS

35-5-265

IV Queen Candace & Prester John

Fifteen centuries rolled by and Greece then Rome ruled the world and freed up the Nile but the Candaces, Queens of Napata & Meroe Ethiopia and Alexander the Great, Caesar, Augustus and Nero, guarding the gates & central Africa. The Church entered with Bishop Frumentius & was nourished. But as Europe & Asia menaced Africa, the Ethiopians gradually withdrew & the mighty mountain ramparts of Abyssinia. There guarding the cross of Prester John, & "the Ethiopians slept for nearly a thousand years, for gathfold of the world by whom they were forgotten"

Memo FROM W. E. B. DU BOIS

35-5-266

V 750 AD

Out of Asia rushes Allah
The Hun and Rome falls. Out
Asia Othman the Mohammedan with
Black soldiers marches across
Africa and set up a kingdom in
Spain. Europe crumbles against
Islam while Shango god of Thunder
leads the hosts of the Bantu
through the forests of Congo
south & Zymbabwe

Atlas

Memo FROM W. E. B. DU BOIS

35-5-267

VI 1500 AD

Four Black Kings of Bilad
es Sudan — Gonja Musa, Sonni Ali
Mohammed Askia, Mohammed Rumfa
and Mai Idris III — World
Asia and Europe unite Africa in
the awakening of the Renaissance;
but Genghis Khan drives the
Turks west and the Turks, seizing
the Mediterranean extends Europe from
Asia, Europe from Africa & Asia from
Africa. Columbus seeks Asia by sailing
West & Da Gama Africa by sailing South. He
discovers Prester John

35-5-268

VII 1700

Akan Yoruba

The ~~King~~ of ~~Benin~~ sits on his golden stool under the royal umbrella and receives a white prisoner. The Portuguese asks trade in ivory, palm oil and slaves. The quarter was pleased but no slaves except of course captives of war. He may have the white & send him but he may not buy it. Wars increase, kidnapping & captives always are. Skill in the arts & sculpture wonderful. The lands army of Negro Kingdom of Benin & Dahomey Paris Peace Conference An ambassador arrives from Benin bearing the great Juju to the wars of witchcraft & human sacrifice He makes terrible sacrifices to Ogun & drums of slaves. ~~Blood~~ Blood crimsoning the Sea. The only slaves with Benin Dahomey white wills, preserving freedom & skill. Educated Christ ~~At last~~ The Akan people ~~broke~~ by ~~Ashanti~~ ~~destroyed~~ by the Fanti ~~and~~ revolt. The Ashanti ~~Since~~ time ~~they~~ attack England Led by King Osei Tutu Kwamina. In the

Ivory Coast

found over the Rebellion was the 2nd
A great treaty of peace was planned
at the Autumn Treaty & both sides found
The English egged on by the Yankee
struggling for freedom broke the treaty &
fought a 4th & 5th war
The English & Yankee & Wellington from Africa
& Joseph & Roberts from Texas
~~Northern & Southern Army, Address~~
~~Abolition. The Golden Slave Question~~
but new colonial wealth & Wells. They armed
with modern weapons & soldier Rebellion &
Peace. The Japs now carry the Golden
Slave with the 3 seeds Texas almost dies
Texas South with the Crimean War

35-5-269

VIII 1600

~~Black~~ White men in America
seek for gold. They find the golden
slave and basely divide it. & ~~with them~~ Then
Christ discover the dead body of the
Jap & the 3 seeds. They plant them &
Tobacco Sugar & Cotton grow. But three
men set apart and dream until they
invent the Machine (Cotton gin, Steam engine &
Spinning Jenny) The Corps are frenzied &
extend factories areas. Frederick the Great
William Pitt & Napoleon use the Machine &
Enslave the world and Cotton Crown &
Black men sink themselves in ~~poverty~~ debt &
Liberty in exchange for Life & goods. The
inventors of the machine themselves
caught in its cogs & wheels revolt
& sing the Marseillaise
& in America the Japs heroes &
risen from the dead. As Toussaint
the Seven he circumnavigates slaves Satan in
America while Charles riots & the Reign of

2

Terror reign in France

Memo FROM W. E. B. DU BOIS

35-5-270

IX 2000

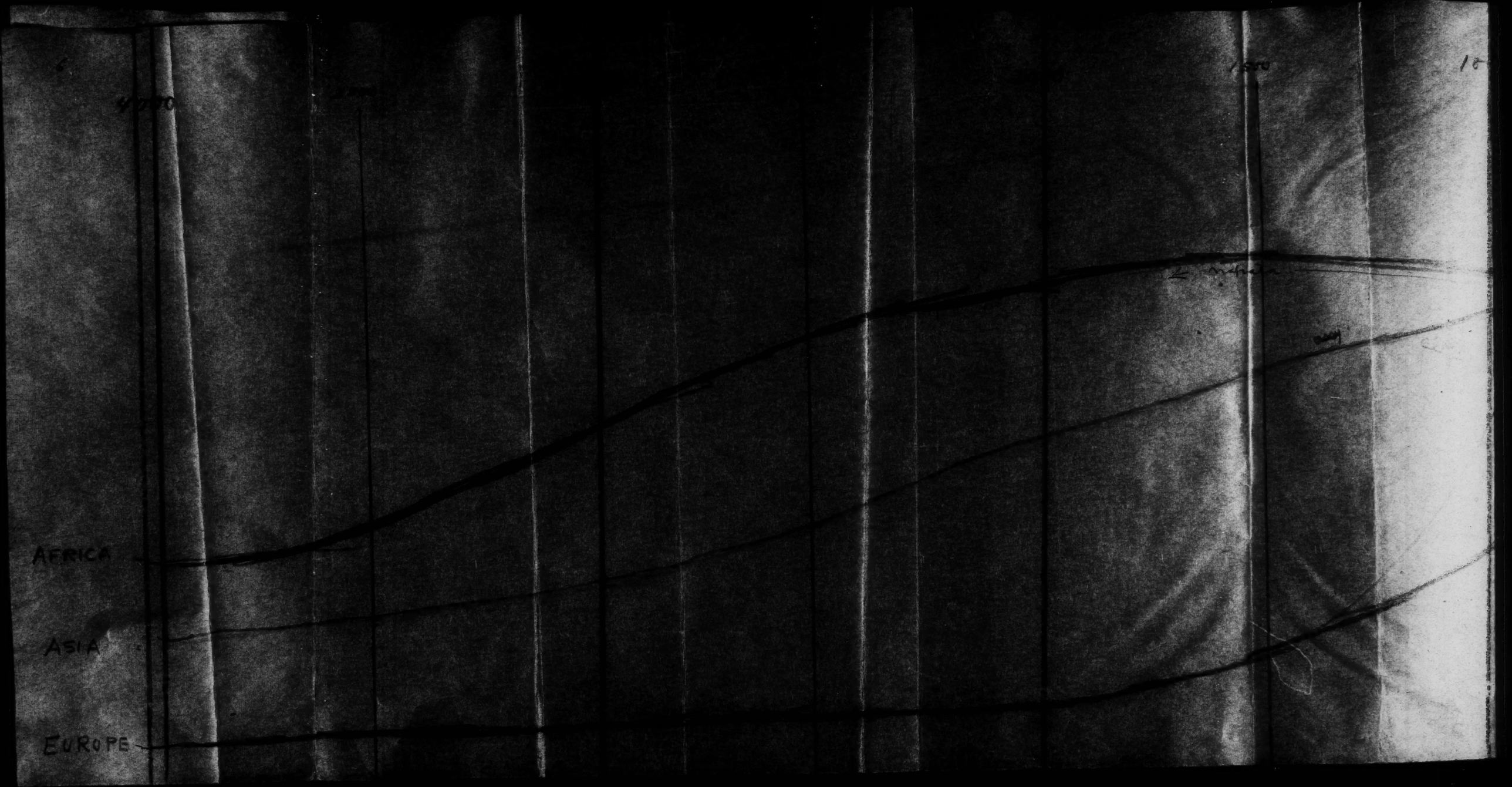
The Black March of Freedom
Strange Calls - Ch Tom - Chas Lobb
Toussaint in Haiti
The American Negro in The Revolution
The Methods
The Negro in the Civil War
" " " at San Juan Hill
" " " World War
The vision of Freedom

Memo FROM W. E. B. DU BOIS

Ten Tales of Black Folk

I 100000 B.C. Three Sons of God
II 10000 The Coming of Black Man
III 5000 & 1000 Ethiopia + Nefertari
IV 750 Tahraka Master of the World
V 0 Carthage Rome + Prester John
VI 1000 - The Pantin + Zymbabwe
VII 1500 - The 7 Black Kings
VIII 1800 - Heart Disease
IX 1800 The Machine
X 1900 [illegible] The March to Freedom

35-5-271


AFRICA
ASIA
EUROPE

500
1500
1600
1700
1800
2000
Europe
Asia
Africa

35-5-273

	Europe	Asia	Africa
3000			
2500	Minoan	Sumerian Harappan	Minoan
2000	Troy	Hittite in China Babylon Assyrian	Thebes Hyksos
1500	Trojan War Dorian Migration	Zoroaster	Akhenaten Tutankhamen Amenhotep III Ramesses II
1000	Homer 1st Olympiad Pericles Persian Wars Alexander the Great	Persian Cambyses Buddha Asoka Middle Kingdom Jimmu Tenno (Japan)	Ethiopian conquer Egypt Herodotus TAHARQA Nubian Kingdom Carthage
500	Diocletian Constantine Rome falls Charlemagne	Mohammed Cordova Moors in Spain	Candace
1000	Olaf I Crusades Joan of Arc Leif Erikson 1492	Mongols Jenghis Khan Kublai Marco Polo Turkic Mings Timur AKBAR in India Manchus in China	Arabs in Africa Ghana Mali Songhay Hausa Benin Dahomey Bornu-Kanem Monomotapa Zimbabwe Slave trade
1500			

35-5-274

936 (73) Otto I
962 Holy Roman Empire

1076 Pope Gregory VII
1030 Canute
1066 William the Conqueror

1337 100 yrs War
1453

1400 Chaucer
1429 J. of Arc
1485 Henry VII

912-61 Height of Moorish splendor in Spain

1001 Great Mohammedan invasion of Spain

1096-99 1st Crusade
1189-92 3rd "
1202-4 4th "

1206 Jenghiz Khan
1212 defeat of Moors in Spain
1215 Capture of Peking by J Khan
1241 Mongols invade Europe
1258 " capture Bagdad
1259-94 Mongol Empire Kublai K

1271-95 Marco Polo in East
1280 Mongol dynasty of KK in China

1288 Othman the Ottoman
1329 Turks overthrow Eastern Roman Empire
1368 Ming dynasty in China
1398 Timur in India

1450+ Vernacular
1453 Constantinople falls
1492 America d.
1498 Da Gama in India

35-5-235

B.C. 741-663 Heyday of Negro -

450 Herodotus in Egypt

1703 Aahmes Nefertari

1400 Amenhotep III

1723-308 Nafrata

309-10 AD Meroe

AD 10-355 Late Meroe - Candace

B.C. 750-650 Ethiopian rule Egypt

BC. 668-663 Taharka, Emperor of the World (Karnak)

744 Pantchy

Persian invade 525-415 BC.

342-32 "

Greece dominates Egypt 332+ BC

BC 525 Cambyses defeated

Ptolemy II gains peaceful rule of 9 nations of Ethiopia

Candace resists Caesar 29 AD +

A.D 64-8 Nero invades no war

Diocletian + Nubians

330 Athanasius, Bishop of Ethiopia

Preaches Jesus

1275 Arabs overrun Nubia

1820 Mohammed Ali

1881-1898 Mahdi

A.D.

Europe

Egypt

Asia

35-5-276

343 B.C. 14 A.D. Quashed
54 Nero
96 Trojan
284 Diocletian
323 Constantine
375 Hun Tartar migrations
395-1453 E. Roman Empire
395-476 W. " "
476 Odovacar
375 Huns cross Volga
410 Alaric sacks Rome

571 Mohammed born
622 Hegira
634 Omar
644 Othman C. N. Africa
661-750 Ommiads
732 Battle of Tours
768 Charlemagne
843 T. of Verdun

756 Caliphate of Cordova

Egypt

B.C. 3000 Menes

2400 Thebes

2100 Hyksos

1684 Aahmes

New Empire

Amenhotep III

Canaan Under

1388-22 Rameses II

(Hebrews)

1091 Rise of Nehushtan + Herhor

730 Ethiopian Conquers E.

672 Assyrian (Esarhaddon

Conquers Tahraka - Stated

by T

525 Cambyses C. Egypt

414-354 Egypt independent

323.85 Ptolemy I

Chaldaean 35-5-277

4000 Sumeria

3000 Hammurabi

2000 Babylonian independence

1900 Assyrian empire

1115 Tiglath-Pileser I

930

" " II

Sargon

Height of Empire

626

608 New Empire of Babylon

538 Persian C. "

Hindu

Draviadians

1500 Aryans migrate

623. Buddha

(Alexander)

263 Asoka

Rome

753 Romulus

510 Republic

264-41

1st Punic War

60 1st Triumph

47-6 War in

218 2nd Pu

149 3rd

146 Carthage

Medes Persians

1000 Zoroaster

640 Medean empire

558 Cyrus the Persian

525 Cambyses

521 Darius (Revolt of Egypt)

500 Revolt of Greeks

485 Xerxes I

465 Artaxerxes I (Revolt of Egypt)

330 Fall of Persian Alexander

174 Mithridates I (Parthian)

AP
55

China 35-5-288

2205 Hia

1123

Chow dynasty

middle kingdom

255 Tsin

206 C. Wall

E. & W. Han

AD 221

Judea

660 Jewish Temple

Greece

1194 Trojan War
1183

1100 Dorian migration
900 Homer

776 1st Olympiad

594 Solon

500
490 Marathon

Persian Wars
480 Thermopylae
444 Parades
431 Peloponnesian War
338 Battle of Chaeronea
336 } Alexander
323 }

146 Crumbling of Greece

Ten Tales of Black Folk

I 10000 Coming of Black Folk
II 5000 Rise of Ethiopia
III 1400 Nefertari
IV 750 Triumph of Taharka
V 500 – 500 Barring of Europe + Revolt of Asia
VI 500 – 1500 Darkness Descends
crusades The Bantu + Askia empire + genghis khan
Death of Shango
VII 1500 – 1750 Black America + 3 gifts
VIII 1750 – 1850 Revolution of European Technique
IX 1775 – 1940 The Black fight for Freedom
X 1940 on The Cooperation of Black Folk

35-5-239

AD 1000 Almoravids

1000 – 1200 Ghana

1073 Morocco

1235 – 1400 Mali

1355, 1591 Songhay

1591 Battle of Tondibi

15-16 c 7 cities of Hausa

14-17th c. Bornu Kanem, Empire of Trade

BC 600-500 Phoenicians Carthaginians on West Coast

18th c Yoruba

18th c Benin

16th Dahomey
Ashanti
Akan

B.C. 1000 - AD 1000 Bantu
Proto-Malayo
1000-1500 Zymbabwe
Kilwa

1441 – 1870 Slave trade

1876 – 1940 Colonial Period

35-5-280

35-5-281

Europe	Africa	W Asia	E Asia	S. Asia
5000	Egypt			
			China	
2500				
	Amen-Hotep III			
	Ramsa II			
	Trojan War			
	Pericles			
	Alexander the Great		Confucius	
+	Caesar		Buddha	
	Augustus			
		Cambyses		Gupta
	Alaric	Darius I		
	Attila	Mohammed		
		Tarik		
1000				
		Pavia		Genghis Khan
				massacres
			Ming	Kublai Khan
		Askres		
		Slave trade		
	Steam Engine			Moguls
				Akbar

B.C.

1400 Amenhotep III

1300 Rameses II ← Assyria 930-626

530 Fall of Babylon

525 Cambyses

1183 Trojan War

461-29 Age of Pericles

336-323 Alexander the Great

218 Hannibal

146 Carthage falls

BC 60-44 AD Caesar

27-14 Augustus

98 Trajan

116

161-80 Marcus Aurelius

259 German invasions begin

375 " "

395 Rome divided

400 Alaric

441-51 Attila

527-65 Justinian

620 Darius I of Persia

610 Mohammed

710 Tarik in N Africa

2852 Chinese history begins

551 Confucius

571 Buddha

321 Maurygan dynasty in India

AD

320 Gupta dynasty in India

1227 Death of Genghis Khan

1275 Marco Polo

1527 Mogul in India

1556 Akbar the Great

1268 Kublai Khan

1367 Tamerlane

1301-1644 Ming Emperors

Roman Empire reached Scotland

35-5-282

35-5-283

1517 Luther

1545 C. of Trent

1515+ Francis I

1572 Massacre of St Bartholomew

1509-47 Henry VIII

1558-1603 Elizabeth

1600 E. India Co.

1512-69? Medici

15 -56 Charles V

1520-56 Suleiman the Magnificent

1556-1605 Akbar, Mogul Emperor of India

1683 Turks @ Vienna

1625 Charles I

1641 Manchus in China

1657 Mahrattas in India

1743 Clive in India

1772-4 Warren Hastings

A PAGEANT OF NEGRO HISTORY

1913
Draft manuscripts

THE PROPOSED PAGEANT
****

1. I suggest that at least half of Miss Gruening's time be given to the organization of a pageant to be given by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People with the two-fold object of celebrating the jubilee of Emancipation in New York City and raising money for our purposes.

34-3-69

1. THE PAGEANT.

The pageant should consist of a series of living pictures, with some movement, accompanied by music. The general subject should be:

ETHIOPIA UNBOUND

1. (To commemorate the fact that the discovery of the use of iron originated in Africa.)

A procession of the savages with chant and tom-toms.

The Storm and the Beast.

The Fire.

The Veiled Woman.

The welding of the iron.

The killing of the beast, and shelter from the storm.

2. (Commemorating the fact that Meroe was the African center whence came the civilization of Egypt and the world.)

The Procession of Meroe and worship of serpent and Moon.

The pyramid builders.

The burial of the veiled woman, and the strangers and strange music from the North. The column starts North,

West and South.

3. (Commemorating the rise of Mohammedan Negro civilization in the Soudan.)

The Pilgrimage of Manse Musa, King of the Mellestine to Mecca. The splendid caravan and ceremony. The blare of music. The veiled woman and her two princes, who afterward ruled Songhay.

34-3-70

4. (Commemorating the fall of Negro Mohammedan civilization).

The Fall of Songhay.

The procession of statesmen and scholars; the irruption of the Moors and conquest. Battle music. The flight of the Veiled Woman.

5. (Commemorating the great migration of Pagan Africa southward.)

The migration of the Bantu warriors southward with war and rapine; the veiled woman leading. Toms-toms and chants.

6. (Commemorating the rise of the American Slave Trade).

The coming of the slave traders with guile. the binding and sale of the Veiled Woman.

Slave songs.

7. (Commemorating the discovery of the south-west by a Negro slave.)

Stephen Borrantes, the slave.

The veiled woman shows him the way and he leads the spaniards.

His death at the hands of Indians. Slave music.

8. (Commemorating the Haytian Revolution)

The Revolt of the Slave. Touissant L'Ouverture, inspired by the Veiled Woman with manacled hands, leads the Haytian Blacks to victory, overcoming Franch, English and Spanish troops. He is made King.

Haytian National Music.

9. (Commemorating the Negro soldiers in South and North American wars.)

The Negro fights for Freedom in North and South America, urged by the veiled woman with chained hands. The freed whites turn their backs on their Negro helpers.

Slave hymns.

10. Commemorating Emancipation)

The Civil War. Negro troops led by the Veiled Woman march to the front. The emancipation proclaimed.

Negro folk songs.

11. (Commemorating the years 1863 - 1913.)

Confusion and counter marching and the struggle for victory, ending in:

12. (Being a vision of the future.)

The tableau - the Veiled Woman free and unveiled- Ethopia Unbound.

Coleridge Taylor music.

I suggest for this purpose a large number of prominent patrons and patronesses.

The securing of a large hall or armory by donation if possible.

34-3-71

The securing of a number of expert artists to train the pageant.

Donations of material and so forth for costumes.

The securing of actors and singers, etc.

The date of the pageant should be as near January first as possible and advertising should begin not later than November first.

After the pageant is given in New York, it might be repeated in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc.

34-3-72

(193)

THE PROPOSED PAGEANT.

I suggest that at least half of Miss Gruening's time be given to the o
pageant to be given by the National Association for the Advancement of
with the two-fold object of celebrating the jubilee of Emancipation in
and raising money for our purposes.

I. THE PAGEANT.

The pageant should consist of a series of living pictures, w
accompanied by music. The general subject should be:

ETHIOPIA UNBOUND

I. (To commemorate the fact that the discovery of th
in Africa.)

A procession of the savages with chant and tom-t

The Storm and the beast.

The Fire

The Veiled Woman

The wedding of the iron

The killing of the beast, and shelter from the storm.

2 (Commemorating the fact that Meroe was the African center whence cam
civilization of Egypt and the world.)

The Procession of Meroe and worship of serpent and Moon.

The pyramid builders

The burial of the veiled woman, and the strangers and s
from the North. The column starts, North, West and So

3. (Commenorating the rsie of Mohannedan Negro civili

The Pilgrimage of Manse Musa, King of the Melle
blare of music.

88-2-167a

V. (Commemorating the great migration of Pagan Africa southward.)

The migration of the Bantu warriors southward with war and rapine; the veiled woman leading. Tom-toms and chants.

VI. (Commemorating the rise of the American Slave Trade.)

The coming of the slave traders with guile. The binding and sale of the Veiled Woman.

Slave songs.

VII. (Commemorating the discovery of the southwest by a Negro slave.)

Stephen Borantes, the slave.

The veiled woman shows him the way and he leads the Spaniards.

His death at the hands of Indians. Slave music.

VIII. (Commemorating the Haytian Revolution)

The Revolt of the Slave. Touissant L'Ouverture, inspired by the Veiled Woman with manacled hands, leads the Haytian Blacks to victory, overcoming Franch, English and Spanish troops. He is made King.

Haytian National music.

IX. (Commemorating the Negro soldiers and sailors in South & North American wars.)

The Negro fights for Freedom.in North and South America, urged by the veiled woman with chained hands. The freed whites turn their backs on their Negro helpers.

Slave hymns.

X. (Commemorating Emancipation.)

The Civil War. Negro troops led by the Veiled Woman march to the front. The emancipation proclaimed.

Negro folk songs.

XI. Commemorating the years 1863 - 1913.)

Confusion and counter marching and the struggle for victory, ends. ending in:

XII. (Being a vision of the future.)

The tableau - the Veiled Woman free and unveiled - Ethiopia Unbound.

Coleridge - Taylor music.

I suggest for this purpose a large number of prominent patrons and patronesses.

38-2-168

The securing of a large hall or armory by donation if possible.

The securing of anumber of expert artists to train the pageant.

Donations of material and so forth for costumes.

The securing of actors and singers, etc.

The date of the pageant should be as near January first as possible and advertising should begin not later than November first.

After the pageant is given in New York, it might be repeated in Boston, Philadelphia, Chiago, etc.

W.E.B.D

38-2-169

THE PROPOSED PAGEANT OF NEGRO HISTORY.

Episode --- No. 1

To commemorate the fact that the discovery of the use of iron originated in Africa.

A procession of savages with chant and tom-toms, put to flight by storms and wild beasts, but receiving from the Veiling Woman the gift of fire and the art of welding iron by which they killed beasts and made shelter.

Episode --- No. 2.

To commemorate the fact that Egyptian culture had its origin in Africa.

The procession of the black Pharoah Ra Nesi.

Episode --- No. 3.

To commemorate the rise of Negro civilisation in Africa under Mohammedan influence.

The black Queen Candace of Ethiopia, defends herself against the Romans, and after her death King Mansa of the Millestine makes his pilgrimage to Mecca from the West an barbaric state.

Episode --- No. 4.

To commemorate the migration of the Pagan Bantus who were pushed south by the rise of Mohammedan civilization in the North and moved South and overthrew the beginnings of Negro culture there.

34-3-35

Episode --- No. 5.

To commemorate the rise of the Sudanese Empire of the Songhai and its overthrow.

Mohammed Askia sits in his court as a great law giver surrounded by scholars and statesmen. The Moors bursting down across the desert overthrow his empire and shut up the gateways toward the North. The Portuguese slave bearers appear at the South and the slave trade begins.

Episode --- No. 6.

To commemorate the appearance of the Negro in America as slave and explorer.

The black Pilate guides the ships of Columbus. A Negro slave discovers New Mexico and is killed by the Indians and twenty laborers land at Jamestown.

Episode --- No. 7.

To commemorate the first strides toward freedom.

Negro missionaries and preachers arrived. Crispus Attucs begins the Revolutionary War and Negro soldiers and sailors fight for American freedom.

Episode --- No. 8.

To commemorate the second phase of the struggle for freedom.

Touissant L' Overture leads the Haytian blacks to victory, overcoming French, English and Spanish troops.

Episode --- No. 9.

34-3.36

To commemorate the establishment of the cotton kingdom of the United States, and the under ground railway.

The invention of the cotton gin leads to a new slavery and to escape it the Negroes begin to run away systemmatically. Some go to the Indians and Florida and some go to the Northern states in Canada.

Episode --- No. 10.

To commemorate the fight for freedom by Negroes in North and South America.

Haytian troops fight with Bolivar. South American pirates take refuge in Hayti; Negro troops march to the front in civil war and Negro insurgents help to free Cuba.

Episode --- No. 11.

To commemorate the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, and the abolitionists determine in convention to work for the freedom of the slave. The "Liberator" is issued.

Episode No. 12.

To commemorate the struggle for freedom and the vision of the future.

The confused marching and counter marching

The appearance of leaders in literature and art, and the final glorification of the child of the future.

34-3-37

Section 5.

THE PROPOSED PAGEANT OF NEGRO HISTORY.

34-3-59

Episode -- No. 1.

To commemorate the fact that the discovery of the use of iron originated in Africa:

A procession of savages with chant and tom-toms are put to flight by storms and wild beasts; but receiving from the Veiled Woman the gift of fire and the art of welding iron, they kill the beasts and make shelter.

Episode -- No. 2.

To commemorate the fact that Egyptian culture had its origin in Africa:

The procession of the black Pharoah, Ra Nesi.

Episode -- No. 3.

To commemorate the rise of Negro civilization in Africa under Mohammedan influence:

The black Queen Candace of Ethiopia, defends herself against the Romans, and after her death King Mansa Musa of the Mellestine makes his pilgrimage to Mecca from the West in barbaric state.

Episode -- No. 4.

To commemorate the migration of the Pagan Bantus who were pushed south by the rise of Mohammedan civilization in the north and overthrew the beginnings of Negro culture there.

34-3-60

Episode -- No. 5.

To commemorate the rise of the Sudanese Empire of the Songhai and its overthrow:

The black Mohammed Askia sits in his court as a great law giver surrounded by scholars and statesmen. The Moors bursting down across the desert overthrow his empire and shut up the gateways toward the north. The Portuguese slave bearers appear at the south and the slave trade begins among the Pagans there.

Episode -- No. 6.

To commemorate the appearance of the Negro in America as slave and explorer:

A black pilot guides the ships of Columbus, a Negro slave discovers New Mexico and is killed by the Indians and twenty laborers land at Jamestown.

Episode -- No. 7.

To commemorate the first strides toward freedom:

Negro missionaries and preachers arise. Crispus Attucs begins the Revolutionary War and Negro soldiers and sailors fight for American freedom.

Episode -- No. 8.

To commemorate the second phase of the struggle for freedom:

Toussaint L' Overture leads the Haytian blacks to victory, overcoming French, English and Spanish troops.

Episode -- No. 9.

To commemorate the establishment of the cotton kingdom of the United States, and the Under Ground railway:

The invention of the cotton gin leads to the nadir of slavery and the Negroes begin to run away systematically. Some go to the Indians in Florida, and some go to the northern states and Canada.

Episode -- No. 11

To commemorate the fight for freedom by Negroes in North and South America:

Haytian troops fight with Bolivar, South American patriots take refuge in Hayti; Negro troops march to the front in civil war and Negro insurgents help to free Cuba — Emancipation

Episode -- No. 10

To commemorate the abolitionist movement:

William Llyod Garrison, and the abolitionists determine in convention to work for the freedom of the slave. The "Liberator" is issued.

Episode -- No. 12.

To commemorate the struggle for freedom and the vision of the future:

34-3-62

Confused marching and counter marching, with mangled hope and despair; lynching on the one hand, and the appearance of leaders, social uplift, literature and art on the other; the final glorification of the black child of the future.

A Pageant of Negro History.

The People of Peoples
and Their Gifts to Men.

1. The Gift of Iron

In a great forest huddle the savages frightened by the roar of beasts and the crash of the storm. Suddenly, enhaloed, comes the veiled woman with Fire in her right hand and Iron in her left. The Negroes seize them, weld weapons, and make shelter; the primitive arts flourish; they dance to the drone of tom-toms and the chanting of wierd music.

Thus came the gift of Iron to the world.

2. The Gift of the Nile

Suddenly there comes a strain of mightier music. Bowed and veiled figures drag in the Sphinx, the Pyramid, the Obelisk, and the throne of the Pharoahs. The Chieftain of the Negroes steps forward with the serpent in one hand and the uraeus in the other. He is enthroned as priest and King, and the veiled figures lifting their drapery disclose Negroes and Mulatoes clothed in the splendor of the Egyptian Court. The barbarous Negroes salaam and mingle with them and then return to the forests laden with gifts.

Thus came the gift of culture to the valley of the Nile.

3. The Gift of Faith

A darkness falls on the scene as Egypt disappears. Then comes martial music and the sound of battle. Mohammed, wild and fanatical leads on, followed by Mohammedan Soldiers. The Negroes and Mohammedans fight and then argue. The priests persuade and finally the great cry rings out from all: "God is God - God is God - There is no God but God,

and Mohammed is his Prophet." Black Priests appear and black scholars, and, finally Mansa Musa, King of the black Kingdom of Melle, marches to Mecca in state but the Pagan Negroes withdraw fighting and carrying captives.

Thus came one of the gifts of Faith in the world.

4. The Gift of Humility

34-3-39

An European trader meets the pagan Negroes and buys captives. Other traders return with bribe of gold(which is despised) of beads and gin which are received. The Christian Missionaries preach but the slave trade increased and the wail of the missionaries grows fainter and fainter until all is a scene of carnage and capativiey - young and old, high and low, with only a frantic priest wandering in dumb despair. Amid the rattle of chains and snap of whips arises the slave song - "Nobody knows!" in one plaintive strain and minor murmur.

Thus the Negro race passed into its valley of Humiliation.

5. The Gift of Pain

Alonso, the Negro, pilot of the ship of Columbus, enters with whites. Afterward follows Negro porters and slaves, while Indians appear in the background.

(a) Stephen Dorantes seeks the seven Cities of Cibola and discovers New Mexico. He is killed by Indians. (b) The Maroons fight the whites and are conquered, the Indians hovering in the background. Toussaint triumphs in one part - in another part, Negroes escape to Osceola and his Indians and he rebels. Then comes better understanding. C. Attucks fights for the whites and George Lisle preaches but the whites and the Negroes with cotton and Nat Turner rebels and dies as the Negroes escape on the Underground Railroad.

Thus the Negroes came forward in the world with the Gift of Pain.

6. The Gift of Freedom

Fugitive slaves appear. John Brown leads them toward insurrection byt Garrison publishes the Liberator. The Negroes hesitating to meet in Convention. Frederick Douglass exhorts them and the sound of battle is heard without. Negro soldiers march to war and Ethiopia of the Outstretched Arm of Freedom in a chariot with a draped effigy of Lincoln in front, Proclaims the Negro in America "Henceforth and forever free!"

24-3-40

7. The Gift of Hope

The children approach. A single human voice sings, "O Freedom." The instruments take up the strain until the full brass band is playing. Then the brasses stop and the angel chorus rises above and the triumphant march led by little children, and symbolic figures (The Mother, Law, Medicine, Ministry, Artisan, and the Servant of Men) is begun.

Stage Directions

1 -- 15 minutes; (100 ready as savages, 50 ready as Egyptians, 50 ready as Bornuese and Songhay, 50 ready as Mohammedans)

100 savages enter in groups, with music of tom toms and chantry

2 -- 15 minutes --- 100 savages remain

50 Egyptians enter with Egyptian music

50 savages and 50 Egyptians pass out (Egyptians redress as Mohammedans)

3 -- 15 minutes --- 50 savages on stage. Mohammedan music and cry of "God is God."

50 Mohammedans enter; 50 Bornuese and Songhay enter; 50 other Mohammedans enter. 150 pass out.

4 -- 15 minutes --- 50 Mohammedans remain. 100 savages enter, 50 Bornuese and Songhay enter, 50 Mohammedans, in all 250 in groups, manacled. Slave songs.

All go out.

Pause of ten minutes.

5 -- 15 minutes --- Slave songs - enter 1 Spanish sailor, 25 Spaniards, 1 Negro in Spanish mail, 25 Maroons, 25 Haytians, 25 Seminoles 25 Indians, 25 Revolutionary soldiers, 25 modern dress, 25 slave dress - 150 go out.

6 & 7 -- 15 minutes --- 50 Maroons and men in slave dress remain, 100 soldiers enter and symbolic procession of 100 also 50 children.

34.3.44

Leopard

Costumes Needed

100 Savages
50 Egyptians
50 Bornuese and Songhay
100 Mohammedans
25 Spanish
1 Slave dress
25 Haytians
50 Indians
25 Revolutionary soldiers

34-3-42

Sympols & Properties

Tom toms
4 Forges
Sphinx, Pyramid & Obelisk
Throne of Pharoah
Horses
Cross & Chains
Cotton
U. G. R. R. Wagon
Printing press
6 high sopranos

The Queen Mother
The Professions
The Trades
The Servant of Men
The Teacher
The Merchant
etc., etc.

Music

1 -- Tom toms, drums and primitive chants

2 -- Egyptian music

3 -- Mohammedan music, and cries, and war-cries

4 -- Primitive and plaintive slace music and war cries

5 -- Later slave songs - John Brown's Body - O Freedom

6 -- Later Negro music - Triumphal March - O Freedom

34-3-43

Dancing

1 -- Tythmic barbaric dance by men and women

2 -- Solemn Egyptian march and posturing, men and women

3 -- War dance of men

4 -- Dance of Death and Slavery - 6 or 12 women

5 -- Premiere danseuse?, Ada O. Walker with the role of fame

6 -- The six dancers; the Premiere and the children

E.R. Williams

APageant of Negro History.

The People of Peoples and their Gifts to Men.

34-3-54

1. The Gift of Iron

In a great forest huddle the savages frightened by the roar of beasts and the crash of the storm. Suddenly, enhaloed, comes the Veiled Woman with Fire in her right hand and Iron in her left. The Negroes seize them, weld weapons, and make shelter; the primitive arts flourish; they dance to the drone of tom-toms and the chanting of wierd music. Thus came the gift of Iron to the world.

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Suddenly there comes a strain of mightier music. Bowed and veiled figures drag in the Sphinx, the Pyramid, the Obelisk, and the throne of the Pharoahs. The Chieftain of the Negroes steps forward with the Uraeus serpent in his hand ~~and the uraeus in the other~~. He is enthroned as priest and King and the veiled figures lifting their drapery disclosed Negroes and Mulatoes clothed in the splendor of the Egyptian Court. The barbarous Negroes salaam and mingle with them and then return to the forests laden with gifts, passing as they the Black Queens, Candace + the Queen of Sheba. Thus came the gift of culture to the valley of the Nile.

3. The Gift of Faith

A darkness falls on the scene as Egypt disappears. Then comes martial music and the sound of battle. Mohammed, wild and fanatical leads on, followed by Mohammedan Soldiers. The Negroes and Mohammedans fight and then argue. The priests persuade and finally the great cry rings out from all: "God is God - God is God - There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Black Priests appear and black scholars, and, finally Mansa Musa, King of the Black Kingdom of Melle marches to Mecca in state as the Pagan Negroes with-

drew, fighting and carrying captives. Thus came one of the gifts of Faith in the world.

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An European trader meets the pagan Negroes and buys captives. Other traders return with bribe of gold (which is despised) of beads and gin which are received. The Christian Missionaries preach but the slave trade increased and the wail of the missionaries grows fainter and fainter until all is a scene of carnage and captivity - young and old, high and low, with only a frantic priest wandering in dumb despair. Amid the rattle of chains and snap of whips arises the slave song - "Nobody knows!" in one plaintive strain and minor murmur. Thus the Negro Race passed into its valley of Humiliation.

5. The Gift of Pain

(a) Alonso, the Negro, pilot of the ship of Columbus enters with whites. Afterward follows Negro porters and slaves, while Indians appear in the background.

(a) Stephen Dorantes seeks the seven Cities of Cibola and discovers New Mexico. He is killed by Indians. (b) The Maroons fight the whites and are conquered, the Indians hovering in the background. Toussaint triumphs in one part - in another part, Negroes escape to Osceola and his Indians and he rebels. Then comes better understanding. C. Attucks fights for the whites and George Lisle preaches but the whites and the Negroes with cotton and Nat Turner rebels and dies as the Negroes escape on the Underground Railroad. Thus the Negroes came forward in the world with the Gift of Pain.

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7. The Gift of Hope

The children approach. A single human voice sings, "O Freedom." The instruments take up the starin until the full brass band is playing. Then the brasses stop and the angel chorus rises above and the triumphet march led by little children, and symbolic figures (The Mother, Law, Medicine, Ministry, Artisan, and the Servant of Man) is begun.

34-3-52

34-3-57

Stage Directions

1 -- 15 minutes: (100 ready as savages, 50 ready as Egyptians, 50 ready as Bornnese and Songhay, 50 ready as Mohammedans)

100 savages enter in groups, with music of Tom Toms and chantry

2 -- 15 minutes ---100 savages remain

50 Egyptians enter with Egyptian music

50 savages and 50 Egyptians pass out (Egyptians redress as Mohammedans)

3 -- 15 minutes --- 50 savages on stage. Mohammedan music and cry of "God is God."

50 Mohammedans enter; 50 Bornnese and Songhay enter; 50 other Mohammedans enter. ~~150~~ 100 pass out.

4 -- 15 minutes --- 50 Mohammedans remain. ~~100~~ 50 savages enter, 50 Bornnese and Songhay enter, 50 Mohammedans, in all 250 in groups, manacled. Slave songs.

All go out

Pause of ten minutes.

5--15 minutes --- Slave songs - enter 1 Spanish salior, 25 Spaniards, 1 Negro in Spanish mail, 25 Maroons, 25 Haytians, 25 Seminoles, 25 Indians, 25 Revolutionary soldiers, 25 modern dress, 25 slave dress - 150 go out.

6 & 7 -- 15 minutes --- 50 Maroons and men in slave dress remain, 100 soldiers enter and symbolic procession of 100 also 50 children

Costumes Needed

34-3-54

100 Sayages
50 Egyptians
50 Bornuese and Songhay
100 Mohammedans
25 Spanish
50 Slave dress
25 Haytians
50 Indians
25 Revolutionnary soldiers
Whites

Symbols & Properties

Tom Toms
4 forges
Sphinx, Pyramid & Obelisk
Throne of Pharoah
Horses
Cross & chains
Cotton
U. G. R. R. Wagon
Printing press
6 high sopranos

The Queen Mother
The Professions
The Trades
The Servant of Men
The Teacher
The Merchant

etc., etc.

34-3-53

~~Mr. W. M. Trotter - editor of the Boston Guardian~~

NOTES ON THE PAGEANT.

MUSIC - the music should illustrate the development of Negro music from the Tom Tom to Coleridge-Taylor.

PROPERTIES - oxen and horses, amazons, four black heralds

DANCES - the dance of the ocean, the dance of the quick, the dance of death and pain, the dance of joy and laughter, the minuette

SYMBOLIC FIGURES - the veiled woman, the spirit of freedom,
, spirit of the forest and swamp, the tropic heat, the fever.

THE SEVEN RIVERS - namely - the Nile, Niger, Congo, Zambesi, Mississippi, Amazon, Hudson.

The White haired Woman, the Queen of Sheba, the Three Wise Men from the East.

MESSENGER BON

THE SEVEN GIFTS OF ETHIOPIA

Undated
Draft manuscripts

A Proposed Exhibition and Pageant Illustrating The Part Which The American Negro Has Played in The Making of America

Seven Gifts of Ethiopia

1. THE EXHIBIT. The exhibit consists of a booth. At the back of the booth rises a pyramid in bas-relief with a side view of the great sphinx of Gizeh at either side of the pyramid. The pyramid is divided horizontally into seven unequal spaces. In a narrow space at the bottom is Exploration. Above this is a very large space, Labor. Above this is a small space, Self Supporting Womanhood; then a larger space, Emancipation of Democracy; above this an equal space, Defense, above this a smaller space, Literature and large cap stone, Music. Both sides of the booth will be occupied by books, pictures and charts.

34-1-17

In front and in the center of the booth would be a tall figure of Ethiopia either seated or standing. Her dark face shines forth from the massed drapery of a white Sudanese bernouse which flows down in folds to the ground and has perhaps a single splash of crimson color. The face has closed eyes and on the cheek a slight trace of tears. The arms and hands are black and bare and in the right hand is a crystal globe marked Music and in the left a crystal globe marked Labor. Within the globe marked labor can be seen a cotton bale, a sugar cask and bundles of tobacco and rice. Behind is a ship in full sail. Within the music globe there is a figure of a dancing girl resembling the late Ada Overton Walker. In her hand is a harp which is so elongated and narrow as to resemble a banjo. Back of her is a cross and on it a draped and crucified human figure. From the bottom of the labor globe depends a short chain, the last broken link of which is red. From the top of the music globe sprout a few flowers. Within the figure is a large phonograph which plays

Negro music at intervals every hour.

2. THE PAGEANT

A Pageant of Music

illustrating

The Seven Gifts of Ethiopia

to

America

34-1-18

1. The African Tom-Tom. - Exploration (one person)

The journey and death of Estevanico. A lone figure followed by the veiled Ethiopia crosses the foreground in silence, dressed in Spanish Mail, and with the muffled beat of drums. He meets Indians, raises his visor and discloses his black face. They lead him on until he is ambushed and killed.

2. The African War Dance - Labor (four persons)

Four massive black men enter carrying the four founding stones of a pyramid, to the music of Coleridge-Taylor's "Bamboula". The stones are inscribed, cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice. Under the direction of Ethiopia they lay the foundations of the pyramid which forms a tomb for Estevanico. They then take their place about the stage as sentinels.

3. Primitive Slave Song - Black Womanhood (eight persons)

Eight women enter, chained, bringing the stones of service, self-support, religion and faith and singing "You May Bury Me in the East". They entomb the body of Estevanico in the rising pyramid, together with Ethiopia. They slowly circle about the room.

4. The Triumphant Negro Melody - The Emancipation of Democracy (ten persons)

There enter Benjamin Banneker, Paul Cuffee, Touissaint D'Ouverture,

Alexander Cromwell, Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, B. K. Bruce, Booker T. Washington, Robert B. Elliott and Sojourner Truth. They bear stones inscribed "Africa for the Africans", "The Right of All to Vote", "The Right of All to Read", "The Right of All to Work", "Public Schools in the South", "Churches for the Masses", "The Trained Hand", "The Free Woman", "Equality" and "Brotherhood". They sing "Roll, Jordan, Roll". They deposit their stones and range themselves about the room.

34-1-19

5. <u>The Developed Folk Song</u> - Defense

Crispus Attucks leads in 5 soldiers of the Revolution, 5 sailors of the War of 1812, 10 soldiers of the Civil War, 10 soldiers of the Spanish American War and 20 soldiers of the World War carrying stones as follows: "The Revolution - 5000", "The War of 1812 - 5000", "The Civil War - 200,000", "The Spanish American War - 10,000", "Carrizal", "The World War - 367,710". They march to music by Harry Burleigh, deposit their stones and take their places in the circle.

6. <u>The New Negro Music</u> - Literature

There enter 100 children with the following books: "Uncle Remus", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "When Melindy Sings", "The Wife of His Youth" "The Souls of Black Folk" and "Up From Slavery"; they sing Dett's "Listen to the Lambs". These books form the capstone of the pyramid which now is finished. The children dance to the music of Coleridge-Taylor's "Imaginary Ballet".

7. <u>Spirit of Negro Art</u> - Coleridge-Taylor's "Onaway" is sung. The pyramid is lighted and out of it following Ethiopia and Estevanico come Egyptians and Ethiopians. The groups join the procession and the dancing children pass last. The marching music is Rosamond Johnson's "Walk Together Children".

Please return W. E. B. Du Bois

A Proposed Exhibition and Pageant Illustrating The Part Which The American Negro Has Played In The Making of America -

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38-13-235

Rewrite this with the above

Negro music at intervals every hour.

2. The Pageant

A Pageant of Music

illustrating

The Seven Gifts of Ethiopia

to

America

1. The African Tom-Tom. - Exploration (one person)

The journey and death of Estevanico. A lone figure followed by the veiled Ehtiopia crosses the foreground in silence, dressed in Spanish Mail, and with the muffled beat of drums. He meets Indians, raises his visor and discloses his black face. They lead him on until he is ambushed and killed.

38-2-207

2. The African War Dance - Labor (four persons)

Four massive black men enter carrying the four founding stones of a pyramid, to the music of Coleridge Taylor's "Bamboula". The stones are inscribed, cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice. They then take their place about the stage as sentinels. Under the direction of Ethiopia they lay the foundations of the pyramid which forms a tomb for Estevanico.

3. Primitive Slave Song - Black Womanhood (eight persons)

Eight women enter, chained, bringing the stones of service, self-support, religion and faith and singing "You may bury me in the East". They entomb the body of Estevanico in the rising pyramid, together with Ethiopia. They slowly circle about the room.

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There enter Benjamin Banneker, Paul Cuffee, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Alexander Cromwell, Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, B. K. Bruce,

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5. The Developed Folk Song - Defense

Crispus Attucks leads in 5 soldiers of the Revolution, 5 sailors of the War of 1812, 10 soldiers of the Civil War, 10 soldiers of the Spanish American War and 20 soldiers of the World War carrying stones as follows: "The Revolution - 5000", "The War of 1812 - 5000", "The Civil War - 200,000", "The Spanish American War - 10,000, "Carrizal", "The World War - 367,710". They march to music by Harry Burleigh, deposit their stones and take their places in the circle.

28-2-208

6. The New Negro Music - Literature

There enter 100 children with the following books: "Uncle Remus", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "When Melindy Sings", "The Wife of His Youth", "The Souls of Black Folk" and "Up From Slavery" ~~and~~ they sing ~~ing~~ Dett's "Listen to the Lambs". These books form the capstone of the pyramid which now is finished. The children dance to the music of Coleridge-Taylor's "Imaginary Ballet".

7. Coleridge Taylor's "Onaway" is sung. The pyramid is lighted and out of it following Ethiopia and Estevanico come Egyptians and Ethiopians. The groups join the procession and the dancing children pass last. The marching music is Rosamond Johnson's "Walk together Children".

Spirit of Negro Art

The Seven Gifts of Ethiopia

Being a Pageant for the Making of America

1. Exploration

   The reign and death of Estevanico. A lone figure crosses the foreground in silence, dressed in Spanish Mail, and with the muffled beat of drums. He meets Indians, raises his visor and discloses his black face. They lead him on until he is ambushed and killed.

2. The Giants of Labor.

   Eight massive black men enter carrying the four founding stones of a pyramid, to the music of "Bamboula". The stones are inscribed, cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice. They take their place about the stage as sentinels.

3. The Hand Maidens of the Lord.

   Four women enter with attendant sprites led by Ethiopia and bringing the stones of service, self-support, religion and faith. These discover the body of Estevanico and bury him in the rising pyramid, together with Ethiopia. They slowly circle about the room.

4. The Emancipation of Democracy.

   Men enter with a large mass of attendants. The leaders are Benjamin Bannaker, Paul Cuffee, Alexander Cromwell, Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, B. K. Bruce, Booker T. Washington, Robert B. Elliott and Sojourner Truth. They bear stones and banners inscribed "Africa for the Africans", "The Right of All to Vote", "The Right of All to Read", "The Right of All to Work", "Public Schools in the South", "Churches for the People", "The Educated Hand", "The Emancipation of Women".

SY-7-27

"Truth". The music is the music of the slave song. They range themselves about the room.

5. Defense.

Crispus Attucks leads in soldiers of the Revolution, sailors of the War of 1812, soldiers of the Civil War, soldiers of the Spanish American War and soldiers of the World War carrying banners as follows: "The Revolution — 5000", "The War of 1812 — 5000", "The Civil War — 200,000","The Spanish American War — 10,000, "Carrizal", "The World War — 367,710". They also take their places in the circle.

6. Books.

There enter the following books: "Uncle Remus", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "When Melindy Sings", "The Wife of His Youth", "The Souls of Black Folk", "Up From Slavery", followed by Tanner, the painter, and Edmonial Lewis, the sculptor. All these groups have laid their gifts on the pyramid until now it is finished.

7. Music.

The pyramid is lighted and out of it following Ethiopia and Estevanico come the Egyptians and Ethiopians and the dancing sprites. All pass out led by Ethiopia and sprites and followed by the groups.

34-7-28

A Pageant of Music
including

The Seven Gifts of Ethiopia

~~Being a Pageant for the Making of America~~
America

1. ~~Exploration~~ The African Tom-Tom — Exploration (one person)
followed by the veiled Ethiopia

The journey reign and death of Estevanico. A lone figure crosses the foreground in silence, dressed in Spanish Mail, and with the muffled beat of drums. He meets Indians, raises his visor and discloses his black face. They lead him on until he is ambushed and killed.

2. ~~The Giants of Labor.~~ The African War Dance — Labor (~~Four~~ persons)
~~Four~~
~~Eight~~ massive black men enter carrying the four founding stones of a pyramid, to the music of Coleridge Taylor's "Bamboula". The stones are inscribed, cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice. They take their place about the stage as sentinels.

Under the direction of Ethiopia they lay the foundations of the pyramid which forms a tomb for Estevanico

Primitive Slave Song — The Black Womanhood (Eight persons)

3. The ~~Hand Maidens of the Lord.~~
Eight ~~Four~~ women enter, claimed with ~~attendant sprites led by Ethiopia and~~ bringing the stones of service, self-support, religion and faith. They entomb ~~These discover~~ the body of Estevanico ~~and bury him~~ in the rising pyramid, together with Ethiopia. They slowly circle about the room.

"You may bury me in the East" and singing

The Triumphant Negro Melody —

4. The Emancipation of Democracy. (~~Men~~ persons)
There enter
~~Men enter with a large mass of attendants. The leaders are~~
Toussaint L'Ouverture
Benjamin Banneker, Paul Cuffee, Alexander Cromwell, Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, B. K. Bruce, Booker T. Washington, Robert B. Elliott and Sojourner Truth. They bear stones ~~and banners~~ inscribed "Africa for the Africans", "The Right of All to Vote", "The Right of All to Read", "The Right of All to Work", "Public Schools in the South", "Churches for the ~~People~~ Masses", "The ~~Educated~~ Trained Hand", "The ~~Emancipation of Women~~ Free Woman". "Equality" and "Brotherhood". They sing "Roll, Jordan, Roll"

31-7-25

"Truth". The music is the music of the slave song. They deposit their stones and range themselves about the room. ~~(Slave songs)~~

The Developed Folk Song — Defense

5. ~~Defense~~

Crispus Attucks leads in 5 soldiers of the Revolution, 5 sailors of the War of 1812, 10 soldiers of the Civil War, 10 soldiers of the Spanish American War and 20 soldiers of the World War carrying stones as follows: "The Revolution — 5000", "The War of 1812 — 5000", "The Civil War — 200,000","The Spanish American War — 10,000, "Garrizal", "The World War — 367,710". They deposit their stones and take their places in the circle.

Dramatic Music by Harry Burleigh

6. ~~Music~~ The New Negro Music — Literature

100 children when There enter the following books: "Uncle Remus", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "When Melindy Sings", "The Wife of His Youth", "The Souls of Black Folk", and "Up From Slavery", ~~followed by Tanner, the painter, and Edmonia Lewis, the sculptor.~~ ~~All~~ These from the corners of the groups ~~have laid their gifts on the~~ pyramid which ~~until~~ now ~~is~~ is finished. ~~(The children dance to the music of Coleridge-Taylor's Imaginary Ballet)~~ and singing Dett's "Listen to the Lambs."

7. ~~Music~~ Coleridge Taylor's Dramatic is sung.

The pyramid is lighted and out of it following Ethiopia and Estevanico come ~~the~~ Egyptians and Ethiopians, ~~and the dancing sprites. All pass out led by Ethiopia and sprites and followed by the groups.~~ ~~(Exit music — Dvorak's Negro)~~

The groups join the procession and the dancing children pass out. The marching music is Rosamond Johnson's "Walk Together Children".

34-7-26

THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA

1914-16

Draft manuscripts, notes, materials concerning performances of the pageant

THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA.

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Being a Pageant set down by W. E. Burghardt DuBois for the Women's Club of Xenia, Ohio, to the honor of the biennial meeting of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs at Wilberforce, in the Year of God Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen and the Year of the Freedom of black folk, the Fifty-first.

34-3-26

(It shall be before the hour of sunset. In a wide and sloping wood, the People shall be seated on the sward below. Above through ancient trees one sees the shadow of the world shut out in part by a great curtain hanging like a cloud. In the sky gleam colored lanterns.

A trumpet shall sound and for the space of a minute there shall be silence. Then from the curtain's edge shall pass slow and sedate, a Herald, dressed gorgeous and woman-wise, with broidered trumpet. The Herald speaks:)

THE HERALD.

Amen! Behold the Twilight hour is come! Hearken to the hush wherein the world awaiting death of day, doth hold her breath a space while Time stands still and all about within, without, we feel the pulsing of Eternity.

Welcome, O guests, into this ancient wood, made sacred by our fathers' hopes and sins and sacrifice wherein we bring to-day a masque - a Dream of things that were and Prophecy of things that are to be.

Listen, O children of the Darker race, reverent in silence to this silent story of the Twilight of the world. Forgive each slip and foible and hear alone the nobler message we employ, and write it on your hearts.

Behold, the Play begins. Ye shall have music, martial tones, faint and yet nearer until they burst on a throng of the first and Negro masters of the earliest world, from the vale of Ganges, Tigris-Euphrates and Nile. Unto these Twilight nations, cometh out of the Heaven's Heart, Ethiopia the Black, All-Mother, mystic queen of men, bearing on her mighty hands the Star of Freedom - Freedom divine, long sought for, unattained. Her, the nations welcome and the Black priests of Shango, the Thunder God, who guards the gates of death, crown her Pharoah-Nefertari, and the world sings. Behold, O people, this wondrous thing.

34-3-27

(The march from Aida is heard. There ~~march in~~ come with stately tread: 5 turbanned East Indian Princes, 5 Babylonians, 5 Assyrians, 5 Egyptians and 5 Ethiopians. To them from the far left comes Ethiopia with the star in her hands and two attendant sprites. From the far right comes the black priest of Shango, the Thunder God, and two sprites. Ethiopia is crowned and the Star is set upon her breast.

Slowly all withdraw leaving Ethiopia crowned and alone with her two attendant sprites. The trumpet sounds and the Herald approaches. The Herald speaks:)

THE HERALD.

Behold, where the Star of Ethiopia sits on the breast of the crowned queen. Hearken, O women of America, and hear how on this Twilight world of ancient empire fell the wierder and wilder tribes of the unwon West. Mighty they were and strong, but ruthless in their strength. They came as comes the storm, whirling. Bigotry, Industry, Passion and Greed came with them. They saw the Star of Ethiopia and knew it not. They looked on the All-Mother of men and knew her not. They bound and raped and slew the Queen of Heaven, offering her smoking corse to the nostrils of offended God$, while paler, shrewder consorts sought to steal the Star

of Freedom. But Ethiopia's faerie guard it with their wings.

(The rythmic rolling of drums is heard and Bamboula music. There enter 5 Mohammedan Mandingoes with crescent and spears, 5 Yoruban warriors with swords and armor, 5 Bantu warriors with shields and spears, 5 miners and builders of Zymbabwe with brick and shovel, and 5 slave traders with guns, whips and the cross. They build, trade, pray, march and fight. Gunshot and war cry mingle with music as Ethiopia weeps. The Mohammedans suddenly seize her. The Yorubans chain and sell her. The builders lay her on the pyre and the Bantu offer her up in burning sacrifice while slave songs arise. Meantime, the slave traders have seized the Star, but the fairies rescue it and hide it beneath their wings. The songs die away in dirge. All go out. The trumpet sounds and the Herald enters and speaks:)

34-3-28

The Herald.

O woeful day and mystery of human wrong. Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion. Behold, O men of America, where the dying God doth send his messengers of blood and gold to sooth the sighing sorrow of the world.

Hearken, O People, ye that sit in the shadow of a mighty wrong, and ye shall hear the rush of angel wings, and the beat of fairy footsteps within the sullen shadow of this wood. Ye shall see the soul of Ethiopia summoned back from the gates of death with the Star of Freedom sitting again between her two breasts, shadowed with wings.

(Softly there comes a fairy music and the tinkle of dancing feet, around the corse of dead Ethiopia as she lies smoking on her lofty bier. Enter 25 fairies with torches. They dance and sing about her. Some go and bring the Priest of the Thunder God. His incantations bring the Thunder God, lover of Ethiopia. He ~~summonses~~ calls her from the dead. ("Onaway, awake beloved!")

She rises with great white wings above her. The Star is placed on her breast. She marches out with her fairy band, while the strains of the Aida march recur. The trumpet calls. The Herald enters, and speaks:)

Listen, O guests, and hear the end and mighty meaning of this that we have done to your amusing and the arrest of your souls. Sooth have ye seen how through God's children, with wreath of wing and dance of happy feet, wed to a song of love, hath come this triumph over Death and Pain, which is the goal of human striving.

34-3-29

Again, the Star of Ethiopia shines; but wherefore, Children of the Night, wherefore and to what eternal end? Dream again, ye people, and as another day flies to its everlasting Father, God, learn well the lesson of its telling and see the Pillar of Light rise with woman's hands and the salvation of our world through little children.

(Modern Negro music. Enter 20 women in modern dress: doctor, nurse, teacher, musician, actress, hairdresser, book-keeper, stenographer, merchant, reporter, cook, artist, photographer, dressmaker, milliner and 5 women of fashion. They ply their trades and their talk drowns out the music. The fairy music is heard. The women separate in two groups and continue to ply their trades and talk. Enter ~~(center)~~ 5 mothers, 4 in white trailing robes, with children. The mothers with children point out the workers, the trees and the sky. The childless mother stares into the night. Suddenly she sees Ethiopia, ~~disguised~~ Veiled as ~~an old~~ a witch approaching with witch-sprites bringing the five mystic stones. The sprites disappear and Ethiopia proposes the Pillar of Light to the childless Mother. Filled with enthusiasm she and the mothers begin to build. They form a women's club and gain the aid of the workers. The women work. The Pillar of Light rises. They set up LABOR and WEALTH, and 10 of the workers desert and begin to count their gold on the left. The rest raise JUSTICE and BEAUTY

and the 5 women of fashion and 5 others desert and begin to paint and powder on the right. The mothers despair but the children raise EDUCATION and TRUTH. The last stone is missing. All search in vain, the wealthy and the fashionable refusing aid.

At last the childless mother spies Ethiopia veiled as a witch. She prays to her and a little child, winged, comes and discovers the Star of Freedom on the bosom of Ethiopia. Ethiopia stands unveiled beside the completed Pillar of Light. There is silence. Ethiopia waves her wand. The women of fashion and wealth pray and the fairy children come to them and dance. Ethiopia waves her wand: the Bamboula music is heard and the warriors gather in the rear to the right. Ethiopia waves her wand and the Aida march arises and the Egyptians gather in the rear to the left. There is silence and the Herald speaks:)

The Herald.

The play is done. Arise, O beautiful night, soft and still, gentle as the race whose blood we bear. Now God leans out and lets down down upon our sin and yearning the mantle of love, wierd with star and vision. I hear the everlasting wings of angel children. I see the light that sleeps beyond the moon. The Star of Freedom, out of the torn breast of Ethiopia sits at last on the Pillar of Eternal Light: Above the TRUTH that EDUCATION brings, above the BEAUTY born of JUSTICE to all men, above the WEALTH that crowned honest LABOR.

The Play is done.

The Lord is in his Holy Temple

Let us sing before Him.

(All sing)

1. Star of Egypt
Star of Egypt
Star of Egypt
On the Nile
On the Nile
CHORUS: Before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my God
And be free!

34-3-34

2. On the Congo
On the Niger
O'er the Ocean
We'll be free
We'll be free
CHROUS: before, etc.

3. We that wander
We that wander
We that wait
Upon the Lord
Shall be free
CHORUS: before, etc.

4. O Freedom
O Freedom
O Freedom
Over me
Over me
CHORUS: before, etc.

A PAGEANT

"THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA"

Written and copyrighted

By

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

34-3-21

SCENE I

THE GIFT OF FAITH

EPISODE I. Blue & White

(1) A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. (2) African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and the Chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

EPISODE II. Crimson & White

(3) The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light (4) Shango, the Thunder God, rises on the Black Rock and after him (5) Ethiopia and her four Sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Star of Faith. Ethiopia slowly approaches the savages. They lifting earth to the Star discover the welding of iron. The anvils ring (6) they build and weld and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing Star. (7) (A)

SCENE II.

THE DREAM OF EGYPT

EPISODE III. White

(8) A beautiful Egyptian temple appears. (9) The Egyptians file out of

the temple led by chanting Priests. They worship.

EPISODE IV. crimson + white

(10) The war cry of the savages rings out and they come triumphant (11) They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover Ethiopia and the Star of Faith. Gradually they fratermize with the Egyptians and exchange gifts. The Priests choose the Chief as Pharoah.

24-3-22

EPISODE V. white + crimson

(12) Ra-Nesi, the Pharoah, marries a princess of Egypt. They are crowned (13) and the court celebrates (B) (14) Ethiopia delivers the Star of Faith to Shango and he leads all out (15) the Egyptians going last.

SCENE III.

THE GLORY OF ETHIOPIA

EPISODE VI. white

(16) As they disappear Ethiopia on the Black Rock stretches forth her hands unto God. The Cross descends, the Holy Family appears and the three kings - Black, white and yellow appear in the foreground. They see the Christ Child and hear the Angels (17) The African Fathers offer Christianity to the world.

EPISODE VII. Blue Green Red

(18) An Ethiopian temple appears and out of it rides (19) Candace. She embraces Christianity. After her swarm the hosts of the Crescent led by Mansa Musa (20) against them come the hosts of Fetish led by the Queen of Sheba (21) Candace entertains them. (22) (C)

EPISODE VIII. Red flame

(23) Disputes arise and there ensues the great battle of Islam and Fetish. Candace and her followers gather around Ethiopia and the Cross. As both sides are exhausted white Christians appear. They start to succour the Cross but soon yield to the slave traders. Ethiopia defends the Cross with a sword of flame but the exhausted Candace is chained and enslaved. The Christians and Mohammedans chain and enslave all the people. At last the traders set fire to the Black Rock. Ethiopia burns lifting the Cross to God and the Rock becomes her tomb. There is darkness.

24-3-23

(Intermission of ten minutes)

White - all colors + White

SCENE IV.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

EPISODE IX. Orange + White

(24) In the gloom groans and the rattle of chains are heard. Ghosts dance (D) followed by the Dance of the Ocean (25) (E) Then the light increases and the slaves enter (26) Finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers brings the full light. (27) (F) The Black Rock remains with the figure of Ethiopia prone upon it.

EPISODE X. White + Red

(28) As the cotton pickers dance Osceola's Seminoles enter (29) (G) The Abolitionists gather and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the Black Rock. Hefalls dead, but Angels arise and sing Ethiopia to life (30) She slowly rises on the Rock winged with the Cross in one hand, a flaming sword in the other and the twelve apostles of ~~the~~ Negro Christianity around her. (31)

EPISODE XI. Red + White

The great march of Ethiopia. She waves her sword (32) The roll of tom-toms is heard and the Furies of Insurrection rush in led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march of "Walk Together Children" (33) Touissaint and the Haytians march in. Ethiopia waves her sword a third time and to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" the soldiers and the Civil war march in (34) The tune of "John Brown's Body" is heard and his white soul marches by last, (35) followed by the apostles and Ethiopia.

34-3-24

SCENE V.

THE VISION EVERLASTING

EPISODE XII. White + blue + white

(36) The Freedmen enter jubilant (37) They go about varied occupations and distractions (H) The ghosts of slavery interfere and oppress. Ethiopia and the apostles approach. The ghosts raise the lynching gibbet. The ghosts slowly yield as Ethiopia proceeds. She changes the gibbet to a crucifix (38) The ghosts rush out and the apostles lay the founding stone of the Pillar of Light: THE FEAR OF GOD, and place the Cross on high.

EPISODE XIII. White + all colors

(39) Ethiopia calls the five Rivers./ (J) The yellow Mississippi leads forth the Freedmen (40 41) They plan the Tower of Light and lay the stone KNOWLEDGE. The Congo leads in the Kushites and they lay the stone LABOR (41) The Nile leads the Egyptians and they lay the stone SCIENCE (42) The Niger leads the Mohammedans and they lay the stone JUSTICE (43) The blue Orinoko leads the marching maidens who bring ART (K) (44) The

star-bearing children appear with the capstone LOVE (L) (45) which touches the great Cross. Above all appears the Star of Faith. A great song arises and all march out (46)

34-3-25

SCENE I.

THE GIFT OF IRON.

Music

(1) Trumpets
(2) young: Prelude. (Band)

EPISODE I.

(1) (2) A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and the Chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

34-3-91

EPISODE II.

(3) Trumpets and Tom-toms
(4) Bamboula (Band)

(3) The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light (4) Shango, the Thunder God, rises on the Black Rock and after him Ethiopia and her four sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Jewel of Freedom. Ethiopia slowly approaches the savages. They lifting earth up to the Star, discover the Welding of Iron. The anvils ring; they build and weld and dance (5) (A) and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing Star which she places in the head of the Sphinx.

(5) Chant des Savages. (Band and Voices)

(A) Dance of Savages.

SCENE II.

THE DREAM OF EGYPT.

EPISODE III.

(6) Trumpets

(6) A beautiful Egyptian temple appears. The

(7) Aida March (Band)

Egyptians file out of the temple. (7) They worship the Sphinx.

EPISODE IV.

(8) Trumpets & Tom-Toms
(9) Bamboula (Band)

(8) The war cry of the savage is heard and they come in (9) triumphant. They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover the Star of Freedom glowing on the head of the Sphinx. Gradually they fraternize with the Egyptians and exchange gifts. The Chief displays the Uraeus and the Serpents, and the Priests choose him and his sister as Pharoahs.

34-3-92

EPISODE V.

(10) Trumpets
(11) Young Egyptian Chant. (Band + Voices).
(12) Lolotte (Orchestra)
(13) Bamboula (Band)

Ra-Nesi and Nefertari are crowned (11) and maidens dance before him (12) (13) Called by Ethiopia he makes an expedition to Punt whither a great ship carries him. (13) The temple is darkended after the Egyptians enter.

* Dance before Pharaoh

(Intermission of five minutes)

SCENE III.

THE GLORIA OF ETHIOPIA.

EPISODE VI.

(14) Trumpets.
(15) Trumpets.

(14) The Ethiopian temple appears. Candace of Ethiopia emerges, (15) and the hosts of Africa

gather. A ship appears from Punt out of which the Queen of Sheba (16) disembarks on an elephant and approaches, preceded by dancers. (C) A feast is spread and to it are invited the Monomotapa, Mansa Musa, Mohammed Askia together with merchants, artisans, warriors and priests. (17) (D) Fetish and the Crescent create discord; (18) necromancy is invoked and the temple revealed, and at last the frenzied dervishes invoke war and gunpowder (19).

(16.) Tom-Toms

34-3-93

(17) Jake-Nalanje (Band)

(18) Tom-Toms.

(19) Hadan (Voices)

* Dance of Maidens before Queen of Sheba.

(D) Solo Dance on Table.

EPISODE VII.

(20) A Mohammedan warrior on horseback dashes in. Others follow and there ensues the great battle of Islam and Fetish. As both sides are exhausted Christians appear and Slave Traders. The Star of Freedom is overturned and all struggle for it. Two Angels hide it and the temple is darkened and Ethiopia appears at the temple door. She rescues the Star as the Christians and Mohammedans enslave the people. At last the traders discover her and set fire to her as she flees to the Black Rock. She burns lifting the Star to God, and the Rock becomes her tomb. (21) There is darkness.

(20.) Trumpets

(21) Young: Darkness Descends. (Band.)

(Intermission five minutes)

34-3-94

SCENE IV.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

EPISODE VIII.

(22) Trumpets

(22) In the gloom, groans and the rattle of chains are heard while the white slave ships pass laden with ghosts. Death and Pain dance (23) (E) * Dance of Death & Pain among the prostrate followed by the war cry and dance of Osceola's Seminoles. (24) (F) Then the light increases and the laborers croon at their tasks and finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers (G) brings the full light (25) (I) But the temple remains darkened and the figure of Ethiopia lies prone upon the Black Rock.

(23) Motherless Child. (Orchestra)

(24) Big Chief and Red Shawl (Band)

(25) M'sieu Banjo or Roll dem Cotton Bales. (Orchestra & Voices)

(G) Dance of Cotton Pickers

EPISODE IX.

(26) Trumpets

(26) As the cotton pickers dance, the leaders of Ethiopia and their Friends, Bishop, Dorantes, Leile, Attucks, Douglass, Garrison, Brown, Phillips, Sumner, gather and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the Black Rock. He falls dead; but in the crimson light the Thunder God arises (27) and sings Ethiopia to life (28). She slowly rises on the temple winged, with the Star of Freedom in one hand, a flaming sword

(27) Jake-Nabanje (Band)

(28) Onaway (Orchestra & Voices)

24-2-45

in the other and four Angel sprites.

EPISODE X.

(29) Trumpets

(30) Tom-Toms

(29) The great march of Ethiopia: she waves her sword; the roll of tom-toms (30) is heard and the Furies of Insurection rush in (H) led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march, "Walk Together, Children!" (31) Touissaint and the Haytians march in. Ethiopia waves her sword a third time and to the time of "Marching Through Georgia" the soldiers of the civil war march in. (32) The tune of "John Brown's Body" is heard and his white soul marches by last, (33) while Ethiopia with her sprites hangs the Star of Freedom in the air. (I)

(H) Dance of the Furies

(31) "Walk Together" (orchestra + voices)

(32) Marching Through Georgia (Band)

(33) John Brown's Body. (Band)

(9) Dance of Sprites.

(INTERMISSION FIVE MINUTES)

SCENE V.

THE VISION EVERLASTING.

EPISODE XI.

(34) Trumpets

(35) Swing Along (Band, Orchestra, and voices.)

(34) The Jubliant freedmen enter. (35) They dance (J) wrangle work, play and study. Suddenly the slave ship reappears amid storm and the ghosts and Furies pour out. Insidiously they attack the Freedmen. They seek the Star of Freedom. The Freedmen appeal with the chorus "Nobody Knows". (36) Ethiopia appears enthroned on the Mountains of the Moon

(J) Freedmen's Minuet.

(36) "Nobody Knows" voices.

(37) Aida + Bamboula Band + Hadar voices.

(39) and semis the three rivers - the Green Nile (thought) (40) - the Black Niger (41) (strength) and the Red Congo (inspiration). (42) The Ghosts and Furies prepare to lynch them when they are blotted out in mist and the crucified Christ appears outlined on the clouds. (43)

34-3-96

EPISODE XII.

(38) Trumpets

(39) O Southland. Band + voices.

(40) Bamboula Band.

(41) Aida. Band.

(42) Hadan Voices.

(43) Children's Intermezzo. or Danse nègre (Orchestra)

(44) Rocks + Mountains Voices

(45) Dance of Moors Band.

(46) O. Freedom. Band, orchestra + voices. Tom-Toms and Trumpets.

(38) The yellow Mississippi and her children approach. (39) They plan the Tower of Light and lay the founding stone Knowledge. The Congo calls the savages and lays the stone Labor. (40) The Nile calls the Egyptians and lays the stone SCIENCE. (41) The Niger calls the Mohammedans and lays the stone JUSTICE. (42) The blue Orinoko appears leading the dancing maidens who bring ART. (43) (K) There is a pause. The rivers appeal to Ethiopia (47) (L). The mothers approach singing. They kneel in prayer. The star-bearing children appear with the capstone LOVE. (45) (M) The Tower of Light touches and supports the Star of Freedom. A great song arises, "O Freedom Over Me!" (46)

(K) Dance of Orinoko.

(M) Dance of Children.

NOTES ON THE PAGEANT.

THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA:

24-3-97

Principal characters:

Ethiopia- tall, black, dignified, handsome woman

Herald - Miss Hallie Q. Brown or one selected by her

Shango, the Thunder God, Mr. Work

Priest

Childless Mother - a beautiful and graceful young woman

OTHER CHARACTERS:

5 Indian Princes

5 Babylonians

5 Assyrians

5 Egyptians

5 Ethiopians

2 sprites attending Ethiopia

2 sprites attending Priest

5 Mohammedans

5 Yoruban warriors

5 Bantu warriors

5 builders, etc.

5 slave traders (these should be light mulattoes; all the rest of the above can be any color.)

25 children dressed as fairies with wings

20 women dressed for work; (doctor, nurse, teacher, musician, actress, hairdresser, book-keeper, stenographer, merchant, reporter, cook, artist, photographer, dressmaker, milliner; and 5 women of fashion, dressed very fashionably.)

5 mothers in flowing white

8 children in every-day dress accompanying them

34-3-98

COSTUMES.

The Indian Princes should be in flowing garments with turbans and jeweled daggers. The Babylonians, Assyrians and Egyptians ought to be copied from pictures. The Ethiopians should be in flowing robes and turbans. The Mohammedans should be in white robes and white turbans. The Yoruban warriors should have ~~brass~~ heavy plates and helmets. The Bantu warriors should have brown-skin tights, feathered head dresses, leather shears and spears. The builders should have brown-skin tights and tunics and feathered head dress. The slave traders should be dressed in old English or Colonial style. The fairies should be in white. The women in modern dress as indicated above.

Effort should be made to make Ethiopia especially gorgeous and the Thunder God should be imposing.

MUSIC.

The following music is called for: The march from Verdi's Aida, Coleridge Taylor's, "Bamboula" and the "Drum March" by Major Young. 5 Negro folk songs and 3 modern songs by Negro composers, the solo "Onaway Awake Beloved" by Coleridge Taylor and the final song "O Freedom."

PROPERTIES.

There will be needed one large curtain of dark stuff about 6 feet high and 30 feet long, couple of dozen Japanese lanterns, a trumpet for the Herald and someone who can blow the cornet, the crown, throne and wand for Ethiopia, wooden blocks to build the funeral pyre, spears, guns, whips, cross and a crescent, typical instruments, etc., for the working women to carry in their hands; blocks for the Pillar of Light, (which can be electrically lighted

showing the words) the Star of Ethiopia electrically lighted, preferably with a battery.

34-3-84

Egyptians p 79 Universal History

Assyrians p 150

Babylonians

Mohammedans

Indians Princes
p 688 Vol 2 Ridpath
p 724

Warriors 681 Vol VII
683 Ridpath
656

SCENE I

THE GIFT OF IRON

EPISODE I - A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. A lion crosses the foreground. In the background are seen the Mountains of the Moon.

African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and dance and the Chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

EPISODE II - The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light Shango, the Thunder God, rises on the Black Rock and after him Ethiopia and her four sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Jewel of Freedom.

Ethiopia slowly approaching the savages. They lifting earth up to the Star, discover the Welding of Iron. The anvils ring; they build and weld and dance and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing Star which she places in the head of the Sphinx.

EPISODE III - SCENE 2 — The glory of Ethiopia A beautiful Egyptian temple appears out of a mist and ~~in the place rises a while far~~ far away a great pyramid looms before the Mountains of the Moon. The Egyptians file out of the temple led by chanting Priests. They worship the Sphinx.

EPISODE IV - The war cry of the savages is heard and they come in triumphant. They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover the Star of Freedom glowing on the head of the Sphinx. Gradually they fratermize with the Egyptians and exchange gifts. The Chief displays the Uraeus and the Serpents, and the Priests choose him and his sister as Pharoahs.

34-3-82

EPISODE V~~II~~ - Ra-Nesi and his sister are crowned and maidens dance before him. Called by Ethiopia he makes an~~d~~ expedition to Punt whether a great ship carries him. The temple ~~disappears in mist~~ is darkened after the Egyptians enter. (Intermission)

EPISODE VI~~I~~ - ~~As the mist disappears a new temple appears, out of~~ ~~which emerges~~ Candace of Ethiopia, ~~a~~ ship appears from Punt out of which the Queen of Sheba disembarks on an elephant and approaches, preceded by dancers. A feast is spread and to it are invited the Monomotapa, Mansa Musa, Mohammed Askia together with merchants, artisans and warriors and priests. Fetish and the Crescent create discord; necromancy is invoked and at last the frenzied dervishes invoke war and gunpowder.

EPISODE ~~I~~VII - A Mohammedan warrior on horseback dashes in. Others follow and there ensues the great battle of Islam and Fetish. As both sides are exhausted Christians appear and Slave Traders. The Star of Freedom is over-turned and all struggle for it. Two Angels hide it and the temple is darkened and Ethiopia appears on the ~~R~~ock Rock. She rescues the Star as the Christians and Mohammedans enslave the people. At last the traders discover her and set fire to the ~~R~~oof. She burns lifting the Star to God. There is darkness.

SCENE III

THE VALLEY OF HUMULIATION

EPISODE ~~I~~VIII - In the gloom, groans and the rattle of chains are heard, while the white slave ships pass laden with ghosts. Death and Pain dance among the prostrate, followed by the war cry and dance of Osceola's Seminoles.

Then the light increases and the laborers chant at their tasks and finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers brings the full light.

EPISODE IX - As the cotton pickers dance, the Abolitionists gather and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the Black Rock. He falls dead; but in crimson light the Thunder God rises and sings Ethiopia to life. She slowly arises, on the Temple winged, with the Star of Freedom in one hand, a flaming sword in the other and four Angel sprites.

(Intermission of ten minutes)

EPISODE X - The great march of Ethiopia. She waves her sword; the roll of tom-toms is heard and the furies of Insurrection rush in led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march "Walk together, Children!" Touissaint and the Haytians march on. Ethiopia ~~heards him the Star of Freedom and~~ waves her sword a third time and to the time of "Marching Through Georgia" the soldiers and the Civil War march in. ~~The temple is lighted again and led by~~ Ethiopia ~~the Civil War soldiers march away while Touissaint slowly enters the temple leaving on guard four Mothers and the four Angels of Ethiopia.~~

34-3-84

~~(Intermission of ten minutes)~~

EPISODE XI - The four Mothers and four Angels stand guard. Suddenly the slave ship reappears amid thunder and storm and the ghosts pour out. They enter the temple. There is a great explosion. A ghost appears with the Star of Freedom and the temple is darkened. The first Angel rescues the Star and is killed; the second and third in like manner are killed. The fourth, and smallest Angel, finally seizes the Star and climbs to the back of the Sphinx. The temple is lighted. The ghosts gather around the Sphinx. The little Angel prays to the Thunder God. It lightens. The Angel tosses the Star aloft and it rises and remains miraculously poised in mid-air. The ghosts crucify the Angel and at the voice of the Thunder God rush away forever.

SCENE I

THE GIFT OF IRON

(20 minutes)

EPISODE I (1)

(2) A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. A lion crosses the foreground. In the background are seen the Mountains of the Moon. African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and dance (3) and the Chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

34-3-63

EPISODE II

(4) The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light (5) Shango, the Thunder God, rises on the Black Rock and after him (6) Ethiopia and her four sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Jewel of Freedom. Ethiopia slowly approaches the savages. They lifting earth up to the Star, discover the Welding of Iron. The anvils ring; they build and weld and dance (7) and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing ~~Star~~ Jewel which she places in the head of the Sphinx.

SCENE II

THE ~~GLORY~~ Dream OF ~~ETHIOPIA~~ Egypt

(25 minutes)

EPISODE III (8)

(9) A beautiful Egyptian temple appears ~~out of a mist and far away a great pyramid looms before the Mountains of the Moon.~~ The Egyptians ~~file~~ file out of the temple led by (10) chanting Priests. They worship the Sphinx.

EPISODE IV

The war cry of the savages is heard and they come in triumphant. They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover the ~~Star~~ jewel of Freedom glowing on the head of the Sphinx. Gradually they fratermize with the Egyptians and exchange gifts. The Chief displays the Uraeus and the Serpents, and the Priests choose him and his sister as Pharoahs.

EPISODE V

Ra-Nesi and his sister are crowned and maidens dance before him. Called by Ethiopia he makes an expedition to Punt whither a great ship carries him. ~~The temple is darkened after the Egyptians enter.~~

~~(INTERMISSION)~~

Scene III

The Glory of Ethiopia

(30 minutes)

EPISODE VI

The hosts of Africa gather and Candace of Ethiopia enters. By the incantation of Fetish a ship appears from Punt out of which the Queen of Sheba disembarks on an elephant and approaches, preceded by dancers. A feast is spread and to it are invited the Monomotapa, Mansa Musa, Mohammed Askia together with Kings merchants, artisans, warriors and priests. Fetish and the Crescent create discord; a monk appears; necromancy is invoked and the temple ~~rereeled~~ disappears, and at last the frenzied dervishes invoke war and gunpowder.

EPISODE VII

A Mohammedan warrior on horseback dashes in. Others follow and there ensues the great battle of ~~Islam and Fetish~~ Tonkadibou. As both sides are exhausted Christians appear and Slave Traders. The ~~Star~~ jewel of Freedom is overturned and all struggle for it. Two Angels hide it and the temple ~~is darkened~~ appears and Ethiopia appears at the temple door. She rescues the Star as the Christians and Mohammedans enslave the

34-3-64

people. At last the Traders discover her and set fire to the temple as she flees to the roof. (25) She burns lifting the ~~Star~~ Jewel to God, and the burning temple becomes her tomb. There is darkness.

(Intermission 10 minutes)

SCENE ~~VIII~~ IV

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION
(30 minutes)

EPISODE VIII (26)

In the gloom, groans and the rattle of chains are heard while the white slave ships pass as laden with ghosts. (27) Death and Pain dance among the prostrate followed by the war cry and dance of Osceola's Seminoles. (28) Then the light increases and the laborers chant at their tasks (29) and finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers brings the full light. (30) But the temple remains darkened with the figure of Ethiopia prone upon it.

EPISODE IX

As the cotton pickers dance the Abolitionists gather (31) and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the ~~Black Rock~~ Temple. He falls dead; but in the crimson light the Thunder God rises (32) and sings Ethiopia to life. (33) She slowly rises on the temple, winged, with the ~~Star~~ Jewel of Freedom in one hand, a flaming sword in the other and four Angel sprites. (34)

~~(INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES)~~

EPISODE X

The great march of Ethiopia. She waves her sword; the roll of tom-toms (35) is heard and the Furies of Insurrection rush in led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march, "Walk together, Children!" (36) Touissaint and the Haytians march in. Ethiopia

waves her sword a third time and to the time of "Marching through Georgia" the soldiers and the civil war march in. (37) The tune of "John Brown's Body" is heard and his white soul marches by last; (38) Ethiopia with her dancing sprites hang the jewel ~~Star~~ of Freedom in the air and slowly march away.

34-3-06

SCENE ~~IV~~ V

THE VISION EVERLASTING
(30 minutes)

EPISODE XI (39)

The jubilant freedmen enter. (40) They dance, wrangle, work, play and study. Suddenly the slave ship reappears amid storm and the Ghosts and Furies pour ~~roar~~ out. (41) Insidiously they attack the Freedmen. They seek the jewel ~~Star~~ of Freedom. The Freedmen appeal with the chorus "Nobody Knows." (41) Ethiopia appears enthroned on the Mountains of the Moon and sends the three rivers - the Green Nile (thought) - the Black Niger (strength) and the Red Congo (aspiration). (42) The Ghosts and Furies prepare to lynch them when they are blotted out in mist and the crucified Christ appears outlined on the clouds. (43)

EPISODE XII

The yellow Mississippi and her children approach. (44) They plan the Tower of Light and lay the foundring stone KNOWLEDGE. The Congo calls the savages and lays the stone LABOR. (45) The Nile calls the Egyptians and lays the stone SCIENCE. (46) The Niger calls the Mohammedans and lays the stone JUSTICE. (47) The blue Orinoko appears leading the dancing maidens who bring ART. (48) There is a pause. The rivers appeal to Ethiopia. (50) The mothers approach singing. (51) They kneel in prayer. The star-bearing children appear with the capstone LOVE. (52) The Tower of Light touches and supports the jewel ~~Star~~ of Ethiopian ~~Freedom~~. A great song arises, "O Freedom over me!" (53)

3c

~~SCENE I~~

THE GIFT OF IRON

EPISODE I

(1) (2) A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. A lion crosses the foreground. ~~In the background are seen the Mountains of the Moon.~~ African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and dance (3) (A) and the Chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

EPISODE II

34-2-78

(4) The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light (5) Shango, the Thunder God, rises on the Black Rock and after him (6) Ethiopia and her four sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Jewel of Freedom. Ethiopia slowly approaches the savages. They lifting earth up to the Star, discover the Welding of Iron. The anvils ring; they build and weld and dance (7) (B) and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing Star which she places in the head of the Sphinx.

~~SCENE III~~

~~THE GLORY OF ETHIOPIA~~ The Dream of Egypt

EPISODE III (8)

(9) A beautiful Egyptian temple appears. ~~out of a mist and far away a great pyramid looms before the Mountains of the Moon.~~ The Egyptians file out of the temple led by (10) chanting Priests. They worship the Sphinx.

EPISODE IV

The war cry of the savages is heard and they come in (11) triumphant. They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover the Star of Freedom glowing on the head of the Sphinx. Gradually they fraternize with the Egyptians and exchange gifts. (12) The Chief displays the Uraeus and the Serpents, and the Priests choose him and his sister as Pharoahs.

EPISODE V

Ra-Nesi and his sister are crowned (13) and maidens dance before him. (14 C) Called by Ethiopia he makes an expedition to Punt whither a great ship carries him. (15) The temple is darkened after the Egyptians enter.

~~(INTERMISSION)~~ [Intermission of 5 minutes]

Scene ~~III~~ The Glory of Ethiopia

EPISODE VI (16)

The Ethiopian temple opens. ~~The hosts of Africa gather and~~ (17) Candace of Ethiopia ~~enters.~~ emerges, and the hosts of Africa gather

~~By the incantation of Fetish~~ A ship appears from Punt out of which the Queen of Sheba (18) disembarks on an elephant and approaches, preceded by dancers. (D) A feast is spread and to it are invited (19) the Monomotapa, Mansa Musa, Mohammed Askia together with merchants, artisans, warriors and priests. (20 E) Fetish and the Crescent create discord; (21) necromancy is invoked and the temple revealed, and at last the frenzied dervishes invoke war and gunpowder.

EPISODE VII

(22) A Mohammedan warrior on horseback dashes in. Others follow and there ensues the great battle of Islam and Fetish. (23) As both sides are exhausted Christians appear and Slave Traders. The Star of Freedom is overturned and all struggle for it. (24) Two Angels hide it and the temple is darkened and Ethiopia appears at the temple door. She rescues the Star as the Christians and Mohammedans enslave the

24-3-79

people. At last the Traders discover her and set fire to the temple as she flees to the roof. (25) She burns lifting the Star to God, and the temple becomes her tomb. There is darkness.

[Intermission of 5 minutes]

~~SCENE III~~ IV

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

EPISODE VIII (26)

In the gloom, groans and the rattle of chains are heard while the white slave ships pass laden with ghosts. (27) Death and Pain dance (F) among the prostrate followed by the (G) The Dance of the Ocean war cry and dance of Osceola's Seminoles. (28) (H) Then the light increases and the laborers chant at their tasks (29) and finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers brings the full light. (30) (I) But the temple remains darkened with the figure of Ethiopia prone upon it.

EPISODE IX

As the cotton pickers dance the Abolitionists gather (31) and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the Black Rock. He falls dead; but in the crimson light the Thunder God rises (32) and sings Ethiopia to life. (33) She slowly rises on the temple, winged, with the Star of Freedom in one hand, a flaming sword in the other and four Angel sprites. 34

~~(INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES)~~

EPISODE X

The great march of Ethiopia. She waves her sword; the roll of tom-toms (35) is heard and the Furies of Insurrection rush in (J) led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march, "Walk together, Children!" (36) Toussaint and the Haytiens march in. Ethiopia

24-3-80

waves her sword a third time and to the time of "Marching Through Georgia" the soldiers and the civil war march in. (37) The tune of "John Brown's Body" is heard and his white soul marches by last. (38) Ethiopia with her dancing sprites hang the Star of Freedom in the air and slowly march away. (K)

[Intermission of 5 minutes]

SCENE IV V

THE VISION EVERLASTING

EPISODE XI (39)

The jubilant freedmen enter. (40) They (L) dance wrangle work, play and study. Suddenly the slave ship reappears amid storm and the Ghosts and Furies hour out. (41) Insidiously they attack the Freedmen. They seek the Star of Freedom. The Freedom appeal with the chorus "Nobody Knows." Ethiopia appears enthroned on the Mountains of the Moon and sends the three rivers - the Green Nile (thought) - the Black Niger (strength) and the Red Congo (aspiration). (42) The Ghosts and Furies prepare to lynch them when they are blotted out in mist and the crucified Christ appears outlined on the clouds. (43)

EPISODE XII

The yellow Mississippi and her children approach. (44) They plan the Tower of Light and lay the foundry stone KNOWLEDGE. The Congo calls the savages and lay the stone LABOR. (45) The Nile calls the Egyptians and laye the stone SCIENCE. (46) The Niger calls the Mohammedans and lay the stone JUSTICE. (47) The blue Orinoko appears leading the dancing maidens who bring ART. (48) (M) There is a pause. The rivers appeal to Ethiopia. (49) (N) The mothers approach singing. (50) They kneel in prayer. The star-bearing children appear with the capstone LOVE. (51) (O) The Tower of Light touches and supports the Star of Freedom. A great son arises, "O Freedom over me!" (52)

54-2-184

SCENE 1

THE GIFT OF IRON

EPISODE 1

(1) - (2) A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. A lion crosses the foreground. African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and dance (3) - (a) and the Chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

EPISODE 11

(4) The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light (5) Shango, the Thunder God, rises on the Black Rock and after him (6) Ethiopia and her four sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Jewel of Freedom. Ethiopia slowly approaches the savages. They lifting earth to the Star, discover the Welding of Iron. The anvils ring; they build and weld and dance (7) - (b) and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing Star which she places in the head of the Sphinx.

SCENE 11

THE DREAM OF EGYPT

EPISODE 111 - (8)

(9) A beautiful Egyptian temple appears. The Egyptians file out of the temple led by (10) chanting priests. They worship.

EPISODE IV

The war cry of the savages is heard and they come in (11) tri-

umphant. They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover the Star of Freedom glowing on the head of the Sphinx. Gradually they fratermize with the Egyptians and exchange gifts. (12) The Chief displays the Uraeus and the Serpents, and the Priests choose him and his sister as Pharoahs.

EPISODE V

Ra-Nesi and his sister are crowned (13) and maidens dance before him. (14) (c) Called by Ethiopia he makes an expedition to Punt whither a great ship carries him. (15) The temple is darkened after the Egyptians enter.

(Intermission of five minutes)

SCENE III

THE GLORY OF ETHIOPIA

EPISODE VI

The Ethiopian temple appears. (16) (17) Candace of Ethiopia emerges and the hosts of Africa gather. A ship appears from Punt out of which the Queen of Sheba (18) disembarks on an elephant and approaches, preceded by dancers. (d) A feast is spread and to it are invited (19) the Monomotapa, Mansa Musa, Mohammed Askia together with merchants, artisans, warriors and priests. (20) (e) Fetish and the Crescent create discord; (21) necromancy is invoked and the temple revealed, and at last the frenzied dervishes invoke war and gunpowder.

EPISODE VII

A Mohammedan warrior on horseback dashes in. Others follow (22) and there ensues the great battle of Islam and Fetish. (23) As both sides are exhausted Christians appear and Slave Traders. The Star of Freedom is overturned and all struggle for it. (24) Two Angels hide it and the

temple is darkened and Ethiopia appears at the temple door. She rescues the Star as the Christians and Mohammedans enslave the people. At last the traders discover her and set fire to the Rock as she flees. (25) She burns lifting the Star to God and the Rock becomes her tomb. There is darkness.

(Intermission of five minutes)

EPISODE VIII

(26) In the gloom, groans and the rattle of chains are heard while the white slave ships pass laden with ghosts. (27) Death and Pain dance (f) among the prostrate followed by the Dance of the Ocean (g) war cry and dance of Oceola's Seminoles. (28) (h) Then the light increases and the laborers chant at their tasks (29) and finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers brings the full light. (30) (i) But the temple remains darkened with the figure of Ethiopia prone upon it.

EPISODE IX

As the cotton pickers dance the Abolitionists gather (31) and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the Black Rock. He falls dead; but in the crimson light the Thunder God arises (32) and sings Ethiopia to life. (33) She slowly rises on the temple winged, with the Star of Freedom in one hand, a flaming sword in the other and four Angel sprites (34)

EPISODE X

The great march of Ethiopia. She waves her sword; the roll of tom-toms (35) is heard and the Furies of Insurrection rush in (j) led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march "Walk Together Children." (36) Touissaint and the Haytians march in. Ethiopia waves her

sword a third time and to the time of "Marching Through Georgia" the soldiers and the Civil War march in. (37) The tune of "John Brown's Body" is heard and his white soul marches by last. (38) Ethiopia with her dancing sprites hang the Star of Freedom in the air and slowly march away. (k)

(Intermission of five minutes)

SCENE V

THE VISION EVERLASTING

EPISODE XI

(39) The jubilant Freedmen enter. (40) They dance (l) wrangle work, play and study. Suddenly the slave ship reappears amid storm and the Ghosts and Furies hour out. (41) Insidiously they attack the Freedmen. They seek the Star of Freedom. The Freedmen appeal with the chorus "Nobody Knows." Ethiopia appears enthroned on the Mountains of the Moon and sends the three Rivers - the Green Nile (thought) - the Black Niger (strength) and the Red Congo (inspiration) (42) The Ghosts and Furies prepare to lynch them when they are blotted out in mist and the crucified Christ appears outlined on the clouds.

EPISODE XII

The yellow Mississippi and her children approach. (44) They plan the Tower of Light and lay the foundry stone Knowledge. The Congo calls the savages and they lay the stone Labor. (45) The Nile calls the Egyptians and they lay the stone Science. (46) The Niger calls the Mohammedans and they lay the stone Justice. (47) The blue Orinoko appears leading the dancing maidens who bring Art. (48) (m) There is a pause. The Rivers appeal to Ethiopia (49) (n) The mothers approach singing. (50) They kneel in prayer. The star-bearing children appear with the capstone

8 1486

Love. (51) (c) The Tower of Light touches and supports the Star of Freedom. A great son arises, "O Freedom Over Me." (52)

44-3-24

44-3-24

SCENE I

THE GIFT OF IRON

EPISODE I

(1) (2) A storm with thunder, lightning and wind and the roar of wild beasts in the darkness. A lion crosses the foreground. African savages rush in, fleeing the storm. The savages cry out and dance (3) (a) and the Chief prays to the Thunder God in the Black Rock and offers blood sacrifice.

34-3-16

EPISODE II

(4) The roll of tom-toms is heard and in a crimson light (5) Shango, the Thunder God, rises on the Black Rock and after him (6) Ethiopia and her four sprites. He hands Ethiopia the Jewel of Freedom. Ethiopia slowly approaches the savages. They lifting earth up to the Star, discover the welding of iron. The anvils ring; they build and weld and dance (7) (b) and start on a great foray to kill and tame the wild beasts leaving Ethiopia alone with the blazing Star which she places in the head of the Sphinx.

SCENE II

THE DREAM OF EGYPT

EPISODE III - (8)

(9) A beautiful Egyptian temple appears. The Egyptians file out of the temple led by (10) chanting Priests. They worship.

EPISODE IV

The war cry of the savages is heard and they come in (11) triumphant. They are about to attack the Egyptians when they discover the Star of Freedom glowing on the head of the Sphinx. Gradually they fratermize

with the Egyptians and exchange gifts. (12) The Chief displays the Uraeus and the Serpents, and the Priests choose him and his sister as Pharoahs.

34-3-17

EQUIPMENT BOND GOLDSMITH BROS.

EPISODE V

Ra-Nesi and his sister are crowned (13) and maidens dance before him. (14) (c) Called by Ethiopia he makes an expedition to Punt whither a great ship carries him. (15) The temple is darkened after the Egyptians enter.

(Intermission of five minutes)

SCENE III

THE GLORY OF ETHIOPIA

EPISODE VI

The Ethiopian temple appears. (16) (17) Candace of Ethiopia emerges, and the hosts of Africa gather. A ship appears from Punt out of which the Queen of Sheba (18) disembarks on an elephant and approaches, preceded by dancers. (d) A feast is spread and to it are invited (19) the Mononotapa, Mansa Musa, Mohammed Askia together with merchants, artisans, warriors and priests. (20) (e) Fetish and the Crescent create discord; (21) necromancy is invoked and the temple revealed, and at last the frenzied dervishes invoke war and gunpowder.

EPISODE VII

A Mohammedan warrior on horseback dashes in. Others follow (22) and there ensues the great battle of Islam and Fetish. (23) As both sides are exhausted Christians appear and Slave Traders. The Star of Freedom is overturned and all struggle for it. (24) Two Angels hide it and the temple is darkened and Ethiopia appears at the temple door. She rescues

EQUIPMENT BOND

the Star as the Christians and Mohammedans enslave the people. At last the Traders discover her and set fire to the Rock as she flees. (25) She burns lifting the Star to God and the Rock becomes her tomb. There is darkness.

(Intermission of five minutes)

SCENE IV

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

EPISODE VIII

(26) In the gloom, groans and the rattle of chains are heard while the white slave ships pass laden with ghosts. (27) Death and Pain dance (f) among the prostrate followed by the Dance of the Ocean (g) war cry and dance of Osceola's Seminoles. (28) (h) Then the light increases and the laborers chant at their tasks (29) and finally the gay dance of the cotton pickers brings the full light. (30) (i) But the temple remains darkened with the figure of Ethiopia prone upon it.

EPISODE IX

As the cotton pickers dance the Abolitionists gather (31) and talk and appeal in vain until John Brown lights a flaming torch and throws it toward the Black Rock. He falls dead; but in the crimson light the Thunder God arises (32) and sings Ethiopia to life. (33) She slowly rises on the temple winged, with the Star of Freedom in one hand, a flaming sword in the other and four Angel sprites. (34)

EPISODE X

The great march of Ethiopia. She waves her sword; the roll of tom-toms (35) is heard and the Furies of Insurrection rush in (j) led by Nat Turner. She waves her sword again and to the march "Walk Together Children" (36) Touissaint and the Haytians march in. Ethiopia waves her sword

a third time and to the time of "Marching Through Georgia" the soldiers and the Civil War march in. (37) The tune of "John Brown's Body" is heard and his white soul marches by last. (38) Ethiopia with her dancing sprites hang the Star of Freedom in the air and slowly march away. (k)

(Intermission of five minutes)

SCENE V

THE VISION EVERLASTING

EPISODE XI

(39) The jubilant Freedmen enter. (40) They dance (l) wrangle work, play and study. Suddenly the slave ship reappears amid the storm and the Ghosts and Furies hour out. (41) Insidiously they attack the Freedmen. They seek the Star of Freedom. The Freedmen appeal with the chorus "Nobody Knows." Ethiopia appears enthroned on the Mountains of the Moon and sends the three Rivers - the Green Nile (thought) - the Black Niger (strength) and the Red Congo (inspiration) (42) The Ghosts and Furies prepare to lynch them when they are blotted out in the mist and the crucified Christ appears outlined on the clouds. (43)

EPISODE XII

The yellow Mississippi and her children approach. (44) They plan the Tower of Light and lay the foundry stone Knowledge. The Congo calls the savages and they lay the stone Labor. (45) The Nile calls the Egyptians and they lay the stone Science. (46) The Niger calls the Mohammedans and they lay the stone Justice. (47) The blue Orinoko appears leading the dancing maidens who bring art. (48) (m) There is a pause. The Rivers appeal to Ethiopia (49) (n) The mothers approach singing (50). They kneel in prayer. The star-bearing children appear

with the capstone Love. (51) (c) The Tower of Light touches and supports the Star of Freedom. A great song arises, "O Freedom Over Me." (52)

34-3-20

THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA

A Pageant

by

W. E. B. DuBois

Continuity

by

Charles Burroughs

34-3-1

Scene I

In midst of thunder and lightning and roar of wild beasts, savages frightened, swarm in from rear of rock, prostrate themselves before it. Lifting hands in prayer, they worship serpent and moon. At end of chant, chief seizes* child, slays him and offers blood sacrifice to thunder god, at which Shango, the god, emerges from top of rock, with moon sceptre, while savages in awe, rise to their knees. At gesture of Shango, Ethiopia appears, with Star of Freedom in her hands, and descends rock to position in front thereof, while savages rise to their feet and in greater awe fall back. At command of Ethiopia, savage chief gathers handful of earth, hesitantly approaches and deposits same in pan, on apron of rock. Ethiopia touches earth with star, and at resulting flash of fire, Shango disappears into rock, while savages surge forward with an exultant and astonished shout. Responding to Ethiopia's gesture the chief and two others seize hammers and weld iron into weapons and utensils on anvils, to measure of music.

When finished the chief with the two others hold their spears aloft and with the whole tribe following engage in dance of jubilation. At end of which the men go out rear of rock on hunting foray, while women and children remain to build, weave and mold clay.

Ethiopia, the while, moving among them, directing and instructing. (Darkness Descends)

The men soon return all equipped with shields and spears, bearing carcasses of slain animals. Joined by women and children all triumphantly circle hut and black rock, holding aloft spoils of hunt and other objects. Ethiopia meanwhile contemplatively resting against apron ofblack rock.

In midst of their joy dwarfs appear at right r[illegible] of black rock. Cautiously at first advancing, then bol[illegible] rushing in, dividing when near rock into two files, form- ing enclosing circle about savages, moving for a while in the opposite direction, but in the same joyous mood. Suddenly massing themselves to right of black rock, they beckon the savages to follow, pointing rearward to in- terior.

Responding to their invitation a third of the savages led by Ethiopia, go out, in wake of dwarfs.

Led separately by first and second savages, the remaining savages, dividing into two groups go out, one to northward, the other eastward, taking with them structures, utensils, weapons, carcasses.

34-3-2

Scene II

The Culture of Egypt

To the strains of the Priests' March the Egyptians in column of twos, led by Ahmes, (between two priests), and followed by porters bearing throne chairs enter from rear of rock, circling foreground, they pause with head of column toward rock. Porters advance between priests, and place chairs on apron of rock. Standing behind same while King is seated. As priests take position before Pyramid, all sing "Egyptian Chant" as they bow in worship. Suddenly, with fanfare of trumpets, six groups of Asiatics enter from front, at as many points, merging in one as they advance.

Egyptians end their worship and divide into two separate lines, forming court before rock, priests taking position before vacant throne chair. Asiatics meantime advancing to position before rock, where they pay obeisance to King, who in turn welcomes them. The two lines of Egyptians then enfold, and mingle with visitors as friends. In the midst of their ceremony, the Shepherd Kings enter from right front, threatening to attack Egyptians. As latter huddle in fear before rock, Nefertari, leading Savages, enters with chief at her side, from rear of rock; and while savages repulse Shepherd Kings, finally driving them out in direction whence they came, Nefertari holds position in foreground of rock. Savages hold position as barrier at Shepherd Kings' point of exit. The asiatics now arrange themselves in two orderly lines before rock, facing forward, while Egyptians resting on left of Asiatics, form an orderly double line, facing right, or inward. Priests descend to position before pyramid. Nefertari advances to position between priests and directs building of Temple of Luxor. After which Ahmes descends from throne and is joined in marriage to Nefertari. While priests hold position right and left of temple portal, Nefertari and Ahmes enter within. Soon thereafter Nefertari and Ahmes reappear followed by Tutankh-Amen and Ankhsen-Amen. While Ahmes and Nefertari with Star go out front, or westward, Ankhsen and Tutankh-Amen seat themselves in throne chairs, while savages move forward and take position right of temple, opposite Egyptians. The Ballet of Maidens enters in two groups, right and left of temple, and in the court, dance before queen and king.

With exit of ballet Asiatics face Queen and King and bid adieu. Going out front dividing in groups and departing in several directions whence they came. King and Queen meantime descending from throne enter temple followed by priests who, in turn, are followed by all Egyptians in double line, with throne porters last. Savages begin moving out left rear of rock when head of Egyptian column enters temple.

Scene III

The Black Man Rules the World

From every point of the arena Sudanese, hurriedly enter, clustering at centre, strike swords against shields and triumphantly thrust them upward. Then forming in single line they advance swiftly toward front. When they descry group of Hindu princes entering at left front, with colored fabrics, they slacken pace, and in mass formation, greet princes and exchange gold for fabrics.

As Hindus depart down left and out right, Sudanese form into two open lines at right front. Between the lines, Sheba, preceded by retinue with attendant maidens and necromancer, enters and advances toward throne on black rock. As retinue issues from between lines of Sudanese, Solomon enters from right front of rock, ascends and seats himself in first throne chair. Retinue advances to front of rock, bows to Solomon and faces front. Sheba ascends rock, is received by Solomon and seated by his side, while maidens take position at base of rock, on right. Necromancer takes position in front of retinue, at gesture from Sheba, and makes signs of evocation and conjuration, at which twelve (12) Egyptians with Pharaoh enter from rear of rock in retreat before Aspeluta who forces them out front, toward centre of arena. To other signs of conjuration, six (6) Greeks and six (6) Romans enter in retreat, from left rear, before Candace and Giant Bowman who, with gestures of repulsing, force them toward centre of arena. At third sign of conjuration, Persians enter with Cambyses from right rear, in retreat before Nastonessen who, with gesture of repulse, forces them toward centre of arena. When three groups are joined they continue retreat en masse before aligned repulses of the three monarchs, finally fleeing out front—Egyptians centre, Greeks and Romans left, Persians right. Victorious monarchs turn about and majestically move down toward throne and out rear into their respective domains, ignoring, in their transit, Solomon and Sheba. During action of repulse Solomon manifests amazement and awe, while Sheba throughout maintains air of unruffled reserve. With exit of monarchs Sheba and Solomon engage in animated conversation. Necromancer, facing forward with folded arms, holds position immobilely. Suddenly a star gleams brilliantly over point of obelisk at which there enter from front centre, right and left, respectively, the Magi-Balthazar, the black, at centre. With eyes on star they advance, converging toward centre. Necromancer observing them is startled, looks toward star, becomes transfixed, finally rouses himself and directs attention of Sheba and Solomon to same, who assume attitude of fixed amazement. As music sounds, Magi reverently kneel, while Madonna, bearing child, appears at right, between rock and obelisk. All hold attitudes until end of carol and exit of Madonna. With change of music, Prester John, Bishop of

34-35

Africa, bearing cross, followed by fifty (50) Abyssinians descends from hills at right. Later, Mansa Musa, Sonni Ali and Askia, preceded by Crescent Banner, with one hundred (100) Moslems, enter left front, advancing down left to Moslem mosque. All prostrate themselves before portal and receive benediction of Moslem priest. They rise, continue advance and align themselves on left of arena behind three leaders. Coincidently Monopatapa (Sudanese) 100 - preceded by banner bearer and Fetish priests enter from right front, advance toward centre and align themselves across arena facing throne. When all groups have halted, fetish priests, about exalted banner, perform their ritual which offends Mohammedans, who, exalting their banner advance menacingly toward Monopatapa singing hymn. As opposing lines threaten to clash, Prester John, leading Abyssinians, moves forward to interfere. Solomon, who, with Sheba, has throughout observed with apprehension and concern now, in fear, flees out right while Sheba in alarm, rises and facing rear, invokes the judgment of Ethiopia. Ethiopia responding, enters hastily from rear of rock with chief and thirty savages. Pausing with chief at left of rock, with savages grouped in rear, she makes admonitory gesture pointing westward, front. All groups fall back in order while retinue moves forward front, with Sheba, maidens and Necromancer following; and in their wake, Prester John and Abyssinians. Coincidently to their right and in like direction, preceded by banner, Monopatapa move forward. While at their left, preseded Mohammedans move forward. When at extreme front of arena, three columns divide. Sheba with Abyssinians going out centre, Monopatapa out right, Moslems left; while Ethiopia, after savages, goes out rear.

THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA

Scene IV

The Land of the Blacks

From lower left of arena villagers, male and female, briskly enter, and erect huts of African village. At same time, Carthaginians and Phoenicians, enter from lower right, while merchants of Ophir enter from upper right, with golden articles. As merchants approach village Benin artists enter village displaying art objects to visiting Phoenicians and Carthaginians. The artists finally selling articles to Ophir merchants when they arrive. At end of trading, dancing maidens emerge from gree-gree bush, near rear of rock, and perform nuptial dance for villagers and visitors. As the dance progresses Ethiopia, showing fatigue, approaches with star concealed. The dance ends and maidens withdraw into the bush.

34-3-6

The villagers, evincing surprise and curiosity, surge toward Ethiopia. They welcome and honor her. As they conduct her toward a hut, Moslem priests, with banner, hastily enter from upper left, crying "Allah". As they enter village, villagers turn from Ethiopia, who slowly moves toward black rock and setas herself dejectedly on anvil ledge. Welcomed by villagers, priests move among them and proselyte them. The priests then turn toward Ethiopia, and seek to convert her. As they do so, fetish priests who with moon banner, have been advancing from upper right, now oppose the action of Moslem priests, by exalting their own banner and flourishing their fetishes with repelling gestures. Meanwhile Ethiopia ascends the rock and enters therein. Thus rebuffed the Moslem priests with banner hasten to mosque halting before its door and three times crying "Allah.'" At which Moslem warriors rush in from upper left, swirl around mosque arrange themselves in circle enclosing mosque and prostrate themselves in prayer. - Hymn of the Faithful.

As they do so, Ethiopia emerges from rock, holds star aloft for a moment, and, when tom toms begin to beat vigorously, descends quickly and takes position on apron of rock, and again holds star aloft. At which, Bantus (savages) in battle array rush in from rear of rock. Mohammedans, startled by beating of tomtoms, quickly arise, extend themselves in battle line, and advance to meet on-coming Bantus. Fetish priests with banner take position behind Bantu line, urging them on. Moslem priests take position at door of mosque. As lines clash in battle three Christian priests, one with cross enter hastily, from front centre, to position near front of rock, exalt cross and make deprecating gestures. Following the Christian priests, at some distance, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch and English slave traders, with bags of gold, enter; and, close behind them, slave drivers with whips, chains and gyves. These groups pause to await the outcome of the battle.

With end of hymn ("Onward Christian Soldiers"), Moslems conquer Bantus, encircling them completely and holding them prisoners. Traders quickly approach Moslem chief and purchase Bantus as slaves. When Christian priests advance to protest they are thrust back by traders, and, taking position up right of rock observe subsequent proceedings. When all the slaves have been manacled, slave drivers, seeing Ethiopia, where she has throughout been crouching on the rock, rush to her; and while one seizes star, others bind and thrust her prone on rock before throne chairs. While the one holds the star, the others descend rock, gather fuel, place it on rock before Ethiopia and set it afire. The slave driver drops star into flames as they consume Ethiopia. As flames still flare slave drivers form slaves into line.

With the traders leading, and drivers at intervals along the line, all move dispiritedly past priests, out front centre, while victorious Moslems with shields and spears of Bantus, as trophies, move exultantly out left front, led by priests with banner. Christian priests finally going out front centre dejectedly.

At beginning of battle villagers and artists flee out lower left and Carthaginians and Phoenicians and merchants of Ophir, at same time flee out in directions whence they came.

Scene V

The Search for the Star

of

Freedom

Indians in wide arc front, right and left, enter, peering and cautious. Then with wild shout, mass at centre and perform war dance. When Spaniards, with Dorantes leading, are seen approaching from right rear of rock, Indians retreat some distance and hold position. When Spaniards descry Indians they halt and try to restrain Dorantes, who persists in advancing. As Indians, wildly yelling and flourishing tomahawks, rush toward Spaniards they (S) flee, while Dorantes defiantly holds position at right base of rock, where he is slain by Indians, who go out wildly, front. While Indians are going out, Bishop Victoria with cross, enters from right rear and discovers body of Dorantes, fixing cross at base of rock he kneels in prayer. While bishop prays slaves in two files enter from right and left rear - bearing baskets, hoes, rakes, etc. - wailing; slave drivers lashing them meantime. They set down baskets and perform operations of work, continuing to wail. Suddenly from lower upper right Garrison and abolitionists enter making gestures of pleading. Slave drivers group and advance toward abolitionists, shaking their whips menacingly and defiantly. As they do so Walker, Vesey and Turner break out of slave line and point to praying bishop and rock, at which the slaves wail and moan more loudly. Slave drivers now turn from Abolitionists and brutally lash Walker, Vesey and Turner who receive blows with bold show of courage, doggedly falling back into slave line. When they have done so, some slaves suddenly begin capering and dancing*. Toward end of dance, slave drivers whip dancers into work line. As slaves resume working and wailing* Douglass and Sojourner enter hastily from lower upper left, approaching slave drivers with gestures of warning. Slave drivers ignoring couple, turn their backs and hold position of stubborn contempt. Suddenly with a startling roll of the drum, John Brown rushes in from front centre with flaming torch, halts at centre, executes rousing flourish, then dashes on, finally halts, hurls torch against black rock and falls dead at its base. When Brown hurls torch slaves fall back into two flaring lines, resting right and left of rock. Douglass and Sojourner at extreme left, abolitionists at extreme right; slave drivers retreating to position at lower upper right. At fall of torch Shango emerges from rock and sings*. As he makes gesture of resurrection Ethiopia rises from dead, issuing from apron of rock with Star in left hand and Sword in right. As Ethiopia takes position at right of throne chairs, Shango disappears into rock. Ethiopia waves sword*

34-3-8

and Maroons enter from left rear halting in position in front of left line of slaves, while men of Palmares enter from right rear, halting in position front of right line of slaves. At second wave of sword Haitians led by Touissaint, enter from lower upper left and halt in position front of Maroons, while Revolution soldiers, led by Attucks, enter from lower upper right, halting in position front of Men of Palmares. At third wave of sword. Soldiers of 1812 enter from upper left, halting in position, front of Haitians, while Civil War soldiers led by Colonel Shaw, enter from upper right, advancing and dividing on leader, into two columns of twos, which encircle rock right and left. Shaw holding position until they rejoin him. As Civil War soldiers advance down centre, World War soldiers, led by Young, enter from front centre advancing toward rock, dividing on leader into two columns of twos, duplicating movement of 1812. Soldiers around rock, Young holding position with Shaw till soldiers rejoin him. As W.W. soldiers divide into columns of twos, slaves begin singing. Bishop Victoria removes cross from rock (at entrance of right slave line, Dorantes body withdraws behind rock) passes front of Brown's body and out centre. As Vesey, Walker and Turner, walking abreast, follow Victoria, slaves lift Brown to shoulders on litter, and in column of twos, follow ; followed in turn by Douglass and Sojourner; then by abolitionists; then by Maroons; Men of Palmares, Haitians with Touissaint and Soldiers of 1812. As Civil War columns, circling rock join again in column of fours they fall in, with Shaw leading, behind Soldiers of 1812. Similarly when W.W. soldiers have circled rock and joined again in columnof fours, they fall in, led by Young, behind soldiers of Civil War. All pass out front centre.

As column recedes Ethiopia draws veil over face, descends rock and meditatively passes out left rear with Star. While slave drivers who have held position mystified and baffled, now slink out upper right.

Scene VI

The Tower of Light

Ethiopia, veiled, holding the Star in both hands, appears at right rear between pyramid and obelisk, advances to right of rock, ascends and seats herself in right throne chair, placing Star on knees.

Society group enters from rear advancing down center, dancing, pausing forward of rock and finishing dance. From lower upper right Negroes of all the Americas enter animatedly, pausing and mingling when opposite Society dancers. Simultaneously, ministers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, students enter from upper right; farmers, laborers, masons, carpenters, artists, and actors from lower left; athletes from upper left. All engage in typical operations, and activities. As they do so, Vanity, Gossip, Envy, Crime, Poverty, Ignorance, Distrust, and License enter from front, on a wide line, performing characteristic actions, confusing and disconcerting all social groups, finally passing through them and forming a phalanx before the throne. As Furies work among the groups, Prejudice appears from front centre and intently observes same. When Furies have formed into phalanx, Prejudice summons the Hooded Hounds who, with ribbet, ropes, nooses and whips, rush forward and begin lashing and lynching. The groups turn in a mass appeal toward Ethiopia, to find themselves opposed by the Furies. Ethiopia, now, suddenly throws off veil, seizes Star with both hands, hastily ascends to top of rock and holds Star aloft; at which the five Heralds enter rapidly from left rear, between pyramid and obelisk, blowing bannered trumpets as they come. With the approach of the Heralds, Prejudice and the Hounds desist from attack and retreat up front, holding position near point of exit. When Heralds arrive at right base of rock Furies flee out up left, in panic. Ethiopia having descended from top of rock resumes seat in throne chair with Star on knees. With flight of Furies Heralds ascend to apron of rock and align themselves on right of Ethiopia. Herald N now winds his bugle, and the black-robed River Congo, bringing the founding stone of Labor, enters from rear, followed by Bantus (savages) and the Monopatapa. They encircle rock, and take position in line on left thereof - stone bearers, from rear of rock, depositing stone on top of same. Congo takes her position in front of line. Herald A now winds his bugle, and the yellow-robed Nile, bringing building stone Beauty, enters from lower right, followed by Egyptians, and Pharoah; they encircle rock and take position in line on

34-3-10

right thereof - stone bearers, from rear of rock, depositing building stone Beauty on top of Labor stone; River Nile takes her position in front of line. Third Herald A now winds his bugle and the green-garbed River Niger enters from upper left front, bringing building stone Justic, followed by Mohammedans with Askia, Sonni and Mansa Musa, advances down left and around right of rock - stone bearers depositing stone on top of stone "Beauty" while Mohammedans pass in rear of Bantus and take position in front of them. Niger takes post in front of line.

Fourth Herald C now winds his bugle and the red-garbed Mississippi, bringing building stone "Knowledge" enters from right front, followed by Negroes of all the Americas, encircles rock at left, and, while Stone bearers deposit building stone "Knowledge" on top of Justice, Negroes pass rear of Egyptians and form in line in front of them, Mississippi taking position in front of line.

The fifth Herald P now winds his bugle and the blue-garbed River Orinoco, bringing building stone Love, enters front centre, followed by Children of Everlasting Song. At centre of arena, the two masons advance and receive the stone, pass to rear of rock, ascend and deposit it on top of Knowledge. When stone Love is in place Ethiopia passes in front of Heralds and sets Star on top of all. The Children then dance; at end of which, the world sings. When song begins Ethiopia, who has taken position, again, in front of throne chair, extends her hands in benediction, while Shadow of Shango passes slowly out rear, ascending into heaven.

34-3-12

Characters

Ethiopia
5 Heralds: N-A-A-C-P
Shango
Congo River - Black
Nile - Yellow
Niger - Green
Mississippi - Red
Orinoco - Blue
Prejudice
Ten hooded hounds
Eight Furies: Envy; Gossip; Crime; Poverty; Ignorance; Distrust; Gambling; License
2 Ministers
2 Lawyers
2 Physicians
2 Teachers
2 Carpenters
2 Masons
4 Laborers
4 Farmers
4 Students - male - female
Actors 2
Artists 4
Painters- Sculptor - Musician - Dancer (Singer)
Athletes
Basketball - 3
Track - 4
Tennis - 4
Football - 4
Weight Thrower
Jumper
Boxing - 2
American Negroes - 10
British Negroes - 10
Spanish Negroes - 10
Portuguese Negroes - 10
Haitian Negroes - 10
Society Dancers - 20 couples
Bantus 100 - Fetish Priests
Egyptians 100 - Pharoah
Mohammedans 100 - Askia - Sonni Ali - Mansa Musa
Children of Everlasting Song - 100?

Characters

Reutus 100 - Fetish Priests
Egyptians 100 - Pharoah
Mohammedans 100 - Askia, Sonni Ali, Mansa Musa
Children of Everlasting Song - 100?

Properties

5 Tower of Light Stones:
- Labor
- Beauty
- Justice
- Knowledge
- Love

Gibbet
Noose
Whips
Playing Card
Dice
Saw
Square
Hammer
Trowel
Rake
Hoe
Scythe
Fork
Pick
Axe
Shovel
Hammer and Chisel
Easel
Football
Tennis raquets
Tennis ball

Music

Walk Together Children
Swing Along
Were You There
Imaginary Ballet
La Paloma
O Southland

34-3-13

Scene 4. The Vision

Everlasting

Episode 14 The jubilant freedmen enter the dance wrangle work play & study. Suddenly the Slaves shriek tears amid storm & the Ghosts & Furies howl out. Incredulously they attack the Freedmen. They seek the star of Hod- written Old chants "Nobody knows"
en. The Freedmen appeal & Ethiopia
appears enthroned on the mountain
of the moon & sends the 3 rivers - the
~~Black Nile~~ Thought ~~Nile~~ (~~knowledge~~) the ~~Black Nile~~
(strength ~~Power~~) & the Red Congo (Aspiration) The
ghosts & Furies prepare to lynch them
when they are blotted out in mist

34-3-33

and the crucified Christ appears outlined on the clouds

Episode 12 The yellow Mississippi & her children afloat. They plant the Tower of Light & lay the foundry stone KNOWLEDGE The Congo calls the savages & lay the stone LABOR. The Nile calls Moses the Egyptians & lays the stone SCIENCE. The Niger calls the Mohammedans all Africa & lays the stone JUSTICE. The Niger Orinoko appears leading the Dancing maidens who sing ART. There is a pause The rivers appeal to Ethiopia. The mothers all wail singing. They kneel in prayer. The

34-3-59

The star-bearing children come
with the capstone LOVE
The Tower of Light touches & sub-
limits the Star of Freedom
A great song arises "O Freedom
over me!"

34-3-5T

"THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA"
(Pageant)

34-3-85

On the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the adoption of the THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT there will be held in the City of Washington a Pageant by the colored people, called "THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA." The fund with which this Pageant is given has been furnished by Mrs. Quincy Shaw of Boston, and the Mrs. Lewisom of New York, and others. To this general fund the colored citizens of Washington, including Judge R. H. Terrell, Dr. C. W. Childs, Mr. A. F. Hilyer, Mr. Henry E. Baker, and about one hundred and fifty others have added a guarantee fund of $1,000. The text of the Pageant was written by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Editor of the "CRISIS MAGAZINE" of New York. It was first given in New York in 1913 before audiences aggregating 14,000 people.

The Pageant seeks to portray the history of the Negro race and is divided into five scenes. The first scene refers to prehistoric times and shows the discovery of welding iron by the primitive black savages. The second scene portrays the relations between Mulatto Egypt and BlackAfrica." The third portrays the culmination of theAfrican civilization in the years between 200 A. D. and 1500 A. D., reminding us of the culture under Candace, the Kingdoms of the Soudan, the Empire of Monomotapa, and the industrial culture of Guinea. Then comes the "Valley of Humiliation" or slave trade, ending with several war scenes in which the colored District Militia will take part. The final scene shows the triumph of the Negro over the ghosts of slavery, ending in the building of the Tower of Light.

The music and dancing accompanying this Pageant will be of special interest. The dancing will be led by Mrs. Dora Cole

costumes have been specially made and for the most part according to historical models. Some seven hundred costumes have been made besides the costumes of the soldiers. This spectacle is not simply for the colored people, but for the Cityof Washington regardless of race. The white citizens, especially, will be interested to have their attention called to the great dramatic talent of the colored people which is as remarkable in many ways as their musical gift. A number of prominent people outside of the patrons have expressed their purpose to witness the Pageant. The Pageant will be given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, October 11, 12, 13, and 15th. In case of rain it will be postponed and notice accordingly given in the daily press. The price has been made low to meet the abilities of the working people so that it may reallybe a great popular festival. Many of the properties used, such as weapons, shields, headgear, etc., have been made in the Manual Training Department of the Public Schools. It is hoped that this Pageant movement will spread among the colored schools throughout the land. Already the African M. E. Church has asked for a rpproduction of this Pageant to celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the General Conference which takesplace next May in Philadelphia.

34-3-86

October 7, '15.

Estimated cost of Philadelphia Pageant

Grounds + tickets	$825. (decoration)
Electricity	100.
Advertising	500
Costumes	350.
Salaries	750.
Properties	350.
Arrangement of Play	250
Music	300.
Office	175.
Miscellaneous	500
	$4100

34-3-32

34-3-15

To the Directors of the

National Pageant and Dramatic Association.

The cost of the Pageant to the Horizon Guild has been as follows:

MONIES ALREADY EXPENDED, up to Oct. 13, 1915:	
Preliminary expense, including preparation of manuscript, storage of properties and freight	$250.00
Costumes	215.68
Theatrical properties (Temple, Black Rock, Swords etc., etc.)	346.20
Salaries	316.00
Music arrangement	80.00
Electric lighting (including $180 advanced to Mr. Fearing)	330.00
Travel	80.00
Miscellaneous (office, express etc.)	227.36
Total (Subject to minor corrections)	$1845.24
BILLS PAYABLE, Oct. 13th to 20th	
Salaries	$449.00
Costumes	300.00
Printing (Placards, Posters, Tickets, etc.)	472.00
Electricity	325.00
Advertising	50.00
Labor on grounds	50.00
Miscellaneous (Packing up, office, labor, etc.)	206.25
Total (Subject to minor corrections)	$1852.25
Grand total	$3697.49

(Signed) W. E. B. Du Bois,
President of the Horizon Guild,
October 13, 1915.

Cost of Pageant (Washington)

Grounds & tickets —	$816.14
Electricity —	761.72
Advertising —	701.37
Costumes —	614.68
Salaries —	750.00
Properties —	369.36
Arrangement of Play	311.71
Music	290.75
Office	172.27
Rehearsals	120.
Travel	130.31
Labor, & miscellaneous	254.07
	$5292.38

1923

34-2-65

N.B.
File under
Pageant

34-3-M

COST OF PAGEANT

		WASHINGTON	PHILADELPHIA	
1	Grounds and Tickets	$ 816.14	$ 825.00	800
2	Electricity	761.72	100.00	100
3	Advertising	701.37	500.00	1000
4	Costumes	614.68	350.00	250
5	Salaries	750.00	750.00	700
6	Properties	369.36	350.00	300
7	Arrangement of Play	311.71	250.00	
8	Music	290.75	300.00	250
9	Office	172.27	175.00	150
10	Travel	130.31		
11	Labor and Miscellaneous	254.07	500.00	250
12	Rehearsals	120.00		
		$5,292.38	$4,100.00	3800

35
10
15
50
110

3000

1 — 750
2 — 125
3 — 1000
4 — 250
5 — 600
6 — 300
7 — 250
8 — 150
9 11 12 — 250
3675

225
125
100

1000

2

3000

0 1 5 0 4

50
100

R. — 200
W, 200
N 175
R
B 150
725

This agreement entered into this
between the Horizon Guild, a partnership represented
by W. E. B. DuBois and the
Witnesseth; That the Horizon Guild agrees to produce
in Philadelphia during the week beginning May 14, 1916
three exhibitions of the pageant known as the Star of
Ethiopia. The said Horizon Guild agrees to train
1,000 actors for this pageant and furnish costumes for
them, advertise the pageant in the press and posters,
furnish scenery and properties, furnish the necessary
extra lighting for the stage, furnish all music except
vocal music, furnish manuscripts for the vocal music,
furnish tickets of admission and to maintain a public
office for about six weeks. The said
agrees to furnish 1,000 actors for the pageant and at
least 200 good voices for the chorus, several places
for rehearsal and a guarantee fund of $1,000. The
said guarantee fund shall be paid to W. E. B. DuBois
as a representative of the Horizon Guild on or before

34-3-47

As a receipt for this the said W. E. B. DuBois shall execute a lien upon the first box receipts of the pageant to the amount of $1,000 payable to the

. From the gross receipts arising from the sale of tickets of admission to the three exhibitions of the pageant the following sum shall be subtracted : First, the $1,000 covering the lein of the
Second, $3,000 to reimburse the Horizon Guild for its expenditures and the use of its properties in presenting the pageant. The balance shall be divided one-half to the and one-half to the Horizon Guild. Concessions for the sale of all of the articles whatsoever in connection with the pageant shall be vested jointly in the two organizations except that the sale of souvenir programs shall be the sole property of the Horizon Guild. The gate receipts of the pageant and the receipts from the advance sale of tickets and all other moneys belonging jointly to the two contracting parties shall be held jointly by a committee of two. In case of dispute the decision of an arbitrator

34-3-48

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mutually agreeable to both shall be decisive to both members of the committee.

34-3-49

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1. Prelude to Episode 1

Hear ye. hear ye! Men of all the Americas and listen to the tale of the eldest and strongest of the races of men whose faces be black. Hear ye, hear ye! For lo! Upon this night a world shall pass before your eyes, bathed in color wound with song and set to the marching of many hundred feet. And this shall be the message of our pageantry: Of the Black man's Gift of Iron to the world; of Ethiopia and her glories, North and South and West; of the Fire of Humiliation by which God willed that she must burn; of her dark and terrible search for Resurection and, in the end, of the Vision Everlasting when the Tower of Light rises on the Black Rock of Ages. Men and Women of California, keep silence and in reverence see this holy thing.

32-24-4

2. Prelude to Episode 2

Hear ye! Hear ye!. All them that come to know the truth and listen to the tale of the wisest and gentlest of the races of men, whose faces be black. Hear ye'. hear ye! and learn the golden glory of Egypt born of the womb of Ethiopia and nourished and guarded of that black and ancient all Mother of men whose wonders men forgot. See how beneath the mountains of the Moon and in the vale of the Nile streamed down the rivers of men who made Egypt and when it failed and fainted made it yet again succoured and rescued it and crowned and buttressed all its triumphant splendor. Fathers of men and Mothers of all children black and brown and white, keep silence and hear this mighty word.

32-24-5

Prelude to Episode 3

32-24-6

Hear ye! Hear ye! Eternal children of the World; Ye little ones within whose veins the blood of Ethiopia flows and flames. Hear ye! Hear ye! and listen to the tale of the humblest and mightiest races of men whose faces be black. Behold how black men ~~ruled~~ led the world, and for a thousand years in Meroe and Napata and in ancient Negro-land the black race ruled and strove and fought and sought the Star of Faith and Freedom even as other races did and do. Sons and daughters of Time keep silence and hear this beautiful thing!

Prelude to Episode 4

32-24-7

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! All them that come to see the Light and listen to the tale of the bravest and truest of the races of men whose faces be black! Hear ye! hear ye! And learn how there where Ethiopia sought solemn sanctuary in [redacted] peace and work and colored carven beauty of Atlantis and the West, she did suffer ~~the~~ Pain of Death and [redacted] Humiliation of Hell, yet did not die but ~~rose~~ clept in ~~from~~ flame ~~and~~ to live again beyond the sullen sea. Listen Mothers of men and Daughters of Almighty God whose hearts hold buried the dark and beautiful children of worlds to come...listen and hear this awful thing.

* * *

Prelude to Episode ~~5~~ 5

32-24-8

Hear ye! Hear Ye! All them that know of death and pain and seek and search for peace. See how ~~here~~ on isle and heath and hill beneath tall palms and crooked oaks and dreary pines a people crawled and toiled and whined and sought the Star of Freedom in the sod, until on one great day ~~besought~~ stirred by ~~of~~ brave men black and red and white Ethiopia Shango sang ~~mace~~ in heaven from the dead amid wild drums and all the swinging ~~swaying~~ glory of her sword. Sit still and pray ~~sing~~, Friends of Freedom and Mankind while we play this hard and heavy ~~high~~, high and heavenly thing.

* * *

Prelude to Episode 6

32-24-9

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! All them that dwell by the Rivers of living waters and in the beautiful the Valley of the Shadow ~~of~~ of Death and listen to the ending of this pageant and this tale. Learn, borthers and little sisters, how above the toil of Labor, Justice has built on Beauty and love crowns Knowledge beneath the Star of Freedom. Listen, O [redacted] Isles the while our Pageant comes again in dance and song to build this Tower of Eternal Light. Keep silence with singing hearts to hear our last and latest word!

* * *

32-24-3

Star of Ethiopia

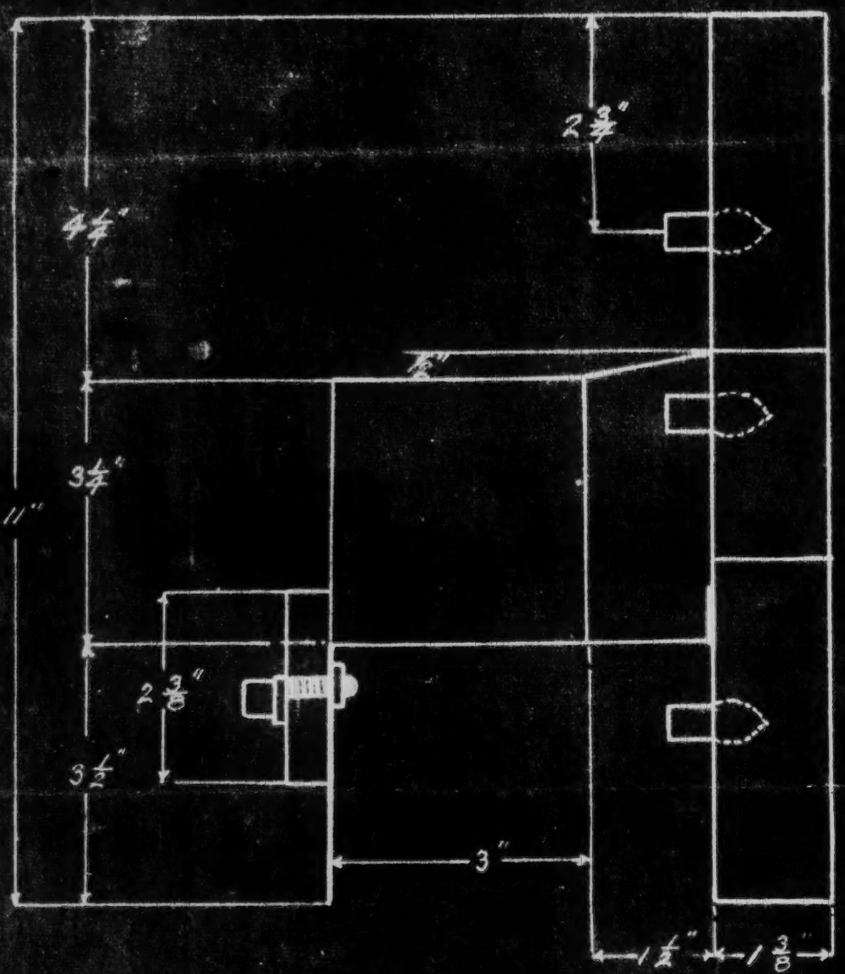
Postlude

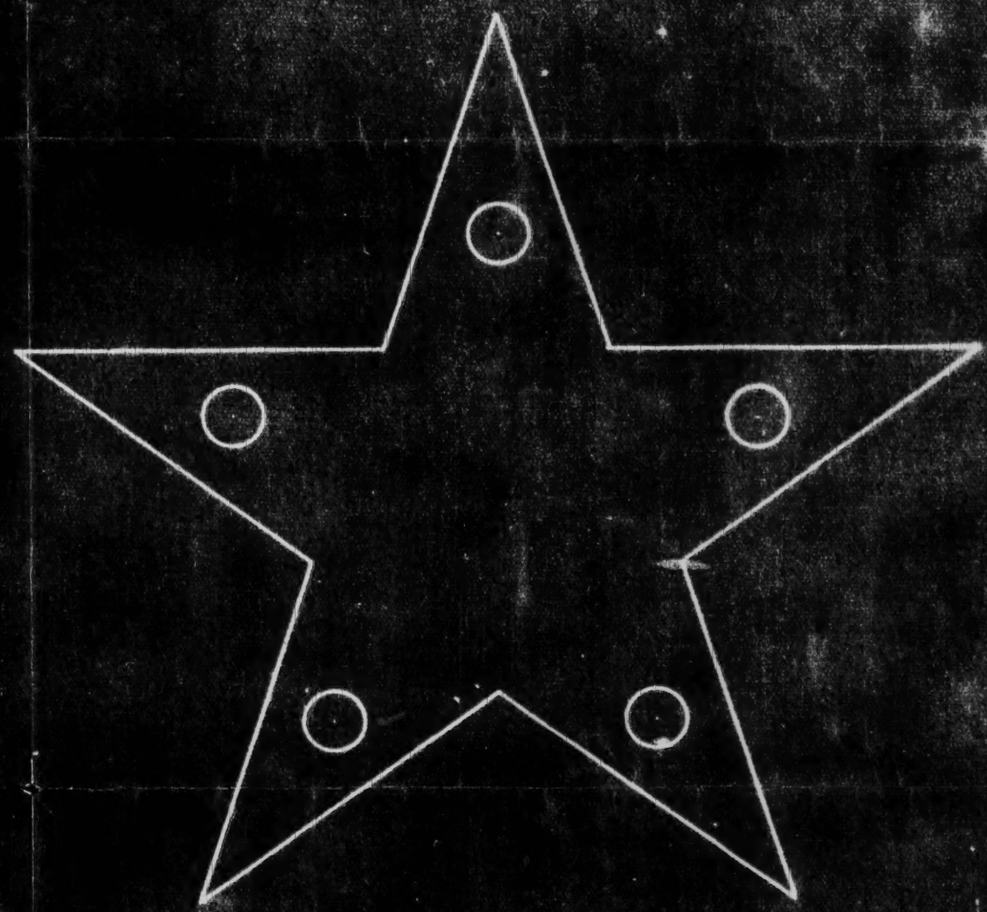
Hear Ye! Hear Ye! All them that sing before the Lord and forget not the Vision of the eldest and strongest of the races of men whose faces be black. Hear Ye! Hear ye! and remember forever and ~~one~~ a day the Star of Ethiopia, All Mother of Men, who gave the world the Iron Gift and Gift of Faith, the Pain of Humility and Sorrow Song of Pain; and Freedom, eternal Freedom underneath the Star. Arise and go, Children of the Angels, the Play is done . . . the Play is done.

STAR of ETHIOPIA

DESIGNED BY

KELLY MILLER JR. and FRED. B. PELHAM.





The Edmund Dorsey { Keeping Tank
Oscola
Seneca
Quaker Lass

Foundation of Youth
Exhilaration
Gold - El Dorado
Serenades
Pleasure

33-2-22

Youth
Knowledge
Gold
Power

The Cycle
Beauty Lasts
The School
Boom
Pneumonia

Bulkley
Burroughs
Dubois
Watson

Wilder
Bath
Johnson

33-2-23

Eland Skill Jordan
Leader + Pt. Lamb

Margaret Johnson

Eleven plunges this land
tower down!
who are you—
I am Elhafen

33-2-24

34-3-77

Application for Beneficiaries of the Net Proceeds
from
THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA

We wish hereby to make application for a share in the net proceeds from "The Star of Ethiopia" in accordance with the conditions of distribution.

Name of Institution _____

Name of Representative _____

Representative's Relation to the Institution _____

Pageant Rehearsals

The following is explanatory of the initials or abbreviations below; K—Kushites; E—Egyptians; M—Mohammedans; N—Nubians; F—Freedmen; H—Haytians; I—Indians; S—Soldiers; C—Children; W—Maidens of Art

32-24-12

April	17, Mon.—Zoar Church	F, I, H, M, N
	18, Tues.—Holy Trinity	F, I, H, M, N
	19, Wed.—Pythian Hall	K, E, M, N
	20, Thur.—Y. M. C. A.	K, E, M, N
	21, Fri.	F, I, H
	22, Sat.—Zion Baptist	F, I, H
	24, Mon.—Calvary	K, E, M, N
	25, Tues.—Holy Trinity	K, E, M, N
	26, Wed.—St, Simons	F, I, H
	27, Thur.—1st African Pres	F, I, H
	28, Fri.—1st African Pres	K, E, M, N
	29, Sat.—Zion Baptist	K, E, M, N
May	1, Mon.—Union A. M. E. Church	F, I, H, S
	2, Tues. Holy Trinity	K, E, M, N
	3, Wed.—Union A. M. E. Church	F, I, H, S
	4, Thur.—Y. M. C. A.	K, E, M, N
	5, Fri.—1st African Pres	All
	6, Sat.—Zion Baptist	All
	8, Mon.—Zoar	All
	9, Tues. Fidelity Hall	All
	10, Wed.—Fidelity Hall	All
	11, Thur.—Holy Trinity & 1st African Pres.	All
	12, Fri.—Fidelity Hall	All
	13, Sat.—Dress Rehearsal,	Convention Hall

The Pageant WILL BE HELD AT Convention Hall

May 16, 18, 20, 1916

HEADQUARTERS:— 1330 LOMBARD STREET

Telephone Walnut 4194 *W. E. B. DuBois, Manager*

32-24-31

Philadelphia Pageant Committee

Philadelphia, Pa.

Find enclosed $.....for which please send.....tickets for the Pageant Performance at Convention Hall.....night, May..... 1916. Send tickets to

Name.....

City..... *State*.....

Street.....

(Please mail before May 8 if possible so as to give sufficient time for the name on Official Souvenir Program)

"The Star of Ethiopia"

A History of the Negro Race

Portrayed *by*

1010 Actors in Costume

PHILADELPHIA, 1916

May

Tuesday

16

Thursday

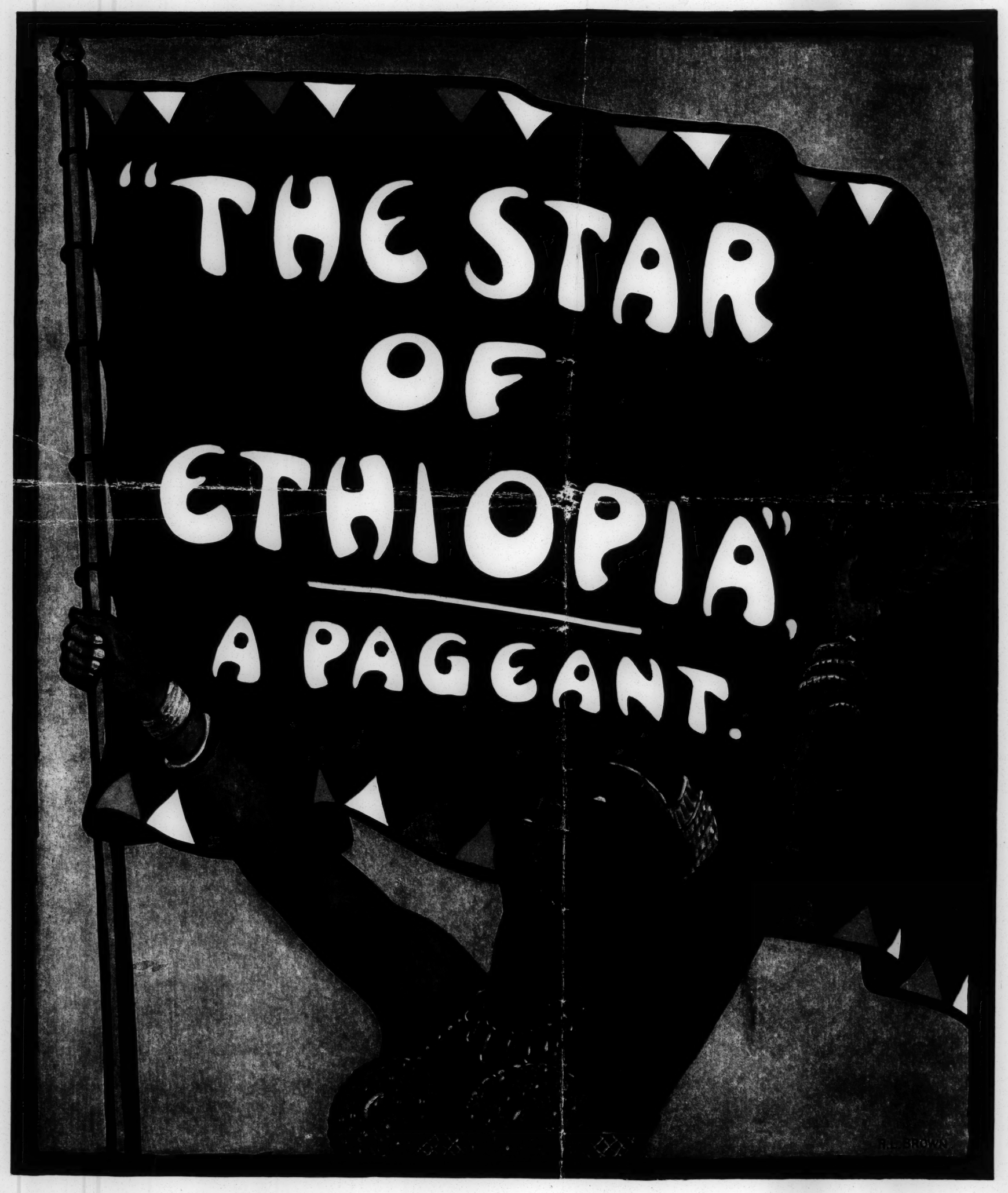
18

Saturday

20

8

P.M.



May

Tuesday

16

Thursday

18

Saturday

20

8

P.M.

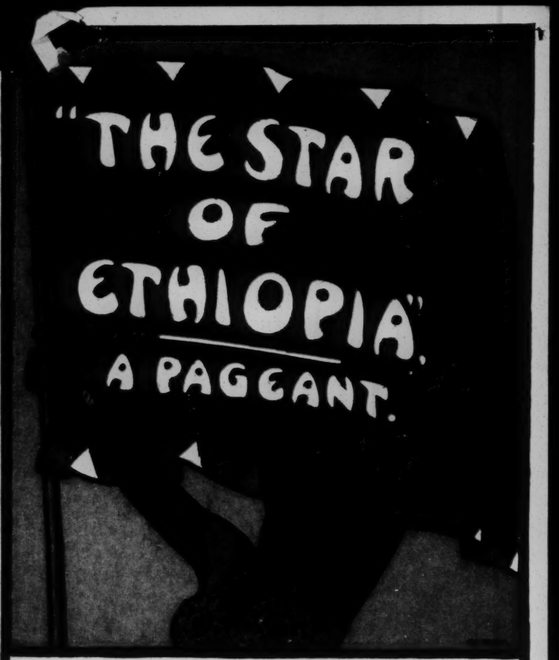
Chorus of 200 - 53 Musical Numbers - Full Brass Band

To Celebrate the

100th General Conference of the A.M.E. Church

CONVENTION HALL

BROAD & ALLEGHANY AVENUE



Presented by the **Horizon Guild** *and the National Pageant and Dramatic Association*

At the American League Ball Park

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Monday, Wednesday & Friday

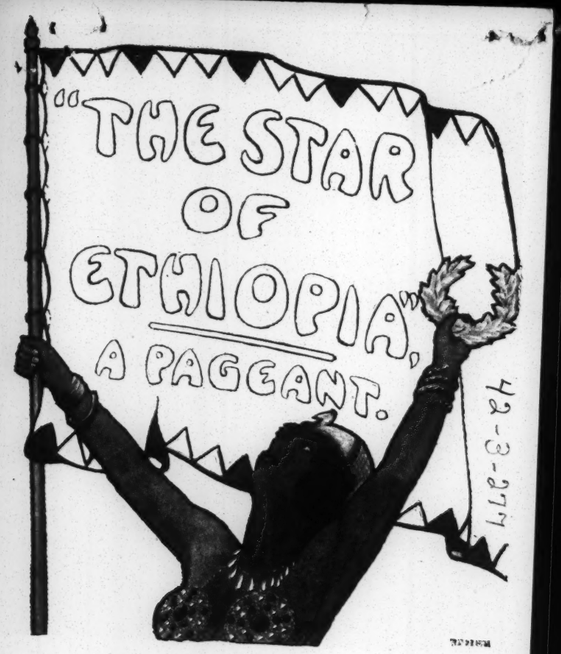
October 11, 13 & 15, 1915

at 8 P. M.

Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 35c. & 50c.

To Commemorate the Thirteenth Amendment

42-3-276



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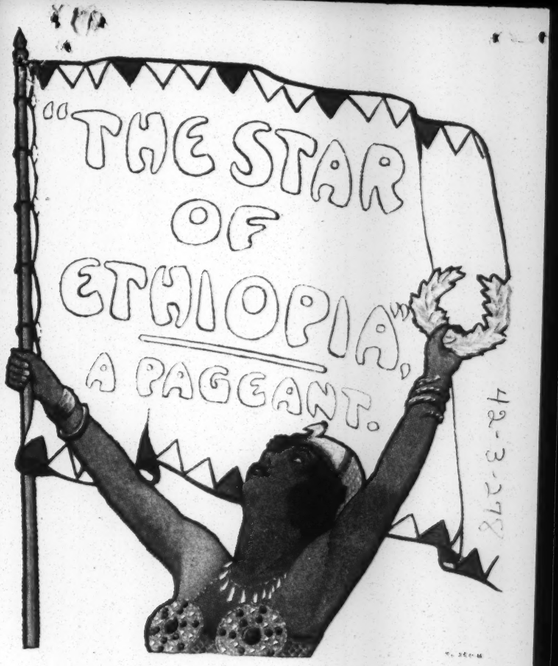
October 11, 13 & 15, 1915



42-3-278

October 11, 13 & 15, 1915

42-3-279

Page 1

Report

1915

1. The Pageant Girl
2. Preliminary Announcement
3. Explanatory Leaflet
4. Facts about the Washington Pageant
5. The Star worn by 16,000 colored school children
6. The Appeal to Patrons
7. The Appeal of the cooperating local association
8. The Official Program
9. Cut of the Local Committee
10. Three of the Principals in the Pageant
11. The Story of the Master, with pictures of the Directors
12. Report of the Pageant in the local colored paper
13. Criticism, by whites
14. Criticism, by colored people
15. The Cost of the Pageant

"THE STAR
OF
ETHIOPIA"
A PAGEANT.

A PROPOSED PAGEANT

To Celebrate the Adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment Abolishing Slavery

32-24-11

THE Horizon Guild (to be incorporated) has secured the support of a few prominent philanthropists who wish to promote dramatic art among American Negroes, not simply for recreation and amusement, but to give the higher spiritual aspirations of the race adequate expression.

The Guild has chosen THE PAGEANT as a suitable vehicle for dramatic art expression. A **pageant** is a series of scenes, with processions of persons in costumes of various periods, representing historic events. These scenes and actions are accompanied by music, dramatic incidents and the grouping and massing of color. In the pageant all classes and ages take part. It is a great human festival and may be of singular beauty and lasting impression.

2

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Only one pageant has ever been given in Colored America and that was at the Emancipation celebration of the State of New York in 1913. It was a striking success, employing 350 actors for four performances before audiences aggregating 14,000 persons. The OUTLOOK (N. Y.) called it "an impressive spectacle both from historical point of view and as a forecast."

The author of the pageant, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Editor of THE CRISIS, is President of the Horizon Guild and is proposing to stage and perform a similar pageant in Washington city, next October. He will use 500 actors with scenery, music and costumes, and thus in a great folk festival, celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Thirteenth Amendment which freed the American slave.

To this end he is asking the co-operation of a local committee representing the various organizations of the District of Columbia. A temporary committee under the chairmanship of Mr. L. M. Hershaw, has already been formed and financial arrangements proposed. This committee is now consulting with various organizations with a view to enlarging its numbers and making a permanent committee.

The proposed pageant begins with the prehistoric black men who gave to the world the gift of the welding of iron. Ethiopia, Mother of Men, then leads the mystic procession of historic events past the glory of ancient Egypt, the splendid kingdoms of the Sudan and Zymbabwe down to the tragedy of the American slave trade. Up from slavery slowly but resistlessly the black race writhes back to life and hope and with Touissaint and Douglass builds a new and mighty Tower of Light on which the Star of Freedom gleams forever.

No such setting forth of the facts, dreams and ideals of the colored people has ever before been attempted. It is hoped that the people of Washington will enter into this solemn and beautiful festival with enthusiasm.

All persons interested will address Mr. Hershaw, 2215 Thirteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., or Mr. Du Bois, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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WHAT IS A PAGEANT

A PAGEANT is a great Folk Play given usually out of doors and using large numbers of actors.

There is little or no speaking but the story is told by music, beautiful costumes and folk-dancing.

The pageant has its origin in the religious festivals of ancient and mediaeval days and has recently been revived in England and America.

Each Pageant seeks to teach some great historic lesson, portraying the deeds and thoughts of by-gone days and inspiring the young for unselfish work in thefuture.

A PAGEANT

The pageant was produced in Washington October 11th, 13th and 15th. The leading colored people of Washington formed an association to cooperate. The Board of Education endorsed the work and gave us the use of the colored public school buildings and the cooperation of teachers and pupils.

The audiences aggregated 12,000 people. Over 1,200 actors were used. The cooperation on the part of the colored people of Washington was extraordinary and many declared that this was the most successful entertainment in point of numbers and good feeling that colored Washington has ever seen.

Among the persons who loaned their name and influence as patrons were the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, Senator and Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette, the Assistant Secretary of the Department of Labor and Mrs. Post, four justices of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, members of the Board of Education, the president and other members of the Dramatic Association, the superintendent of education, Miss Mabel Boardman, the head of the Red Cross Society and Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President.

5

A Pageant
"The Star of Ethiopia"

32-39-89

American League Baseball Park
Washington, D. C.
October 11, 13 and 15
At Eight P. M.
General Admission
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Revista

A Pageant

ON the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery there will be presented in the city of Washington a pageant called the "Star of Ethiopia."

This pageant when given last year in New York City by four hundred colored actors before audiences aggregating 14,000 was pronounced by periodicals like the New York OUTLOOK "an impressive spectacle both from the historical point of view and as a forecast."

The Washington pageant will employ 1,000 colored participants and be played in the American League Ball Park, Monday, Wednesday and Friday,

October 11, 13 and 15, 1915. The players will be in costume and will illustrate the history of the Negro race from prehistoric times down through the centuries of Egypt, Ethiopia, the Kingdoms of the Soudan, slavery and America. The fifty musical selections will be a complete exposition of Negro music from the tom-toms to Coleridge-Taylor.

It is earnestly desired to interest in this movement persons of influence and social foresight. The colored people have strong musical and dramatic instincts. Through the pageant these gifts may be turned into valuable agents of education and uplift. The Horizon Guild which is promoting this pageant hopes to begin here in Washington a movement which will extend throughout the United States and it asks the cooperation of public spirited persons of all races.

MRS. HELEN CURTIS
Mistress of the Robes

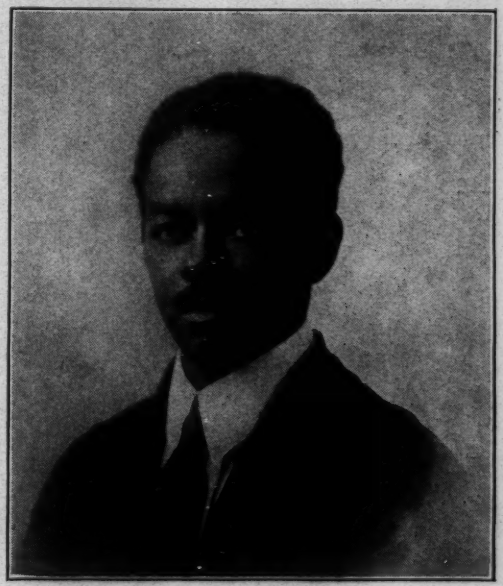
fairly well it seems like tempting fate to try it again. And then, after all, there was no money. There was war and there was trouble. So another year passed, and then with a start I felt that I was letting something go that was really worth while—letting it die because of certain moral cowardice and so I girded myself and looked around the world and hit upon Washington at once the most promising and the most difficult of places; the largest Negro city in the northern hemisphere and yet for that very reason exceedingly hard to reach and interest with a new and untried thing.

The few that came out to the preliminary meetings listened with interest. They even showed enthusiasm at times and they promised cooperation and they kept their word. I had the whole matter carefully planned but I early found that the best laid plans needed a curious personal joining together on the part of the one who has the vision of what he wants and cannot adequately tell it.

I remember that Friday when I opened the office. The beautiful sign which Richard Brown had painted was going up and I was helping boost it. A good friend came by and looked at me. There was pity way down in his soul. "Are you still encouraged?" he asked. His question was a revelation. The whole city doubted. A thousand actors, gowned and trained in three weeks? "Impossible!" said the city. Nevertheless they worked loyally.

My helpers came to town on the dot. Mr. Burroughs, with his deliberate genius and unwavering faith; Mrs. Norman with her great mastery of men—or rather of women—and Mrs. Curtis who came almost concealed under thousands of yards of cloth. Already in the field was the tireless Mrs. Glenn and eventually came Mr. Davidson. Richard Brown had long been working. So we started and our troubles started with us.

The School Board was slow but when it moved it moved generously. The rehearsals hitched and for interminable days we had a hundred people where we needed a thousand. The music went awry and it seemed an absolutely impossible task properly to advertise the thing we were doing and get the mass of the people to know and to think about it.



RICHARD L. BROWN
Director of Scenery and Properties

8

32-39-92

Program of the

Pageant

"The Star of Ethiopia"

AMERICAN LEAGUE BALL PARK
Washington, D. C.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday
October 11, 13 and 15, 1915
At 8 P. M.

W. E. B. DU BOIS, Master of the Pageant
CHARLES BURROUGHS, Director of Dramatic Action
DORA COLE NORMAN, Director of Dancing
HELEN CURTIS, Mistress of the Robes
LAURA BRUCE GLENN, Chief Marshal
SHELBY J. DAVIDSON, Director of Publicity
J. ROSAMOND JOHNSON, Director of Music
AUGUSTUS G. DILL, Assistant Director of Music
RICHARD L. BROWN, Director of Scenery and Properties
PROF. ROY W. TIBBS, Chorister

Goins Printing Co., 1344 You Street NW.

To be changed
Ellsworth

THE "Star of Ethiopia" is the name of a Pageant which will be given in Washington the week of October tenth.

The story of the Pageant covers 10,000 years and more of the history of the Negro race and its work and suffering and triumphs in the world.

The Pageant combines historic accuracy and symbolic truth. All the costumes of the thousand actors, the temples, the weapons, etc., have been copies from accurate models.

The story is divided into five scenes and twelve episodes. The *FIRST SCENE,* the "Gift of Iron," occurs in prehistoric days when all men of all races were in savagery and helpless before beast and storm. It shows how then the Negro race gave mankind its first great advance in culture:—knowledge of the use of iron which was discovered when Ethiopia brought the Star of Freedom from Heaven. The *SECOND SCENE,* the "Dream of Egypt," shows how the Egyptians, descended from the prehistoric Negroes, evolved a high civilization and met again oncoming hordes of black men from the motherland, Punt, and eventually crowned one as Pharoah and thus extended their culture to Central Africa.

The *THIRD SCENE,* laid in the sixth to the sixteenth centuries, A. D., depicts the "Glory of Ethiopia" and its empires, and shows how the duel of Islam and Fetish exhausted black Africa and made it a prey to Christian and other slave traders. Ethiopia, rescuing the Star of Freedom, is burned on the Black Rock.

The *FOURTH SCENE,* the "Valley of Humiliation," shows Africa enslaved and careless but called to arms at last to fight for freedom. The *FIFTH SCENE,* the "Vision Everlasting," shows the triumph of Knowledge, Labor, Justice, Science, Art and Love over the ghosts of slavery, which have sought to lynch the Rivers of Africa.

Music by colored composers, lights and symbolic dancing accompany the story and emphasize and explain it.

This Pageant is owned and staged by the

Horizon Guild of New York City

W. E. B. Du Bois, President

Cooperating with the Horizon Guild is

The National Pageant and Dramatic Association, Inc.

of Washington, D. C.

OFFICERS

President, Mr. L. M. Hershaw — Vice President, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell

Recording Secretary, Mr. Ransom C. Edmondson — Financial Secretary, Mr. John R. Hawkins

Treasurer, Mr. Addison N. Scurlock

The following committees have cooperated in arranging the Pageant:

COMMITTEE ON GUARANTORS

Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford, Chairman, 1944 9th St., NW.
Mrs. J. M. Layton, 1722 10th St., NW.
J. C. Burlls, 1509 Corcoran St., NW.
W. J. Singleton, 1814 13th St., NW.
Mrs. Jennie Brown, 1732 Vermont Ave.
C. E. Lane, 502 T St., NW.
George W. Cook, Howard University.
Thomas A. Johnson, 3229 Sherman Ave., NW.
R. H. Terrell, 1826 13th St., NW.
L. M. Hershaw, 2215 13th St., NW.
Miss Gregoria Fraser, 2019 13th St., NW.
Rev. Jarvis, Church, 9th and S Sts., NW.
Rev. F. I. A. Bennett, 651 11th St., NW.
Thomas Walker, 506 5th St., NW.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICITY

Mr. Shelby J. Davidson, Chairman, 1911 13th St., NW.
Mr. Robert A. Pelham, 605 Howard Ave., NW.
Mr. Neval H. Thomas, 1940 11th St., NW.
Miss Nannie Burroughs, National Training School, Lincoln Heights, D. C.
Mr. E. C. Williams, M Street High School.
Mr. Garnet C. Wilkinson, Armstrong Manual T. School.
Dr. Lucy E. Moten, Miner Normal School.
Mr. William Miner, 454 Washington St., NW.
Mr. J. S. Quander.
Mr. Archibald Pinkett, 1527 K St., NW.
Miss Blanche Wright, The Cameron.
Mr. I. E. Williamson, 1913 9th St., NW.
Mr. T. J. Calloway.
Mr. A. H. Glenn, 941 S St., NW.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC

Mr. Andrew F. Hilyer, Chairman, 2352 6th St., NW.
Mr. John H. Cook, 2328 6th St., NW.
Mr. Bernadine Smith, 816 4th St., NW.
Prof. John T. Layton, 1722 10th St., NW.
Miss Lulu V. Childers, Howard University.
Prof. Charles G. Harris, 1460 Oak St., NW.
Prof. R. J. Daniels, 1933 11th St., NW .
Mrs. Harriet G. Marshall, 900 T St., NW.
Mrs. Gabrielle L. Pelham, 605 Howard Ave., NW.
Mr. J. T. Beason, City Post Office.
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Bottom Row: Mr. Hawkins, Mrs. Clifford, Mr. Du Bois, Mrs. Terrell and Mr. Hershaw, the President of the Board.

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(Miss Gregoria Fraser)

From the Pageant: "The Star of Ethiopia"

"THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA"

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

I WROTE it four years ago. I called it, or rather it called itself by various names. Finally it decided to be called "The Star of Ethiopia." I acquiesced. My friends looked upon it with lack-luster eye. I did not blame them. The more I read it myself the more it seemed wanting. And yet as I turned over my rejected manuscripts this always bobbed up with a certain insistance, a kind of "Why not try me" tone. Its first resurrection came in 1913 when we were celebrating, in New York, Emancipation.

What a task that was! I have been through a good many laborious jobs and had to bear on many occasions accusations difficult to rest under, but without doubt the New York Emancipation Exposition was the worst of all my experiences. Such an avalanche of altogether unmerited and absurd attacks it had never been my fortune to experience.

CHARLES BURROUGHS
Director of Dramatic Action

MRS. DORA COLE NORMAN
Director of Dancing

Yet through it all one thing became clearer—the Pageant must be tried. We must attempt, at least, this one new thing in the dead level of uninteresting exhibitions. We had our ups and downs with it. It was difficult to get hold of the people; it was more difficult to keep them. There were curious little wranglings and bickerings and none of us will forget that dress rehearsal. If there had been any reasonably convenient method of escape the Pageant would never have seen the light of day.

And then it came—four exhibitions, singular in their striking beauty, and above all in the grip they took upon men. Literally, thousands besieged our doors and the sight of the thing continually made the tears arise. After these audiences aggregating 14,000, I said: the Pageant is the thing. This is what the people want and long for. This is the gown and paraphernalia in which the message of education and reasonable race pride can deck itself. And yet a year went by and another year. I had upon me somehow the fear of doing. When one has done a thing and done it

National Pageant and Dramatic Association

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

ORGANIZED to assist "The Horizon Guild," of New York, in presenting at the Base Ball Park, 7th Street and Florida Avenue, Washington, D. C., on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, October 11th, 13th and 15th, 1915, the Pageant, "THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA."

The Pageant was composed by DR. W. E. B. DUBOIS, and was successfully produced in New York City in 1913.

The Horizon Guild is to furnish $3,000 for expenses.

The National Pageant and Dramatic Association (incorporated), the local body, is to furnish $1,000 for expenses, to be paid back from the first gate receipts of the Pageant performance. The National Pageant and Dramatic Association is the instrument and agent of the Guarantors of the $1,000 fund.

Many local residents have subscribed one or more units.

Others are invited to subscribe one or more units, so as to complete the Guarantee Fund of $1,000 at the earliest practicable date.

Subscriptions may be registered with the Recording Secretary of the Association, or with the Office Clerk, at the PENDLETON BUILDING, 1216 You Street, Washington, D. C.

Cash or checks should be handed or mailed to Mr. John R. Hawkins, Financial Secretary of the Association, 1541 14th St. N. W., corner Q St., Washington, who will give receipts.

☞ *Each Guarantor named in the list below is hereby requested to secure one additional Guarantor,* and make prompt report thereof to the office.

National Pageant and Dramatic Association
1216 You St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

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MEETING OF GUARANTORS

Lincoln Memorial Church, 11th and R Streets, N. W.
Thursday Night, October 7th, 1915.

PLEASE COME.

MR. SHELBY J. DAVIDSON
Director of Publicity

And then the weather—oh! the weather! The pains of hell gat hold upon me and the terrors of the damned during that week of cold, drizzly weather that preceded the week of our entertainment. I was at the very nadir of my faith, and wondered rather helplessly why it was I could never let well enough alone, but was always pushing out into some frontier of wilderness endeavoring to do the impossible. Then (by what miracle who knows), came three nights, each more perfect than the other and sandwiched in between rains. Some said God did it and I am not disposed to dispute.

But the money. The way the funds rained through my fingers was quite unbelievable. I saw ahead of me the most shocking bankruptcy, the most unbelievable extravagance. Everything seemed to be costing just twice as much as it should. Final hitches came on the very end of our endeavor. The music looked dubious; the regulations of the ball field seemed about to interfere with even our walking firmly on the grass; the electric lighting got into inextricable tangles. The tickets were late. The costumes were later and the properties latest of all. New expenses kept cropping up, and finally, when the city inspector dropped around very late one evening and casually remarked that he might have to hold up the whole thing because a few red lights were missing, it seemed as though the cup of misfortune was full.

Then it was as it always is in things of this sort. Suddenly a great new spirit seemed born. The Thing that you have exorcized becomes a living, mighty, moving spirit. It sweeps on and you hang trembling to its skirts. Nothing can stop it. It is. It will. Wonderfully, irresistably the dream comes true. You feel no exaltation, you feel no personal merit. It is not yours. It is its own. You have simply called it, and it comes.

I shall never forget that last night. Six thousand human faces looked down from the shifting blaze of lights and on the field the shimmering streams of colors came and went, silently, miracuously save for the great cloud of music that hovered over them and enveloped them. It was no mere picture: it was reality.

THE LEADER OF THE HANDMAIDENS OF ART

The Herald cried, "People of Washington arise, and go. The Play is done." And yet the play was not done. Some things are quite too beautiful ever to be finished. So I walked home alone and knew the joys of God.

12

THE BEE
WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915

THE GREAT PAGEANT

DR. DU BOIS' GREAT PAGEANT, "THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA," A GREAT SUCCESS.

ANDREW F. HILYER.

The First Separate Battalion Receives an Ovation—The Singing of "John Brown's Body," Etc., By an Audience of 8,000—Beautiful Singing by the Large Chorus—The Greatest Event in the History of Colored Americans.

The Great Pageant, "The Star of Ethiopia," which has held Colored Washington in its grip for the last three weeks, was enacted on the evenings of October 11, 13, and 15, 1915, at the Baseball Park, to admiring and applauding thousands. The weather was ideal and contributed much to the success of the pageant as well as to the comfort of the masses of men, women and children who had the good fortune to witness it.

Superintendent Thurston Gave Aid.

The Pageant was composed by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of the Crisis, and was produced here under his personal direction. To white ladies donated $3,000.00 as a guarantee fund to make it possible to render the pageant in at least ten cities. The local co-operation was furnished by the National Pageant and Dramatic Association of which Mr. L. M. Hershaw is president. A large number of public spirited citizens pledged a local guarantee fund of $1,000 dollars. More than 1,000 voluntary actors took part, and a well-trained chours of 200 voices contributed the singing.

"The Star of Ethiopia" was undoubtedly the biggest thing in the drama that Washington has ever had had, yet only a very few white persons came to see it. The co-operation of the Board of Educaton and Mr. E. L. Thurston, superintendent of schools, was early and freely given, and, except for the co-operation and help of the Colored Schools, the unusual success which the Pageant achieved would not have been possible.

History of Our Origin.

A group of professional men from Howard laid the foundation stone of the "Tower of Light," which is "Knowledge."

Mr. Fred Pelham and Kelly Miller, Jr., made the electric "Star of Ethiopia."

Co-operation Made the Pageant Possible."

The amount of co-operation which the Pageant brought out was wonderful. The principals of the High Schools, Messrs. Williams, Wilkinson, Saunders and Newman, were ever ready to help. All the helmets and spears were made at Armstrong Manual. Miss Gertrude Ryan with the assistance of many others designed and made all of the head gear. Mr. W. D. Nixon and Mr. S. D. Milton gave much volunteer service in painting the scenery.

Mr. R. C. Edmundson gave two weeks of his time from the office to the work. Mr. Louis Mellinger and Mrs. Hallie Queen rendered valuable assistance on the headgear. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn had charge of the actors and devoted much time to the work. Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford performed yeoman service in bringing in guarantors. There were of course many, many others. Indeed the spirit of co-operation was so general and all persuasive that it is quite impossible to do more than mention a few instances that come to the notice of the writer. Not less than 1,200 persons co-operated in giving the Pageant and each deserves praise for his or her part in the great success, which all of us jointly have achieved. The services of the boyscouts were invaluable. They were always on the spot when needed and paraded the streets each evening with fife and drum corps to advertise the Pageant.

To me the one great lesson which the Pageant has taught us is the power of co-operation. If we can get large groups of our people to work together for a common purpose, ignoring the chronic "knockers," who will dare place a limit upon our capacity to do great things.

"The Star of Ethiopia" is a serious effort by our most distinguished scholar to use the drama in a large form to teach the history of our origin, to stimulate the study of the history of the peoples from whom we have sprung, to ennoble our youth and to furnish our people with high ideals, hope and inspiration. The influence of the drama on the life of a people is admitted by all writers on the subject to be very great. Shall our men and women of dramatic talent allow low vaudeville and semi-smutty skits to set the taste of our people for amusement? The success of this Pageant shows conclusively that there is inherent in our race all the innate qualities of the highest civilization and that our only problem is to bring the masses of our people to appreciate entertainments of this class. It was well knnown by Dr. Du Bois, by the ladies who so kindly donated the three thousand dollars, and by all of the persons in this city who guaranteed the $1,000 that a Pageant probably would not pay expenses. Yet they gave their money to educate the people to enjoy a higher type of amusement. Amusements that lift them up rather than pull them down. The local guarantors will be repaid dollar for dollar.

Highest Mark of Civilization.

It is remarkable that fifty years after Emancipation, the recently enslaved race should produce a man who has proposed a dramatic work that has enlisted in its production hundreds of persons who have contributed of their money and their time and many have made serious sacrifices to bring it out in completed form, and which has brought thousands of people to see it. It seems to me this is undoubted evidence that there is in us the innate capacity for doing great things and that this man at least of our race has reached the highest mark of civilization.

"The Star of Ethiopia" covers a period of 10,000 years, and more in the mythology, history and development of our race. It vividly tells the story of its work, its suffering, triumphs and hopes as an integral part of the human family. The author has most skillfully combined symbolic truth and historic accuracy, all woven into an entertainment for a couple of hours that has set all Washington to talking about it. "The Star of Ethiopia" is great because it touches every human interest through the soul.

The Story of the Pageant.

The story is divided into five scenes and twelve episodes. We first hear the measured beat of tom-toms, followed by an African Savage "Prelude," composed by Major Charles A. Young of the U. S. Army, for sometime stationed in Liberia. This music is extremely weird, thrilling and full of savage characterists. Very soon the lightnings flash, the rolls of thunder are heard, mingled with the roar and cries of wild beasts. Now hundreds of savages, the Kushites, rush in over the mountain hill and kneel before the great "Black Rock," which was their place of worship. The chorus chants a savage prayer and a human sacrifice is offered. "Shango," the Thunder God, is appeased and the

storm abates. The danger over, the savages dance and make merry to the tune of Coleridge-Taylor's "Bamboula." Very soon "Shango" appears to them, summons "Ethiopia" and enlows her with "The Star of Freedom," which he has brought from Heaven, and tells her to keep it shining in high Heaven forever, assigns two angels to guard it and gives her three sprites from Heaven as emblems of his love to accompany her. He tells her that the time has now come for her people to advance and that he would entrust them with the knowledge of the use of iron. "Ethiopia" now mingles with her people and shows them how to extract iron from the earth. The savages fashion all sorts of iron implements and with savage glee go forth to hunt down the wild beasts and to slay their enemies.

The scene quickly changes. We are in Egypt. There is an Egyptian Temple and the Sphinx. Priests and worshippers file out of the temple. They are in the midst of their worship when the Kushites, having conquered all of their neighbors, rush in, but are appeased by the friendliness of the Egyptians and perhaps dazed by the splendor of the civilization and culture before their eyes. The two peoples fraternize and finally blend. One of the Kushite chiefs is crowned a Pharoah and his dynasty reigns for hundreds of years. Visits in royal state are made by the Queen of Sheba and other noted African Rulers who are royally entertained. At one of these fetes, Mrs. Dora Cole Norman dances most artistically to Coleridge-Taylor's "Take Nabanji." A most beautiful art dance of 100 Egyptian maidens trained by Mrs. Norman is part of the entertainment for this great fete.

In the course of time the culture of Egypt extended to Central Africa and there arose great empires. From the sixth to the sixteenth centuries A. D. these Central African Empires flourished. But with the on-coming of Mohammedanism there were innumerable religious wars between Mohammedan and Fetish worshipers, which so weakened and divided the people that they fell an easy prey to the slave-trader. The third scene depicts in the strongest dramatic manner how "Ethiopia" was blotted out by fire and smoke and pillage by the slave hunters, how they sought to get possession of the "Star of Freedom," but were themselves destroyed by the guardian angels, who were guarding and keeping the "Star." During all this pillage two monks representing the Christian world look on in silent acquiescense.

The fourth scene shifts to America. Hordes of slaves file in. They are bowed down by grief and pain. The atmosphere is charged with these feelings largely by the help of the band which plays one measure, "Sometimes," over and over again of Coleridge-Taylor's setting of that minor key wail, "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child." And then, when it would seem your heart would burst at the thought of the pain and grief of slavery the band would finish the movement. Over the prostrate and bending form of the slaves the ghosts of slavery dance in and out among them. A troop of Indians uttering their war cries, come in and dance to Cole and Johnson's "Big Chief" and "Red Shawl." Departing they vainly beckon to slaves to follow them to the forests and swamps. Soon the band starts up a lively dance tune taken from the Creole folk songs of Louisiana, "Look at that Dandy There, Mr. Banjo." Immediately the slaves forget all of their woes. The chorus sings this most tuneful air. All work is stopped for a good time and a frolic. The overseer comes in, cracks his whip, and the slaves resume work vigorously.

The Abolitionists come in and plead with the slave owners. Nat Turner rushes among them accompanied by the furies of insurrection. Sojourner Truth, William Lloyd Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe appear and plead for the slaves, but all their pleading avails nothing. John Brown rushes in carrying the lighted torch of war. Finally he falls dead at the base of the "Black Rock." The slaves gather around him. The chorus sings, "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" "Shango," the Thunder God, again appears on the apex of the "Black Rock" and calls "Ethiopia" to life and duty. She rises, accompanied by her guardian angels and sprites of love, but this time with the glistening sword in one hand and the "Star of Ethiopia" shining brightly in the other. The chorus sings "Walk Together, Children," making a most effective scene. With a waive of her sword she summons Toussaint L'Ouverture and the Haytian soldiers to appear. The band plays the Haytian National Hymn. With the next wave of her sword she summons her sons to join the union armies and fight for freedom. This summons was responded to by the entire command, three hundred strong, of the First Separate Battalion, who, marching in to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," created the wildest enthusiasm.

The most exalted climax was reached, however, when the slaves, who had remained hovering around John Brown's prostrate form, picked it up and bore it away on their shoulders in triumph. The chorus and band began "John Brown's Body," etc., and immediately thousands were on their feet and joining in the singing. The effect was electrical, spiritual and every one in Washington who missed it missed something really great.

The last scene, "The Vision Everlasting," represents the period since the Civil War. Groups are seen at work in various trades. There are people in business. The leisure class appears, tennis players, foot ball and baseball teams, athletes, the professional class, ministers, physicians, professors, teachers, trained nurses, etc. Soon the band strikes up Will M. Cook's "Swing Along, Chillun," and a group of society dancers come trooping in. The chorus sings this tuneful selection and this group of dancers dance to the accompaniment of the singing, making a most beautiful and effective scene.

When all these different groups are quietly enjoying their freedom, each in his own way, they are continually and most viciously attacked by the "furies" of race prejudice, envy, gambling, idleness, intemperance and the ku klux, and all the forces that go to keep up back and pull us down. At first some of the groups give way, but others stand their ground. The "furies" try to seize the "Star." The freedmen appeal to "Ethiopio" with the sorrow song, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See," who then calls forth her sons and daughters that dwell around the great rivers of the earth to come and build a "Tower of Light" upon which she will set the "Star of Freedom" so high that it will be forever safe. While they are assembling the chorus sings in a most effective manner Rosamond Johnson's "Southland," arranged especially for the Pageant.

First comes the yellow Mississippi who contributes the foundation stone "Knowledge"; next the Congo and her people place the stone "Labor." The Egyptians from the Nile set the stone "Science." The Mohammedans from the Niger set the stone "Justice." The blue Oronoco to the art-dance of one hundred Egyptian maidens dressed in pink and blue set the stone "Art." Above this in a magical way the capstone "Love" is added by [illegible] heavenly sprites. The tower reaches to high heaven and touches "The Star of Ethiopia." The mothers of the race do not yet quite understand; they make further appeal to Ethiopia. The chorus sings "The Rocks and Mountains Shall All Flee Away." Ethiopia then summons the children of the race. One hundred little girls dressed in white with red laced slippers, whose happy playful voices have been heard for sometime in the distance come trooping, skipping in full, full of joy and glee, each one carrying an electric torch: They play and dance and art-dance before the assemlbed thousands. "Ethiopia" then points to them and tells the mothers, "They are your hope and inspiration." The chorus and the audience then join in singing that stirring martial air:

Before I'd be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Father
And be free.

The Herald announces in a dramatic manner:

"The play is done, the play is done."

The Music for the Pageant.

If we except two selections from Verdi's "Aida" chosen for their distinctive Egyptian coloring, all the music for the Pageant was composed, arranged, played and sung by people of our race. Major Chas. A. Young, of the U. S. Army, stationed for some time in Liberia, contributed the "Prelude Primitive," the "Chant of the Savages," the "Song of the Faithful," "When Darkness Descends," "The African chant," and "The Welding Song." Themes and motifs from these productions frequently recur as the drama proceeds. "Bamboula," from West Africa, and "Take Nabauji," from East Africa. "The Imaginary Ballet" and "Motherless Child" are from Coleridge-Taylor. "Mr. Major" and "Lolotte" are Creole folk songs. "Swing Along" is by Will M. Clark. "Big Indian Chief" and Red Shawl by Cole and Johnson and Southland and Mr. Rosamond Johnson. The folk songs sung by the chorus are the property of all of us.

The problem for the band was an extremely difficult one. Motifs from the Major Young and Coleridge-Taylor music ran through the entire drama. The primitive African savage music of Major Young is most weird and peculiar. The rhythm is irregular and the score is full of unexpected intervals. Coleridge-Taylor never wrote any easy music. "Take Nabuji" and Bamboula" frequently recur. The dances taught and danced by Mrs. Norman are works of art. They require art music. There are frequent and unexpected changes of key and time. There are "art pauses." There is nothing regular, there is no monotony, no sameness about any of it. Almost every note stands out by itself and must be played accurately and absolutely on time. It is the opinion of those who know of the difficulty of the music that Mr. Hoffman's musicians acquitted themselves creditably, especialy the last night. The music of the Pageant made demands upon them altogether different from the syncopated jingling dance music which they are used to playing. His men need more encouragement to play this class of music.

The work of the chorus was beyond critcism. Prof. Tibbs had welded those 200 superb voices into an instrument of music that responded wonderfully to every motion of his baton. The singing of the chorus was one of the interesting features of a great spiritual occasion. The tone was always full, round and resonant, and was a continued delight to the thouands who had the good fortune to hear this chorus sing, as was frequently evidenced by rounds of applause.

Master of the Pageant, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois.

Director of Dramatic Action, Mr. Chas. H. Burroughs.

Director of Dancing, Mrs. Dora Cole-Norman.

Mistress of the Robes, Mrs. Helen Noble Curtis.

Chief Marshall, Mrs. Laura B. Glenn.

Director of Publicity, Mr. Shelby J. Davidson.

Director of Music, Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson.

Assistant Director of Music, Mr. A. G. Dill.

Director of the Washington Chorus, Prof. Roy W. Tibbs.

Director of Scenery and Properties, Mr. Richard Brown.

The Actors.

Shango, the Thunder God, Mr. Wilkerson.

Ethiopia, Miss Eleanor Curtis.

Her Heavenly Sprites of Love, Eleanora Madden, the two little daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Lofton.

Her Guardian Angels, Miss Rosa Hershaw and Miss Julia Pride.

A Chief of the Kushites, Prof. Chas. H. Wesley.

His Sister, Miss Valerie Chase.

Candance, Queen of Ethiopia, Miss Georgia Fraser.

Queen of Sheba, Miss Adella Parks.

Priests, Mr. Morris Koonce, Mr. Louis Wellinger, Mr. Settler and others.

Slave Traders, Mr. William Washington and Mr. Delano Williams.

Ghosts of Slavery, "Furiers," etc., Leader, Mr. Arthur Hayes.

Osceola, Indian Chief, Mr. Herbert Marshall.

Nat Turner, Mr. Willis Menard.

John Brown, Mr. A. J. Beverly.

Sojourner Truth, Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Terrell.

Abolitionists, Prof. Gregory, Mr. L. E. Dogans, Mr. Arthur Brent, Mr. John Washington, Mr. Savoy and others.

Toursant L'Ouverture, Mr. Morris B. McAden.

The Rivers were represented by the following young ladies:

The Yellow Mississippi, Miss Annie McCary.

The Black Niger, Miss Daisy Hamer.

The Blue Nile, Miss Obzene Mitchell.

The Red Congo, Miss Hope Lyons.

The Blue Oronoco, Miss Edith Lyons.

Leader of the Oronoco Art Dancers, Miss Florence Barker.

Leader of the Children Dancers, Miss Kathleen Hilyer.

Harvard Students, Athletes, Professional Men and Women, Slave Masters, Business Men, Mothers, Children, Dancers, Savages, Warriors, Priests, Slaves, Soldiers, Boy Scouts, etc., Laborers, Musicians. The Society Dancers under the leadership of Mr. Bismarch Pinchback, were as follows:

Miss Ethel Evans, Mr. Frank Jones, Mrs. A. F. Shaw, Mr. Herbert Kenney, Miss Sois A. Hall, Mr. Sheridan Jones, Jr., Miss Margaret Wilson, Mr. Theopolis Houston, Miss Consuello Johnson, Mr. Clarence Holmes, Mr. Bismarch Pinchback, Mrs. Charles Curry, Miss Blanche Coleman, Mr. A. F. Shaw, Miss Jennie Cornell, Mr. Patten.

The full command of the First Separate Battalion, with fife and drum corps, marched upon the field at a moment of great dramatic interest and received a ovation. They were led by Major James E. Walker, commanding, and Captains Davis and Epps and Ridglet and Lieuts. Patterson and Newman. They gave a fine exhibition of drilling, formed in battle array and charged the enemy over the hills out of sight of the audience. Later they formed an imposing back

Beginning with the prehistoric ages and ending with a prophecy of a future of happiness, peace, progress and prosperity, "The Star of Ethiopia," presented at the American League Ball Park last evening, under the auspices of the Horizon Guild of New York, held the attention of several thousand persons until a late hour. With symbolic music and dances, and a brilliant display of costumes, the history of the Negro race was presented in such manner as to bring forth frequent and hearty applause.

As in other first-night productions, there were places where long waits were necessitated. But these, it is expected, will be eliminated in the performances to be given tomorrow evening and Friday.

Large searchlights were used to illuminate the actors and actresses. The size of the ballfield enabled them to move about with a freedom which added greatly to the realism of the pageant. Even with the large size of the erstwhile stage taken into consideration, the 1,000 or more participants were sufficient to give a vivid impression of savage hordes swarming into Egypt, or of the Union armies sweeping into the South and liberating the slaves.—*Evening Star*, Washington, D. C.

From White Citizens of Washington

I thoroughly enjoyed the presentation of the Pageant at the American League Park in this city on the night of October 15th. The Pageant seemed to be excellently well brought out, emphasizing the great periods in the development of a race. It was a remarkable spectacle of great educational value. The music was delightful and soul-stirring, and yet all the varied individual features blended in a harmonious whole which made the entire performance one well worth seeing, valuable in an historical and educational way as well as affording a delightful evening's entertainment. Its repetition could not fail to be of great value throughout the entire country.

Very truly yours,

HENRY P. BLAIR,
President of the Board of Education,
District of Columbia.

While it was not possible for me to see the performance from the beginning I witnessed enough to get the trend of it. I found it a very interesting spectacle and one that was well and effectively presented. It had an educational value for both the audience and those who took part in it.

Very truly yours,

E. L. THURSTON,
Superintendent of Schools, District of Columbia.

I attended the Pageant given in Washington the week of October 10th and was greatly impressed with its dramatic power as a whole and with the beauty and significance of many of its features. In my judgment, its possibilities as a means of stimulating hope and faith in the progress of the Negro race, cannot be overestimated.

The response of different ones who attended the Pageant may interest you. Among those who viewed it in a spirit of friendly criticism, I heard some objections as to its historical accuracy and to its intellectual rather than emotional appeal; but all agreed that considering the time it was possible for those who took part to give to preparation, the result was wonderful.

From the colored people of every occupation I have heard most enthusiastic and heartfelt expressions of joy, appreciation and uplift.

You certainly have rendered a great service in the creation and production of this remarkable Pageant, covering a field and conveying a message of such timely and extraordinary importance to the American people.

Very truly yours,

BELLE C. LAFOLLETTE,
(Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette.)

I was profoundly impressed with the pageant both for its dramatic qualities and as an educational force. I can answer also for Mrs. Post, who is a much better judge of such matters in both aspects. She, also, was present on the first night and her favorable comments with reference alike to the exhibition and to its educational possibilities, were very pronounced. I am sorry the newspapers here could not have realized the character of this pageant sufficiently to regard it as important news. We must remember, however, that the newspapers of the period of Lincoln's Gettysburg address did not realize its news importance.

Very sincerely yours,

LOUIS F. POST,
Assistant Secretary U. S. Department of Labor.

This Pageant as an educator particularly appealed to me. So many pages of history visualized; the throes and heroic struggles of a race visualized—certainly should and did make a marvellous appeal to the heart, and I feel sure that lessons deep and lasting were engraved upon the memory tablets of many minds. The education one receives while witnessing this Pageant for just one evening is simply invaluable, and doubtless the attendance of those who are afflicted with prejudice would result in a change of heart, and they would wish to contribute a constructive effort toward the further upliftment of the race rather than to do one thing to retard its progress.

There is no such thing as "race problem" or "the problem of the color line" to one who understands that "*capacity* attracts" and as we follow the various stages of development as portrayed in your Pageant,—one is fully convinced that the "colored people" are endowed with great capacity, and that the color of the skin plays no part whatever in the moral, intellectual and spiritual development of a people.

Very sincerely,

MARIAM HANEY.

The fact that gratitude is uppermost in my mind will give you an idea of my opinion. I can hardly think of any way in which more of beauty and inspiration and information could have been brought to us. Your claim that it has educational value is certainly well founded. I heard several people speak of the fact that the school children in the audience seemed to understand the meaning of all of the episodes and to be helping their parents to understand them.

The good that you brought to the schools might easily, of course, have been counteracted by long-drawn-out rehearsals. In this respect you certainly seem to have struck the happy medium. The children got a lot out of it, and yet their regular school work was not interrupted.

I have said often to other people that it was one of the most beautiful things of the kind I had ever seen, and *the* most beautiful I had ever seen in Washington. The only criticisms I heard were in reference to the blindness of the symbolism in some of the episodes and of the lack of explanatory literature. These are, of course, matters of relatively little importance as compared with the great value of the pageant as a whole.

CAROLINE L. HUNT,
U. S. Department of Agriculture.

COPY

I witnessed a presentation of the Pageant, "The Star of Ethiopia," recently staged in Washington. As a spectacle I found it replete with interest and delightful surprises, though a bit too slow between parts to support the interest of the average American who in this age of speed and superficial study must have all things move before the eye with kaleidscopic regularity. I consider the "Star of Ethiopia" a remarkably clear and impressive presentation of the history of the colored people, free from immodesty and gaudiness, and a credit to any race capable of its conception and presentation.

As a means of social uplift there can be little question but that pageantry wherever it is employed heightens self-respect, enhances endeavor in the direction of higher ideals and attainment and develops national and individual confidence. In Wales, for example, where pageantry is common, the effect has been one of undoubted value in raising an earnest, intelligent people from a condition of ignorance and lack of confidence in themselves to one of enlightenment, of high accomplishment and strong national feeling founded on the fact that by degrees the Welsh people have, to use the words of Dr. Washington, "Learned to do some common things in an uncommon manner." Just how much of this is traceable to pageantry I cannot say, but there can be no doubt but that inspphisticated, natural peoples respond wholesomely to the influence of concerted effort of this kind. And I believe that this is particularly true of the colored people who are naturally capable, but who have for silly reasons been discouraged from making efforts in the direction of self-advancement

H. B. Humphrey
Washington, D. C.

I was much pleased with it both as a beautiful spectacle and as a means of awakening the pride of the colored people in their race.

W. E. Safford
Washington, D. C.

A NOTABLE NEGRO PAGEANT

Dr. DuBois, eminent publicist, editor of the CRISIS, author of SOULS OF BLACK FOLK, has dramatized the story of the Negro race in the form of a historic and symbolic pageant.

Three performances were given in Washingtin the week of October 10th, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, abolishing slavery. *********

In Washington the Pageant was given at the Baseball Park, which has a seating capacity of 20,000. The field was too large for the best effect; the hundreds of participants had only three weeks for preparation and, of course, only limited opportunity for rehearsals. There were - there always are - some delays and breaks in the performance, but considering all the circumstances, the result was wonderfully fine. The coloreffect of the costuming was beautiful and many features were most picturesque. The dancing of the children, the cotton pickers' scene, the military parade were especially thrilling. Throughout the production, the natural physical grace and ease of the colored race was notable.

From white friends, I heard some criticism as to the historical aspect of the Pageant and as to its intellectual rather than emotional appeal, yet all agreed it had power of entertainment and great educational possibilities. From the colored people of whatever occupation or opportunity, I heard only the most enthusiastic expressions of joy, appreciation and uplift.

WITHOUT any shadow of doubt, the spirit and effect of this Folk Drama is not to incite race feeling but to allay it and its production

throughout the United States wherever there are considerable centers of Negro population must be good for both races and should have the support of all persons of social vision. The colored people constitute one-tenth of our population. Any movement that tends, as this one does, to enlighten the masses and raise the standards of individual and racial Negro self-development is a contribution to our national life and is entitled to encouragement from every viewpoint.

Dr. DuBois has rendered a distinct service in the creation and production of this remarkable pageant covering a field and conveying a message of such timely and extraordinary importance to the American people.

From La Follette's Magazine

November, 1915

I assure you that we were glad of the opportunity to render service to a work of such magnitude and educational worth.

W. H. J. Beckett,
Executive Secretary, Colored Y.M.C.A.

It was really a wonderful production. Men and women of color in Washington have greater pride in race as a result of the Pageant.

Very respectfully,

G. C. Wilkinson,
Principal, Armstrong Manual Training School.

From Colored Citizens

It gives me great pleasure to place this note before the officers of the schools, all of whom were most happy to cooperate as best they could in the preparations for the Pageant, and all of whom were made happy and proud by its notable success.

Roscoe C. Bruce.
Asst. Supt. Public Schools, D.C.

I want to extend to you my hearty and sincere congratulations for the successful presentation of "The Star of Ethiopia." You have indeed and in fact answered the slander upon the Negro race, by the infamous "Birth of a Nation" in which the Negro is so basely degraded.

Wm. Calvin Chase.

The greatness and splendor of the Pageant still lingers with me.

J. Rosamond Johnson.

Not only entertaining but instructive.

A. Walters,
Bishop of the A. M. E. Zion Church.

I cannot let pass the great spiritual occasion which the Pageant "The Star of Ethiopia" has brought to us in Washington without expressing to you my very great appreciation and thanks. It is at once intensely interesting, instructive and inspiring and has given us here a great spiritual awakening. All colored Washington and thousands of white people are thinking and talking about "The Pageant." I feel that this community owes you a lasting debt of gratitude for bringing to us such a delightful and uplifting experience and earnestly hope the people in other cities will readily give you the cooperation necessary to make it the great success it was here.

There is a great demand that it be repeated in Washington at an early date.

Andrew F. Hilyer.

C O P Y

All the Grimke's were enthusiastic over the Pageant. We were delighted with the scenes - with the scope and splendor of the pictorial drama. It has undoubtedly high educational and entertainment value.

I called you onthe 'phone the morning after we saw it to extend our congratulations but you were out of town.

Archibald H. Grimke,
Washington, D. C.

My opinion of the Pageant is that it is the greatest single thing done for many years in the interest of the upbuilding of the colored people. My great regret is that the whole thing could not have been put into moving picture form as well as in the form of pageantry on the field. But few people will ever see it because of its magnitude and the lack of funds necessary for its transportation; if it were only in photo-play form, millions would see it.

The whole thing is calculated to engender pride both in individuals and in race consciousness, and the lack of this pride is one of the greatest obstacles to the betterment of the colored people.

I would not presume to tell you to study this proposition intimated by me, for you know better your trials, struggles, and difficulties in the matter; but I crave your indulgence when I say that it would be well to have the Pageant in photo-play form with whatever new episodes you would introduce for the special purpose of educating the public, where it could follow the "Birth of a Nation" and "dog" its steps through the land.

I have not words through which to express my high appreciation of the Pageant and my thanks to you.

Geo. Wm. Cook,
Washington, D. C.

THE COST OF THE PAGEANT

Costumes and Properties	$ 850
Salaries	800
Lighting of grounds	675
Rent of grounds	600
Printing and Advertising	550
Labor	300
Music	250
Preliminary preparation	250
Miscellaneous	128
TOTAL	$ 4403

The Local Association raised and advanced the sum of $744.50. This was returned to them from the gate receipts.

The gate receipts were:

Monday, Oct. 11	$ 580.05
" 13	881.25
" 15	1715.05
TOTAL	$ 3176.35

Total cost of Pageant	$4402.77
Total receipts	3176.35
Deficit	$1226.42
Value of costumes and properties on hand -	700.00
Net deficit to be made up	$ 526.42

PLAYS

PLAYTHINGS OF THE NIGHT

1931
Table of contents, foreword, an essay on the American Negro theater prepared for a proposed book of Du Bois' plays

Playthings of the Night

An Essay Toward an American Negro Drama

by

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

33-6-86

33-6-87

CONTENTS

Seven Up.	A Tragedy in 3 Acts.
Black Hercules at the Forks of the Road.	A Morality Play in 5 Scenes.
The All Mother.	A Play and Pageant, with Prelude, 4 Scenes, a Vision and Postlude
Black Man.	A Fantasy in 10 Scenes.
Christ on the Andes.	A Play in 3 Acts.

41-6-223

Foreword

Written at divers times and in sundry places, these illegitimate children of my thought and pen have often in past time clamored for publication and recognition but as often failed of my consent. Not that I am so much ashamed of them as uncertain. At times they appear before me glorified with dream and promise. At other times their clay is grossly common when compared with the possibilities of their themes—the Truth and Beauty of their Theme. So now in a moment of weakness—or is it Strength?—I send them forth acknowledged and blessed, songs of my soul and fruit of my hard effort, playthings of a dark and beautiful night.

W. E. B. Du Bois.

New York
May, 1931.

41-9-274

CONTENTS

The All Mother.	A Play and Pageant, with Prelude, 4 Scenes, a Vision and Postlude.
Seven Up.	A Tragedy in 3 Acts.
Black Hercules at the Forks of the Road.	A Morality Play in 5 Scenes.
Black Man.	A Fantasy in 10 Scenes.
Christ on the Andes.	A Play in 3 Acts.

Book

1931

PLAYTHINGS OF THE NIGHT

An Essay Toward An American Negro Drama

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

43-6-313

A FOREWARD.

1. BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

This is peculiarly the time to say a word of the relationship between the theatre and the American Negro. The stage still retains among us something of freedom and the forward gaze. Behind the footlights one is permitted to examine and discuss Truth under circumstances where literature is stifled, painting inarticulate, sculpture choked of convention, architecture drowned in waves of monstrosity and music fettered by death.

But this continuing freedom of dramatic art is due to no courage of managers nor merit of dramatists, and is threatened not only by the well recognized fatty degeneration of musical comedy, but by that secret, internal and devastating malady which attacks an art which is free to treat the truth, and yet afraid to look it fair in the face. This is the present attitude of the American theatre as it faces the Negro.

41-6-232

The stranger from the stars bursting in upon earth today would, without shadow of a doubt or moment of hesitancy, fasten upon the plight of the black man in America as the most dramatic stuff of the modern world. Conceive this harsh and heavy thrust of dark and primitive peoples, out of the soft green and gold and clan tradition of the tropics, into the anarchy of the Reformation and French Revolution and the puritanism of Victoria! For centuries fish fed on flesh across the whole Atlantic. The isles of the Caribbean shrieked to Boston and New Orleans; black slavery swept the valley of the Mississippi and fought white labor on Rockies and Appalachians.

Nothing escaped it—neither religion nor philosophy, literature nor art, science nor government. Across a continent, across a world, the horror and tragedy and farce of this stupendous drama flew, and beside it men and women danced, and above it rolled a never-to-be forgotten song.

The souls of stricken millions descended into Hell and the third century arose again from the dead—with what blood and prickling pain—with such exquisite horror of hurt, as humanity has seldom known.

Every known element of human drama, every device of theatrical effect was here—the crucifixion of motherhood, the murder of children, the rape of homes; piteous debasement and nameless exaltation of the spirit of man. There was lacking no impudence of wealth nor depths of uttermost pits of poverty. There was the sting of whips, the fangs of dogs, the laughter of power, the refinement of cruelty and the sobbing abasement of the lowest of the low—dragged slowly and bitterly and relentlessly out over endless years. This is the thing that today America makes merry over. It is our major amusement. It is material for clowns and braying asses. It is our national and perennial joke.

41-6-233

Yet for four hundred years of the warp and woof of this land's history, the black and crimson thread of Africa has dominated every pattern, and not the double tongues of all the Dunnings and Charles Beards shall alter the red record of one jot of it.

Before this mightiest of human dramas, save here and there a lucid interval, the American theatre has sat distraught, dumb and stupid, with a vacant grin on its face: afraid of the truth, cowed by the tragedy, aghast at the very intricacy and endless implications of the plots. American playwrights have strained their inwards to submerge this drama into farce: to turn the piteous tragedy of the Negro into cheap pornographic bathos; to paint this all too human life into a degenerate reflection of their own sadistic desires. Until today on stage and in literature, in painting, in all art, save alone in music, the souls of black folk have been submerged in fetid filth and white pimps who finance and exploit black prostitutes in "Nigger Heaven"

have quite concealed the blazing Hell beneath; and persuaded a complacent world that Harlem has no light of common day; that underneath our sale of laughter lie no pools of bitter tears.

Not only has the American theatre refused to face the drama of the Negro problem, but it has opposed every effort of the Negro himself to find dramatic expression on the stage. It is not enough, in this great and free commonwealth of the spirit of man, that most training schools of drama and art are closed to black folk; it is not enough that in the annual nationwide radio audition no voice of an angel in a black skin may be heard; it is not enough that the American schools at Fontainbleau, supported by the leaders in American painting, sculpture and architecture, have sought to extend the American color line across France—all this perhaps must be tolerated and even awaited in arts dominated by money, by the private profit ideal and by cheap and smug convention. But in the freer air of the drama, despite its all too evident pandering to monopoly and the intellectual mob, it is astonishing to realize the fight which the black actor has had to gain the merest shadow of foothold on Broadway. No one is child enough to believe that a black skin makes an actor, or that the suffering of a people creates of itself the delicate art to portray it. But when the artist does appear, proven and clear, it is almost unbelievable that his fellow white artists would so long and so persistently deny him full recognition.

41-6-234

When Europe of the early 19th Century recognized the great Jewess, Rachel, and the great Negro, Aldridge, as the two outstanding leaders of the stage, whom governments and science and art delighted to honor, that black man could not put foot on a single legitimate stage in the land of his birth. But even after slavery,

and from 1870 down nearly to our day, the Negro actor could appear at Court only as the king's fool, with cap and bells, with quip and joke, ready over his own heartbreak to guffaw lustily and dance fantastically for the massed amusement of morons. Even when the unchangeable logic of a particular plot demanded black characters, up until yesterday, even these parts must be taken by white folk with blackened faces, unknown dialect and an unusually dumb mental equipment. This nonsense in time went beyond the limit of New York complacency and today not even burnt cork could save a miserable play, although supported by the bad acting of the royal family.

41-6-235

This hesitancy of our freest form of art really to be free; this refusal of managers, playwrights and players to use normally and intelligently, the abundant stuff of dramatic material and the not infrequent genius in acting which a nation within a nation furnishes—a black nation greater than Ireland, Belgium, Austria or Portugal—a nation equal in numbers to Egypt, Persia, Czechoslovakia and all Scandinavia—this studied neglect of the most dramatic material in America, has already reacted and will react on the theatre in the United States. A freedom unused is perverted or lost. If the stage dare not frankly and fully portray the Negro problem because of fear and snobbery—because of a provincial mentality born of the slave oligarchy, spawned south of the Mason and Dixon line and transplanted to the congenial concrete sidewalks of New York—the American theatre will find itself with all the greater ease and easier logic denied the right to discuss sex and war, socialism and Russia, liquor and wealth, and anything which at any time an entrenched autocracy or a prurient puritanism or a Nordic impudence may guard with the shackles of censorship.

The abiding refuge of our optimism is the slow growth of normal

dramatic instinct among us even anent the Negro; the slow expansion of a national receptive audience unafraid of racial problems. Today you and I know full well and of a certainty what any average American audience expects when Negro actors appear in a Negro play. They expect amusement; they expect slap-stick and broad farce; they expect filth. They lick dry lips, for "The Green Pastures" of their imagination would be gaudy with food and fun, and of the Still Waters beneath they reck nothing.

To Broadway the Negro is still not an actor, he is a vaudeville turn. True it was that Charles Gilpin, by the tragedy of his own damnation had, with dying flair of genius and clairvoyance of O'Neill, forced the Negro defeatist psychology partially across the footlights. Half willingly thereafter, Broadway endured patronizingly Robeson and Rose McClendon for limited periods and with the clearly expressed proviso, that the author engage in the climax to kill the black hero, or destroy him or rend his soul from his body. Then the white audience could depart secure in the knowledge that all Negro aspiration and effort, by the very constitution of the universe, must ever end in annihilation and defeat, frustration and death.

41-6-236

But this climax would not suit "The Green Pastures". Even on the American stage, God must be reasonably successful; and Richard Harrison almost as a last resort was offered the opportunity to try this role.

What he accomplished, the nation knows. By the breadth of a hair and half-turn of a phrase—by a gesture and a silence, he guided a genial comedy into a great and human drama.

What audiences and authors have already unleashed and unbound in the souls of great actors—what you have freed and unfettered in man and a race, is but earnest of what actors you may see and what

drama you may evoke, if instead of hiding your heads in the sand and scurrying abroad to borrow for the American stage the second-hand situations of Paris and Vienna, you open purblind eyes and glance about you.

I am publishing this play, therefore, as a feeble protest against the neglect of fine dramatic material; against the American throttling of the Art of beauty, against this enchaining of the human spirit—against, to be sure, its cruelty and pain,—but even more, against its crass stupidity.

41-6-237

32-8-11a

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41-6-363

2. NEGRO TABUS IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

Let us turn now and consider more specifically the things that must not be said or done on the American stage when it comes to the subject of the Negro. In general, as I have said before, the Negro-American drama must not be:

1. Defeatist. It must not intimate that the problem of the black man in America can be successfully solved except by physicial death or spiritual surrender. One sees this in Green's "Abraham Bosum" and O'Neill's "Emperor Jones".

33-6-88

2. The characters of the drama must not all similate ordinary intelligent people. They must be outre, bizarre, belonging to a lower and largely unknown world. This is illustrated in "Porgy", and in many of the Negro musical comedies.

3. There must take place no interracial marriage, or if it does take place, it must be regarded as a tragedy to those ignorant of dissemblation, and there can be but one ending, suicide or disappearance. This is illustrated by Du Bose Heywood's "Brass Ankles" and Sheldon's "Nigger".

4. There must be no interracial love or love-making, except the abject and growing devotion of a servant to a white master, or the patronizing help of a white person for a colored person.

5. Even love-making among Negroes themselves must not be emphasized, except in caricature or farce. A Negro self-drama in which the hero and heroine marry and live happy ever after in contentment because thus they acknowledge that they could be successful and happy in this country.

6. The only colored woman portrayed upon the stage must be black mammies, prostitutes, or old and faithful servants.

7. Negro ambition may be illustrated and alluded to but it must in the end meet frustration and there must be no note of vengeance or retialiation except it meet quick and decided rebuff. Of course ambition may be illustrated if it is fantastic and funny.

8. Mulattoes, especially, must be portrayed in only two ways, as irredeemable criminals or as misanthropes, thoroughly dissatisfied with themselves or carrying on a "war between the races" in their own souls.

9. The pathetic and age-old prostitute must, if called, be made bestial and ignorant. There must be no intimation of temptation and betrayal or inner or original beauty and wommanhood.

10. The note of revelation must come from the climax and the . There must not be deliberation or sacrificial. One might with ease name numbers of other situations or plots that are tabu.

In general, the Negro on the stage must be cringing, criminal, pathetic or farcical, and these tabus or immoveable folk p distort and d through drama, thr ugh revelation of millions of human souls. Yet they are strong, almost immoveable and if transgressed it is regarded as deliberate propaganda on the part of the Negro, instead of it being recognized that the propaganda comes from those who set and maintain the tabus. The result is a widespread fiction of Harlem . A fiction that has gone around the world. A maintainance of certain sadistic tendencies throughout black and white Europe. It is for this reason that I have attempted at various times and under various conditions these plays. They have in no case been written deliberately to break or affront the tabu, but having been written under the urge to portray a certain situation . I have found that in all cases they have trangressed some of these tabus. The first play, for instance, Seven Up, takes up the matter of interracial love and leads to tragedy but not to defeatism. The second play is one of

33-6-89

Negro leadership but a leadership of ideas and not of race. Yet it breaks that tabu which refuses its leadership to Negroes because of race.

33-6-90

2. NEGRO TABUS IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

Let us turn now and consider more specifically the things that by custom must not be said or done on the American stage when it comes to the subject of the Negro.

1. Negro-American drama must be defeatist. It must not intimate that the problem of the black man in America can be successfully solved except by physical death or spiritual surrender. One sees this in Green's "Abraham's Bosom" and O'Neill's "Emperor Jones".

2. The characters of the drama must not simulate ordinary intelligent people. They must be outré, bizarre, belonging to a lower and largely unknown world. This is illustrated in "Porgy", and in many of the Negro musical comedies.

3. Interracial love or marriage must not be recognized. If marriage does take place, it must be regarded as a tragedy due to ignorance or deception, and there can be but one ending, suicide or disappearance. This is illustrated by Du Bose Heywood's "Brass Ankles" and Sheldon's "Nigger". Even personal devotion and friendship must be limited to the abject and grovelling devotion of a servant to a white master, or the patronizing help of a white person for a Negro.

4. Even love-making among Negroes themselves must not be emphasized, except in caricature or farce. A Negro drama in which the hero and heroine marry and "live happy ever after" is inadmissable since it acknowledges that Negroes might be successful and happy in this country.

5. The only colored women portrayed upon the stage must be black mammies, prostitutes, or old and faithful servants.

6. Negro ambition may be illustrated and alluded to but it must in the end meet frustration or pathetic failure, and there must be no note of retaliation except it meet quick and decided rebuff. Of course ambition may be illustrated if it is fantastic and funny.

7. Mulattoes, especially, must be portrayed in two ways only: as irredeemable criminals or as misanthropes, thoroughly dissatisfied with themselves or carrying on a "war between the races" in their own souls.

8. The pathetic and age-old prostitute must, if colored, be made bestial and ignorant. There must be no intimation of temptation and betrayal or of inner or original beauty and lost womanhood.

9. The note of revenge must come from the criminal and the crazy; it must never be deliberate or sacrificial.

41-6-203

There are some exceptions to these generalizations, some signs of change. The dramas of Ridgeley Torrance almost excuse these tabues. Lew Leslie's newer Negro comedies are reaching up out of the conventional, but they are regularly criticized for so doing. In general then, it is still true that the Negro on the stage must be cringing, criminal, pathetic or farcical, and these tabus or immovable folk patterns distort and distort true drama and the revelation of millions of human souls. Yet they are strong tabus, almost immovable and if transgressed it is regarded as deliber te propaganda on the part of the Negro, instead of it being recognized that the propaganda comes from those who set and maintain the tabus.

The result is a widespread untruth concerning the Negro. There

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41-6-201

Naturally, and in the end these tabus are futile, for they are pounding at the closed doors of Beauty and Truth. My plays are true in fact and spirit, and what they lack in beauty is the fault of the author and not the thief. Gotthen little playthings of a dark and beautiful night, to all who dare the Tabu.

2. NEGRO TABUS IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

Let us turn now and consider more specifically the things that by custom must not be said or done on the American stage when it comes to the subject of the Negro.

1. Negro-American drama must be defeatist. It must not intimate that the problem of the black man in America can be successfully solved except by physical death or spiritual surrender. One sees this in Green's "Abraham's Bosom" and O'Neill's "Emperor Jones".

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41-6-231

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Negro theatre

32-8-116

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(6)

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32-8-12

41-6-194

From Miss Randolph

SEVEN-UP

Draft manuscripts and "The Tabu of Seven-Up," an introduction to the play

C

THE TABU OF SEVEN-UP

White America wishes to discourage the intermingling of Negro blood with white. Nevertheless, in the past a fast amount of miscegenation has taken place. Despite this, Americans think it best to pretend that all cases of such intermingling, ~~members of~~ are matters of the lowest and most primitive sorts of contact—prostitutes, lasciviousness, lack of moral sense. They do not wish to recognize any basis of love or mutual attraction. They pile the blame of all mixture of blood on the colored woman as the willing victim, or procuress. The white man is always portrayed as the pursued, as trying vainly to escape. The colored woman is seldom beautiful, never modest ~~or~~ nor chaste. She is never the victim of circumstance, ~~and~~ nor of Cowardly and ~~lascivious~~ lustful men. And when she falls beneath the crushing blow of fate, she must not complain, and neither should those who love and seek to defend her ~~must~~ think of retaliation or revenge. They must yield to the supreme destiny of the white man.

41-6-376

Into the face of all this, "Seven-Up" deliberately ~~fights~~ flies and flouts the Tabu as silly, untrue, and unnecessarily ugly; in thousands of cases and for hundreds of years, colored and white folk in this land have loved one another devotedly as parents and ~~friends~~ children, brothers and sisters, sweethearts and wives. Whether or not this was best is doubted, but to deny the fact is deliberately to lie. Here then is ample field for painters, novelists and dramatists, and I attempt it, not as one best fitted, but as one with the necessary courage. "Seven-up" is the story of a small town in Georgia and it studies an incident in the lives of two white families, one which has recently acquired wealth ~~in the new industries~~

in the new industrial development, but feels the depression; and the other which ~~has~~ represents a sinking of the older aristocracy. Into the lives of these two families comes a pretty little colored servant girl whom the son of one family has wooed, and the son of the other seeks to gain by force. A murder ensues, and the girl is sacrificed,-- sacrificed to love, to fear, to convention, to race price. Her only defender is a poor black boy who had loved her too, and who gives himself vainly to save her.

As a play this is mechanically simple and true to a thousand facts, but can it be staged, dare it be staged? Imagine George kissing Celia publicly, on Broadway!

41-6-377

W. E. B. Du Bois - Address

June 1 - 15 - Atlanta University
Atlanta, Georgia

June 15 - September 15 - 35 West 110th St.
New York City

After September 15 - Atlanta University
Atlanta, Georgia

SEVEN-UP

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

by

W. E. B. DU BOIS

THE TIME,

1930 - SPRINGTIME

THE PLACE

A Town in Georgia

The Persons in the Drama -

As They Appear.

1. CELIA - a serving maid, curled, pretty and colored.
2. MRS CARRINGTON GWATHMEY - a widow of the newly rich, but poor again.
3. GEORGE GWATHMEY, - her son and hope.
4. JIM - the colored chore boy, dark brown of face, with close-crimped hair.
5. SID LYONS - a neighbor's son, white and poor but of high lineage.
6. THE SHERIFF of the County.
7. THE CHIEF GUARD of the jail.

Convicts and a mob.

THE FIRST ACT

A Man is Killed

(The scene lies within a little cabin, single-roomed, clean, cheaply furnished, yet with some taste. One can see through the tiny window in front that the cottage is the servant's quarter on a village estate, pretentious but out of repair. Beyond a green and nodding garden, looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey, ~~widow of a local mill owner,~~ presides ~~with daughters and a son.~~ Out the window at the right, one may see the main village street, and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is heard before the curtain begins to rise; as it goes out the music is just dying away.

~~The curtain discovers~~ Celia, looking eagerly out the window, towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia, with a sigh, turns to her ironing facing the front window, ~~her back to the audience.~~ To her left ~~is~~ a door; ~~forward on the stage~~ to the right ~~is~~ a bed, and opposite, a bureau. As Celia irons, Celia sings. The St Louis Blues

~~CELIA — Hallelujah, Hallelujah! We will shoo the~~

Out of the window a lady is seen approaching from the Big House along the garden path; Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey enters.

CELIA - Good evening, Mrs. Gwathmey.

Mrs. G. - Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces to wash and iron.

Celia - Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Gwathmey, they's mighty near done.

Mrs. G. - Well, let the rest go, and run along.

CELIA - There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

(A quick almost furtive knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Gwathmey rushes in.)

G. G. - Celia--Oh,--Ma!

Mrs. G. - Why, George! (George is evidently at a loss, but Celia's wit brings rescue.)

CELIA - (Hurriedly) Yes, Sir, I'se got the handkerchiefs done.

Mrs. G. - (Recovering) Handkerchiefs? Why, your drawer is full- - the top drawer to the left--

G. G. - Yes? Why-- I must have overlooked them in my hurry; and Ma, by the way, Mrs. Lyons invites you to tea to meet the D. A. R. delegates--that is, Sid, said so and left a note at the house.

Mrs. G. - The hussy! Why, George, you know it's just a public reception. And why couldn't old Mrs. Lyons call herself if she wanted me! I've called on her. D. A. R. -----the idea! I've got as much right to join as most of them.

G. G. - Sure! Pa said we'd been over-seers and squatters on many a Georgia plantation--

Mrs. G. - George! How can
I'm not going.
than we are no m

GG. - --O, I knew you
in here, and I t
course, I made e

Mrs. G. - --It wasn't nece
clothes up since
to the circus.
poised on her he
George's handker
can't understand
George. (Celia

Celia - Oh, yes, ma'am;
Celia with the b

G. G. - (Sauntering towa
along.

Mrs. G. (Looking at him
like to drive me
get away from th

G. G. - And pass the Lyo
wouldn't miss th
biggest day of t

Mrs. G. - George, don't be
Lyons folks patr

G. G. Oh, it's only Si

Mrs. G. - (Carelessly) An
so familiar with
now, and you kno
men can do thing

an you! Just like your father! Well,
Most of these climbers are no better
matter what we've been.
ou wouldn't go; but I saw you come down
thought I'd deliver the message; of
excuses.
cessary; very well, Celia, take the
ce they're finished, and then be off
(Celia starts out with the basket
head) OH, Celia, you forgot Mr.
erchiefs, didn't you? Although, I
nd how you missed all the others,
ia sets down the basket)
; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit
basket of clothes)
ward the door) Well, I'll toddle

m uncertainly) I thought perhaps you'd
me to the cemetery this evening and
the crowds.
yons mansion? O Ma! but really I
the circus for anything. It's the
the year. Sid and I---
be so common and don't let those
tronize you.
Sid---- he's a good sort. Well --
And George -- I don't think I'd be quite
th Celia, if I were you. She's grown
now how darkies are. Those Lyons
ngs that----

G. G. - (Hurriedly) -- Oh, all right Ma! So long.

George hurries away

~~(Exit G. G.)~~

(The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and is seen moving up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia is seen approaching accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her answers carelessly back. Entering the door, she shuts Jim out and talks to him through the window.)

Celia - I tell you I ain't goin'.

Jim - Oh, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, hones' I got two dollars. (Shows the bills triumphantly)

Celia - (Obdurate) I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

Jim - Oh, git out; they ain't been no circus here inmore'n a year and yisteddy you was wild to go.

Celia. - I done changed my mind.

Jim. Celia, you sho' is pretty.

Celia. Oh, go long.

Jim. Celia, when ah looks at you---oo-,oo!

Celia. - Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows of and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

Jim. But, Celia, you promised.

Celia - I said p'raps.

Jim. - But, Celia---

Celia - I got work to do--so go long and let me alone.

Jim - I don't believe it. All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't foolin' nobody." (Jim moves slowly from the window and walks toward the square.)

[Celia turns away in disdain, but watches him furtively and listens to his dying foot-steps; then she peers out; she walks about uncertainly as if waiting; finally she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. Celia listens, looks carefully out the window, then approaching on tip-toe, opens the door. George Gwathmey steps in quickly and closes the door. Celia rushes to him.]

Celia - What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight. And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. G. - Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

Celia - Lordy! But you's so careless. You's done made your ma suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus waitin' for you! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him.. Don't go, George--stay here.

GG. - I must go, dear, I promised; you go on to the circus to-night and say, I'll come back late--may I?

Celia - I reckon so--yes, anything you wants, dear, only I won't go out. Jim'll see me. It'll be so long waiting.

G. G. - Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up--go to bed-- I'll waken you.

[She shrinks away from him, and he goes out]

[Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. A while, she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after viewing herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low and raising the curtain. Jim peers in the

window, then disappears. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens.)

VOICE - - Celia! Celia!

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door)

Celia - Who is it?

G. G. - It's me, Celia, open up.

Celia - (Hesitating) Hush, George; for God's sake don't make all that fuss. (She opens the door slightly and discloses two men.)

Celia - No, no, no, - Who else is there?

G. G. - It's only Sid.

Celia - Oh, no; he can't come in here. You mustn't - -

G. G. - Don't be afraid. It's all right. We had a game on when Connelly closed; we just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

Celia - (Hesitating) -but--Wait--wait 'till I dresses.

- (She closes door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, draws the curtains close, turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

Celia - Sh--please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear. (Enter George Gwathmey and Sid Lyons. Gwathmey is flushed and bright-eyed. Lyons is cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

S. L. - By God! A little beauty, George!

G. G. - (Frowns)

S. L. - Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

(Celia shrinks back. Gwathmey steps quickly in front of her.)

G. G. - Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Gwathmey and Lyons eye each other steadily. Lyons is the first to give away.)

S. L. - (Laughing) -- Private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go.

G. G. - Not by a damned sight, you've skinned me out of a hundred bones and we've got to have it out.

Celia. - But it's so late--

S. L. - (Gaily) Late for cards--sure! But early for love.

Celia. And I ain't got no cards.

S. L. - Here's the pack we've played with; but where's the booze. We can't play without booze; I'm devilish ~~my~~ thirsty already.

G. G. - I suppose we might-a staid at Connelly's place even if he had to close. He'd-a put us in back and he's got plenty of good whiskey. Celia, honey, got any of that home-made wine?

Celia - Oh, no.

G. G. - I tell you--you run up to Connelly's and tell him--

Celia - I'm afraid --It's so late--and circus day.

G. G. - Well, I'll go--

Celia - (Quickly) No. (Glancing at Lyons)

G. G. - (Glaring at Lyons) Oh, well--

S. L. - Easily) Let me go--this time.

He (Goes out).

Celia - Oh, George, you done been drinking again; and why did you bring that man here, I'se ~~afreed~~ ard of him--

Them Lyons men--and Sid's--

G. G. - Nonsense, sweet. I tell you he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I just wanted to show him. We'll go in just a minute. We got in a game and he wona hundred. I must get it back. Won't take long. He's an awfully jolly fellow--he's all right. You see, we went to the circus and then to Connelly's and had a drink or so. Then we got into a game and, by gosh, he'd won a hundred before I knew it. I gotta get it back. 'Twa'nt mine, it's mother's--I collected some rents for her shacks. Ma is tight now since the stock crash almost cleaned us out. We won't stay long. Don't be silly.

Celia - But why did you play with him? You knows he's just a gambler. Ef 'twuzn't for his family he'd be run out of town.

G. G. - O he's not so bad, and besides he's so damned superior I wanted to show him something. I just wanted to let him know that you're my girl. He said I couldn't get you, if you wouldn't notice him you wouldn't notice no white man. I told him I knew a damned sight better. Then I said we'd stop by here 'till I got that hundred back. 'Twon't take long--

(He seizes Celia. She resists. The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

S. L. - Ha, ha-- don't mind me! (Gwathmey and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; Celia places herself near Gwathmey's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

G. G. - Come, we haven't much time. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

S. L. - What shall it be?

G. G. - I say, let's change the game.

S. L. - To what?

G. G. - Seven up--best three out of five.

S. L. - Good, then we'll quit! And the stakes?

G. G. - That hundred against my watch.

Celia - George! It's your father's -- your ma-- (Gwathmey motions her aside impatiently. The money and watch are laid on the table. Lyons smiles.)

(They play, smoking and talking and drinking.)

S. L. - High!

G. G. - Low!

S. L. - Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. G. - Fifty-two for game.

S. L. - It's yours. My deal.

G. G. - King leads.

S. L. - Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack--one game apiece. Whose deal?

G. G. - Well, what a hand --damn it, take it all.

(He drains the flask)

S. L. - High, Low, game--two for me.

G. G. - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Celia, more booze.

Celia - It's all gone, and it's awful late.

S. L. - Shall we stop here?

G. G. - No, by God--it was best three out of five. I've

got one odd. You've only won two.

S. L. - All right. But we must drink; shall I--

G. G. - No it's my turn. (Lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

Celia - George!

G. G. - (Straightening up and looking at Lyons) Of course, Sid, you're a gentleman.

S. L. - (Wheeling on him) Sir?

G. G. - Beg pardon, old man--Oh, get out, Celia!

Celia - But Connelly will be a-bed. You shouldn't ought to rouse him.

S. L. You'll find Brown's back door open.

Celia - But---

G. G. - Oh, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in half closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her smiling. Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.)

Celia - (Whispering) --Put out the light.

(Lyons puts the light out. Celia raises the curtain. Jim is seen passing slowly. He pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silence intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.)

Celia - What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles)

Celia - Turn me loose--Oh! Oh! Please turn me loose--don't--

(The door suddenly opens and Gwathmey steps in. He stands uncertain in the gloom.)

G. G. - Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

Celia - (In panting whispers) Turn--me--loose! Stop, I say--

G. G. - (Leaps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you--turn her loose. (The match flickers out.)

Celia - (Screams furiously) Help!

G. G. (Strikes another match and in the flare, stands with drawn pistol.) Stop, or I shoot.

S. L. - Shoot, and be damned! (Throws Celia on the bed) (Gwathmey shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence ensues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

Celia - Listen!

G. G. - What did you hear?

Celia - (Opening the door cautiously) Nothing.

G. G. - Sh'!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I thought I heard somebody.

Celia - (Moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do?

G. G. - Is he dead, Celia?

Celia - Yes!

G. G. - Where is it?

Celia - Over here--it's all sticky.

G. G. - Ah!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I slipped on the floor, It's all -- blood.

Celia- - (Moaning) Oh, my God! My God!

G. G. - Hush! For God's sake--shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it--brace up. (They stand in

the door) Now, what shall we do?

Celia - Oh, I don't know--I don't know.

G. G. - Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all in a whirl.

Celia - I can't think--my heart's done stopped.

G. G. - (Whispering) Suppose I say he shot himself.

Celia - Oh, but it's --your pistol.

G. G. - Well, then--let's see--we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train--

Celia - People would sure see us, and the blood would drip and drip--Oh!

G. G. - Well, how about self-defense--I killed him in self-defense. Yes, that's it, and--

Celia - He didn't have no pistol--I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. G. - Hell and damnation! Then, I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

Celia- - (Breaks into hysterical sobbing) - But who'd believe it--who'd believe you'd tell a thing--like that!

G. G. - Hark! (Running and shouting is heard afar). God! Somebody heard the shot. Somebody spied on us. They're coming this way. Celia, quick give me the pistol. I'll stay out-- (She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles.)

Celia - (Slowly) I might say that he--(She glances back at the body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness.)

Celia - Oh, no, no, I dassent.

C. C. - (Eagerly) By God! That's it--that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

Celia - But it's your pistol--and I dassent ---I dassent.

C. C. - I have it--I came in and drew my pistol. No, that wont do--you had my pistol; you were afraid of Sid; you borrowed it - or stole it, I came for it and you shot him.

Celia - That don't make sense, Oh, I'se afeared, and what would they care! He's a white man and I'm only a nigger. (Steps and shouts are heard)

C. C. - (Retreating) I'll defend you; I'll be witness--the word of a white man will save you--quick.

(He leaps out of the window, runs into the garden and disappears)- Here--your watch. (She throws it after him)

Voices rise, and the flare of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door.

Sheriff - Where was the shooting down here? Who 'phoned me? Was it you, gal?

Celia - (After a long pause) No.---yes.

Sheriff - Did you shoot?

Celia - (Slowly) Yes.

Sheriff - What you got there? Gimme that pistol! Was anyone hurt? Stand back! (He raises his lantern.) Murder, by God---Girl, did you do this?

Celia - Yes!

Celia - Yes.

CURTAIN

THE SECOND ACT - A woman is accused.

(The scene is the hall of the Gwathmey mansion. In front and somewhat to the left is the broad front door, closed. Down toward it, and away from the audience, the great staircase leads. Under the stairs lurk a small cellar door and a window. Out of the window may be seen a garden and beyond it, the square and Court House. To the left of the front door are the doors to the parlor and dining room, the latter, slightly ajar. George Gwathmey is coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reaches the landing his mother emerges from the dining room.)

Mrs. G. - George, why don't you come in to breakfast? We've been through an hour and most everything is cold. You know I and your sisters have most of the work to do now--we can't afford a house full of darkies to feed.

G. G. - Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (Moves slowly towards the door.)

Mrs. G. - But, George--

G. G. - Yes, Ma? (He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

Mrs. G. - Of course, George, we all feel awful over this mess, but really, it don't seem just decent for you to take on so. After all, it's only a low affair between one

of these Lyons men and a colored girl.

Mr. G. - Of course, Ma, but you see---

Mrs. G. - George, I wouldn't go if I was you. (He reaches for his watch and starts. His mother stares at him and he at her.)

G. G. - But Ma, I'm already late and--

Mrs. G. - Dear, you ain't needed.

G. G. - I'm a witness, Ma. As I told you last night, I--I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

Mrs. G. - But you didn't actually see the--the murder, dear?

G. G. - Why no--that it--I heard--and somebody must have seen us and got the sheriff.

Mrs. G. - And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed as she had confessed.

G. G. - (Starting) I tell you I must go, Ma. You do not understand. I can't let that---girl---

Mrs. G. - Girl! George, for God's sake remember your mother and sisters. What will folks say! you defending that black slut like she was a white women. They'll twit us with being nothing but white trash, and born too low to look down on niggers. There ain't a thing you can do and no sense in your trying. The Lord knows we've always done what we could for Celia--you just can't keep colored girls straight--and I'm willing now to do anything in reason except allow my own son to smirch our family name, out of silly

sympathy. I already had a talk with Judge Holt. As luck would have it, he presides today. You know he was a close pal of your father and he's got no love for the Lyons family neither. ~~He tried once to marry~~ One of them. Of course he must act like a white man, but he promised to be easy on Celia because she's young and Lyons had such a reputation. They found a whiskey bottle in her cabin and money which he was evidently paying her. She won't swing as she ought to for killing a white man--she'll just be sent to the penitentiary for life and--

G. G. - My God!

Mrs. G. - Hark!

(Rapid footsteps are heard on the porch, and Jim throws wide the door. The street appears and the square and court house in the distance.. Jim stands a moment panting.)

Jim - They's a-waiting, sir.

Mrs. G - Jim, how dare you enter my front door? Who is waiting?

Jim - (Without flinching and looking steadily at George Gwathmey.) All of 'em--the Judge, the jury, Celia. The testimony's all in and the Judge he was just gwine to--to send her up, and she--Oh, sir, she just begged 'em to wait a minute. She said you'd come because you done promised and--Oh, Lord, sir--

Mrs. G. - Jim, that will do. You may go.

Jim - But you won't let--

Mrs .G - Go!

Jim. - I won't go 'till he goes. He's promised. He knows what he won't tell. He was in the cabin. I saw him, and (stepping towards Gwathmey) I phoned the sheriff and I found---your watch, what Celia threw after you.

G. G. - You damned, sneaking scoundrel!

Mrs. G. - What is it? What are you talking about? Tell me!

G. G. - He's got something of mine.

Jim. - I'll give 'em to him--soon as he testifies for Celia.

G. G. - You damned--

Mrs. G. - George! be quiet. It's all right Jim. You've always been a good boy. Give it to me and George shall go--right off--

(Jim hesitates and fumbles in his pocket)

Mrs. G. - Hark? Somebody's coming. Here Jim, (opening the cellar door) Quick step in here. We'll talk later. George, hurry! Go! Immediately.

(George Gwathmey opens the front door. Mrs. Gwathmey quickly locks the cellar door - slams the front door loudly and then quickly draws her son aside. They stare at each other silently.)

Mrs. G. - (Whispering) George?

G. G. - He'll escape by the doors.

Mrs. G. - (Slowly) They are padlocked. I was afraid--last night.

G. G. - Or the windows?

Mrs. G. - Barred, since your father died.

G. G. - (Hesitantly) Ma, I must go.

Mrs. G. - Why?

G. G. - She used---my pistol.

Mrs. G. - Your pistol? My God!

G. G. - Yes, she killed him---

Mrs. G. - With your pistol?

G. G. - Yes; and Jim's got--my watch.

Mrs. G. - So you were there---you saw it all?

G. G. - Yes, we were--gambling--I lost some of your rent money--and--

Mrs. G.- When the only reason in the world for hesitating is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wench's den! It must never be known. Do you think the Lyons Klan would see her let loose on your testimony? Why they'd lynch her and ruin us--ruin us. He's safe at present (pointing to the cellar). Later I'll find a way to get that watch---if I have to kill him---in defense of my honor. Thank God! Your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. G. - But the pistol?

Mrs. G. - Who says it's yours? Who knows it's yours? She took it from you. She stole it. We needn't say when.

G. G. - But Ma--She -- she -- it was self-defense!

Mrs. G. - Suppose it was--fool ! Can a white man admit it? What would the darkies say? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak---

(Jim is heard knocking within!)

G. G. - (Starts) Good God, (Looks at the door) Look! (They rush toward the door) (Celia with manacled hands and flying garments is running wildly up the walk. She stumbles into the house and bangs the door to. For a moment she gasps and stands trembling, wringing her manacled hands.)

Celia - (Looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am--sir. I--I run away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said, I ought to be hung, but it ain't fair--I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good. You know, Mr. George, you know how hard I tried and then--you know I never hurt---Oh, yes---yes--him--- but you said---you promised and I knowed you'd come, so I run-- I just run-- It is hard to run with your hands tied-so-- They didn't ought to tie my hands with such hard chains. I never hurt nothing--but him, Mr. George--and now you'll come, I know, Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right--Hark! They'se coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the Judge, he said I'd have to go to jail forever, Mr. George, Oh think, always, always tied in jail with-with them men--quick, Mr. George, they're almost here. You won't let 'em hurt me--Oh, don't hold him Ma'am-- don't, oh--

(The sheriff thunders on the door. The sinister scream of the mob is heard. G. G. breaks from his mother's detaining hand and rushes to the door. Celia cowers in the center of the stage toward the front. The mother stands by the dining-room door.)

G. G. - What do you want?

Sheriff- Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for--there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you-- I'll teach you, you damn black--

Mrs. G. - Sir!

Sheriff- Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have

- this wench. You see, she ran away--bolted right out of court, just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a - cutting a bit of terbacco and damned--beg pardon, ma'am--off she flew. She gave me a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you--

G. G. - Wait--

Sheriff- The law, sir, the majesty of the Law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly. 14

(The growl of the mob is heard)

G. G. - What? Out--to that mob--Never! I--

Sheriff- Oh, they ain't so wild. I know'em all. She'll be all right I'll take care of her. Oh, yes, my lady, I'll see to you--

(Seizes Celia and drags her forward.)

Celia - But, Mr. George--you'll say something--you'll speak?

(A pause. The sheriff gives a puzzled glance at each. Mrs. Gwathmey with her eyes fastened on G. G. moves slowly toward the cellar door and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" G. G. stands dazed looking at Celia, then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and quickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands erect facing the sheriff. He recoils against the door.) 15

Celia - Wait, listen!. I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (Pointing at George Gwathmey.) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Gwathmey killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free if I'd lie him out of it--so I lied because he said he loved me and I thought I loved him. Do you hear? I lied. I hate him, the pale coward. I didn't kill Sid Lyons, I never killed nothing. He killed him--it was his pistol--do you hear? His pistol! 16

(The mother totters forward. The sheriff stares. The wail of the mob rises again.)

Mrs. G. - Go, quick--the girl's mad--and Sheriff---I shall never forget

- your--kindness in this trouble.

Sheriff- Out with you.

(The sheriff forces his way out. George Gwathmey starts to follow ~~the door~~, but his mother closes it and sinks on her knees beside him with imploring hands and gray dishevelled hair.) 17

Celia's - Voice (dying away) I lied--do you hear? -- I lied. He did it. It was his pistol! 18

The groan of the mob is heard)

Jim - (Pounding within) Let me out! Let me out! Here's his watch! 19

CURTAIN

THE THIRD ACT

Justice is satisfied

(There comes a sound of clanking chains, and as the curtain rises, the last two or three convicts of a long line are seen filing off the stage to the right. The curtain discloses a narrow damp corridor. Out the grated door in front one sees the square and the Gwathmay mansion. In the center is a rickety table with a dingy lamp.)

Voice - (Without) "Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you." (The lash of a whip and a scream are heard. 20

Enter the guard angry and scowling, with whip in hand

and pistol protruding from his hip pocket. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. The sheriff hurries in with a hand bag which he places in the corner.)

Sheriff- Say, Bill--

Guard- - Say yourself, God damn it! I'm damn near dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few dozen more of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

Sheriff- Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl--the pretty one I brought in this evening?

Guard - None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent looking wench sent here this year and I get your leavins. This one's mine.

Sheriff- Ohm cut that--who got you your job?

Guard - You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick o'niggers.

Sheriff- You're done up, Bill. What do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

Guard - Now you're talkin' sense. (They drink and smoke)

Sheriff- Well, let's play; where's the cards?

Guard - In the drawer somewheres.

Sheriff- What shall it be--the old stand-by?

Guard - No-we'll change the game; --seven-up.

Sheriff- Good.

Guard - That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

Guard - Shut up out there--or I'll lash hell out of you. (Starts to his feet. Dead silence) What's the stakes?

Sheriff- The girl, of course.

Guard - Not by a damn sight.

Sheriff- And a hundred to the loser.

Guard- - I ain't got no money.

Sheriff- Oh, your word's good.

Guard- - Your's ain't. Gimme the whiskey.

Sheriff- Well, the girl if I win and a hundred if you lose and here's the cash. Deal! Best three out five.

(They play, talking now and then)

Guard- - High!

Sheriff- Low!

Guard- - You lie--here's deuce.

Sheriff- Fifty-two for game.

Guard- - It's yours--my deal.

Sheriff- King leads.

Guard- - Got his Jack, My God! High, low, Jack and the game. One game apiece.

Sheriff- Whose deal?

Guard- - Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

Sheriff- High, low, game. Two games for me.

Guard- - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

Sheriff- Bottle's empty--shall we quit?

Guard - No, by God--it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

Sheriff- All right--but booze! Wait till I get--(fumbling in his bag) Here's another quart.

Guard - (suspiciously) Is it doped?

Sheriff- (angrily) I'm a gentleman!

Guard - Well---ain't I?

Sheriff- Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward.)

Guard - Let's see that trick?

(The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently. They look at each other fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-pocket but the guard has his pistol out first. The sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.)

Guard - I played that ten!

Sheriff- No you didn't--you played the nine.

Guard - You're a damned liar--that trick is mine. You think you got me too drunk to see?

Sheriff- It's mine but we won't quarrel--take it!

(They play on)

Guard - Queen, high! Game! Two games for me.

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

Sheriff- Huh!

Guard - Huh!

Sheriff- Huh! (Rising with a yell) Game! She's mine--Where'd you put her, Bill. And say! Watch that door. No mobs tonight!

(The sheriff lurches out to the right removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and slowly counts and pockets the money.

24

25

-(He walks to the jail door, unlocks, opens it and peers out. The keys are hanging in the door. A scream is heard. He turns in the open door and scowls toward the corridor where the Sheriff has disappeared. Then he grins as he faces the audience. Then his face grows grey, and slowly he puts both hands aloft and steps falteringly forward. Jim is seen crouching back of him, pistol to his back. He turns the guard around, seizes his pistol and throws it on the floor, propells him out the door and locks it. Jim hesitates, looks left. A low moan and struggle is heard on the right. Jim rushes widly toward it. The hooded Ku Klux Klan appear at the jail door. They batter it down. Led by the guard they rush in and pause. Three shots ring out and light smoke drifts out of the right corridor. The leader of the Klan drags off his hood and reveals George Gwathmey, white and scared. The other klansmen raise their guns and fire right and left. The curtain falls.)

SEVEN-UP

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

by

W. E. B. DU BOIS

THE TIME,

1930 - SPRINGTIME

THE PLACE

A Town in Georgia

The Persons in the Drama -

As They Appear.

1. CELIA - a serving maid, curled, pretty and colored.
2. MRS CARRINGTON GWATHMEY - a widow of the newly rich, but poor again.
3. GEORGE GWATHMEY, - her son and hope.
4. JIM - the colored chore boy, dark brown of face, with close-crimped hair.
5. SID LYONS - a neighbor's son, white and poor but of high lineage.
6. THE SHERIFF of the County.
7. THE CHIEF GUARD of the jail.

Convicts and a mob.

THE FIRST ACT

A Man is Killed

(The scene lies within a little cabin, single-roomed, clean, cheaply furnished, yet with some taste. One can see through the tiny window in front that the cottage is the servant's quarter on a village estate, pretentious but out of repair. Beyond a green and nodding garden, looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey, widow of a local mill owner, presides with daughters and a son. Out the window at the right, one may see the main village street, and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is heard before the curtain begins to rise; as it goes out the music is just dying away.

The curtain discovers Celia looking eagerly out the window, towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia, with a sigh, turns to her ironing facing the front window, her back to the audience. To her left is a door; forward on the stage to the right is a bed, and opposite, a bureau. As Celia irons, Celia sings.)

CELIA - Hallelujah, Hallelujah! We will shoo the---

(Out of the window a lady is seen approaching from the Big House along the garden path; Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey enters.)

CELIA - Good evening, Mrs. Gwathmey.

Mrs. G. - Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces to wash and iron.

Celia - Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Gwathmey, they's mighty near done.

Mrs. G. - Well, let the rest go, and run along.

CELIA - There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

(A quick almost furtive knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Gwathmey rushes in.)

G. G. - Celia--Oh,--Ma!

Mrs. G. - Why, George! (George is evidently at a loss, but Celia's wit brings rescue.)

CELIA - (Hurriedly) Yes, Sir, I'se got the handkerchiefs done.

Mrs. G. - (Recovering) Handkerchiefs? Why, your drawer is full- - the top drawer to the left--

G. G. - Yes? Why-- I must have overlooked them in my hurry; and Ma, by the way, Mrs. Lyons invites you to tea to meet the D. A. R. delegates--that is, Sid, said so and left a note at the house.

Mrs. G. - The hussy! Why, George, you know it's just a public reception. And why couldn't old Mrs. Lyons call herself if she wanted me! I've called on her. D. A. R. -----the idea! I've got as much right to join as most of them.

G. G. - Sure! Pa said we'd been over-seers and squatters on many a Georgia plantation--

Mrs. G. - George! How can you! Just like your father! Well, I'm not going. Most of these climbers are no better than we are no matter what we've been.

GG. - --O, I knew you wouldn't go; but I saw you come down in here, and I thought I'd deliver the message; of course, I made excuses.

Mrs. G. - --It wasn't necessary; very well, Celia, take the clothes up since they're finished, and then be off to the circus. (Celia starts out with the basket poised on her head) OH, Celia, you forgot Mr. George's handkerchiefs, didn't you? Although, I can't understand how you missed all the others, George. (Celia sets down the basket)

Celia - Oh, yes, ma'am; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit Celia with the basket of clothes)

G. G. - (Sauntering toward the door) Well, I'll toddle along.

Mrs. G. (Looking at him uncertainly) I thought perhaps you'd like to drive me to the cemetery this evening and get away from the crowds.

G. G. - And pass the Lyons mansion? O Ma! but really I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. It's the biggest day of the year. Sid and I---

Mrs. G. - George, don't be so common and don't let those Lyons folks patronize you.

G. G. Oh, it's only Sid---- he's a good sort. Well --

Mrs. G. - (Carelessly) And George -- I don't think I'd be quite so familiar with Celia, if I were you. She's grown now, and you know how darkies are. Those Lyons men can do things that----

G. G. - (Hurriedly) -- Oh, all right Ma! So long.

(Exit G. G.)

(The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and is seen moving up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia is seen approaching accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her answers carelessly back. Entering the door, she shuts Jim out and talks to him through the window.)

Celia - I tell you I ain't goin'.

Jim - Oh, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, hones' I got two dollars. (Shows the bills triumphantly)

Celia - (Obdurate) I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

Jim - Oh, git out; they ain't been no circus here inmore'n a year and yisteddy you was wild to go.

Celia. - I done changed my mind.

Jim. Celia, you sho' is pretty.

Celia. Oh, go long.

Jim. Celia, when ah looks at you---oo-,oo!

Celia. - Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows of and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

Jim. But, Celia, you promised.

Celia - I said p'raps.

Jim. - But, Celia---

Celia - I got work to do--so go long and let me alone.

Jim - I don't believe it. All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't feelin' nobody. (Jim moves slowly from the window and walks toward the square.)

(Celia turns away in disdain but watches him furtively and listens to his dying foot-steps; then she peers out; she walks about uncertainly as if waiting; finally she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. Celia listens, looks carefully out the window, then approaching on tip-toe, opens the door. George Gwathmey steps in quickly and closes the door. Celia rushes to him.)

Celia - What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight. And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. G. - Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

Celia - Lordy! But you's so careless. You's done made your ma suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus waitin' for you! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him.. Don't go, George--stay here.

GG. - I must go, dear, I promised; you go on to the circus to-night and say, I'll come back late--may I?

Celia - I reckon so--yes, anything you wants, dear, only I won't go out. Jim'll see me. It'll be so long waiting.

G. G. - Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up--go to bed-- I'll waken you.

(She shrinks away from him, he goes out)

(Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. A while, she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after viewing herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low and raising the curtain. Jim peers in the

window, then disappears. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens.)

VOICE - - Celia! Celia!

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door)

Celia - Who is it?

G. G. - It's me, Celia, open up.

Celia - (Hesitating) Hush, George; for God's sake don't make all that fuss. (She opens the door slightly and discloses two men.)

Celia - No, no, no, - Who else is there?

G. G. - It's only Sid.

Celia - Oh, no, he can't come in here. You mustn't - -

G. G. - Don't be afraid. It's all right. We had a game on when Connelly closed; we just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

Celia - (Hesitating) -but--Wait--wait 'till I dresses.

- (She closes door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, draws the curtains close, turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

Celia - Sh--please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear. (Enter George Gwathmey and Sid Lyons. Gwathmey is flushed and bright-eyed. Lyons is cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

S. L. - By God! A little beauty, George!

G. G. - (Frowns)

S. L. - Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

(Celia shrinks back. Gwathmey steps quickly in front of her.)

G. G. - Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Gwathmey and Lyons eye each other steadily. Lyons is the first to give away.)

S. L. - (Laughing) -- Private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go.

G. G. - Not by a damned sight, you've skinned me out of a hundred bones and we've got to have it out.

Celia. - But it's so late--

S. L. - (Gaily) Late for cards--sure! But early for love.

Celia. And I ain't got no cards.

S. L. - Here's the pack we've played with; but where's the booze. We can't play without booze; I'm devilish thirsty already.

G. G. - I suppose we might a staid at Connelly's place even if he had to close. He'd-a put us in back and he's got plenty of good whiskey. Celia, honey, got any of that home-made wine?

Celia - Oh, no.

G. G. - I tell you--you run up to Connelly's and tell him--

Celia - I'm afraid --It's so late--and circus day.

G. G. - Well, I'll go--

Celia - (Quickly) No. (Glancing at Lyons)

G. G. - (Glaring at Lyons) Oh, well--

S. L. - Easily) Let me go--this time.

(Goes out)

Celia - Oh, George, you done been drinking again; and why did you bring that man here, I'se afread of him--

Them Lyons men--and Sid's--

G. G. - Nonesense, sweet. I tell you he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I just wanted to show him. We'll go in just a minute. We got in a game and he wona hundred. I must get it back. Won't take long. He's an awfully jolly fellow--he's all right. You see, we went to the circus and then to Connelly's and had a drink or so. Then we got into a game and, by gosh, he'd won a hundred before I knew it. I gotta get it back. 'Twa'nt mine, it's mother's--I collected some rents for her shacks. Ma is tight now since the stock crash almost cleaned us out. We won't stay long. Don't be silly.

Celia - But why did you play with him? You knows he's just a gambler. Ef 'twuzn't for his family he'd be run out of town.

G. G. - O he's not so bad, and besides he's so damned superior I wanted to show him something. I just wanted to let him know that you're my girl. He said I couldn't get you, if you wouldn't notice him you wouldn't notice no white man. I told him I knew a damned sight better. Then I said we'd stop by here 'till I got that hundred back. 'Twon't take long--

(He seizes Celia. She resists. The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

S. L. - Ha, ha-- don't mind me! (Gwathmey and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; Celia places herself near Gwathmey's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

G. G. - Come, we haven't much time. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

S. L. - What shall it be?

G. G. - I say, let's change the game.

S. L. - To what?

G. G. - Seven up--best three out of five.

S. L. - Good, then we'll quit! And the stakes?

G. G. - That hundred against my watch.

Celia - George! It's your father's -- your ma-- (Gwathmey motions her aside impatiently. The money and watch are laid on the table. Lyons smiles.)

(They play, smoking and talking and drinking.)

S. L. - High!

G. G. - Low!

S. L. - Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. G. - Fifty-two for game.

S. L. - It's yours. My deal.

G. G. - King leads.

S. L. - Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack--one game apiece. Whose deal?

G. G. - Well, what a hand --damn it, take it all.

(He drains the flask)

S. L. - High, Low, game--two for me.

G. G. - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Celia, more booze.

Celia - It's all gone, and it's awful late.

S. L. - Shall we stop here?

G. G. - No, by God--it was best three out of five. I've

got one odd. You've only won two.

S. L. - All right. But we must drink; shall I--

G. G. - No it's my turn. (Lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

Celia - George!

G. G. - (Straightening up and looking at Lyons) Of course, Sid, you're a gentleman.

S. L. - (Wheeling on him) Sir?

G. G. - Beg pardon, old man--Oh, get out, Celia.

Celia - But Connelly will be a-bed. You shouldn't ought to rouse him.

S. L. You'll find Brown's back door open.

Celia - But---

G. G. - Oh, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in half closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her smiling. Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.)

Celia - (Whispering) --Put out the light.

(Lyons puts the light out. Celia raises the curtain. Jim is seen passing slowly. He pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silence intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.)

Celia - What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles)

Celia - Turn me loose--Oh! Oh! Please turn me loose--don't--

(The door suddenly opens and Gwathmey steps in. He stands uncertain in the gloom.)

G. G. - Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

Celia - (In panting whispers) Turn--me--loose. Stop, I say--

G. G. - (Leaps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you--turn her loose. (The match flickers out.)

Celia - (Screams furiously) Help!

G. G. (Strikes another match and in the flare stands with drawn pistol.) Stop, or I shoot.

S. L. - Shoot, and be damned. (Throws Celia on the bed) (Gwathmey shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence ensues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

Celia - Listen!

G. G. - What did you hear?

Celia - (Opening the door cautiously) Nothing.

G. G. - Sh'!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I thought I heard somebody.

Celia - (Moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do?

G. G. - Is he dead Celia?

Celia - Yes!

G. G. - Where is it?

Celia - Over here--it's all sticky.

G. G. - Ah!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I slipped on the floor, It's all -- blood.

Celia- - (Moaning) Oh, my God! My God!

G. G. - Hush! For God's sake--shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it--brace up. (They stand in

the door) Now, what shall we do?

Celia - Oh, I don't know--I don't know.

G. G. - Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all in a whirl.

Celia - I can't think--my heart's done stopped.

G. G. - (Whispering) Suppose I say he shot himself.

Celia - Oh, but it's --your pistol.

G. G. - Well, then--let's see--we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train--

Celia - People would sure see us, and the blood would drip and drip--Oh!

G. G. - Well, how about self-defense -I killed him in self-defense. Yes, that's it, and--

Celia - He didn't have no pistol--I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. G. - Hell and damnation! Then, I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

Celia- - (Breaks into hysterical sobbing) - But who'd believe it--who'd believe you'd tell a thing--like that!

G. G. - Hark! (Running and shouting is heard afar). God! Somebody heard the shot. Somebody spied on us. They're coming this way. Celia, quick give me the pistol. I'll stay out-- (She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles.)

Celia - (Slowly) I might say that he--(She glances back at the body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness.)

Celia - Oh, no, no, I dassent.

C. C. - (Eagerly) By God! That's it--that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

Celia - But it's your pistol--and I dassent ---I dassent.

C. C. - I have it--I came in and drew my pistol. No, that went do--you had my pistol; you were afraid of Sid; you borrowed it - or stole it, I came for it and you shot him.

Celia - That don't make sense, Oh, I'se afeared, and what would they care! He's a white man and I'm only a nigger. (Steps and shouts are heard)

C. C. - (Retreating) I'll defend you; I'll be witness--the word of a white man will save you--quick.

(He leaps out of the window, runs into the garden and disappears)- Here--your watch. (She throws it after him)

Voices rise, and the flare of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door.

Sheriff - Where was the shooting down here? Who 'phoned me? Was it you, gal?

Celia - (After a long pause) No.---yes.

Sheriff - Did you shoot?

Celia - (Slowly) Yes.

Sheriff - What you got there? Gimme that pistol! Was anyone hurt? Stand back! (He raises his lantern.) Murder, by God---Girl, did you do this?

Celia - Yes.

CURTAIN

THE SECOND ACT - A woman is accused.

(The scene is the hall of the Gwathmey mansion. In front and somewhat to the left is the broad front door, closed. Down toward it, and away from the audience, the great staircase leads. Under the stairs lurk a small cellar door and a window. Out of the window may be seen a garden and beyond it, the square and Court House. To the left of the front door are the doors to the parlor and dining room, the latter, slightly ajar. George Gwathmey is coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reaches the landing his mother emerges from the dining room.)

Mrs. G. - George, why don't you come in to breakfast? We've been through an hour and most everything is cold. You know I and your sisters have most of the work to do now--we can't afford a house full of darkies to feed.

G. G. - Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (Moves slowly towards the door.)

Mrs. G. - But, George--

G. G. - Yes, Ma? (He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

Mrs. G. - Of course, George, we all feel awful over this mess, but really, it don't seem just decent for you to take on so. After all, it's only a low affair between one

of these Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. G. - Of course, Ma, but you see---

Mrs. G. - George, I wouldn't go if I was you. (He reaches for his watch and starts. His mother stares at him and he at her.)

G. G. - But Ma, I'm already late and--

Mrs. G. - Dear, you ain't needed.

G. G. - I'm a witness, Ma. As I told you last night, I--I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

Mrs. G. - But you didn't actually see the--the murder, dear?

G. G. - Why no--that it--I heard--and somebody must have seen us and got the sheriff.

Mrs. G. - And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed as she had confessed.

G. G. - (Starting) I tell you I must go, Ma. Yo do not understand. I can't let that---girl---

Mrs. G. - Girl! George, for God's sake remember your mother and sisters. What will folks say! you defending that black slut like she was a white woman. They'll twit us with being nothing but white trash and born too low to look down on niggers. There ain't a thing you can do and no sense in your trying. The Lord knows we've always done what we could for Celia--you just can't keep colored girls straight--and I'm willing now to do anything in reason except allow my own son to smirch our family name, out of silly

sympathy. I already had a talk with Judge Holt. As luck would have it, he presides today. You know he was a close pal of your father and he's got no love for the Lyons family neither. He tried once to marry one of them. Of course he must act like a white man, but he promised to be easy on Celia because she's young and Lyons had such a reputation. They found a whiskey bottle in her cabin and money which he was evidently paying her. She won't swing as she ought to for killing a white man--she'll just be sent to the penitentiary for life and--

G. G. - My God!

Mrs. G. - Hark!

(Rapid footsteps are heard on the porch, and Jim throws wide the door. The street appears and the square and court house in the distance.. Jim stands a moment panting.)

Jim - They's a-waiting, sir.

Mrs. G - Jim, how dare you enter my front door? Who is waiting?

Jim - (Without flinching and looking steadily at George Gwathmey.) All of 'em--the Judge, the jury, Celia. The testimony's all in and the Judge he was just gwine to--to send her up, and she--Oh, sir, she just begged 'em to wait a minute. She said you'd come because you done promised and--Oh, Lord, sir--

Mrs. G. - Jim, that will do. You may go.

Jim - But you won't let--

Mrs .G - Go!

Jim. - I won't go 'till he goes. He's promised. He knows what he won't tell. He was in the cabin. I saw him, and (stepping towards Gwathmey) I phoned the sheriff and I found---your watch, what Celia threw after you.

G. G. - You damned, sneaking scoundrel!

Mrs. G. - What is it? What are you talking about? Tell me!

G. G. - He's got something of mine.

Jim. - I'll give 'em to him--soon as he testifies for Celia.

G. G. - You damned--

Mrs. G. - George! be quiet. It's all right Jim. You've always been a good boy. Give it to me and George shall go--right off--

(Jim hesitates and fumbles in his pocket)

Mrs. G. - Hark? Somebody's coming. Here Jim, (opening the cellar door) Quick step in here. We'll talk later. George, hurry! Go! Immediately.

(George Gwathmey opens the front door. Mrs. Gwathmey quickly locks the cellar door - slams the front door loudly and then quickly draws her son aside. They stare at each other silently.)

Mrs. G. - (Whispering) George?

G. G. - He'll escape by the doors.

Mrs. G. - (Slowly) They are padlocked. I was afraid--last night.

G. G. - Or the windows?

Mrs. G. - Barred, since your father died.

G. G. - (Hesitantly) Ma, I must go.

Mrs. G. - Why?

G. G. - She used---my pistol.

Mrs. G. - Your pistol? My God!

G. G. - Yes, she killed him---

Mrs. G. - With your pistol?

G. G. - Yes; and Jim's got--my watch.

Mrs. G. - So you were there---you saw it all?

G. G. - Yes, we were--gambling--I lost some of your rent money--and--

Mrs. G.- When the only reason in the world for hesitating is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wanch's den! It must never be known. Do you think the Lyons Klan would see her let loose on your testimony. Why they'd lynch her and ruin us--ruin us. He's safe at present (pointing to the cellar). Later I'll find a way to get that watch---if I have to kill him---in defense of my honor. Thank God! Your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. G. - But the pistol?

Mrs. G. - Who says it's yours? Who knows it's yours? She took it from you. She stole it. We needn't say when.

G. G. - But Ma--She -- she -- it was self-defense!

Mrs. G. - Suppose it was--fool ! Can a white man admit it? What would the darkies say? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak---

(Jim is heard knocking within)

G. G. - (Starts) Good God, (Looks at the door) Look! (They rush toward the door) (Celia with manacled hands and flying garments is running wildly up the walk. She stumbles into the house and bangs the door to. For a moment she gasps and stands trembling, wringing her manacled hands.)

Celia - (Looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am--sir. I--I run away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said, I ought to be hung, but it ain't fair--I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good. You know, Mr. George, you know how hard I tried and then--you know I never hurt---Oh, yes---yes--him--- but you said---you promised and I knowed you'd come, so I run-- I just run-- It is hard to run with your hands tied-so-- They didn't ought to tie my hands with such hard chains. I never hurt nothing--but him, Mr. George--and now you'll come, I know, Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right--Hark! They'se coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the Judge, he said I'd have to go to jail forever, Mr. George, Oh think, always, always tied in jail with-with them men--quick, Mr. George, they're almost here. You won't let 'em hurt me--Oh, don't hold him Ma'am-- don't, oh--

(The sheriff thunders on the door. The sinister scream of the mob is heard. G. G. breaks from his mother's detaining hand and rushes to the door. Celia cowers in the center of the stage toward the front. The mother stands by the dining-room door.)

G. G. - What do you want?

Sheriff- Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for--there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you-- I'll teach you, you damn black--

Mrs. G. - Sir!

Sheriff- Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have

- this wench. You see, she ran away--bolted right out of court, just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a - cutting a bit of terbacco and damned--beg pardon, ma'am--off she flew. She gave me a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you--

G. G. - Wait--

Sheriff- The law, sir, the majesty of the Law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly.

(The growl of the mob is heard)

G. G. - What? Out--to that mob--Never! I--

Sheriff- Oh, they ain't so wild. I know'em all. She'll be all right I'll take care of her. Oh, yes, my lady, I'll see to you--

(Seizes Celia and drags her forward.)

Celia - But, Mr. George--you'll say something--you'll speak?

(A pause. The sheriff gives a puzzled glance at each. Mrs. Gwathmey with her eyes fastened on G. G. moves slowly toward the cellar door and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" G. G. stands dazed looking at Celia, then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and quickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands erect facing the sheriff. He recoils against the door.)

Celia - Wait, listen!. I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (Pointing at George Gwathmey.) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Gwathmey killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free if I'd lie him out of it--so I lied because he said he loved me and I thought I loved him. Do you hear? I lied. I hate him, the pale coward. I didn't kill Sid Lyons, I never killed nothing. He killed him--it was his pistol--do you hear? His pistol!

(The mother totters forward. The sheriff stares. The wail of the mob rises again.)

Mrs. G. - Go, quick--the girl's mad--and Sheriff---I shall never forget

- your--kindness in this trouble.

Sheriff- Out with you.

(The sheriff forces his way out. George Gwathmey starts to follow the door, but his mother closes it and sinks on her knees beside him with imploring hands and gray dishoveled hair.)

Celia's - Voice (dying away) I lied--do you hear? -- I lied. He did it. It was his pistol!

The groan of the mob is heard)

Jim - (Pounding within) Let me out! Let me out! Here's his watch!

CURTAIN

THE THIRD ACT

Justice is satisfied

(There comes a sound of clanking chains, and as the curtain rises, the last two or three convicts of a long line are seen filing off the stage to the right. The curtain discloses a narrow damp corridor. Out the grated door in front one sees the square and the Gwathmay mansion. In the center is a rickety table with a dingy lamp.)

Voice - (Without) Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you. (The lash of a whip and a scream are heard. Enter the guard angry and scowling, with whip in hand

and pistol protruding from his hip pocket. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. The sheriff hurries in with a hand bag which he places in the corner.)

Sheriff- Say, Bill--

Guard- - Say yourself, God damn it! I'm damn near dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few dozen more of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

Sheriff- Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl--the pretty one I brought in this evening?

Guard - None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent looking wanch sent here this year and I get your leavins. This one's mine.

Sheriff- Oh, cut that--who got you your job?

Guard - You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick o'niggers.

Sheriff- You're done up, Bill. What do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

Guard - Now you're talkin' sense. (They drink and smoke)

Sheriff- Well, let's play; where's the cards?

Guard - In the drawer somewheres.

Sheriff- What shall it be--the old stand-by?

Guard - No-we'll change the game; --seven-up.

Sheriff- Good.

Guard - That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

Guard - Shut up out there--or I'll lash hell out of you. (Starts to his feet. Dead silence) What's the stakes?

Sheriff- The girl, of course.

Guard - Not by a damn sight.

Sheriff- And a hundred to the loser.

Guard- - I ain't got no money.

Sheriff- Oh, your word's good.

Guard- - Your's ain't. Gimme the whiskey.

Sheriff- Well, the girl if I win and a hundred if you lose and here's the cash. Deal! Best three out five.

(They play, talking now and then)

Guard- - High!

Sheriff- Low!

Guard- - You lie--here's deuce.

Sheriff- Fifty-two for game.

Guard- - It's yours--my deal.

Sheriff- King leads.

Guard- - Got his Jack, My God! High, low, Jack and the game. One game apiece.

Sheriff- Whose deal?

Guard- - Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

Sheriff- High, low, game. Two games for me.

Guard- - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

Sheriff- Bottle's empty--shall we quit?

Guard - No, by God--it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

Sheriff- All right--but booze! Wait till I get--(fumblingin his bag) Here's another quart.

Guard - (suspiciously) Is it doped?

Sheriff- (angrily) I'm a gentleman!

Guard - Well---ain't I?

Sheriff- Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward.)

Guard - Let's see that trick?

(The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently. They look at each other fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-pocket but the guard has his pistol out first. The sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.)

Guard - I played that ten!

Sheriff- No you didn't--you played the nine.

Guard - You're a damned liar---that trick is mine. You think you got me too drunk to see?

Sheriff- It's mine but we won't quarrel---take it!

(They play on)

Guard - Queen, high! Game! Two games ~~for me.~~ a piece

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

Sheriff- Huh!

Guard - Huh!

Sheriff- Huh! (Rising with a yell) Game! She's mine---Where'd you put her, Bill. And say! Watch that door. No mobs tonight!

(The sheriff lurches out to the right removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and slowly counts and pockets the money.

He walks to the jail door, unlocks, opens it and peers out. The keys are hanging in the door. A scream is heard. He turns in the open door and scowls toward the corridor where the Sheriff has disappeared. Then he grins as he faces the audience. Then his face grows grey, and slowly he puts both hands aloft and steps falteringly forward. Jim is seen crouching back of him, pistol to his back. He turns the guard around, seizes his pistol and throws it on the floor, propells him out the door and locks it. Jim hesitates, looks left. A low moan and struggle is heard on the right. Jim rushes widly toward it. The hooded Ku Klux Klan appear at the jail door. They batter it down. Led by the guard they rush in and pause. Three shots ring out and light smoke drifts out of the right corridor. The leader of the Klan drags off his hood and reveals George Gwathmey, white and scared. The other klansmen raise their guns and fire right and left. The curtain falls.

SEVEN-UP

A Play in Three Acts

By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

The Time,

1928, Springtime

The Persons in the Drama,

as they appear.

1....CELIA, a serving maid, curled, prètty, and colored.

2....MRS. CARRINGTON GWATHMEY, a lady in the land.

3....GEORGE GWATHMEY, her son and hope.

4....JIM, the colored chore boy, dark brown of face, with close-crimped hair.

5....SID LYONS, a neighbor's son, white, but of lesser breed and newly rich.

6....THE SHERIFF of the County.

7....THE CHIEF GUARD of the jail.

A MOB and GUARDS

THE FIRST ACT

A man is killed.

(The scene lies within a little log cabin, single-roomed, clean, cheaply furnished, yet with some taste. One can see through the tiny window in front that the cottage is the servant's quarter on a village estate of pretentious but decayed gentility. Beyond a green and nodding garden, looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey, of long local lineage, presides with daughters and a son. Out the window at the right, one may see the main village street, and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is heard before the curtain begins to rise; as it goes up the music of "Hallelujah" is just dying away.

The curtain discovers Celia looking eagerly out the window towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia, with a sigh, turns to her ironing facing the front window, her back to the audience. To her left is a door; forward on the stage to the right is a bed, and opposite, a bureau. As Celia irons, Celia sings.)

CELIA -- Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we will shee the—

(Out of the window a lady is seen approaching from the Big House along the garden path; Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey enters.)

CELIA -- Good evening, Mrs. Gwathmey.

MRS. G. -- Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces to wash and iron.

CELIA -- Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Gwathmey, they'r mighty near done.

MRS. G. -- Well, let the rest go, and run along.

CELIA -- There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

(A quick almost furtive knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Gwathmey rushes in.)

G. G. -- Celia--Oh,--Mother!

MRS. G. -- Why, George! (George is evidently perturbed, but Celia's wit brings her to the rescue.)

CELIA -- (Hurriedly) Yes, Sir, I've got the handkerchiefs done.

MRS. G. (recovering) -- Handkerchiefs? Why, your drawer is full--the top drawer to the left--

G. G. -- Yes, yes; I must have overlooked them in my hurry; and Mother, by the way, Mrs. Lyons invites you to tea to meet the Women's Equal Rights delegates--that is, Sid said so and he left the note at the house.

MRS. G. -- The impertinence! Why, George, you know I never go there. They are quite impossible. Equal Rights! The idea! What are we coming to? I have no desire to be a man.

G. G. -- Yes, I thought so; but I saw you come in here, and I thought I'd deliver the message; of course, I made excuses.

MRS. G. -- They are quite unnecessary; very well, Celia, take the clothes up since they're finished, and then be off to the circus. (Celia starts out with the basket poised on her head) Oh, Celia, you forget Mr. George's handkerchiefs, didn't you? Although, I can't understand how you missed all the others, George. (Celia sets down the basket)

CELIA -- Oh, yes, ma'am; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit Celia with the basket of clothes)

G. G. (Sauntering toward the door) -- Well, I'll toddle along.

MRS. G. (Looking at him uncertainly) -- I thought perhaps you'd like to drive me to the cemetery this evening and escape the crowds.

G. G. -- But, Mother, I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. It's the biggest day of the year. Sid and I—

MRS. G. -- George, pray don't get too intimate with those folks.

G. G. -- Oh, it's only Sid—he's a good sort. Well—

MRS. G. (Carelessly) -- And George—I don't think I'd be quite so familiar with Celia, if I were you. She's a grown girl now, and you know servants presume so.

G. G. (Hurriedly) -- All right, Mother. So long.

(Exit G. G.)

(The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and is seen moving up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia is seen approaching accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her answers carelessly back. Entering the door, she shuts Jim out and talks to him through the window.)

CELIA -- I tell you I ain't goin'.

JIM -- Oh, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, hones' I got two dollars. (Shows the bills triumphantly)

CELIA (Obdurate) -- I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

JIM -- Oh, git out; they ain't been no circus here in more'n a year and yisteddy you was wild to go.

CELIA -- I done changed my mind.

JIM -- Celia, you sho' is pretty.

CELIA -- Oh, go long.

JIM-- Celia, when ah looks at you--oo, oo!

CELIA -- Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows of and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

JIM -- But,Celia, you promised.

CELIA -- I said pinggs.

JIM -- But, Celia--

CELIA -- I got work to do--so go long and let me alone.

JIM -- I don't believe it. All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't feelin' nobody. (Jim moves slowly from the window and walks toward the square.)

(Celia turns away in disdain but watches him furtively and listlems to his dying foot-steps; then she peers out; then she walks about uncertainly as if waiting; finally she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. Celia listens, looks carefully out the window, then approaching on tip-toe, opens the door. George Gwathmey steps in quickly and closes the door. Celia rushes to him.)

CELIA -- What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight? And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. G. -- Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

CELIA -- Lordy! but you's so careless. You's done made your ma suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus waitin' for you! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him. Don't go, George-- stay here.

G. G. -- I must go, dear, I promised; you go on to the circus tonight and say, I'll come back late--may I?

CELIA -- I reckon so--yes, anything you wants, dear, only I won't go out. Jim'll see me. It'll be so long waiting.

G. G. -- Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up--go to bed--I'll waken you.

(They kiss, and he goes)

(Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. A while, she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after viewing herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low. Jim peers in the window, then disappears. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens.)

VOICE -- Celia! Celia!

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door)

CELIA -- Who is it?

G. G. -- It's me, Celia, open up.

CELIA (Hesitating) -- Hush, George; for God's sake don't make so much fuss. (She opens the door slightly and discloses two men.)

CELIA -- No, no, no, --who else is there?

G. G. -- It's only Sid.

CELIA -- Oh, no, he can't come in here. You mustn't--

G. G. -- Don't be afraid. It's all right. We had a game on when Connelly closed; we just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

CELIA (Hesitating)--But wait--wait 'till I dresses.

(She closes door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

CELIA -- Sh--please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear.

(Enter George Gwathmey and Sid Lyons. Gwathmey is flushed and bright-eyed. Lyons is cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

S. L.--By God! A little beauty, George!

(G. G. frowns)

S. L. -- Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

(Celia shrinks back. Gwathmey steps quickly in front of her.)

G. G. -- Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Gwathmey and Lyons eye each other steadily. Lyons is the first to give away.)

S. L. -- Laughing) -- Oh, private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go.

G. G. -- Not by a damned sight, You've skinned me out of a hundred bones and we've got to have it out.

CELIA -- But it's so late--

S. L. (Gaily) -- Late for cards--sure! But early for love.

CELIA -- And I've no cards.

S. L. -- Here's a pack; but drink--where's the booze? We can't play without booze, and I'm devilish thirsty already.

G. G. -- We ought-a staid at Connelly's place even if he had to close. He'd-a hidden us in back and he's got plenty of good whiskey. Celia, dear, got any of that home-made wine?

CELIA -- Oh, no.

G. G. -- I tell you--you run up to Cellelly's and tell him--

CELIA -- I'm afraid--It's so late--and circus day.

G. G. -- Well, I'll go--

CELIA -- (Quickly)--No. (Glancing at Lyons)

G. G. -- (Glaring at Lyons) -- Oh, well--

S. L. --(Easily) -- Let me go--this time.

(Runs out)

CELIA -- Oh, George, you done been drinking again; and why did you bring that man here, I'se afeard of him.

G. G. -- Nonsense, sweet. I tell you he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I just wanted to show him. We'll go in just a mimute. We got in a game and he won a hundred. I must get it back. Won't take long. He's an awfully jolly fellow--he's all right. You see, we want to the circus and then to Connelly's and had a drink or so. Then we got into a game and,by gosh, he'd won a hundred before I knew it. I gotta get it back. 'Saintt mine, it's mother's, to pay a bill. I gotta get it back. Won't take long. I wanted to show him that you're my girl. He said you wouldn't notice no white man. I told him I knew a damned sight better. Then I said we'd stop by here 'till I got that hundred back. 'Twon't take long--

(He seizes Celia and smothers her protests with kisses. She resists at first and then caresses him. The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

S. L. -- Ha, ha-- don't mind me! (Gwathmey and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; Celia places herself near Gwathmey's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

G. G. -- Come, we mustn't play long. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

S. L. -- What shall it be?

G. G. -- I say, let's change the game.

S. L. -- To what?

G. G. -- Seven up-- best three out of five.

S. L. -- Good-- and the stakes?

G. G. -- That hundred against my watch.

CELIA -- George! It's your father's--your ma-- (Gwathmey motions her aside impatiently. The money and watch are laid on the table.

(They play, smoking and talking here and there.

S. L. -- High!

G. G. -- Low!

S. L. -- Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. G. -- Fifty-two for game.

S. L. -- It's yours. My deal.

G. G. -- King leads.

S. L. -- Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack--one game apiece. Whose deal?

G. G. -- Well, what a hand--damn it, take it all.

(Celia, going to the window, tosses the bottle out.)

S. L. -- High, low, game--two for me.

G. G. (Showing signs of intoxication) -- Next game's mine. Celia, more booze.

CELIA -- It's all gone, and it's awful late.

S. L. -- Shall we stop here?

G. G. -- No, by God--it was best three out of five. I've got one odd. You've only won two.

S. L. -- All right. But we must drink; shall I--

G. G. -- No, it's my turn. (Lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

CELIA -- George!

G. G. (Straightening up and looking at Lyons) -- Of course, sir, you're a gentleman.

S. L. -- (Wheeling on him)--Do you question it?

G. G. -- Beg pardon, old man--Oh, get out, Celia.

CELIA -- But Connelly will be asleep. You shouldn't rouse him.

S. L. -- You'll find Brown's back door open.

CELIA -- But--

G. G. -- Oh, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in the half closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her, smiling under lowered eyelids. Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.)

CELIA (Whispering) -- Put out the light.

(Lyons puts the light out. Jim is seen passing slowly. He pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silence intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.)

CELIA -- What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles)

CELIA -- Turn me loose--Oh! Oh! Please turn me loose--don't--

(The door opens and Gwathmey hastens in. He stands uncertain in the gloom.)

G. G. -- Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

CELIA (In panting whispers) -- Turn -- me -- loose. Stop, I say--

G. G. (Leaps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia Struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you—turn her loose. (The match flickers out.)

CELIA -- (Screams furiously) -- Help!

G. G. (Strikes another match and in the flare stands with drawn pistol.) Stop, or I shoot.

S. L. -- Shoot, and be damned. (Draws Celia to him and kisses her.)

(Gwathmey shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence ensues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

CELIA -- Listen!

G. G. -- What did you hear?

CELIA (Opening the door cautiously) -- Nothing.

G. G. -- Sh'!

CELIA -- What?

G. G. -- I thought I heard somebody.

CELIA (Moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do?

G. G. -- Where is it?

CELIA -- Over here—it's all—sticky.

G. G. -- Ah!

CELIA -- What?

G. G. -- I slipped on the floor. It's all—blood.

CELIA (Moaning) -- Oh, my God! My God!

G. G. -- Hush! For God's sake—shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it—brace up. (They stand in the door.) Now, what shall we do?

CELIA -- Oh, I don't know—I don't know.

G. G. -- Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all in a whirl.

CELIA -- I can't think--my heart's done stopped.

G. G. --(Whispering) -- Suppose I say he shot himself.

CELIA -- Oh, but it's--your pistol.

G. G. -- Well, then--let's see--we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train--

CELIA -- People might pass--and the blood would drip and drip--Oh!

G. G. -- Well, how about self-defense--I killed him in self-defense. Yes, that's it, and--

CELIA -- He didn't have no pistol--I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. G. -- Hell and damnation! Then, I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

CELIA --(Breaks into hysterical sobbing) -- But who'd believe it--who'd believe it?

G. G. -- Hark! (Running and shouting is heard afar) God! Somebody heard the shot. They're coming this way. Celia, quick -- hand me the pistol. I'll stay out -- (She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles.)

CELIA (Slowly) -- I might say that he -- (She glances back at the body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness.)

CELIA -- Oh, no, no, I dassent.

G. G. (Eagerly) -- By God! That's it --that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

CELIA -- But it's your pistol--and I dassent--I dassent.

G. G. -- I have it--I came in and drew my pistol. You seized it and shot him.

CELIA -- Oh, I'se afeared. What would they care. He's a white man and I'm only a--nigger. (Steps and shouts approach.)

G. G. (Retreating) -- I'll defend you; I'll be witness—the word of a Gwathmey will save you—quick.

(Le leaps out of the window, runs into the garden and disappears. Voices rise, and the flutter of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door.

SHERIFF -- Was that shot here?

CELIA (After sa long pause) -- Yes.

SHERIFF -- Did you shoot?

CELIA -- (Slowly) -- Yes.

SHERIFF -- Where's the pistol? Hand it here.—Was anyone hurt? Stand back! (He raises his lantern.) Murder, by God. -- Girl, did you do this?

CELIA -- Yes.

CURTAIN

THE SECOND ACT

A woman is accused

(The scene is the hall of the Gwathmey mansion. In front and somewhat to the left is the broad front door, closed. Down toward it, and away from the audience, the great staircase leads. Under the stairs lurk a small cellar door and a window. Out of the window may be seen a garden and beyond it, the square and Court House. To the left of the front door are the doors to the parlor and dining room, the latter, slightly ajar. George Gwathmey is coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reaches the landing his mother emerges from the dining room.)

MRS. G. -- George, why don't you come to breakfast? We've been through an hour and everything is cold. You know your sisters have all the work to do now today.

G. G. -- Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (~~Looks at his watch and~~ moves slowly towards the door.)

MRS. G. -- But, George—

G. G. -- Yes, Mother? (He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

MRS. G. -- Of course, George, we all feel dreadfully over this tragedy, but really, it doesn't seem just decent for you to take it so to heart. After all, it's but a disreputable intrigue between one of those Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. G. -- Of course, Mother, but you see—

MRS. G. -- George, I wouldn't go if I were you. (He reaches for his watch and starts. His mother ~~glances at it~~ turns to him, ~~and he looks~~ at her.)

G. G. -- But Mother, I'm already late and —

MRS. G. -- ~~Jim found it on the kitchen table~~. Dear, you are not needed.

G. G. -- I'm a witness, Mother. As I told you last night, I--I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

MRS. G. -- But you didn't actually see the--the deed, dear?

G. G. -- Why no--that is--I heard--

MRS. G. -- And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed as she had confessed.

G. G. (Starting) -- I tell you I must go, Mother. You do not understand. I can't let that--girl--

MRS. G. -- George, I beg you to remember your mother and sisters. There is really nothing for you to do and no sense in your trying to defend a shameless girl. I'm sure we've always done all we could for Celia, and I'm willing now to do anything in reason except allow my only son needlessly to besmirch the Gwathmey name, out of silly sympathy. I already have Judge Holt's assurance of leniency because of her youth and Lyon's reputation. They found two whiskey bottles belonging to Lyons and ~~a lot of~~ money which he was evidently paying her. She will escape the hanging which she richly deserves and is to be sent to the penitentiary--

G. G. -- My God!

MRS. G. -- Hark!

(Rapid footsteps are heard on the porch, and Jim throws wide the door. The street appears and the square and court house in the distance. Jim stands a moment panting.)

JIM -- They's a-waiting, sir.

MRS. G. -- Jim, how dare you enter my front door? Who is waiting?

JIM -- (Without flinching and looking steadily at George Gwathmey.)

JIM -- But he don't need no watch.

MRS. G. -- I need it--to protect the Gwathmey name.

All of 'em—the Judge, the jury, Celia. The testimony's all in and the Judge he was just gwine to—to send her up, and she—Oh, sir, she just begged 'em to wait a minute. She said you'd come because you promised and—Oh, Lord, sir—

MRS. G. -- Jim, that will do. You may go.

JIM -- But you won't let—

MRS. G. -- GO!

JIM -- I won't go 'till he goes. He's promised. He knows what he won't tell. He was in the cabin. I saw him, and (stepping towards Gwathmey) I found—your watch and what you threw into the garden.

G. G. -- You damned sneaky scoundrel!

MRS. G. -- What did you find? Where is it?

JIM. -- I hid it.

MRS. G. -- Get it, and—and he shall go—with you.

G. G. -- Mother.'

MRS. G. -- Hush -- (with an imploring glance) where is it, Jim?

JIM -- Down yonder. (Pointing to the cellar.)

MRS. G. (Starting; then quickly unlocking the cellar door and holding it open) Quick; get it! (Jim hesitates) or—he will be late.

hmey name.

(Jim rushes down stairs. George Gwathmey leaps forward. Mrs. Gwathmey looks at him and slowly locks the door. They stare at each other silently.)

MRS. G. --George?

G. G. -- He'll escape by the doors.

MRS. G. --(Slowly) They are padlocked; I was afraid—last night.

G. G. -- Or the windows?

MRS. G. -- Barred, since your father died.

G. G. -- Mother—I must go.

MRS. G. -- Why?

G. G. -- She used --my pistol.

MRS. G. -- Your pistol? My God!

G. G. -- Yes, she killed him--

MRS. G. -- With your pistol?

G. G. -- Yes.

MRS. G. -- And you were there--you saw it all?

G. G. -- Yes; we were--gambling--and--

MRS. G. -- Then my only reason for hesitation is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, my son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wench's den. It must never be know. Do you think the Lyons Klan would let her loose on your testimony? Why they'd lynch her and ruin us--ruin us. He's safe (pointing to the cellar) at present. Later I'll find a way to get that watch--if I have to kill him--inself-defense. Thank God! your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. G. -- But the pistol?

MRS. G. -- Who says it's yours? Who knows it's yours? If it is, she took it from you. She stole it. We needn't say whem.

G. G. -- But Mother--she--she--it was self-defense.

MRS. G. -- Suppose it was--fool! Can we for a moment admit it? What would the darkies say? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak--

(Jim is heard knocking within)

G. G. (Starts) -- Good God, (looks at the door) -- Look! (They rush toward the door.) (Celia with manacled hands and flying garments is running wildly up the walk. She stumbles into the house and bangs the door to. For a moment she gasps and stands trembling.

wringing her manacled hands.)

CELIA -- (Looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am—sir. I—I ran away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said, I waght to be hung, but it ain't fair—I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good. You Know, Mr. George, you know how hard I tried and then—you know I never hurt—Oh, yes—yes—him-but you said—you promised and I knowed you'd come, so I ran—I just ran—It was hard to run with my hands tied so—they didn't ought to tie my hands with such hard chains. I never hurt nothing—but him, Mr. George—and now you'll come, I know, Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right—Hark! They'se coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the judge said I'd have to go to jail forever, Mr. George. Oh think, always, always tied in jail with—with them men—quick, Mr. George, they're almost here. You won't let 'em hurt me—Oh, don't hold him, Ma'am—don't, oh—

(The sheriff thunders on the door. The sinister scream of the mob is heard. G. G. breaks from his mother's detaining hand and rushes to the door. Cbdia cowers in the center of the stage toward the front. The mother stands by the dining room door.)

G. G. -- What do you want?

SHERIFF -- Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for—there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you—I'll teach you, you damn black—

MRS. G. -- Sir!

SHERIFF -- Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have this wench. You see, she ran away—bolted right out of

court, just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a-chawing a bit of terbacco and damned---beg pardon, ma'am--off she flew. She gave me a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you---

G. G. -- Wait--

SHERIFF -- The law, sir, the majesty of the law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly.

(The growl of the mob is heard)

G. G. -- What? Out--to that mob-- Never! I--

SHERIFF -- Oh, they ain't so wild. She'll be all right. I'll take care of her. Oh, yes, my lady, I'll see to you-- (Seizes Celia and drags her forward.)

CELIA -- But, Mr. George--you'll say something--you'll speak?

(A pause. The sheriff gives a puzzled glance at each. Mrs. Gwathmey with her eyes fastened on G. G. moves slowly toward the cellar door and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" G. G. stands dazed looking at Celia, then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and quickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands eric facing the sheriff. He recoils against the door.)

CELIA -- Wait, listen! I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (Pointing at George Gwathmey) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Gwathmey killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free if I'd like him out of it--So I lied because I thought I loved him. Do you hear? I lied. I hate him. I didn't kill Sid Lyons. He killed him-- it was his pistol--do you hear? His pistol

(The mother totters forward. The sheriff stares. The wail of the mob rises again.

MRS. G. -- Go—quick—the girl's mad— And Sheriff—I shall never forget your—kindness in this trouble.

SHERIFF -- Out with you.

(The sheriff forces his way out. George Gwathmey starts toward the door, but his mother closes it and sinks on her knees beside him with imploring hands and greay dishevelled hair.)

CELIA'S Voice (dying away) -- I lied—do you hear?—I lied. He did it. It was his pistol.

(The groan of the mob is heard)

JIM (pounding within) -- Let me out! Let me out!

CURTAIN

THE THIRD ACT

Justice is satisfied

(There comes a sound of clanking chains, and as the curtain rises, the last two or three convicts of a long line are seen filing off the stage to theright. The curtain discloses a narrow damp corridor. Out the grated door in front one sees the square and the Gwathmey mansion. In the center is a rickety table with a dingy lamp.P

VOICE (without) -- Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you. (The lash of a whip and a scream are heard. Enter the guard angry and scowling, with whip in hand and pistol protruding from his hip pocket. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. The sheriff hurries in with a hand bag which he places in the corner.)

SHERIFF -- Say, Bill --

GUARD -- Say yourself, damn it. I'm near dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few dozen more of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

SHERIFF -- Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl--the pretty one I brought in today?

GAURD -- None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent looking wench sent here this year and I get your leavins. This one's mine.

SHERIFF -- Oh, cut that --who got you your job?

GUARD -- You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick o' niggers.

SHERIFF -- You're done up, Bill. What do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

GUARD -- Now you're talkin' sense. (They drink and smoke)

SHERIFF -- Well, let's play; where's the cards?

GUARD -- In the drawer somewheres.

SHERIFF -- What shall it be--the old stand-by?

GUARD -- No--we'll change the game;--Seven-up.

SHERIFF -- Good.

GUARD -- That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

GUARD -- Shut up out there--or I'll lash hell out of you. (Starts to his feet. Dead silence.) What's the stakes?

SHERIFF -- The girl, of course.

GUARD -- Not by a damn sight.

SHERIFF -- And a hundred to the loser.

GUARD. -- I ain't got no money.

SHERIFF -- Oh, your word's good.

GUARD -- Your's ain't. Gimme the whiskey.

SHERIFF -- Well the girl if I win and a hundred if you lose and here's the cash. Deal! Best three out five.

(They play, talking now and then)

GUARD -- High!

SHERIFF -- Low!

GUARD -- You lie--here's deuce.

SHERIFF -- fifty-two for game.

GUARD -- It's yours--my deal.

SHERIFF -- King leads.

GUARD -- Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack and the game. One game apiece.

SHERIFF -- Whose deal?

GUARD -- Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

SHERIFF -- High, low, game. Two games for me.

GUARD -- (Showing signs of intoxication) -- Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

SHERIFF -- Bottle's empty--shall we quit?

GUARD -- No, by God--it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

SHERIFF -- All right--but booze! Wait till I get--(fumbling in his bag) Here's another quart.

GUARD (suspicously) Is it doped?

SHERIFF (angrily) -- I'm a gentleman!

GUARD -- Well--ain't I?

SHERIFF -- Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward.)

GUARD -- Let's see that trick?

(The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently. They look at each other fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-pocket but the guard has his pistol out first. The sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.)

GUARD -- I played that ten!

SHERIFF -- No you didn't--You played the nine.

GUARD -- You're a damned liar--that trick is mine. You think

you get me too drunk to see?

SHERIFF -- It's mine but we won't quarrel--take it!

(They play on)

GUARD -- Queen, high! Game! Two games for me.

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

SHERIFF -- Hhh!

GUARD -- Hhh!

SHERIFF -- Hhh! (Rising with a yell) -- Game! She's mine--where'd you put her, Bill? And say! Watch that door. No mobs tonight!

(The sheriff lurches out to the right removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and slowly counts and pockets the money. He walks to the jail door, unlocks, opens it and peers out. Then he turns in the open door and scowls toward the corridor where the Sheriff has disappeared. Behind him Jim appears running across the square, dishevelled and panting. He approaches the door stealthily and seizing the turnkey's pistol, presses it on the turnkey's back. Bill starts and then his hands go up. They both go slowly down the corridor to the right. A masked and hooded head appears at the open door. A scream is heard in the corridor. An armed and hooded crowd appears and the leader, Sid Lyons, throws off his mask. A shot rings out and then silence. As the curtain slowly descends the Ku Klux with leveled weapons slowly approach the corridor to the right.)

The Time,

1928, Springtime

The Place

a Town in Georgia

The Persons in the Drama,

as they appear.

1....CELIA, a serving maid, curled, pretty, and colored.

2....MRS. CARRINGTON GWATHMEY, a widow of the Newly Rich ~~lady in the land.~~

3....GEORGE GWATHMEY, her son and hope.

4....JIM, the colored chore boy, dark brown of face, with close-crimped hair.

5....SID LYONS, a neighbor's son, white, and from but of high lineage ~~but of lesser breed and newly rich.~~

6....THE SHERIFF of the County.

7....THE CHIEF GUARD of the jail.

A MOB and GUARDS

41-6-238

pretentious

THE FIRST ACT

A man is killed.

(The scene lies within a little log cabin, single-roomed, clean, cheaply furnished, yet with some taste. One can see through the tiny window in front that the cottage is the servant's quarter on a village estate of ~~pretentious~~ pretentious but ~~decayed gentility~~ out of repair. Beyond a green and nodding garden looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey, ~~of long local lineage~~ widow & local mill owner, presides with daughters and a son. Out the window at the right, one may see the main village street, and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is heard before the curtain begins to rise; as it goes out up the music of "~~Hallelujah~~" is just dying away.

41-6-239

The curtain discovers Celia looking eagerly out the window towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia, with a sigh, turns to her ironing facing the front window, her back to the audience. To her left is a door; forward on the stage to the right is a bed, and opposite, a bureau. As Celia irons, Celia sings.)

CELIA -- Hallelujah, Hallelujah! we will shoo the—

(Out of the window a lady is seen approaching from the Big House along the garden path; Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey enters.)

CELIA -- Good evening, Mrs. Gwathmey.

MRS. G. -- Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces to wash and iron.

CELIA -- Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Gwathmey, they's mighty near done.

MRS. G. -- Well, let the rest go, and run along.

CELIA -- There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

(A quick almost furtive knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Gwathmey rushes in.)

G. G. -- Celia—Oh, ~~—Mother!~~ Ma!

MRS. G. -- Why, George! (George is evidently ~~perturbed~~ at a loss, but Celia's wit brings ~~her to the~~ rescue.)

CELIA -- (Hurriedly) Yes, Sir, I've got the handkerchiefs done.

MRS. G. (recovering) -- Handkerchiefs? Why, your drawer is full—the top drawer to the left—

G. G. -- Yes, yes; I must have overlooked them in my hurry; and ~~Mother~~ Ma, by the way, Mrs. Lyons invites you to tea to meet the ~~Women~~ D.A.R. ~~Equal Rights~~ delegates—that is, Sid said so and ~~he~~ left ~~the~~ a note at the house.

MRS. G. -- ~~The Impertinence!~~ Hussy! Why, George, you know ~~I never go there. They are quite impossible. Equal Rights!~~ It's just a public vaudeville. And why couldn't old Mrs Lyons call herself if she wanted me! I've called on her, D.A.R.-ha) The Idea! ~~What Bright as much right & sun as most of them are~~ we coming to? ~~I have no desire to be a man.~~ O I knew you wouldn't go

G. G. -- ~~Yes, I thought so~~; but I saw you come in here, and I thought I'd deliver the message; of course, I made excuses.

MRS. G. -- ~~They are quite unnecessary~~ Or wasn't necessary; very well, Celia, take the clothes up since they're finished, and then be off to the circus. (Celia starts out with the basket poised on her head) Oh, Celia, you forgot Mr. George's handkerchiefs, didn't you? Although, I can't understand how you missed all the others, George. (Celia sets down the basket)

CELIA -- Oh, yes, ma'am; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit Celia with the basket of clothes)

Paint
G G Sure I might have known better than to expect anything
Mrs G— George! How can you! I just like your father. Well I'm not sorry, and if these climbers are
smaller what we've been

G. G. (Sauntering toward the door) -- Well, I'll toddle along.

MRS. G. (Looking at him uncertainly) -- I thought perhaps you'd like to drive me to the cemetery this evening and ~~escape~~ get away from the crowds.

G. G. -- ~~But, Mother~~, I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. It's the biggest day of the year. Sid and I—

MRS. G. -- George, ~~pray~~ don't ~~get too~~ intimate with those folks, you know. Remember

G. G. -- Oh, it's only Sid— he's a good sort. Well—

MRS. G. (Carelessly) -- And George—I don't think I'd be quite so familiar with Celia, if I were you. She's a grown girl now, and you know ~~servants presume so.~~ how terrible talk. those Lyons' men can do things that —

G. G. (Hurriedly) -- Oh All right, ~~Mother~~ Ma! So long.

(Exit G. G.)

(The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and is seen moving up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia is seen approaching accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her answers carelessly back. Entering the door, she shuts Jim out and talks to him through the window.)

CELIA -- I tell you I ain't goin'.

JIM -- Oh, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, hones' I got two dollars. (Shows the bills triumphantly)

CELIA (Obdurate) -- I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

JIM -- Oh, git out; they ain't been no circus here in more'n a year and yisteddy you was wild to go.

CELIA -- I done changed my mind.

JIM -- Celia, you sho' is pretty.

CELIA -- Oh, go long.

Can't have the Lyons mansion? O Mr! but really 1922-9-14

JIM-- Celia, when ah looks at you—oo, oo!

CELIA -- Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows of and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

JIM -- But, Celia, you promised.

CELIA -- I said piraps.

JIM -- But, Celia—

CELIA -- I got work to do—so go long and let me alone.

JIM -- I don't believe it. All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't foolin' nobody. (Jim moves slowly from the window and walks toward the square.)

(Celia turns away in disdain but watches him furtively and listlens to his dying foot-steps; then she peers out; then she walks about uncertainly as if waiting; finally she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. Celia listens, looks carefully out the window, then approaching on tip-toe, opens the door. George Gwathmey steps in quickly and closes the door. Celia rushes to him.)

CELIA -- What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight? And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. G. -- Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

CELIA -- Lordy! but you's so careless. You's done made your ma suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus waitin' for you! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him. Don't go, George— stay here.

G. G. -- I must go, dear, I promised; you go on to the circus tonight and say, I'll come back late—may I?

41-9-212

CELIA -- I reckon so—yes, anything you wants, dear, only I won't go out. Jim'll see me. It'll be so long waiting.

G. G. -- Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up—go to bed—I'll waken you.

(They kiss, and he goes)

(Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. A while, she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after viewing herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low. Jim peers in the window, then disappears. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens.)

41-6-243

VOICE -- Celia! Celia!

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door)

CELIA -- Who is it?

G. G. -- It's me, Celia, open up.

CELIA (Hesitating) -- Hush, George; for God's sake don't make ~~so much~~ all that fuss. (She opens the door slightly and discloses two men.)

CELIA -- No, no, no, —who else is there?

G. G. -- It's only Sid.

CELIA -- Oh, no, he can't come in here. You mustn't—

G. G. -- Don't be afraid. It's all right. We had a game on when Connelly closed; we just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

CELIA (Hesitating)--But wait—wait 'till I dresses.

(She closes door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

CELIA -- Sh—please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear.

(Enter George Gwathmey and Sid Lyons. Gwathmey is flushed and bright-eyed. Lyons is cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

S. L.--By God! A little beauty, George!

(G. G. frowns)

S. L. -- Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

(Celia shrinks back. Gwathmey steps quickly in front of her.)

G. G. -- Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Gwathmey and Lyons eye each other steadily. Lyons is the first to give away.)

S. L. --(Laughing) -- ~~Oh,~~ Private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go. Of course it is usual — among gentlemen —

G. G. -- ~~Not by a damned sight, You've skinned me out of a hundred bones and we've got to have it out.~~

CELIA -- But it's so late—

S. L. (Gaily) -- Late for cards—sure! But early for love.

CELIA -- And I ~~[illegible]~~ cards.

S. L. -- Here's the pack; but ~~[illegible]~~ where's the booze? We can't play without booze, and I'm devilish thirsty already.

G. G. -- We ought-a staid at Connelly's place even if he had to close. He'd-a hidden us in back and he's got plenty of good whiskey. Celia, dear, got any of that home-made wine?

CELIA -- Oh, no.

G. G. -- I tell you—you run up to Collelly's and tell him—

CELIA -- I'm afraid—It's so late—and circus day.

G. G. -- Well, I'll go—

CELIA -- (Quickly)--No. (Glancing at Lyons)

G. G. -- (Glaring at Lyons) -- Oh, well—

S. L. --(Easily) -- Let me go—this time.

(Runs out)

CELIA -- Oh, George, you done been drinking again; and why did you bring that man here, I'se afeard of him— them Lyons men — and Sile ~~just a gambler~~

G. G. -- Nonsense, sweet. I tell you he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I just wanted to show him. We'll go in just a minute. We got in a game and he won a hundred. I must get it back. Won't take long. He's an awfully jolly fellow—he's all right. You see, we want to the circus and then to Connelly's and had a drink or so. Then we got into a game and, by gosh, he'd won a hundred before I knew it. I gotta get it back. 'Taint mine, it's mother's, ~~to pay a bill.~~ I gotta ~~get it back~~. Won't take long. ~~I wanted to show him that you're my girl. He said~~ you wouldn't notice no white man. I told him I knew a damned sight better. Then I said we'd stop by here 'till I got that hundred back. 'Twon't take long—

(He seizes Celia and smothers her protests with kisses. She resists at first and then caresses him. The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

S. L. -- Ha, ha— don't mind me! (Gwathmey and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; Celia places herself near Gwathmey's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

41-6-245

Celia – But why did you flirt with him? you knows
he's just a gambler. & Everyone in his family
has been run out of town

G.G. – O he's not so bad & besides he's so damned
Reserved I wanted to show him something. I just
wanted to let him know that you're my girl &
and I couldn't get you. Said

G. G. -- Come, we mustn't play long. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

S. L. -- What shall it be?

G. G. -- I say, let's change the game.

S. L. -- To what?

G. G. -- Seven up— best three out of five.

S. L. -- Good— and the stakes?

G. G. -- That hundred against my watch.

CELIA -- George! It's your father's—your ma— (Gwathmey motions her aside impatiently. The money and watch are laid on the table.)

(They play, smoking and talking here and there.

S. L. -- High!

G. G. -- Low!

S. L. -- Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. G. -- Fifty-two for game.

S. L. -- It's yours. My deal.

G. G. -- King leads.

S. L. -- Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack—one game apiece. Whose deal?

G. G. -- Well, what a hand--damn it, take it all.

(Celia, going to the window, tosses the bottle out.)

S. L. -- High, low, game—two for me.

G. G. (Showing signs of intoxication) -- Next game's mine. Celia, more booze.

CELIA -- It's all gone, and it's awful late.

S. L. -- Shall we stop here?

G. G. -- No, by God—it was best three out of five. I've got one odd. You've only won two.

41-6-246

S. L. -- All right. But we must drink; shall I—

G. G. -- No, it's my turn. (Lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

CELIA -- George!

G. G. (Straightening up and looking at Lyons) -- Of course, ~~sir~~ Sid, you're a gentleman.

S. L. -- (Wheeling on him)--~~Do you question it~~ Sir?

G. G. -- Beg pardon, old man—Oh, get out, Celia.

CELIA -- But Connelly will be asleep. You shouldn't rouse him.

S. L. -- You'll find Brown's back door open.

CELIA -- But—

G. G. -- Oh, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in the half closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her, smiling under lowered eyelids. Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.)

CELIA (Whispering) -- Put out the light.

(Lyons puts the light out. Jim is seen passing slowly. He pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silance intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.)

CELIA -- What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles)

CELIA -- Turn me loose—Oh! Oh! Please turn me loose—don't—

(The door opens and Gwathmey hastens in. He stands uncertain in the gloom.)

G. G. -- Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

CELIA (In panting whispers) -- Turn — me — loose. Stop, I say—

41-6-247

G. G. (Leaps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you—turn her loose. (The match flickers out.)

CELIA -- (Screams furiously) -- Help!

G. G. (Strikes another match and in the flare stands with drawn pistol.) Stop, or I shoot.

S. L. -- Shoot, and be damned. (Draws Celia to him and kisses her.)

(Gwathmey shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence emsues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

11-6-48

CELIA -- Listen!

G. G. -- What did you hear?

CELIA (Opening the door cautiously) -- Nothing.

G. G. -- Sh'!

CELIA -- What?

G. G. -- I thought I heard somebody.

CELIA (Moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do?

G. G. -- Where is it?

CELIA -- Over here—it's all—sticky.

G. G. -- Ah!

CELIA -- What?

G. G. -- I slipped on the floor. It's all—blood.

CELIA (Moaning) -- Oh, my God! My God!

G. G. -- Hush! For God's sake—shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it—brace up. (They stand in the door.) Now, what shall we do?

CELIA -- Oh, I don't know—I don't know.

G. G. -- Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all in a whirl.

CELIA -- I can't think—my heart's done stopped.

G. G. --(Whispering) -- Suppose I say he shot himself.

CELIA -- Oh, but it's—your pistol.

G. G. -- Well, then—let's see—we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train—

CELIA -- People might pass—and the blood would drip and drip—Oh!

G. G. -- Well, how about self-defense—I killed him in self-defense. Yes, that's it, and—

CELIA -- He didn't have no pistol—I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. G. -- Hell and damnation! Then, I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

CELIA --(Breaks into hysterical sobbing) -- But who'd believe it—who'd believe you'd tell a thing like that!

G. G. -- Hark! (Running and shouting is heard afar) God! Somebody heard the shot. They're coming this way. Celia, quick -- hand me the pistol. I'll stay out -- (She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles.)

CELIA (Slowly) -- I might say that he — (She glances back at the body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness.)

CELIA -- Oh, no, no, I dassent.

G. G. (Eagerly) -- By God! That's it —that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

CELIA -- But it's your pistol—and I dassent—I dassent.

G. G. -- I have it—I came in and drew my pistol. You seized it and shot him.

CELIA -- Oh, I'se afeared. What would they care. He's a white man and I'm only a—nigger. (Steps and shouts are heard approach.)

41-6-249

G. G. (Retreating) -- I'll defend you; I'll be witness—the word of a ~~Gwathmey~~ white man will save you—quick.

~~(The leaps out of the window, runs into the garden and disappears.~~

(She throws the pistol after him. Voices rise, and the ~~flutter~~ flare of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door.

SHERIFF -- Was that shot here?

CELIA (After a long pause) -- Yes.

SHERIFF -- Did you shoot?

CELIA -- (Slowly) -- Yes.

SHERIFF -- Where's the pistol? (She points out the window) ~~Hand it here.~~ —Was anyone hurt? Stand back! (He raises his lantern.) Murder, by God. — Girl, did you do this?

CELIA -- Yes.

41-6-250

CURTAIN

THE SECOND ACT

A woman is accused

(The scene is the hall of the Gwathmey mansion. In front and somewhat to the left is the broad front door, closed. Down toward it, and away from the audience, the great staircase leads. Under the stairs lurk a small cellar door and a window. Out of the window may be seen a garden and beyond it, the square and Court House. To the left of the front door are the doors to the parlor and dining room, the latter, slightly ajar. George Gwathmey is coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reaches the landing his mother emerges from the dining room.)

41-6-251

MRS. G. -- George, why don't you come in to breakfast? We've been through an hour and everything is cold. You know your sisters have ~~all~~ the work to do ~~today~~. Now - we can't afford a house full of darkies & feed.

G. G. -- Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (~~looks at his watch and~~ Moves slowly towards the door.)

MRS. G. -- But, George—

G. G. -- Yes, ~~Mother~~ Ma? (He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

MRS. G. -- Of course, George, we all feel ~~dreadfully~~ awful over this ~~tragedy~~ mess, but really, it ~~doesn't~~ don't seem just decent for you to take ~~it~~ on so ~~to about~~. After all, it's ~~but~~ only a ~~disreputable intrigue~~ low affair between one of those Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. G. -- Of course, ~~Mother~~ Ma, but you see—

MRS. G. -- George, I wouldn't go if I ~~were~~ was you. ~~(He reaches for his watch and starts.~~ (His mother ~~hands it to~~ stares at him ~~and he stares~~ and he at her.)

G. G. -- ~~But~~ ~~Mother~~ Ma, I'm already late and —

MRS. G. — [illegible]. Dear, you ~~are not~~ ain't needed.

G. G. -- I'm a witness, ~~Mother~~ Ma. As I told you last night, I—I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

MRS. G. -- But you didn't actually see the—the deed, dear?

G. G. -- Why no—that is—I heard—

MRS. G. -- And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed as she had confessed.

G. G. (Starting) -- I tell you I must go, ~~Mother~~ Ma. You do not understand. I can't let that—girl—

MRS. G. -- George, ~~I beg you to~~ for God's sake gurl! remember your mother and sisters. There ~~is really nothing for~~ ain't a thing you can do and no sense in your trying. ~~to defend a shameless girl.~~ I'm sure the Lord knows we've always done ~~all~~ what we could for Celia, and I'm willing now to do anything in reason except allow my ~~only~~ own son needlessly to besmirch ~~the Gwathmey name~~ our family name, out of silly sympathy. I already have Judge Holt's assurance of leniency because ~~of her youth~~ became she so young and Lyons had an a reputation. They found two whiskey bottles belonging to Lyons and [illegible] money which he was evidently paying her. She ~~will escape the hanging which she richly deserves and is to~~ would deserving as she ought & for killing a white man — she'll just be sent to the penitentiary for life and —

G. G. -- My God!

MRS. G. -- Hark!

(Rapid footsteps are heard on the porch, and Jim throws wide the door. The street appears and the square and court house in the distance. Jim stands a moment panting.)

JIM -- They's a-waiting, sir.

MRS. G. -- Jim, how dare you enter my front door? Who is waiting?

JIM -- (Without flinching and looking steadily at George Gwathmey.)

252-9-14

Had a talk with

Celia's father told him he must get out of town & never come back. Lyons family had tried once before to run him out. Of course he would not be a white man but he promised to be easy on Celia

All of 'em—the Judge, the jury, C
the Judge he was just gwine te—to
just begged 'em to wait a minute.
promised and—Oh, Lord, sir—

MRS. G. -- Jim, that will do.

JIM -- But you won't let—

MRS. G. -- GO!

JIM -- I won't go 'till he goe
he won't tell. He was in the cabi
Gwathmey) I found—your watch! and—

G. G. -- You damned, sneaky, sc

MRS. G. -- What did you find?

JIM. -- I hid them,

MRS. G. -- Get them, and—and he

G. G. -- Mother! Ma!

MRS. G. -- Hush — (with an in

JIM -- Down yonder. (Pointing

MRS. G. (Starting; then quickl
holding it open) Quick; get them!
(Jim rushes down stairs. George
looks at him quickly locks the
silently.)

MRS. G. (whispers) --George?

G. G. (whispers) -- He'll escape by the d

MRS. G. --(Slowly) They are p

G. G. -- Or the windows? Your

MRS. G. -- Barred, since your

G. G. -- Ma I must go.

(Hesitantly)

41-6-253

Celia. The testimony's all in and
to send her up, and she—Oh, sir, she
. She said you'd come because you done

. You may go.

goes. He's promised. He knows what
oin. I saw him, and (stepping towards
~~- what you threw into the garden~~
scoundrel!

~~d? Where is it?~~

he shall go—with you.

imploring glance) where ~~do it~~, Jim?
ng to the cellar.)
kly unlocking the cellar door and
~~(Jim hesitates) or—he will be late.~~
~~Gwathmey leaps forward~~. Mrs. Gwathmey
e door. They stare at each other

e doors.
e padlocked; I was afraid—last night.
father died.
ur father died.

Mrs G — What is it? What are you talking about? Tell me!

GG ~~[illegible]~~ — of mine

J. I'll give him 5 hours — soon as he testifies for Celia

GG you damned —

Mrs G. George! Be quiet. It's all right Jim. You've always been a good boy. Give the things to me & George shall go — right?

(Jim hesitates & fumbles in his pocket)

Mrs. G. Heard? Somebody coming. Here Jim quick stick in here. ~~[illegible]~~ We'll talk later, George

hurry! go! immediately

(opening the cellar door) (George closes & ~~locks~~ bars walks slowly & the door. Jim slides quickly into the cellar

41-0-254

MRS. G. -- Why?

G. G. -- She used ~~--~~my pistol.

MRS. G. -- Your pistol? My God!

G. G. -- Yes, she killed him—

MRS. G. -- With your pistol?

G. G. -- Yes.

MRS. G. -- And you were there—you saw it all?

G. G. -- Yes; we were—gambling—and—

MRS. G. -- Then ~~my only~~ the only reason for hesitation is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, ~~my~~ son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wench's den! It must never be known. Do you think the Lyons Klan would ~~let her~~ see her get loose on your testimony? Why they'd lynch her and ruin us—ruin us. He's safe (pointing to the cellar) at present. Later I'll find a way to get that watch—if I have to kill him—in self-defense. Thank God! your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. G. -- But the pistol?

MRS. G. -- Who says it's yours? Who knows it's yours? If ~~they get it~~, she took it from you. She stole it. We needn't say when.

G. G. -- But ~~Mother~~ Ma—she—she—it was self-defense!

MRS. G. -- Suppose it was—fool! Can ~~we for a moment~~ a white man admit it? What would the darkies say? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak—

(Jim is heard knocking within)

G. G. (Starts) -- Good God, (looks at the door) -- Look! (They rush toward the door.) (Celia with manacled hands and flying garments is running wildly up the walk. She stumbles into the house and bangs the door to. For a moment she gasps and stands trembling,

wringing her manacled hands.)

CELIA -- (Looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am—sir. I—I ran away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said, I ought to be hung, but it ain't fair—I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good. You know, Mr. George, you know how hard I tried and then—you know I never hurt—Oh, yes—yes—him—but you said—you promised and I knowed you'd come, so I ran—I just ran—It was hard to run with my hands tied so—They didn't ought to tie my hands with such hard chains. I never hurt nothing—but him, Mr. George—and now you'll come, I know, Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right—Hark! They'se coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the Judge, he said I'd have to go to jail forever, Mr. George. Oh think, always, always tied in jail with—with them men—quick, Mr. George, they're almost here. You won't let 'em hurt me—Oh, don't hold him, Ma'am—don't, oh—

(The sheriff thunders on the door. The sinister scream of the mob is heard. G. G. breaks from his mother's detaining hand and rushes to the door. Celia cowers in the center of the stage toward the front. The mother stands by the dining room door.)

G. G. -- What do you want?

SHERIFF -- Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for—there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you—I'll teach you, you damn black—

MRS. G. -- Sir!

SHERIFF -- Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have this wench. You see, she ran away—bolted right out of

41-6-255

court, just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a-cutting a bit of terbacco and dammed——beg pardon, ma'am—off she flew. She gave me a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you——

G. G. -- Wait—

SHERIFF -- The law, sir, the majesty of the law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly.

(The growl of the mob is heard)

G. G. -- What? Out—to that mob— Never! I—

SHERIFF -- Oh, they ain't so wild. I know 'em all. She'll be all right. I'll take care of her. Oh, yes, my lady, I'll see to you— (Seizes Celia and drags her forward.)

CELIA -- But, Mr. George—you'll say something—you'll speak?

(A pause. The sheriff gives a puzzled glance at each. Mrs. Gwathmey with her eyes fastened on G. G. moves slowly toward the cellar door and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" G. G. stands dazed looking at Celia, then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and quickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands erect facing the sheriff. He recoils against the door.)

41-6-256

CELIA -- Wait, listen! I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (Pointing at George Gwathmey) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Gwathmey killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free if I'd lie him out of it—so I lied because he said he loved me and I thought I loved him. Do you hear? I lied. I hate him. I didn't kill Sid Lyons. He killed him—it was his pistol--do you hear? His pistol!

(The mother totters forward. The sheriff stares. The wail of the mob rises again.)

MRS. G. -- Go—quick—the girl's mad— And Sheriff—I shall never forget your—kindness in this trouble.

SHERIFF -- Out with you.

(The sheriff forces his way out. George Gwathmey starts toward the door, but his mother closes it and sinks on her knees beside him with imploring hands and gray dishevelled hair.)

CELIA'S Voice (dying away) -- I lied—do you hear?—I lied. He did it. It was his pistol— get that pistol

(The groan of the mob is heard)

JIM (pounding within) -- Let me out! Let me out!

41-6-257

CURTAIN

THE THIRD ACT

Justice is satisfied

(There comes a sound of clanking chains, and as the curtain rises, the last two or three convicts of a long line are seen filing off the stage to theright. The curtain discloses a narrow damp corridor. Out the grated door in front one sees the square and the Gwathmey mansion. In the center is a rickety table with a dingy lamp.)

41-6-258

VOICE (without) -- Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you. (The lash of a whip and a scream are heard. Enter the guard angry and scowling, with whip in hand and pistol protruding from his hip pocket. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. The sheriff hurries in with a hand bag which he places in the corner.)

SHERIFF -- Say, Bill —

GUARD -- Say yourself, ~~damn~~ god it! I'm ~~near~~ damn dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few dozen more of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

SHERIFF -- Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl—the pretty one I brought in ~~today?~~ this evening?

GAURD -- None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent looking wench sent here this year and I get your leavins. This one's mine.

SHERIFF -- Oh, cut that—who got you your job?

GUARD -- You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick o' niggers.

SHERIFF -- You're done up, Bill. What do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

GUARD -- Now you're talkin' sense. (They drink and smoke)

SHERIFF -- Well, let's play; where's the cards?

GUARD -- In the drawer somewheres.

SHERIFF -- What shall it be—the old stand-by?

GUARD -- No—we'll change the game;—Seven-up.

SHERIFF -- Good.

GUARD -- That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

41-6-259

GUARD -- Shut up out there—or I'll lash hell out of you. (Starts to his feet. Dead silence.) What's the stakes?

SHERIFF -- The girl, of course.

GUARD -- Not by a damn sight.

SHERIFF -- And a hundred to the loser.

GUARD. -- I ain't got no money.

SHERIFF -- Oh, your word's good.

GUARD -- Your's ain't. Gimme the whiskey.

SHERIFF -- Well, the girl if I win and a hundred if you lose and here's the cash. Deal! Best three out five.

(They play, talking now and then)

GUARD -- High!

SHERIFF -- Low!

GUARD -- You lie—here's deuce.

SHERIFF -- fifty-two for game.

GUARD -- It's yours—my deal.

SHERIFF -- King leads.

GUARD -- Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack and the game. One game apiece.

SHERIFF -- Whose deal?

GUARD -- Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

SHERIFF -- High, low, game. Two games for me.

GUARD -- (Showing signs of intoxication) -- Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

41-6-260

SHERIFF -- Bottle's empty—shall we quit?

GUARD -- No, by God—it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

SHERIFF -- All right—but booze! Wait till I get—(fumbling in his bag) Here's another quart.

GUARD (suspicously) Is it doped?

SHERIFF (angrily) -- I'm a gentleman!

GUARD -- Well—ain't I?

SHERIFF -- Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward.)

GUARD -- Let's see that trick?

(The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently. They look at each other fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-pocket but the guard has his pistol out first. The sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.)

GUARD -- I played that ten!

SHERIFF -- No, you didn't—You played the nine!

GUARD -- You're a damned liar—that trick is mine. You think

you got me too drunk to see?

SHERIFF -- It's mine but we won't quarrel—take it!

(They play on)

GUARD -- Queen, high! Game! Two games for me.

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

SHERIFF -- Hhh!

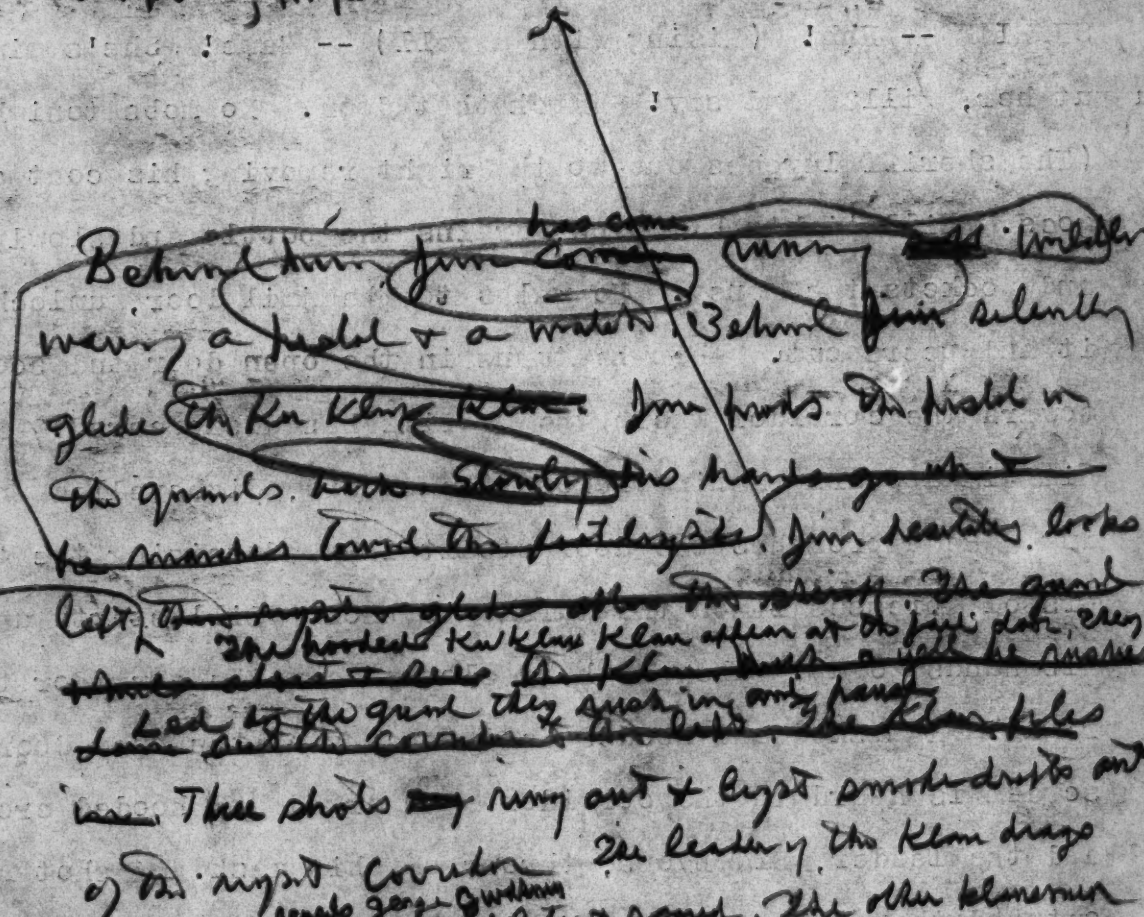
GUARD -- Hhh!

SHERIFF -- Hhh! (Rising with a yell) -- Game! She's mine—where'd you put her, Bill? And say! Watch that door. No mobs tonight!

(The sheriff lurches out to the right removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and slowly counts and pockets the money. He walks to the jail door, unlocks, opens it and peers out. A scream is heard. Then he turns in the open door and scowls toward the corridor where the Sheriff has disappeared. Then grins ~~and takes another drink~~. Behind him ~~appears running across the square dishevelled and pant~~ing. ~~He approaches the door stealthily and seizing the turnkey's~~ pistol, ~~presses it in the turnkey's back, Bill starts and then~~ his hands go up. ~~They both go slowly down the corridor to the right.~~ A masked and hooded head appears ~~at the open door.~~ A scream is heard in the corridor. ~~An~~ armed and hooded crowd appears ~~and~~ the leader, ~~Sid Lyons, throws off~~ his mask. ~~A shot rings~~ out and then silence. As the curtain slowly descends the Ku Klux with leveled weapons slowly ~~approach~~ file into the corridor. ~~to the right.~~)

Before the guard can turn he feels a pistol at his back. Slowly his hand goes up and he walks forward & the footlights & slowly

as he faces the audience, Jim's face grows grey & slowly he puts both hands aloft & staggers backward Jim as above crowding back on him, tinsel & his back. He turns the ground around, sees the pistol & throws it on the floor, propels him out the door & locks it



Behind door, Jim comes running & wildly waving a pistol & a watch. Behind Jim silently glides the Kw Klux Klan. Jim trips the pistol in the grounds. Hood. Silently his hands go up & he crosses toward the footlights. Jim recovers, looks left, then right & glares after the silent. The ground "Kw" hooded Kw Klux Klan appear at the fire escape, they batter it down & advance & file the Klan leads a yell he mounts Led by the grand they quash in any hand down and the corridor & the left. The Klan files in. Three shots ring out & light smoke drifts out of the right corridor. The leader of the Klan drags this head & shoulders revealed George Washington white & round. The other klansmen raise Klan guns & fire right & left. The curtain falls.

R. Dan moves & struggle is heard on the right. Jim rushes wildly to left. Jim

(1) 65.

SEVEN-UP

A Play in Three Acts

41-7-17

(2) 6b

The Time,

1930, Springtime

The Place

A Town in Georgia

The Persons in the Drama,

as they appear.

41-7-175

1....CELIA, a serving maid, curled, pretty, and colored.

2....MRS. CARRINGTON GWATHMEY, a widow of the newly rich, but poor again

3....GEORGE GWATHMEY, her son and hope.

4....JIM, the colored chore boy, dark brown of face, with close-crimped hair.

5....SID LYONS, a neighbor's son, white and poor but of high lineage

6....THE SHERIFF of the County.

7....THE CHIEF GUARD of the jail.

~~A MOB and GUARDS~~
Convicts and a mob.

THE FIRST ACT

A man is killed.

(The scene lies within a little [redacted] cabin, single-roomed, clean, cheaply furnished, yet with some taste. One can see through the tiny window in front that the cottage is the servant's quarter on a village estate, pretentious but out of repair. Beyond a green and nodding garden, looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey, widow of a local mill owner, presides with daughters and a son. Out the window at the right, one may see the main village street, and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is heard before the curtain begins to rise; as it goes out the music ~~of "Hallelujah"~~ is just dying away.

41-7-176

The curtain discovers Celia looking eagerly out the window towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia, with a sigh, turns to her ironing facing the front window, her back to the audience. To her left is a door; forward on the stage to the right is a bed, and opposite, a bureau. As Celia irons, Celia sings.)

CELIA -- Hallelujah, Hallelujah ! we will shoo the--

(Out of the window a lady is seen approaching from the Big House along the garden path; Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey enters.)

CELIA --Good evening, Mrs. Gwathmey.

MRS. G. -- Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces to wash and iron.

CELIA -- Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Gwathmey, they's mighty near done.

MRS. G. --Well, let the rest go, and run along.

CELIA -- There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

(A quick almost furtive knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Gwathmey rushes in.)

G. G. --Celia--Oh, --Ma!

MRS. G. --Why, George! (George is evidently at a loss, but Celia's wit brings rescue.)

CELIA -- (Hurriedly) Yes, Sir, I've got the handkerchiefs done.

MRS. G. (recovering) --Handkerchiefs? Why, your drawer is full--the top drawer to the left--

G.G. --Yes? ~~yes;~~ why— I must have overlooked them in my hurry; and Ma, by the way, Mrs. Lyons invites you to tea to meet the D. A. R. delegates--that is, Sid said so and left a note at the house.

MRS. G. --The hussy! Why, George, you know it's just a public reception. And why couldn't old Mrs. Lyons call herself if she wanted me! I've called on her. D. A. R.--the idea! I've got as much right to join as most of them.

G. G. --Sure! Pa said we'd been over-seers and ~~servants~~ squatters on many a Georgia plantations--

MRS. G.--George! How can you! Just like your father. Well, I'm not going. Most of these climbers are no better than we are no matter what we've been.

G. G. --O, I knew you wouldn't go; but I saw you come down in here, and I thought I'd deliver the message; of course, I made excuses.

MRS. G. --It wasn't necessary; very well, Celia, take the clothes up since they're finished, and then be off to the circus. (Celia

41-7-14

starts out with the basket poised on her head) Oh, Celia, you forgot Mr. George's handkerchiefs, didn't you? Although, I can't understand how you missed all the others, George. (Celia sets down the basket)

CELIA -- Oh, yes, ma'am; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit Celia with the basket of clothes)

G. G. -- (Sauntering toward the door) --Well, I'll toddle along.

MRS.G. --(Looking at him uncertainly) I thought perhaps you'd like to drive me to the cemetery this evening and get away from the crowds.

41-7-178

G. G. --And pass the Lyons mansion? O Ma! but really I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. It's the biggest day of the year. Sid and I --

MRS G.--George, don't be so common and don't let those Lyons folks patronize you.

G. G.--Oh, it's only Sid---he's a good sort. Well--

MRS. G. --(Carelessly) --And George--I don't think I'd be quite so familiar with Celia, if I were you. She's a grown girl now, and you know how ~~people talk~~ ladies are. Those Lyons men can do things that---

G.G. (Hurriedly) --Oh, all right Ma! So long.

(Exit G. G.)

(The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and is seen moving up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia is seen approaching accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her answers carelessly back. Entering the door, she shuts Jim

41-7-179

out and talks to him through the window.)

CELIA -- I tell you I ain't goin'.

JIM -- Oh, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, hones' I got two dollars. (Shows the bills triumphantly)

CELIA (Obdurate) --I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

JIM --Oh, git out; they ain't been no circus here in more'n a year and yisteddy you was wild to go.

CELIA -- I done changed my mind.

JIM -- Celia, you sho' is pretty.

CELIA -- Oh, go long.

JIM -- Celia, when ah looks at you--oo,oo!

CELIA -- Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows of and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

JIM -- But, Celia, you promised.

CELIA -- I said p'raps.

JIM --But, Celia--

CELIA -- I got work to do--so go long and let me alone.

JIM -- I don't believe it. All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't foolin' nobody. (Jim moves slowly from the window and walks toward the square.)

(Celia turns away in disdain but watches him furtively and listens to his dying foot-steps; then she peers out; she walks about uncertainly as if waiting; finally she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. Celia listens, looks carefully out the window, then approaching on tip-toe, opens the door. George Gwathmey steps in quickly and closes

the door. Celia rushes to him.)

CELIA -- What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight? And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. G. --Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

41-7-180

CELIA -- Lordy! But you's so careless. You's done made your ma suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus waitin' for you! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him. Don't go, George--stay here.

G. G. -- I must go, dear, I promised; you go on to the circus to-night and say, I'll come back late--may I?

CELIA -- I reckon so--yes, anything you wants, dear, only I won't go but. Jim'll see me. It'll be so long waiting.

G. G. --Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up--go to bed--I'll waken you.

(~~They kiss, and~~ she shrinks away from him) and he goes)

(Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. A while, she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after viewing herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low and raises the curtain. Jim peers in the window, then disappears. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens.)

VOICE -- Celia! Celia!

41-7-181

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door)

CELIA --Who is it?

G. G. --It's me, Celia, open up.

CELIA --(Hesitating)--Hush, George; for God's sake don't make all that fuss. (She opens the door slightly and discloses two men.)

CELIA -- No, no, no,--who else is there?

G. G. --It's only Sid.

CELIA -- Oh, no, he can't come in here. You mustn't --

G. G. --Don't be afraid. It's all right. We had a game on when Connelly closed; we just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

CELIA (Hesitating)--but wait--wait 'till I dresses.

(She closes door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, draws the curtains close turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

CELIA --Sh--please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear.

(Enter George Gwathmey and Sid Lyons. Gwathmey is flushed and bright-eyed. Lyons is cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

S. L. By God! A little beauty, George!

(G. G. frowns)

S. L. Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

(Celia shrinks back. Gwathmey steps quickly in front of her.)

G. G. --Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Gwathmey and Lyons eye each other steadily. Lyons is the first to give away.)

S. L. --(Laughing) -- Private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go. ~~Of course it is usual among gentlemen~~

G. G.--Not by a damned sight, You've skinned me out of a hundred bones and we've got to have it out.

CELIA --But it's so late--

S. L. --(Gaily) --Late for cards--sure! But early for love.

CELIA -- And I ain't got no cards.

S. L. --Here's the pack we've played with; but where's the booze? We can't play without booze; ~~and~~ I'm devilish thirsty already.

G. G. -- I suppose we ~~ought~~ might-a staid at Connelly's place even if he had to close. He'd-a put us in back and he's got plenty of good whiskey. Celia, honey, got any of that home-made wine?

CELIA -- Oh, no.

G. G. -- I tell you--you run up to Connelly's and tell him--

CELIA -- I'm afraid--It's so late--and circus day.

G. G. --Well, I'll go--

CELIA --(quickly) --No. (Glancing at Lyons)

G. G. --(Glaring at Lyons)--Oh, well--

S. L. --(Easily) -- Let me go--this time.

(~~Runs~~ Goes out)

41-7-14
281-182

41-7-183

CELIA -- Oh, George, you done been drinking again; and why did you bring that man here, I'se afeared of him--them Lyons men--and Sid's--

G. G. -- Nonsense, sweet. I tell you he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I just wanted to show him. We'll go in just a minute. We got in a game and he won a hundred. I must get it back. Won't take long. He's an awfully jolly fellow--he's all right. You see, we went to the circus and then to Connelly's and had a drink or so. Then we got into a game and, by gosh, he'd won a hundred before I knew it. I gotta get it back. 'Twa'nt mine, it's mother's--I collected some rents for her shacks. Ma is tight now since the stock crash almost cleaned us out. We won't ~~take~~ delay long. Don't be silly

CELIA --But why did you play with him? You knows he's just a gambler. Ef 'twuzn't for his family he'd be run out of town.

G.G. --O he's not so bad, and besides he's so damned superior I wanted to show him something. I just wanted to let him know that you're my girl. He said I couldn't get you, said you wouldn't notice if you wouldn't notice him no white man. I told him I knew a damned sight better. Then I said we'd stop by here 'till I got that hundred back. 'Twon't take long--

(He seizes Celia, ~~and smothers her protests with kisses~~. She resists ~~at first and then caresses him.~~ The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

S.L. --Ha,ha--don't mind me! (Gwathmey and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; Celia places herself near Gwathmey's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

G. G. -- Come, we ~~mustn't play long~~ haven't much time. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

S. L. --What shall it be?

G. G. --I say, let's change the game.

S. L. --To what?

G. G. --Seven up--best three out of five.

S. L. --Good, then we'll quit! And the stakes?

G. G. --That hundred against my watch.

CELIA --George! It's your father's--your ma--(Gwathmey motions her aside impatiently. The money and watch are laid on the table. Lyons smiles.)

(They play, smoking and talking ~~here~~ and drinkin ~~there~~.

S. L.--High!

G. G.--Low!

S. L.--Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. G.--Fifty-two for game.

S. L.--It's yours. My deal.

G. G.--King leads.

S. L.--Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack--one game apiece. Whose deal?

G. G.--Well, what a hand--damn it, take it all.

He ~~drops the flask~~ (He drains the flask)

~~(Celia, going to the window, tosses the bottle out.)~~

S. L.--High, low, game--two for me.

G. G.--(Showing signs of intoxication) --Next game's mine. Celia, more booze.

41-7-184

CELIA -- It's all gone, and it's awful late.

S. L. -- Shall we stop here?

G. G. --No, by God--it was best three out of five. I've got one odd. You've only won two.

S. L. --All right. But we must drink; shall I--

G. G. --No, it's my turn. (Lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

CELIA --George!

G. G. --(Straightening up and looking at Lyons) -- Of course, Sid, you're a gentleman.

S. L. --(Wheeling on him) Sir?

G. G. Beg pardon, old man--Oh, get out, Celia.

CELIA --But Connelly will be ~~asleep~~ a-bed. You shouldn't ought to rouse him.

S. L. --You'll find Brown's back door open.

CELIA --But--

G. G. --Oh, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in the half closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her, smiling, ~~under lowered eyelids.~~ Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.)

CELIA (Whispering) --Put out the light.

(Lyons puts the light out. Celia raises the curtain Jim is seen passing slowly. He ~~looks up the flock~~ pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silence intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.)

CELIA --What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles)

CELIA --Turn me loose--Oh! Oh! Please turn me loose--don't--

(The door Suddenly opens and Gwathmey ~~hastens~~ steps in. He stands uncertain

41-7-185

in the gloom.)

G. G. --Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

CELIA (In panting whispers) --Turn--me--loose. Stop, I say--

G. G. --(Leaps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you--turn her loose.

(The match flickers out.)

CELIA--(Screams furiously) -- Help!

G. G.--(Strikes another match and in the flare stands with drawn pistol.) Stop, or I shoot.

S. L.--Shoot, and be damned. (~~Draws~~ throws Celia on the bed ~~to him~~ ~~and kisses her~~).

(Gwathmey shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence ensues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

CELIA -- Listen!

G. G. --What did you hear?

CELIA --(Opening the door cautiously) -- Nothing.

G. G. --Sh'!

CELIA --What?

G. G. --I thought I heard somebody.

CELIA (Moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do? G.G. is he dead Celia yes

G. G. --Where is it?

CELIA --Over here--it's all--sticky.

G. G. --Ah!

CELIA --What?

G. G. -- I slipped on the floor, It's all---blood.

CELIA (Moaning) --Oh, my God! My God!

9817-14

G. G.--Hush! For God's sake--shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it--brace up. (They stand in the door) Now, what shall we do?

CELIA -- Oh, I don't know-- I don't know.

G. G. --Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all in a whirl.

CELIA -- I can't think--my heart's done stopped.

G. G. --(Whispering) --Suppose I say he shot himself.

CELIA --Oh, but it's ---your pistol.

G. G. --Well, then--let's see --we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train--

CELIA--People would sure see us ~~might pass~~--and the blood would drip and drip--Oh!

G. G.--Well, how about self-defense--I killed him in self-defense. Yes, that's it, and--

CELIA --He didn't have no pistol--I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. G. -- Hell and damnation! Then I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

CELIA --(Breaks into hysterical sobbing) --But who'd believe it--who'd believe you'd tell a thing--like that!

G. G. --Hark! (Running and shouting is heard afar) God! Somebody heard the shot. Somebody spied on us They're coming this way. Celia, quick--~~hand~~ give me the pistol. I'll stay out--(She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles.)

CELIA (slowly)--I might say that he--(She glances back at the

41-7-187

body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness.)

CELIA --Oh, no, no, I dassent.

G. G. --(Eagerly) --By God! That's it--that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

CELIA --But it's your pistol---and I dassent--I dassent.

G.G. --I have it--I came in and drew my pistol, ~~You seized it and~~ shot him.

CELIA --Oh, I'se afeared. What would they care! He's a white man and I'm only a --nigger. (Steps and shouts are heard)

G. G. (Retreating) --I'll defend you; I'll be witness--the word of a white man will save you--quick.

(He leaps out of the window, runs into the garden and disappears.)

~~Celia throws the pistol after him.~~

Voices rise, and the flare of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door.

SHERIFF -- ~~Was that shot here?~~

CELIA (After a long pause) --Yes.

SHERIFF--Did you shoot?

CELIA --(Slowly)--Yes

SHERIFF --~~Where's the pistol?~~ ~~(She points out the window)~~ Was anyone hurt? Stand back! (He raises his lantern.) Murder, by God.--Girl, did you do this?

CELIA-- Yes.

CURTAIN

41-7-189

THE SECOND ACT

A woman is accused.

(The scene is the hall of the Gwathmey mansion. In front and somewhat to the left is the broad front door, closed. Down toward it, and away from the audience, the great staircase leads. Under the stairs lurk a small cellar door and a window. Out of the window may be seen a garden and beyond it, the square and Court House. To the left of the front door are the doors to the parlor and dining room, the latter, slightly ajar. George Gwathmey is coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reaches the landing his mother emerges from the dining room.)

MRS. G. George, why don't you come in to breakfast? We've been through an hour and most everything is cold. You know I and your sisters have most of the work to do now--we can't afford a house full of darkies to feed.

G. G.--Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (Moves slowly towards the door.)

MRS G.--But, George--

G. G. Yes, Ma?(He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

MRS. G.--Of course, George, we all feel awful over this mess, but really, it don't seem just decent for you to take on so. After all, it's only a low affair between one of those Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. G.--Of course, Ma, but you see---

MRS. G.--George, I wouldn't go if I was you. (He reaches for

his watch and starts. His mother stares at him and he at her.)

G. G. --But Ma, I'm already late and---

MRS G.--Dear, you ain't needed.

G. G.--I'm a witness, Ma. As I told you last night, I--I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

MRS. G.--But you didn't actually see the--the ~~deed~~ murder, dear?

G. G. --Why no--that is--I heard-- and somebody must have seen us and got the sheriff.

MRS G.--And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed as she had confessed.

G. G.--(Starting) --I tell you I must go, Ma. You do not understand. I can't let that--girl--

MRS. G.--Girl! George, for God's sake remember your mother and sisters! What will folks say! you defending that black slut like she was a white woman. They'll twit us with being nothing but white trash and ~~not~~ born ~~superior~~ too low to look down on niggers ~~like the Lyonses and their gang~~. There ain't a thing you can do and no sense in your trying. The Lord knows we've always done what we could for Celia--you just can't keep colored girls straight--and I'm willing now to do anything in reason except allow my own son to smirch our family name, out of silly sympathy. I already had a talk with Judge Holt. As luck would have it, he presides today. You know he was a close pal of your father and he's got no love for the Lyons family neither. He tried once to marry ~~a~~ one

daughter. Of course he must act like a white man, but he promised to be easy on Celia because she's so young and Lyons had such a reputation. They found two whiskey bottles in her cabin both belonging to Lyons and money which he was evidently paying her. She won't swing as she ought to for killing a white man--she'll just be sent to the penitentiary for life and--

G. G.--My God!

Mrs. G. --Hark!

(Rapid footsteps are heard on the porch, and Jim throws wide the door. The street appears and the square and court house in the distance. Jim stands a moment panting.)

JIM---They's a-waiting, sir.

MRS. G.--Jim, how dare you enter my front door? Who is waiting?

JIM--(Without flinching and looking steadily at George Gwathmey.) All of 'em--The Judge, the jury, Celia. The testimony's all in and the Judge he was just gwine to--to send her up, and she--Oh, sir, she just begged 'em to wait a minute. She said you'd come because you done promised and--Oh, Lord, sir--

MRS. G.--Jim, that will do. You may go.

JIM--But you won't let--

MRS.G. --Go!

JIM--I won't go 'till he goes. He's promised. He knows what he won't tell. He was in the cabin. I saw him, and (stepping towards Gwathmey) I found--your watch, and--what Celia threw into the garden.

191-17

G. G.--You damned, sneaking scoundrel!

MRS. G.--What is it? What are you talking about? Tell me!

G. G. --He's got something of mine.

JIM --I'll give 'em to him--soon as he testifies for Celia.

G. G.--You damned---

MRS. G.--George! be quiet. It's all right Jim. You've always been a good boy. Give ~~the things~~ it to me and George shall go--right off----

(Jim hesitates and fumbles in his pocket)

MRS. G. Hark? Somebody's coming. Here Jim,(opening the cellar door) Quick step in here. We'll talk later. George, hurry! Go! Immediately.

(George Gwathmey opens the front door. Mrs. Gwathmey quickly locks the cellar door- slams the front door loudly ~~in his face~~ and then quickly draws ~~him~~ her son aside. They stare at each other silently.)

MRS. G.(Whispering) --George?

G. G.--He'll escape by the doors.

MRS. G.--(Slowly) They are padlocked;; I was afraid--last night.

G. G.--Or the windows?

MRS. G--Barred, since your father died.

G.G.--(Hesitantly) Ma, I must go.

MRS. G--Why?

G. G.--She used --my pistol.

MRS. G.--Your pistol? My God!

G. G.--Yes, she killed him--

MRS. G.--With your pistol?

41-2-14 261-192

G. G.--Yes; and Jim's got my watch

MRS. G.--So you were there--you saw it all?

G. G.-- Yes, we were--gambling--I lost some of your rent money--and--

MRS. G.--Then the only reason in the world for hesitating is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wench's den! It must never be known. Do you think the Lyons Klan would see her let loose on your testimony? Why they'd lynch her and ruin us--ruin us. He's safe at present(pointing to the cellar). Later I'll find a way to get that watch--if I have to kill him--in defense of my home. Thank God! Your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. G.- But the pistol?

MRS. G.--Who says it's yours? Who knows it's yours? Besides, ~~they haven't got it yet. If they get it~~, She took it from you. She stole it. We needn't say when.

G. G.--But Ma--she--she--it was self-defense!

MRS. G.--Suppose it was--fool! Can a white man admit it? What would the darkies say? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak--

(Jim is heard knocking within.)

G.G. (Starts)--Good God, (looks at the door)--Look! (They rush toward the door.) (Celia with manacled hands and flying garments is running wildly up the walk. She stumbles into the house and bangs

11-7-19

the door to. For a moment she gasps and stands trembling, wringing her manacled hands.)

CELIA--(Looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am--sir. I--I run away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said, I ought to be hung, but it ain't fair--I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good. You know, Mr. George, you know how hard I tried and then--you know I never hurt--Oh, yes--yes--him--but you said--you promised and I knowed you'd come, so I run--I just run--It is hard to run with your hands tied so--They didn't ought to tie my hands with such hard chains. I never hurt nothing--but him, Mr. George--and now you'll come, I know, Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right--Hark! They'se coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the Judge, he said I'd have to go to jail forever, Mr. George. Oh think, always, always tied in jail with-with them men--quick, Mr. George, they're almost here. You won't let 'em hurt me--Oh, don't hold him Ma'am--don't, oh--

(The sheriff thunders on the door. The sinister scream of the mob is heard. G. G. breaks from his mother's detaining hand and rushes to the door. Celia cowers in the center of the stage toward the front. The mother stands by the dining-room door.)

G. G.--What do you want?

SHERIFF--Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for--there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you--I'll teach you, you damn black--

MRS. G.--Sir!

SHERIFF--Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have this wench. You see, she ran away--bolted right out of court,

41-7-193

just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a-cutting a bit of terbacco and damned--beg pardon, ma'am--off she flew. She gave me a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you--

G. G.--Wait--

SHERIFF--The law, sir, the majesty of the Law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly.

(The growl of the mob is heard)

G.G.--What? Out--to that mob--Never! I--

SHERIFF--Oh, they ain't so wild. I know'em all. She'll be all right. I'll take care of her. Oh, yes, my lady, I'll see to you--
(Seizes Celia and drags her forward.)

CELIA--But, Mr. George--you'll say something--you'll speak?

(A pause. The sheriff gives a puzzled glance at each. Mrs. Gwathmey with her eyes fastened on G. G. moves slowly toward the cellar door and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" G. G. stands dazed looking at Celia, then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and qickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands erect facing the sheriff. He recoils against the door.)

CELIA--Wait, listen! I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (Pointing at George Gwathmey) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Gwathmey killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free if I'd lie him out of it--so I lied because he said he loved me and I thought I loved him. Do you hear? I lied. I

41-2-195

hate him, the pale coward. I didn't kill Sid Lyons, I never killed nothing. He killed him--it was his pistol--do you hear? His pistol!

(The mother totters forward. The sheriff stares. The wail of the mob rises again.)

MRS. G.--Go, quick--the girl's mad--And Sheriff--I shall never forget your--kindness in this trouble.

SHERIFF--Out with you.

(The sheriff forces his way out. George Gwathmey starts ~~toward~~ to follow the door, but his mother closes it and sinks on her knees beside him with imploring hands and gray disheveled hair.)

CELIA'S Voice (dying away) --I lied--do you hear?--I lied. He did it. It was his pistol!~~--get that pistol~~

(The groan of the mob is heard)

JIM (pounding within)----Let me out! Let me out! Hears his watch!

CURTAIN

41-2-196

41-7-197

THE THIRD ACT

Justice is satisfied.

(There comes a sound of clanking chains, and as the curtain rises, the last two or three convicts of a long line are seen filing off the stage to the right. The curtain discloses a narrow damp corridor. Out the grated door in front one sees the square and the Gwathmay mansion. In the center is a rickety table with a dingy lamp.)

VOICE (without) --Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you. (The lash of a whip and a scream are heard. Enter the guard angry and scowling, with whip in hand and pistol protruding from his hip pocket. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. The sheriff hurries in with a hand bag which he places in the corner.)

SHERIFF--Say, Bill--

GUARD--Say yourself, God damn it! I'm damn near dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few dozen more of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

SHERIFF--Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl--the pretty one I brought in this evening?

GUARD--None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent looking wench sent here this year and I get your leavins. This one's mine.

SHERIFF--Oh, cut that--who got you your job?

GUARD--You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick of niggers.

SHERIFF--You're done up, Bill What do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

GUARD--Now you're talkin' sense. (They drink and smoke)

SHERIFF--Well, let's play; where's the cards?

GUARD-- In the drawer somewheres.

SHERIFF--What shall it be--the old stand-by?

GUARD-- No-we'll change the game;--Seven-up.

SHERIFF--Good.

GUARD--That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

GUARD--Shut up out there--or I'll lash hell out of you. (Starts to his feet. Dead silence.) What's the stakes?

SHERIFF--The girl, of course.

GUARD--Not by a damn sight.

SHERIFF--And a hundred to the loser.

GUARD--I ain't got no money.

SHERIFF--Oh, your word's good.

GUARD--Your's ain't. Gimme the whiskey.

SHERIFF--Well, the girl if I win and a hundred if you lose and here's the cash. Deal! Best three out five.

(They play, talking now and then)

GUARD--High!

SHERIFF--Low!

41-7-198

GUARD--You lie--here's deuce.

SHERIFF--fifty-two for game.

GUARD--It's yours---my deal.

SHERIFF--King leads.

GUARD--Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack and the game. One game apiece.

SHERIFF--Whose deal?

GUARD--Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

SHERIFF--High, low, game. Two games for me.

GUARD--(Showing signs of intoxication) --Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

SHERIFF--Bottle's empty--shall we quit?

GUARD--No, by God--it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

SHERIFF--All right--but booze! Wait till I get--(fumbling in his bag) Here's another quart.

GUARD (suspiciously) Is it doped?

SHERIFF--(angrily)--I'm a gentleman!

GUARD--Well---ain't I?

SHERIFF--Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward.)

GUARD--Let's see that trick?

(The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently. They look at each other fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-

661-7-14

pocket but the guard has his pistol out first. The sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.)

GUARD--I played that ten!

SHERIFF--No you didn't --you play the nine.

GUARD --You're a damned liar--that trick is mine. You think you got me too drunk to see?

SHERIFF--It's mine but we won't quarrel--take it!

(They play on)

GUARD--Queen, high! Game! Two games for me.

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

SHERIFF--Huh!

GUARD--Huh!

SHERIFF--Huh! (Rising with a yell)--Game! She's mine--Where'd you put her, Bill? And say! Watch that door. No mobs tonight!

(The sheriff lurches out to the right removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and slowly counts and pockets the money. He walks to the jail door, unlocks, opens it and peers out. The keys are hanging in the door. A scream is heard. He turns in the open door and scowls toward the corridor where the Sheriff has disappeared. Then he grins as he faces the audience. Then his face grows grey, and slowly he puts both hands aloft and steps falteringly forward. Jim is seen crouching back of him, pistol to his back. He turns the guard around, seizes his pistol and throws it on the floor, propells him out the door and locks it. Jim hesitates, looks left.

41-7-200

41-7-201

A low moan and struggle is heard on the right. Jim rushes wildly toward it. The hooded Ku Klux Klan appear at the jail door. They batter it down. Led by the guard they rush in and pause. Three shots ring out and light smoke drifts out of the right corridor. The leader of the Klan drags off his hood and reveals George Gwathmey, white and scared. The other klansmen raise their guns and fire right and left. The curtain falls.

SEVEN-UP: A TALE

Section One

It was a little Southern town, with that characteristic combination of charm and tawdriness. On Lee Street, below the sprawling shining square, was the home of Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey. Her husband, Bill Carrington was dead. He had been a shrewd "cracker" from the hills, and had made quite a fortune from leasing Negro convicts. He married Imogene Gwathmey, whose uncle's father, before the Civil War, had owned a small plantation and a few slaves. Imogene consequently considered herself as belonging to the old Southern aristocracy. None disputed this, when she married money, even though it was encumbered by a "poor white". Mrs. Carrington-Gwathmey hyphenated her family name, kept Bill socially in the background and became an official of the local Daughters of the Confederacy.

Bill drank himself to death in 1915, to the relief of his family, which now consisted of a widow, a son of sixteen and two daughters, twelve and fourteen. Mrs. Gwathmey - the "Carrington" began to subside - began to handle the family finances with the help of lawyer Holt and they flourished in the post-war boom. The mansion was refurnished, the girls sent to a fashionable finishing school and George - named after the great uncle - to a military academy.

Then came the disaster of the panic and depression. The children came home from school. The lawyer who had been elected judge was trying to find work for George. The mansion sagged and the servants were now reduced to an old woman of allwork; a casual chore boy, Jim; and Celia. The family income consisted almost solely of rentals from a dozen Negro cabins whose denizens, being unemployed, paid but little and that intermittently.

Perhaps the greatest thorn in Mrs. Gwathmey's flesh had long been the Lyons family. They were well-known locally, of ~~poor white~~ planter origin, intermarried with Northern

CARPETBAGGERS; BUT THEY HAD INVESTED IN COTTON MILLS AND HAD MONEY EVEN AFTER THE DEPRESSION; AND THEY PUT ON AIRS. THE MOTHER BROUGHT BACK THE NEWEST FASHIONS FROM NEW YORK; THE FATHER WAS RETIRED AND THE THREE SONS, INSOLENTLY HANDSOME, WORKED, LOAFED, DRANK, PLAYED GOLF AND RELENTLESSLY PURSUED WOMEN. MRS. GWATHMEY WAS PARTICULARLY OUTRAGED WHEN MRS. LYONS WAS CHOSEN TO HEAD THE State DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, and ~~MRS. LYONS~~ WAS NOW PREPARING TO ENTERTAIN THE STATE MEETING. IT WAS A SOCIAL OUTRAGE. THE GWATHMEYS HAD FAR BETTER RIGHT TO HEAD THE DAUGHTERS THAN A CARPET-BAGGER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

CELIA WAS COLORED, EIGHTEEN, HEALTHY, VIVID, MADE FOR AFFECTION AND MARRIAGE, BUT HOPELESSLY FRUSTRATED BY HER CIRCUMSTANCES. HER FACE WAS NOT PRETTY BUT BRIGHT AND APPEALING, AND HER FORM WAS ALMOST PERFECT. MEN EYED HER BREASTS AND ~~THEY~~ TURNED TO LOOK AT HER LEGS; AND SHE KNEW IT. UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES, SHE WOULD HAVE LOVED AND MARRIED JIM THE CHORE-BOY, AND RAISED A FAMILY. BUT JIM HAD NEITHER A REAL JOB NOR AN EDUCATION. HE WAS A GOOD-NATURED BOY OF TWENTY. HE HAD NEVER KNOWN PARENTS NOR A REGULAR HOME. HIS GRAND-PARENTS HAD BROUGHT HIM UP AND WHEN THEY DIED, HE HAD GONE TO WORK FOR THE GWATHMEYS, LODGING IN AN OUTHOUSE AND EATING IN THE KITCHEN OR ANY WHERE IT WAS CONVENIENT. WHEN THE GWATHMEYS WERE PROSPEROUS HE RECEIVED SOMETHING LIKE WAGES, WHICH ENABLED HIM TO HAVE A DOLLAR OR SO IN HIS POCKET, AND TO SUPPLEMENT HIS WARDROBE WITH STORE CLOTHES BOUGHT ON INSTALLMENTS. HIS RECREATIONS INCLUDED SOME HUNTING AND FISHING AND LOAFING ABOUT THE POOL ROOM, OWNED BY A WHITE MAN, BUT RUN OSTENSIBLY BY A NEGRO. HERE LIQUOR COULD BE HAD AND WOMEN ARRANGED FOR.

BUT JIM DID NOT DRINK MUCH, DISLIKING THE TASTE OF THE CRUDE SPIRITS AND NOT RESPONDING ESPECIALLY TO THEIR EFFECTS. AS TO WOMEN HE WAS ALSO RATHER GUILELESS. HE HAD ALWAYS ASSUMED THAT SOMETIME HE WOULD MARRY CELIA, AND EVEN IN HIS FEW CHANCE SEX EXCURSIONS, HE FELT RATHER ASHAMED AND DISLOYAL AND ALWAYS VOWED NEVER TO STRAY AGAIN, --AN EASY MATTER AS THE WANTONS HAD LITTLE ATTRACTION FOR HIM, PHYSICAL OR SPIRITUAL. HIS CHIEF PROBLEM SINCE

the crash of the Gwathmeys' fortune, was earning money. He was not lazy -- in fact he liked work and went at a task quickly and thoroughly. But there had never been in his life any connection between work and wage -- between conscientious accomplishment and reward. He knew boys who got more money stealing and gambling, than he ever got by hard work. This did not lure him to crime -- he had good sense -- but it did puzzle him.

He knew and heard of colored folk who earned good livings; but how did they get their start? Of course, he knew that an education would help. But the local school was poor, crowded and ran but six months. He could go but irregularly at that and must now if he attended, be in class with little children who laughed at him. He heard of Negro boarding schools and colleges far away, but they cost fabulous sums of money and were for smart boys. He was not smart. He loved Celia and wanted, intended some day to marry her. But how could he support her and their children? He was always looking for jobs; but none came; or those that did, paid almost nothing for endless work. He was deeply puzzled and Celia gradually ceased to help him dream ~~did not help him dream~~ or make plan ~~any more~~ as she used to. Jim could not help but sense her growing entanglement with young Gwathmey and he was worried. He knew how these things ended. He saved every cent to buy her little presents or take her to the Movies once a week. But she showed less and less interest, until he was certain she was clandestinely meeting George. He was torn between a desire to bash George's face in and to plead with Celia. But it was dangerous to hit a white man. It meant jail, beating or death -- perhaps all three. What could he do? ~~He lived on the cast-off clothes and left over food of the Gwathmeys and chance earnings.~~ He could scarce support himself, much less a wife. And so while Celia liked him and had known him since child-hood, she could not think of marrying him.

Then too there was George Gwathmey. She had known him too since childhood, and played with him and Jim all over the Gwathmey acres. George

was weak and homely, but he was white. He belonged to a caste which she was not supposed to aspire; and yet he was always tagging after her. When later, he began to make love to her, she was at first repelled, as though the thing was in some way unnatural; and it might have remained at that, had it not been for the sisters. They early acquired a sense of "race", and began to snub the nimble, impertinent little colored girl, and to try to keep their brother away from her; in this they were soon seconded by Mrs. Gwathmey.

The meetings of Celia and George gradually became more clandestine and more dangerous, because to the urges of adolescence added the romance of secrecy; and on Celia's part the thrill of circumventing the silly sisters and the white world.

When Celia's mother dropped dead, Celia inherited the cottage and washing; at first Mrs. Gwathmey thought of supplanting her; but who would do the laundry so neatly and subsist on so little actual pay? Secretly George of course augmented this when he could. Moreover, although, she tried to take notice, Mrs Gwathmey saw nothing more of the once feared association of George and Celia. The girls were still suspicious, but their social station gave them few and fewer opportunities to spy.

George Gwathmey desperately desired to be a gentleman with plenty of money to spend on horses, drink and women. This was not because he was bad or debauched, but he envied the splendid Lyons boys and he did not want the drudgery of work. He felt early the urges of sex and would liked to have gotten married to some one of the rich and pretty white girls he saw. But he was not attractive, he had no money and no prospects. Celia at first was a resource. He liked her and he stood higher in her regard, than in that of any other woman. Moreover she was physically deeply alluring; he sometimes doubted if any other woman, of any race and color, could possibly give him that feeling of worth and mastery that he had in the company of Celia. Moreover his increasing desire and her shy, yet evidently less and less determined

repulse of his advances, let him insistently on. After all she was only colored; she could never hope for anything better than the affection and protection of a white man like him. He must of course ward off any chance of children. Here his friendship with young Sid Lyons was of prime help. Sid and his physician friends knew all the ways. But this exchange of confidences had one uppleasant result: he had in sheer boastfullness to mention Celia by name and Sid Lyons, master of philandering in all classes and races, took to noticing Celia's legs and light carriage; he was a bit peeved when she apparently never saw him. He bided his time.

This was the background of the week of our story. Celia, the serving maid, ~~was~~ pretty, curled and brown, ~~and~~ lived in the tiny cottage in the Gwathmey yard. Beyond a green and nodding garden, looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey lives. Out the window at the right, one may see the main village street, and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square, the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is heard before the curtain begins to rise; as it goes out, the music is just dying away.

Celia is looking eagerly out the window, towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia, with a sigh, turns to her ironing, facing the front window. To her left is a door; to the right, a bed, and opposite, a bureau. As Celia irons, Celia sings ~~the St. Louis Blues.~~

Out of the window, a lady is seen approaching from the Big House along the garden path. Just why Mrs. Gwathmey chose this day and time for a visit to the cottage it was hard to say. Perhaps the hints of her young daughters at last began to penetrate and spur her to watchfulness. After all, the lot of the Gwathmey girls was a bit unfortunate. They were too high-bred to have a career and too poor to be in society. They had little more to do than house work as elegantly disguised as possible, and ill-natured gossip. They too looked with envy and longing on the terrible Lyons boys and the

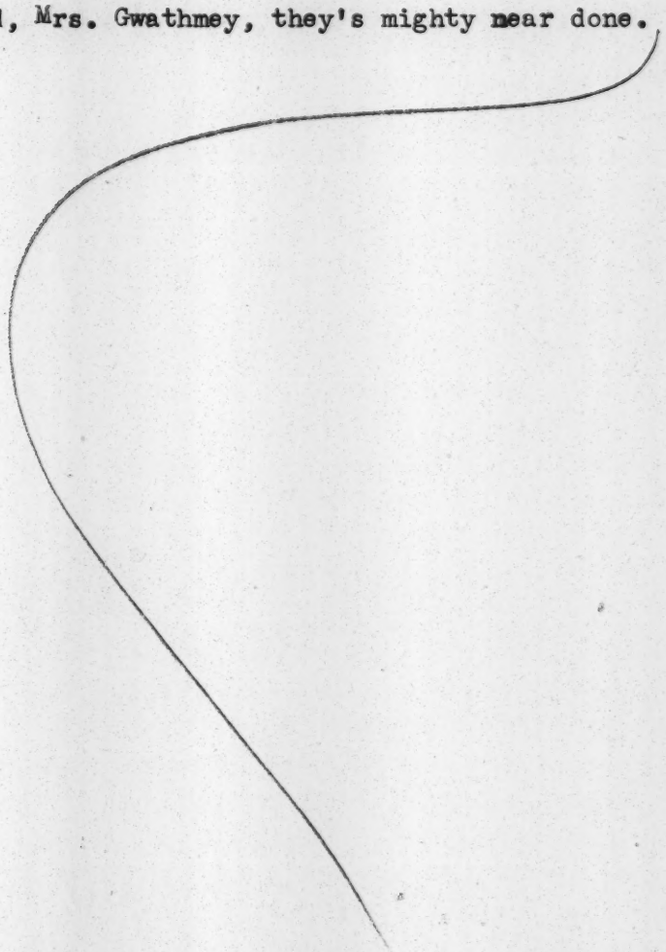
boys in turn leered at them. But they were not pretty enough to seduce, even if that were possible under the eagle eye of their mother. For although Mrs. Gwathmey might be lenient and careless about her son, she was and had to be by her code, a cerebus with her daughters. Marriage for them was impossible, because of poverty and waning social prestige. Celibacy was nevertheless imperative. What else could the poor girls do, but suspect and gossip about the whole world?

Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey enters Celia's cottage.

Celia - Good evening, Mrs. Gwathmey.

Mrs. G. - Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces to wash and iron.

Celia - Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Gwathmey, they's mighty near done.



Mrs. G. - Well, let the rest go, and run along.

Celia - There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

(A quick almost furtive knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Gwathmey rushes in.)

G. G. - Celia--Oh,--Ma!

Mrs. G. - Why, George!

(George is ~~an anemic nervous youth and is~~ evidently surprised and embarrassed to find his mother at the little cottage, ~~Here~~ without doubt he has been a frequent visitor. He grows red and stammers, but Celia's wit brings rescue. She speaks hurriedly.)

Celia - Yes, ~~Sir~~, I'se got the handkerchiefs done.

(Mrs. Gwathmey is also perturbed. She doesn't at all like the idea of her son bursting into Celia's quarters so unceremoniously. It occurs to her that this is not the first visit and she is surprised at ~~her short~~ excuse about handkerchiefs.)

Mrs. G. - Handkerchiefs? Why, your drawer is full -- the top drawer to the left--

G. G. - Yes? Why-- I must have overlooked them in my hurry; and Ma, by the way, Mrs. Lyons invites you to tea to meet the ~~S. C.~~ delegates--that is, Sid said so and left a note at the house.

Mrs. G. - The hussy! ~~Why, George, you know~~ it's just a public reception. ~~She wants a~~ ~~And why couldn't~~ ~~I've talked on her.~~ ~~the idea!~~ I've got as much ~~right to~~ as most of them.

G. G. - Sure! Pa said we'd been over-seers and squatters on ~~many~~ Georgia plantations for ~~——~~

Mrs. G. - ~~George! How can you! don't like your father!~~ Tha hussy! It's only a hubbie reception. Well, I'm not going. I'll have no carpet-bagger's daughter lording it over me. ~~Most of these climbers are no better than we are, no matter what we've been.~~

G. G. - --O, I knew you wouldn't go; but I saw you come down in here, and I thought I'd deliver the message; of course, I made excuses.

Mrs. G. - --It wasn't necessary; very well, Celia, take the clothes up since they're finished, and then be off to the circus. (Celia starts out with the basket poised on her head) Oh, Celia, you forgot Mr. George's handkerchiefs, didn't you? Although, I can't understand how you missed all the others, George. (Celia sets down the basket.)

Celia - Oh, yes, ma'am; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit Celia with the basket of clothes)

G. G. - (Sauntering toward the door) Well, I'll toddle along.

Mrs. G. - (Looking at him uncertainly) I thought perhaps you'd like to drive me to the cemetery this evening and get away from the crowds.

G. G. - And pass the Lyons mansion? O Ma! but really I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. It's the biggest day of the year. Sid and I---

Mrs. G. - George, don't be so common and don't let those Lyons folks patronize you.

G. G. - Oh, it's only Sid---- he's a good sort. Well --

Mrs. G. - (Carelessly) And George -- I don't think I'd be quite so familiar with Celia, if I were you. She's grown now, and you know how darkies are. Those Lyons men can do things that----

(George answered hurriedly, "Oh, all right, Ma. So long!" And walks quickly away.)

The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and ~~is seen moving~~ up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia is seen ~~approaching~~ returning accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her

answers carelessly back. Entering the door, she shuts Jim out and talks to him through the window.)

Celia - I tell you I ain't goin'.

Jim - Oh, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, hones' I got two dollars. (Shows the bills triumphantly)

Celia - (Obdurate) I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

Jim - Oh, git out; they ain't been no circus here in more'n a year and yisteddy you-was wild to go.

Celia - I done changed my mind.

Jim - Celia, you sho' is pretty.

Celia - Oh, go long!

Jim - Celia, when ah looks at you---oo-,oo!

Celia - Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows of and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

Jim - But, Celia, you promised.

Celia - I said, p'raps.

Jim - But, Celia---

Celia - I got work to do--so go long and let me alone.

Jim - I don't believe it. All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't foolin' nobody.

(Jim moves slowly from the window and walks toward the square. Celia turns away in disdain, but watches him furtively and listens to his dying foot-steps; then she peers out; she walks about uncertainly as if waiting; finally she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. George Gwathmey steps in quickly and closes the door. Celia rushes to him.)

Celia - What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight. And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. G. - Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

Celia - Lordy! But you's so careless. You's done made your ma suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus waitin' for you! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him. Don't go, George--stay here.

G. G. - I must go, dear; I promised; you go on to the circus to-night and say, I'll come back late--may I?

Celia - I reckon so--yes, anything you wants, dear, only I won't go out. Jim'll see me. It'll be so long waiting.

G. G. - Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up--go to bed--I'll waken you.

(She shrinks away from him and he goes out. Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. A while, she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after viewing herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low and raising the curtain. Jim peers in the window, then disappears. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens.)

Voice - Celia! Celia!

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door)

Celia - Who is it?

G. G. - It's me, Celia, open up.

Celia - (Hesitating) Hush, George; for God's sake don't make all that fuss. (She opens the door slightly and discloses two men)

Celia - No, no, no, - Who else is there?

G. G. - It's only Sid.

Celia - Oh, no, he can't come in here. You mustn't --

G. G. - Don't be afraid. It's all right. We had a game on when Connelly closed; we just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

Celia - (Hesitating) -but--Wait--wait 'till I dresses. (She closes the door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, draws the curtains close, turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

Celia - Sh--please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear. (Enter George Gwathmey and Sid Lyons. Gwathmey is flushed and bright-eyed; Lyons, cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

S. L. - By God! A little beauty, George!

[redacted] - Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

(Celia shrinks back. Gwathmey steps quickly in front of her.)

G. G. - Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Gwathmey and Lyons eye each other steadily; Lyons is the first to give away.)

S. L. - (Laughing) -- Private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go.

G. G. - Not by a damned sight, you've skinned me out of a hundred bones and we've got to have it out.

Celia - But it's so late--

S. L. - (Gaily) Late for cards—sure! But early for love.

Celia - And I ain't got no cards.

S. L. - Here's the pack we've played with; but where's the booze? We can't play without booze; I'm devilish thirsty again.

G. G. - I suppose we might-a staid at Connelly's place even if he had to close. He'd-a put us in back and he's got plenty of good whiskey. Celia, honey, got any of that home-made wine?

Celia - Oh, no.

G. G. - I tell you--you run up to Connelly's and tell him--

Celia - I'a afraid-- It's so late--and circus day.

G. G. - Well, I'll go--

Celia - (Quickly) No. (Glancing at Lyons)

G. G. - (Glaring at Lyons) Oh, well--

S. L. - (Easily) Let me go--this time.

(He goes out.)

Celia - Oh, George, you done been drinking again; and why did you bring that man here, I'se afeard of him-- Them Lyons men--and Sid's--

G. G. - Nonsense, sweet. I tell you he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I just wanted to show him. We'll go in just a minute. ~~He got in a game and he won a hundred. I must get it back. Won't take long.~~ He's an awfully jolly fellow--he's all right. You see, we went to the circus and then to Connelly's and had a drink or so. Then we got into a game and, by gosh, he'd won a hundred before I knew it. I gotta get it back. 'Twa'nt mine, it's mother's -- I collected some rents for her shacks. Ma is tight now since the stock crash almost cleaned us out. We won't stay long. Don't be silly.

Celia - But why did you play with him? You knows he's just a gambler. Ef 'twuzn't for his family he'd be run out of town.

G. G. - O he's not so bad, and besides he's so damned superior I wanted to show him something. I just wanted to let him know that you're my girl. He said I couldn't get you; if you wouldn't notice him, you

wouldn't notice no white man. I told him I knew a damned sight better. Then I said we'd stop by here 'till I got that hundred back. 'Twon't take long--

(He seizes Celia. She resists. The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

S. L. - Ha, ha-- don't mind me! (Gwathmey and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; Celia places herself near Gwathmey's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

G. G. - Come, we haven't much time. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

S. L. - What shall it be?

G. G. - I say, let's change the game.

S. L. - To what?

G. G. - Seven up--best three out of five.

S. L. - Good, then we'll quit! And the stakes?

G. G. - That hundred against my watch.

Celia - George! It's your father's -- your ma-- (Gwathmey motions her aside impatiently. The money and watch are laid on the table. Lyons smiles.)

(They play, smoking and talking and drinking.)

S. L. - High!

G. G. - Low!

S. L. - Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. G. - Fifty-two for game.

S. L. - It's yours. My deal.

G. G. - King leads.

S. L. - Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack--one game apiece. Whose deal?

G. G. - Well, what a hand -- damn it, take it all.
(He drains the flask)

S. L. - High, low, game -- two for me.

G. G. - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Celia, more booze.

Celia - It's all gone, and it's awful late.

S. L. - Shall we stop here?

G. G. - No, by God--it was best three out of five. I've got one. You've only won two.

S. L. - All right, But we must drink; shall I--

G. G. - No, it's my turn. (Lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

Celia - George!

G. G. - (Straightening up and looking at Lyons) Of course, Sid, you're a gentleman.

S. L. - (Wheeling on him) Sir? (Then smiling) with niggers as well as whites!

G. G. - Beg pardon, old man-- Oh, get out, Celia!

Celia - But Connelly will be a-bed. You shouldn't ought to rouse him.

S. L. - You'll find Brown's back door open.

Celia - But---

G. G. - Oh, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in the half-closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her smiling. Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.)

Celia - (Whispering) --Put out the light.

(Lyons puts the light out. Celia raises the curtain. Jim is seen passing slowly. He pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silence intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.)

Celia - What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles)

Celia - Turn me loose--Oh! Oh! Please turn me loose--don't--

(The door suddenly opens and Gwathmey steps in. He stands uncertain in the gloom.)

G. G. - Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

Celia - (In panting whispers) Turn--me--loose! Stop, I say--

G. G. - (Steps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you--turn her loose.

(The match flickers out.)

Celia - (Screams furiously) Help!

G. G. - (Strikes another match and in the flare, stands with drawn pistol.) Stop, or I shoot.

S. L. - Shoot, and be damned! (Throws Celia on the bed.)

(Gwathmey shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence ensues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

Celia - Listen!

G. G. - What did you hear?

Celia - (Opening the door cautiously) Nothing.

G. G. - Sh'!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I thought I heard somebody.

Celia - (Moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do?

G. G. - Is he dead, Celia?

Celia - Yes!

G. G. - Where is it?

Celia - Over here--it's all sticky.

G. G. - Ah!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I slipped on the floor. It's all--blood.

Celia - (Moaning) Oh, my God! My God!

G. G. - Hush! For God's sake--shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it--brace up. (They stand in the door) Now, what shall we do?

Celia - Oh, I don't know--I don't know.

G. G. - Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all in a whirl.

Celia - I can't think--my heart's done stopped.

G. G. - (Whispering) Suppose I say he shot himself.

Celia - Oh, but it's -- your pistol.

G. G. - Well, then--let's see--we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train--

Celia - People would sure see us, and the blood would drip and drip--Oh!

G. G. - Well, how about self-defense--I killed him in self-defense. Yes, that's it, and--

Celia - He didn't have no pistol--I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. G. - Hell and damnation! Then, I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

Celia - (Breaks into hysterical sobbing) --But who'd believe it--who'd believe you'd tell a thing--like that!

G. G. - Hark! (Running and shouting is heard afar.) God! Somebody heard the shot. Somebody spied on us. They're coming this way. Celia, quick, give me the pistol. I'll stay out-- (She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles.)

Celia - (Slowly) I might say that he-- (She glances back at the body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness.)

Celia - Oh, no, no, I dassent.

G. G. - (Eagerly) By God! That's it--that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

Celia - But it's your pistol--and I dassent--I dassent.

G. G. - I have it--I came in and drew my pistol. No, that won't do-- you had my pistol; you were afraid of Sid; you borrowed it -- or stole it, I came for it and you shot him.

Celia - That don't make sense. Oh, I'se afeared, and what would they care! He's a white man and I'm only a nigger.

(Steps and shouts are heard)

G. G. - (Retreating) I'll defend you; I'll be witness--the word of a white man will save you--quick.

(He leaps out of the window and disappears .)

Celia-- Here, take your watch. (Throws it after him)

(Voices come nearer, and the flare of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door)

Sheriff-- What's going on here? Where was that shooting?

Celia-- Here.

Sheriff-- Was anybody hurt?

(He raises the lantern)

Stand back! Murder, by God.-- Girl, did you do this?

Celia (Pausing) Yes

Sheriff-- What you got there? Gimme that pistol and come along.

Section Two

Mrs. Gwathmey was driven near to distraction. She seemed to feel the world falling about her ears. First there had been her disreputable husband, but he at least had had the grace to die. Prosperity followed. Then came the crash of 1929 and the loss of her wealth. Then there was the bitter struggle to educate her children, ~~and~~ to keep up some vestige of appearances and not surrender her very home to the mortgagees. Now to cap all came the entanglement of her only son in a wretched brawl which involved a Negro wench. She saw all the power of the despised Lyons' family ranged against her, to avenge the death of their good-for-nothing son. There was but one way of escape and she was ready to pay any price to keep her son from being involved and to put the blame where she knew it must belong, upon the black girl. She had heard about the murder late at night and sat up in the parlor in agony and apprehension the whole night waiting for George to return. She ~~had~~ did not hear him come in ~~but~~ and toward morning fell asleep on the couch. At sunrise she awoke with a start and rushed to his room. He was there fast asleep. She bathed and dressed and coming down stairs again, helped the girls and the old black woman get breakfast ready. She and her daughters ate in silence and then she drove them off on various chores to the fartherest reaches of the home. She talked long and feverishly over the telephone, watching the stairs the while.

It was ten o'clock. She knew George would be down to breakfast soon. She was keeping the breakfast warm and always watching the staircase. The broad front door was closed. Beyond it was a wide path and then up the street one could see the square and the court house. In the back of the hall was the dining room with the door slightly ajar and opposite the dining room under the stairs

was a cellar door and a window. Mrs. Gwathmey stood taut. She heard George coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reached the landing, his mother emerged casually from the dining room.

Mrs. G. George, why don't you come in to breakfast? We've been through an hour and most everything is cold. You know I and your sisters have most of the work to do now -- we can't afford a house full of darkies to feed.

G. G. Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (Moves toward the door.)

Mrs.G. But, George --

G. G. Yes, Ma?

(He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

Mrs. G. Of course, George, we all feel awful over this mess, but really, it don't seem just decent for you to take on so. After all, it's only a low affair between one of those Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. G. Of course, Ma, but you see --

Mrs. G. George, I wouldn't go out if I was you.

(He reaches for his watch and starts. His mother stares at him and he at her.)

G. G. But Ma, I'm already late and --

Mrs. G. - Dear, you ain't needed.

G. G. - I'm a witness, Ma. [redacted] I--I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

Mrs. G. - But you didn't actually see the--the murder, dear?

G. G. - Why no--that is--I heard--and somebody must have seen it and got the sheriff.

Mrs. G. - And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed, as she had confessed.

G. G. - (Starting) I tell you I must go, Ma. You do not understand. I can't let that--girl--

Mrs. G. - Girl! George, for God's sake remember your mother and sisters. What will folks say! You defending that black slut like she was a white woman! They'll twit us with being nothing but poor white trash, born too low to look down on niggers. There ain't a thing you can do and no sense in your trying. The Lord knows we've always done what we could for Celia—you just can't keep colored girls straight—and I'm willing now to do anything in reason, except allow my own son to smirch our family name, out of silly sentiment. I already had a talk with Judge Holt. As luck would have it, he presides today. You know he was a close pal of your father, and our legal adviser; and he's got no love for the Lyons family neither. One of them courted his daughter and wouldn't marry her. Of course, he must act like a white man, but he promised to be easy on Celia because she's young and Lyons had such a reputation. They found whiskey bottles in her cabin and money which he was evidently paying her. She won't swing as she ought to for killing a white man--she'll just be sent to the penitentiary for life and--

G. G. - My God!

Mrs. G. - Hark!

(Rapid footsteps are heard on the path and porch and Jim throws wide the door. ~~He is a~~ ~~stern cultured boy with dark hair and clear grey eyes.~~ He is breathing heavily and evidently has run at top speed. Through the open door, one can see ~~the street and square and~~ the court house in the distance. Jim leans panting for a moment in the open doorway and then gasps.)

Jim - They's a-waiting, sir.

Mrs. G. - Jim, how dare you enter my front door? Who is waiting?

Jim - (Without flinching and looking steadily at George Gwathmey.) All of 'em--the Judge, the jury, Celia. The testimony's all in and the Judge he was just gwine to—to send her up, and she—Oh, sir, she just begged 'em to wait a minute. She said you'd come, because you done promised and—Oh, Lord, sir—

Mrs. G. - Jim, that will do. You may go.

Jim - But you won't let--

Mrs. G. - Go!

Jim - I won't go 'till he goes. He's promised. He knows what he won't tell. He was in the cabin. I saw him, and (stepping towards Gwathmey and whispering) I 'phoned the sheriff and I found—your watch, what Celia threw after you. It's got your father's name in it.

G. G. - You damned, sneaking scoundrel!

Mrs. G. - What is it? What are you talking about? Tell me!

G. G. - He's got something of mine.

Jim - I'll give ~~him~~ it to him--soon as he testifies for Celia.

G. G. - You damned--

Mrs. G. - George! Be quiet. It's all right, Jim. You've always been a good boy. Give it to me and George shall go--right off--

(Jim hesitates and fumbles in his pocket)

Mrs. G. - Hark? Somebody's coming. Here, Jim, (opening the cellar door) quick, step in here. We'll talk later. George, hurry! Go! Immediately.

(George Gwathmey opens the front door. Mrs. Gwathmey quickly locks the cellar door (holds her son back and slams the front door loudly. ~~and~~ Then ~~quickly~~ quietly she draws her son aside. They stare at each other silently.)

Mrs. G. - (Whispering) George?

G. G. - He'll escape by the ~~doors~~ out.

Mrs. G. - (Slowly) ~~They are~~ It's padlocked. I was afraid--last night.

G. G. - Or the windows?

Mrs. G. - Barred, since your father died.

G. G. - (Hesitantly) Ma, I must go.

Mrs. G. - Why?

G. G. - She used---my pistol.

Mrs. G. - Your pistol? My God!

G. G. - Yes, she killed him---

Mrs. G. - With your pistol?

G. G. - Yes; and Jim's got--my watch.

Mrs. G. - So you were there---you saw it all?

G. G. - Yes, we were--gambling--I lost some of your rent money--and--

Mrs. G. - Then the only reason in the world for hesitating is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wench's den! It must never be known. Do you

think the Lyons clan would see her let loose on your testimony? Why, they'd lynch her and ruin us--ruin us! He's safe at present (pointing to the cellar). Later I'll find a way to get that watch---if I have to kill him---in defense of my honor. Thank God! Your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. G. - But the pistol?

Mrs. G. - Who says it's yours? Who knows it's yours? She took it from you. She stole it. We needn't say when.

G. G. - But Ma--she--she--it was self-defense!

Mrs. G. - Suppose it was--fool! Can a white man admit it? What would the darkies say? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak---

(Jim is heard pounding frantically on the cellar door and then George Gwathmey looking out the front door, starts and says convulsively, "Good God, look!" The mother rushes to the door and opens it; Up the long walk from the street with manacled hands and flying garments, Celia is running wildly. She stumbles into the house, bangs the door and for a moment stands trembling and gasping against it, working frantically her manacled wrists.)

Celia - (Looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am--sir. I-- I run away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said I ought to be hung, but it ain't fair--I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good. You know, Mr. George, you know how hard I tried and then--you know I never hurt---Oh, yes---yes---him---but you said---you

promised and I knowed you'd come, so I run--I just run--
It is hard to run with your hands tied--so-- They didn't
ought to tie my hands with such hard ~~chains.~~ irons. I never hurt
nothing--but him, Mr. George--and now you'll come, I know,
Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right-- Hark! They'se
coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the Judge,
he said I'd have to go to jail forever, Mr. George. Oh, think,
always, always tied in jail with--with them men--quick, Mr.
George, they're almost here. You won't let 'em hurt me--
Oh, don't hold him, Ma'am-- Don't, oh--

(Outside one hears the ~~trembling~~ thunder of feet and the sinister babble of a mob of men. There is a ~~thundering~~ sharp knock on the door and George Gwathmey, breaking from his mother's detaining hand, rushing forward, opens it while Celia retreating cowers at the foot of the stairs. ~~and~~ The mother stands straight by the dining room door.)

G. G. - What do you want?

Sheriff - Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for--there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you-- I'll teach you, you damn black--

Mrs. G. - Sir!

Sheriff - Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have this wench. You see, she ran away--bolted right out of court, just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a-cutting a bit of terbacco and damned—beg pardon, ma'am—off she flew. She gave ~~me~~ us a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you--

G. G. - Wait--

Sheriff - The law, sir, the majesty of the Law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly.

(George Gwathmey stiffens and looks belligerent. "What! send the girl out to that mob? I will never do it." But the sheriff, concilliating, "Oh, they ain't so wild as they look. I know them all. She will be all right, I'll take care of her." He enters and seizes hold of Celia and drags her forward. "Oh yes, my lady, I'll see to you!" Celia, hanging back, pleads, "But Mr. George, you will say something won't you? You will speak." The sheriff pauses and gives them all a puzzled glance. Mrs. Gwathmey with her eyes fastened on George moves slowly toward the cellar door, knocks and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" George stands dazed, looking at Celia, then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and quickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands erect, facing the sheriff, menacingly. He recoils against the door.)

Celia - Wait, listen! I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (Pointing at George Gwathmey.) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Gwathmey killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free, if I'd lie him out of it-- so I lied because he said he loved me and I thought I loved him. Do you hear? I lied! I hate him, the pale, sniveling coward. I didn't kill Sid Lyons, I never killed nothing. He killed him--it was his pistol--do you hear? His pistol!

(The sheriff starts and hesitates and the growl of the increasing mob can be heard without. Mrs. Gwathmey intervenes. "Sheriff, go quickly, the girl's stark mad and you know I shall never forget your kindness in this trouble." The sheriff grabs Celia. "Out with you," he growls, and forces his way out. George

Gwathmey starts to follow, but his mother closes the door and sinks on her knees with imploring hands and gray disheveled hair. Celia's voice dying gradually away, can be heard mingled with the execrations of the mob.)

Celia I lied -- do you hear? --I lied. He did it. It was his pistol!

(Within, Jim ~~continues~~ begins again to pound on the door.)

Jim Let me out! Let me out! Here's his ~~watch~~ knife!

(Jim hurls his body against the cellar door and his voice rises to a shriek. "Let me out!" "Let me out!" The mother rises quickly from her knees and moves swiftly toward the cellar. She motions to George and points to the dining room door. "The girls," she says, "keep them back! Shut the door!" George softly closes the door and cowers against it. With another lunge Jim bursts through the panels with shoulder and one leg. Then the hinges give way, and door and ~~the~~ boy fall together to the floor. In an instant, the woman is upon him. She grasps his shoulders and pushes his head to the floor while her weight on the door holds him helpless. "Hush!" she snarls. But he speaks rapidly, fiercely, wincing with the hurt of his fall.)

Jim "Don't for Christ's sake let 'em kill her! Don't send her to worse'n hell, that black Pen. I love her. Don't you understand? I love her better'n myself. I never had nobody but her to love. I know she don't love me. I knows it - but I don't care. She loves him, but I'll do anything to save her. I'll die for her. I'll even die for him. He loves her too, much as he knows how. Let me go. Let me -"

(Gradually her fingers were slipping up toward his head. She feels the hard hair in his neck. She smells the acrid odor of warm sweat and dirt. Fear shakes her body like an ague and then stiffens to fierce determination

as she realizes that he cannot move; that he is at her mercy. Slowly she feels for the great pulsing artery in his neck. She squeezes and squeezes it, holds it hard till he gasps, strangles and is still; and then with horror filming her eyes, she faints atop his dead body.

Section Three

Out in the country beyond the town, in a region of gulleys and delapidated drab buildings, one hears the sound of clanking chains and sees the last three or four convicts of a long line filing into one of the buildings. Within is a narrow damp corridor, from the door of which ~~one can see~~ a mile or so away may be seen the Gwathmey mansion, the square and the court house. In the center of the corridor is a rickety table with a dingy lamp. As the convicts file through and out into the rooms where they sleep and eat, one hears a harsh voice yelling after them, "Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you." It is followed by the lashing of a whip and a scream. Later the guard enters angry and growling with whip in hand. He wears a dirty undershirt, neither coat nor collar, and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. He had lowered the bottle when the sheriff drives up in his Ford car, yells out a greeting which is received with a grunt, and enters the corridor. "Hot, ain't it," ~~He~~ says the sheriff as he comes in with a handbag, places it in a corner and drops into a chair. The guard says nothing and the sheriff glances at him doubtfully.

Sheriff - Say, Bill--

Guard - Say yourself, God damn it! I'm damn near dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few dozen more of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

Sheriff - Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl--the pretty one I brought in this evening?

Guard - None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent-looking wench sent here this year and I get your leavin's. This one's mine.

Sheriff - Oh cut that--who got you your job?

Guard - You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick o' niggers.

Sheriff - You're done up, Bill. What do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

Guard - Now you're talkin' sense.

(The sheriff goes to his bag, and takes out a bottle of whiskey. They drink and smoke and talk on indifferent subjects, the guard usually grunting his answers. Finally the sheriff says, "Well, let's play. Where are the cards?")

Guard - In the drawer somewheres.

Sheriff - What shall it be--the old stand-by?

Guard - No--we'll change the game; --seven-up.

Sheriff - Good.

Guard - That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

Guard - Shut up, out there--or I'll lash hell out of you. (Starts to his feet. Dead silence) What's the stakes?

Sheriff - The girl, of course.

Guard - Not by a damn sight.

Sheriff - And a ~~hundred~~ twenty-five dollars to the loser.

Guard - I ain't got no money.

Sheriff - Oh, your word's good.

Guard - Your's aint. Gimme the whiskey.

Sheriff - Well, the girl, if I win and ~~hundred~~ twenty five if you lose and here's the cash. Deal! Best three out of five.

(They play, talking now and then)

Guard - High!

Sheriff - Low!

Guard - You lie--here's the deuce.

Sheriff - Fifty-two for game.

Guard - It's yours--my deal.

Sheriff - King leads.

Guard - Got his Jack, My God! High, low, Jack and the game. One game apiece.

Sheriff - Whose deal?

Guard - Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

Sheriff - High, low, game. Two games for me.

Guard - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

Sheriff - Bottle's empty--shall we quit?

Guard - No, by God-- it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

Sheriff - All right--but booze! Wait till I get-- (fumbling in his bag) Here's another quart.

Guard - (Suspiciously) Is it doped?

Sheriff - (Angrily) I'm a gentleman!

Guard - Well---ain't I?

Sheriff - Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward)

Guard - Let's see that trick?

(The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently. They look at each other fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-pocket but the guard has his pistol out first. The sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.)

Guard - I played that ten!

Sheriff - No, you didn't--you played the nine.

Guard - You're a damned liar--that trick is mine. You think you got me too drunk to see?

Sheriff - It's mine but we won't quarrel--take it!

(They play on)

Guard - Queen, high! Game! Two games for me.

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

Sheriff - Huh!

Guard - Huh!

Sheriff - Huh! (Rising with a yell) Game! She's mine-- Where'd you put her, Bill?

(The sheriff lurches out to the right, removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and slowly counts and pockets the money.)

SEVEN-UP.

------ by W.E.B. DuBois.

The Persons in the Drama.

1--- JIM, the colored chore boy, dark brown of face, with close-crimped hair.

2--- MRS. CARRINGTON JOHNSON, a lady in the land.

3--- GEORGE JOHNSON, her son and hope.

4--- SID LYONS, a neighbor's son, white, but of lesser breed and newly rich.

5--- THE SHERIFF of the county.

6--- THE CHIEF GUARD of the jail.

7--- CELIA, a serving maid, curled and pretty, but colored.

THE FIRST ACT. A man is killed.

(The scene lies within a little log cabin, single-roomed, clean, cheaply furnished, yet with some taste. One can see through the tiny window in front that the cottage is the servant's quarter on a village estate of pretentious but decayed gentility. Beyond a green and nodding garden looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Johnson, of long local lineage, presides with daughter and a son. Out the window at the right ,one may see the main village street and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is just dying away.

The curtain discovers Celia looking out the window towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia turns to

her ironing facing the front window, her back to the audience. To her left is a door; forward on the stage to the right is a bed, and opposite, a bureau; as Celia irons, Celia sings.)

CELIA -- La la la la la, la la la, la la la.

(Out of the window a lady approaches from the Big House along the garden path; Mrs. Carrington Johnson enters.)

CELIA -- Good evening, Mrs. Johnson.

MRS. J. -- Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces.

CELIA -- Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Johnson, they're mighty near done.

MRS. J. -- Well, let the rest go, and run along.

CELIA -- There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

(A quick knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Johnson rushes in.)

G. J. -- Celia -- Oh, Mother!

MRS. J. -- Why, George((George is evidently perturbed, but Celia's wit brings her to the rescue.)

CELIA -- (Hurriedly) Yes, Sir, I've got the handkerchiefs done.

MRS. J. (recovering) -- Handkerchiefs? Why, your drawer is full - the top drawer to the left -

G. J. -- Yes, yes; and Mother, Mrs. Lyons wants you to tea - that is, Sid said he left the note at the house.

MRS. J. -- The impertinence! Why, George, you know I never go there. They are quite impossible. What are we coming to?

G. J. -- Yes, I know; I saw you come in here, and I thought I'd deliver the message; of course, I made excuses.

MRS. J. -- They are quite unnecessary; very well, Celia,take the

clothes up since they're finished, and then be off to the circus. (Celia starts out with the basket poised on her head) Oh, Celia, you forgot Mr. George's handkerchiefs, didn't you? Although, I can't understand how you missed all the others, George. (Celia sets down the basket)

CELIA -- Oh, yes, ma'am; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit Celia with the basket of clothes.

G. J. -- (sauntering toward the door) Well, I must be going.

MRS. J. -- (looking at him uncertainly) I thought perhaps you'd like to drive me to the cemetery this evening and escape the crowds.

G. J. -- But, Mother, I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. It's better than a play. Sid and I -

MRS. J. -- George, pray don't get too intimate with those folks.

G. J. -- Oh, it's only Sid - he's a good sort. Well -,

MRS. J. -- (carelessly) And George - I don't think I'd be quite so familiar with Celia, if I were you. She's a grown girl, now, and you know servants presume so.

G. J. -- (Hurriedly) All right, Mother. So long.

(Exit G. J.)

(The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and moves up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia appears accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her answers carelessly back. Reaching the door, she shuts Jim out and talks to him through the window.)

CELIA -- I tell you I ain't goin',

JIM -- O, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, honest, I got two dollars. (shows the bills triumphly)

CELIA -- (obdurate) I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

JIM -- O, git out; they ain't been no circus here in more'n a year and yisteddy you was wild to go.

CELIA -- I done changed my mind.

JIM -- Celia, you sho' is pretty.

CELIA -- O, go long.

JIM -- Celia, when ah looks at you - oo, oo!

CELIA -- Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

JIM -- But, Celia, you promised.

CELIA -- I said p'raps.

JIM -- But, Celia --

CELIA -- I got work to do - so go long and let me alone.

JIM -- I don't believe it; All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't foolin' nobody. (Exit Jim slowly)

(Celia turns away in disdain but listens to his dying footsteps; then she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. Celia listens, peers out, then approaching on tip toe, opens the door). (George Johnson steps in quickly and closes the door. Celia rushes to him.)

CELIA -- What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight? And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. J. -- Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

CELIA -- Lordy! but you're so careless. You've done made your

mother suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him. Don't go, George - stay here.

G. J. -- I must go, dear, I promised; but say, I'll come back late - may I?

CELIA -- I reckon so -- yes, anything for you, dear, only it'll be so long waiting.

G. J. -- Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up - go to bed - I'll waken you.

(They kiss, and he goes)

(Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. ~~arising,~~ awhile she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after views herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens. There comes a knocking at the door.)

VOICE -- Celia! Celia!

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door).

CELIA -- Who is it?

G. J. -- It's me, Celia, open up.

C. -- (hesitating) But hush, George, I heard somebody else.

(She opens the door slightly and sees two men.)

C. -- No, no, no, - who else is there?

G. J. -- It's only Sid.

C. -- Oh, no, he can't come in. You mustn't --

G. J. -- Don't be afraid. It's all right. We got a game on and just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

C. -- (hesitating) But wait -- wait 'till I dress.

(She closes door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

C. -- Sh - please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear.

(Enter George Johnson and Sid Lyons. Johnson is flushed and bright-eyed. Lyons is cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

L. -- By George! a little beauty, Johnson!

(G. J. frowns)

L. -- Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

(Celia shrinks back. Johnson steps quickly in front of her.)

G. J. -- Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Johnson and Lyons eye each other steadily. Lyons is the first to give away.)

L. -- (laughing) O, private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go.

G. J. -- Not by a damned sight. You've skinned me out of a hundred, and we've got to have it out.

C. -- But it's so late.

L. -- (gaily) Late for loitering - early for love.

C. -- And I've no cards.

L. -- Here's our pack; but drink - where's the drink? We can't play without booze, and I'm devilish thirsty already.

G. J. (eagerly) -- Celia, got anything here to drink?

C. -- Oh, no.

G. J. -- Run up to Browns and get a quart of rye.

C. -- I'm afraid - it's so late - and circus day.

G. J. -- Well, I'll go --

C. -- (quickly) No. (glancing at Lyons)

G. J. -- (glaring at Lyons) Oh, well -

L. (easily) -- Let me go - this time.

(Runs out)

C. -- Oh, George, you've been drinking and why did you bring that man here? I'se afeard of him.

G. J. -- Nonsense, sweet, he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I wanted to show him. We'll go in a minute. We got in a game and he won a hundred. I must get it back. He's an awfully jolly fellow - he's all right.

(He seizes Celia and smothers her protests with kisses. She resists at first and then caresses him. The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

L.-- Ha, ha -- don't let me interrupt. (Johnson and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; ~~and~~ Celia ~~moves~~ places herself near Johnson's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

G. J. -- Come, we mustn't play long. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

L. -- What shall it be?

G. J. -- I say, let's change the game.

L. -- To what?

G. J. -- Seven up -- best three out of five.

L. -- Good - and the stakes?

G. J. -- A hundred against my watch.

L. -- Done! Celia, pour the drinks.

(They play, smoking and talking ~~now~~ here and ~~then~~ there.)

L. -- High!

G. J. -- Low!

L. -- Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. J. -- Fifty-two for game.

L. -- It's yours. My deal.

G. J. -- King leads.

L. -- Get his Jack, by God. High low Jack - one game apiece.

L. -- Whose deal?

G. J. -- Well, what a hand - Damn it, take it all.

L. -- High low game - two for me.

G. J. -- (showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Celia - more booze.

C. -- It's all gone, and it's awful late.

L. -- Shall we stop here?

G. J. -- No, by God - it was best three out of five. You've only won two.

L. -- All right. But we must drink; shall I -

G. J. -- No, it's my turn. (lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

C. -- George!

G. J. -- (straightening up and looking at L.) Of course, sir, you're a gentleman.

L. -- (Wheeling on him) Do you question it?

G. J. -- Beg pardon, old man -- Oh, get out, Celia.

C.-- But the saloons are closed.

G. J. -- I'LL knock 'em up.

C. -- But -

G. J. -- O, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in the half closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her narrowly under lowered eyelids. Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.

C. -- (whispering) Put out the light.

(Lyons puts the light out. Jim is seen passing slowly. He pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silence intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.)

C. -- What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles.)

C. -- Let me alone - Oh! Oh! ~~Let~~ turn me loose, I say.

(The door opens and Johnson hastens in. He stands uncertain in the gloom.)

G. J. -- Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

C. -- (in panting whispers) ~~Let~~ turn - me - loose. Stop, I say --

G. J. -- (Leaps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you - turn her loose. (The match flickers out.)

C. -- (screams furiously) -- Help!

G. J. -- (strikes another match and in the flare stands with drawn pistol). Stop, or I shoot.

LYONS -- Shoot, and be damned. (Draws Celia to him and kisses her)

(Johnson shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence ensues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

C. -- Listen!

G. J. -- What did you hear?

C. -- (Opening the door cautiously) Nothing.

G. J. -- Sh'.

C. -- What?

G. J. -- I thought I heard somebody.

C. -- (moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do?

G. J. -- Where is it?

C. -- Over there -- it's all sticky.

G. J. -- Ah!

C. -- What?

G. J. -- I slipped on the floor. It's all - blood.

C. -- (moaning) O, my God! My God!

G. J. -- Hush! - for God's sake -- shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it - brace up. (They stand in the door) Now, what shall we do?

C. -- Oh, I don't know -- I don't know.

G. J. -- Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all a whirl.

C. -- I can't think -- my heart's done stopped.

G. J.-- (whispering) Suppose I say he shot himself.

C. -- O, but it's your pistol.

G. J. -- Well, then - let's see - we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train --

C. -- But the blood would drip and drip -- Oh!

G. J. -- Well, how about self defense -- I killed him in self defense. Yes, that's it, and -

C.-- He didn't have no pistol -- I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. J. -- Hell and damnation! Then, I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

C. -- (breaks into hysterical sobbing) But who'd believe it -- who'd believe it?

G. J. -- Hark! (running and shouting is heard afar) God! They heard the shot. They're coming this way. Celia, quick -- hand me the pistol. I'll stay out -- (She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles)

C. -- (slowly) I might say that I -- (she glances back at the body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness).

C. -- Oh, no, no, I dare not.

G. J. -- (eagerly) Heavens! That's it -- that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

C. -- But it's your pistol - and I don't dare - I don't dare.

G. J. -- Throw it away -- here! (He throws it into the garden) Now, say that you threw it away -- over yon way (pointing to the road).

C. -- Oh, I'se afeared. What would they care. He's a white man and I'm only a -- nigger. (Steps and shouts come nearer)

G. J. -- (retreating) I'll defend you; I'll be witness -- the word of a Johnson will save you - quick.

(He steps out of the cabin, runs into the garden and disappears. Voices rise, and the flutter of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door)

SHERIFF -- Was that shot here?

C.-- (after a long pause) - Yes.

SHER. -- Did you shoot?

C. -- (slowly) Yes.

SHER. --Where's the pistol -- was anyone hurt? Stand back! (He

raises his lantern.) Murder, by God. -- Girl, did you do this?

C. -- Yes!

CURTAIN.

ACT TWO.

A Woman is Punished.)

(The scene is the hall of the Johnson mansion. In front and somewhat to the left is the broad front door, closed. Down toward it, and away from the audience, the great staircase leads. Under the stairs lurk a small cellar door and a window. Out of the window may be seen a garden and beyond it, Celia's cottage. To the left of the front door is the door to the dining room, slightly ajar. George Johnson is coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reaches the landing his mother emerges from the dining room.)

MRS. J. -- George, why don't you come to breakfast? We've been through an hour and everything is cold. Your sisters have all the work to do now.

G. J. -- Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (Looks at his watch and moves slowly towards the door.)

MRS. J. -- But, George ---

G. J. -- Yes, Mother? (He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly)

MRS. J. -- Of course, George, we all feel dreadfully over this tragedy, but really, it doesn't seem just decent for you to take it so to heart. After all, it's but a disreputable intrigue between one of those Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. J. -- Of course, Mother, but you see --

MRS. J. -- George, I wouldn't go if I were you.

G. J. -- But, Mother, I'm already late and --

MRS. J. -- Dear, you are not needed.

G. J. -- I'm a witness, Mother. As I told you last night, I - I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

MRS. J. -- But you didn't actually see the - the deed, dear?

G. J. -- Why, no - that is - I heard -

MRS. J. -- And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed as she had confessed.

G. J. -- (starting) I tell you I must go, Mother. You do not understand. I can't let that - that girl -

MRS. J. -- George, I beg you to remember your mother and sisters. There is really nothing for you to do and no sense in your trying to defend a shameless girl. I'm sure we've always done all we could for Celia, and I'm willing now to do anything in reason except allow my only son needlessly to besmirch the Johnson name, out of silly sympathy. I already have Judge Holt's assurance of leniency because of her youth and Lyon's reputation. She will escape the hanging which she deserves and is to be sent to the penetentiary -

G. J. -- My God!

MRS. J. -- Hark!

(Rapid footsteps are heard on the porch, and Jim throws wide the door. The street appears and the square and court house in the distance. Jim stands a moment panting.)

JIM -- They's a-waiting, sir.

MRS. J. -- Jim, how dare you enter my house thus? Who is waiting?

JIM -- (Without flinching and looking steadily at George Johnson) All of 'em - the Judge, the jury, Celia. The testimony's all in and

the Judge he was just going to - to send her up, and she - Oh, sir, she just begged 'em to wait a minute. She said you'd come because you'd promised and - O, Lord, sir -

MRS. J. -- Jim, that will do. You may go.

JIM -- But you won't let -

MRS. J. -- GO!

JIM -- I won't go 'till he goes. He's promised. He knows what he won't tell. He was in the cabin. I saw him, and (stepping towards Johnson) I found what you threw into the garden.

G.J. — You damned sneaking scoundrel —

Mrs J. ~~G. J.~~ -- What did you find? Where is it?

JIM -- I hid it.

MRS. J. -- Get it, and - and he shall go - with you.

G. J. -- Mother!

MRS. J. -- Hush -- (with an imploring glance) where is it, Jim?

JIM -- Down yonder. (pointing to the cellar.)

MRS. J. -- (starting; then quickly unlocking the cellar door and holding it open) Quick; get it! (Jim hesitates) or - he will be late.

(Jim rushes down stairs. George Johnson leaps forward. Mrs. J. looks at him and slowly locks the door. They stare at each other silently.)

MRS. J. -- George?

G. J. -- He'll escape by the trap doors.

MRS. J. -- (slowly) They are padlocked; I was afraid -- last night.

G. J. -- Or the windows.

MRS. J. -- Barred, since your father died.

G. J. -- Mother, - I must go.

MRS. J. -- Why?

G. J. -- Jim has found my pistol.

MRS. J. -- Your pistol?

G. J. -- Yes, she killed him -

MRS. J. -- With your pistol?

G. J. -- Yes.

MRS. J. -- And you were there -- you saw it all?

G. J. -- Yes; we were -- gambling, - and ---

MRS. J. -- Then my only reason for hesitation is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, my son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wench's den. It must never be known. He's safe. (pointing to the cellar) at present. Later I'll find a way to get the pistol. Thank God! your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. J. -- But the provocation, Mother - she - she - it was self defense.

MRS. J. -- Suppose it was - fool! Can we for a moment admit it? What would the darkies believe? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak -

(Jim is heard knocking within)

G. J. -- (starts) Good God - looks out the door) Look! (They rush toward the door). (A brown girl with manacled hands and flying garments is running wildly up the walk. Celia, the brown girl, stumbles into the house and bangs the door to. For a moment she gasps and stands trembling, wringing her manacled hands.)

C. -- (looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am - sir. I - I ran away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said, I ought to be killed, but it ain't fair - I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good - You

know, Mr. George, you know I never hurt - O, yes - yes - him - but you said - you promised and I knowed you'd come, so I ran - I just ran - It was hard to run with my hands tied so - They didn't ought to tie my hands with such hard iron. I never hurt nothing - but him, Mr. George - and now you'll come, I know, Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right - hark! They'se coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the judge said I'd have to jail forever.- Mr. George, - O, think, always, always tied in jail - quick, Mr. George, they're here. You won't let them hurt me - O, don't hold him, ma'am - don't, oh -

(The sheriff thunders on the door. The sinister wail of the mob is heard. G. J. breaks from his mother's detaining hand and rushes to the door. Celia cowers in the center of the stage toward the front. The mother stands by the dining room door.)

G. J. -- What do you want, sir?

SHER.-- Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for - there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you - I'll teach you, you damn black -

MRS. J. -- Sir!

SHER. -- Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have this wench. You see, she ran away - bolted right out of court, just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a-cutting a bit of terbacco and damned - beg pardon, ma'am -- off she flew. She gave me a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you -

G. J. - Wait -

SHER. -- The law, sir, the majesty of the law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly.

(The growl of the mob is heard)

G. J. -- What? out - to that mob -- Never! I -

SHER. -- Oh, they ain't so wild. She'll be all right. I'll take care of her O, yes, my lady, I'll see to you -- (seizes C. and drags her forward)

C. -- But, Mr. George - you'll say something - you'll speak?

(A pause. The sheriff gives a puzzled glance at each. Mrs. Johnson with her eyes fastened on G. J. moves slowly toward the cellar door and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" G. J. stands dazed looking at C., then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and quickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands erect facing the sheriff. He recoils against the door.

C. -- Wait, listen! I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (pointing at George Johnson) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Johnson killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free if I'd lie him out of it - So I lied - Do you hear? - I lied. - I didn't kill him. - He killed him.

(The mother totters forward. The sheriff stares. The wail of the mob rises again.

MRS. J. -- Go - quick - the girl's mad.

SHER. -- Out with you.

(The sheriff forces his way out. George Johnson starts toward the door, but his mother closes it and sinks on her knees beside him with imploring hands and grey dishevelled hair.)

CELIA'S Voice (dying away) -- I lied - do you hear? - I lied.

(The groan of the mob is heard)

JIM -- (pounding within) Let me out! Let me out!

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE.

(There comes a sound of clanking chains, and as the curtain rises, the last two or three convicts of a long line are seen filing off the stage. The curtain discloses a narrow damp corridor. In the center is a rickety table with a dingy lamp.)

VOICE (without) -- Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you. (The lash of a whip and a scream is heard. Enter the guard angry and scowling, with whip in hand and pistol protruding from his hip pocket. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. The sheriff hurries in, with a hand bag which he places in the corner.)

SHER. -- Say, Bill -

GUARD. -- Say yourself, damn it. I'm near dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

SHER. -- Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl - the pretty one I brought today?

GAURD -- None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent looking wench sent here this year and I get your leavin's. This one's mine.

SHER. -- O, cut that - who got you your job.

GUARD. - You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick o' niggers.

SHER. -- You're done up, Bill. Say, what do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

GUARD -- Pass 'em over. (Drinks and smokes)

SHER. -- Where's the cards?

GUARD -- In the drawer somewheres.

SHER. -- What shall it be - the old stand-by?

GUARD -- No - we'll change the game - Seven-up.

SHER. -- Good.

GUARD -- That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

GUARD -- Shut up out there - or I'll lash hell out of you. (starts to his feet. Dead silence.) What's the stakes.

SHER. -- The girl, of course.

GUARD -- Not by a damn sight.

SHER. -- And a hundred to the loser.

GUARD -- I ain't got no money.

SHER. -- O, your word's good.

GUARD -- Your's ain't. - Gimme the whiskey.

SHER. -- Here's my hundred -- deal! Best three out of five.

(They play, talking now and then)

GUARD -- High!

SHER. -- Low!

GUARD -- You lie - here's duece.

SHER. -- Fifty-two for game.

GUARD -- It's yours - my deal.

SHER. -- King leads.

GUARD -- Got his Jack, by God! High low Jack and the game. One game apiece.

SHER. -- Whose deal?

GUARD -- Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

SHER. -- High, low, game. One for me.

GUARD -- (showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

SHER. -- Bottle's empty.— shall we quit?

GUARD. ~~-- O, let's quit.~~

~~SHER.~~ -- No, by God - it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

~~GUARD~~ -- All right - but booze! Wait till I get -

SHER. -- (fumbling in his bag) Here's another quart.

GUARD (suspiciously) Is it doped?

SHER. -- (angrily) I'm a gentleman!

GUARD -- Well - ain't I?

SHER. -- Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward.)

GUARD -- Let's see this trick.

(The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently and jerks out his pistol. They look at each other silently and fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-pocket. Then the sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.)

GUARD -- Who played that seven?

SHER. -- I did. You played the six.

(They play on.)

SHER. -- Queen, high! Two for me.

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward

the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

SHER. - Hhh!

GUARD -- Hhh!

SHER. -- Hhh! (Rising with a yell) Game! She's mine - where'd you put her, Bill?

(The sheriff lurches out removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and pockets the money. As the curtain falls one hears the clanking of chains.)